

## Deborah Moronese Statement of Events

The Events of Thursday January 8, 2015 have been devastating for myself and traumatizing for my 10 year old son.

School was cancelled January 8, 2015. My son had been home all day and as a result I left the Wi-Fi connection on in our home while I was at work. I have previously turned it off because I was having difficulty with my son respecting his privilege to use the computer. I have taken away the Wi-Fi on several occasions because he would not get off of it when he was told. On this occasion I left the Wi-Fi on during the day.

When I arrived home at 6 pm, I was not feeling well at all; my son Gabe was upstairs in my room on the computer. I called for him to come downstairs and I began making dinner. My son initially descended to greet me and then returned back upstairs. When dinner was ready, I called for him to join me. We have a rule that we eat dinner as a family every night. It is just my son and I. It is an important bonding time for the two of us and sitting at the table eating dinner together is non-negotiable unless there are extenuating circumstances. This particular night was one of those. After calling for my son to come down for dinner he refused. After calling for the second time, he said he wasn't hungry and because I did not feel well I didn't fight with him and ate alone. At about 8pm, I asked my son if he would like the meal I prepared and he said no so I proceeded to put the dinner away.

After dinner, I went down in the TV room and began to read. About 15 to 20 minutes later my son told me he was hungry and I told him he needed to come downstairs. He did not come down and asked me to make him something. I told him he needed to come down. He did not. After a back and forth, we settled on him learning to make himself a pizza. I told him that I would tell him what to do and supervise.

My son went back upstairs and retrieved his computer and attempted to hook up the computer in the kitchen. I told him to turn it off and he refused. He was disrespectful and told me in a nasty tone to go make him dinner. I told him again to turn the computer off. After more back and forth, one that I am sure every parents can appreciate- My son finally begins the pizza making process and puts the pizza in the oven and walks away. In the same disrespectful tone he told me to call him when it's ready. I told him that he needed to stay close to the pizza to see when it would be done. He was ignoring me and back on his computer.

At this point I attempted to disconnect the router but my son hid it. I took his computer and locked it in the car. My son took the extra a set of car keys and went to get his computer. After I saw that he directly disobeyed me about the computer, I found the router and I disconnected it. I told him he could keep his computer but no wifi.

After I went back upstairs, leaving my son with his computer and no wifi. My son followed me upstairs and in a nasty tone told me I was "ruining his life". He proceeds to grab a plastic hanger off my bed and breaks it in two. I told him no more wifi at all and my son then kicked me in the stomach. After he did this we stared at each other. I moved past him, grabbed the router and I threw it right out the window. My son ran out of the room and I closed the door and got into bed. A few minutes later my son knocked on my door and I told

him I did not want to speak to him. After a few more minutes I could smell the pizza burning and got up to turn the oven off.

It was around 9pm and I saw that the lights downstairs were still on and I went to investigate what was going on as I told my son to go to bed. I saw my son on the telephone and I asked him who he was speaking to. He told me "nana" who is my mother. I told him, among other things to get ready for school and go to bed.

At this point I was feeling worse and worse and my son was not obeying me at all. I went back upstairs and I got into bed.

At about 9:30pm there is a knock at my front door; I came down from my bedroom and it is the police. They asked if they could come in. I said of, "of course, please come in, did something happen?" The officer replied, "we got a call". I asked from whom and my 10 year old son, who was standing next to me said, "I called."

The officers immediately began interrogating me at the front door telling me that they want to hear my side of the story. I told them I don't know what happened, please ask my son and I proceeded to go back upstairs to my room.

The officer told me not to go back upstairs and I told him that I was going to go upstairs because I was very sick; and I was in bed previously and going back to bed.

As I reached my room the officer came from behind me and threw me facedown on my bed. He sat on top of me, crushing me under his weight. He ripped my arms from my side and handcuffed me from behind. I didn't know who he was, where he came from or what he was doing. I was only in my pajamas. I started to scream because I had no idea what was going on. His attack was so vicious and so forceful that he left bruise marks on my hands/wrists.

This same officer, then proceeded to physically drag me from my private bedroom, down my stairs into my living room. Upon reaching the living room, he forcefully, used both of his arms to corner me into a chair. Upon completing this task, 2 more police entered my living room and I was surrounded. All the while, the same officer was yelling and screaming at me in my own home.

I demanded to be released from handcuffs and all the officers told me to calm down and that they were not going to do that. I demanded they either arrest me or release me. That same officer got totally in my face and my personal space as he shouted at me. He then proceeded to accuse me of spitting on him. The situation became out of control almost immediately. It escalated so quickly because of their behavior and amount of excessive force.

They separated my son and I and took my son upstairs somewhere. I was still in the living room handcuffed and at this point I refused to sit down in my own home. At some point my son returned back downstairs with one of the officers. Another Officer asked me if I owned a gun and I said that I do not.

That officer responded that my son told them that he owned a gun. I told them he has a toy gun and to please take it. The Officer told me, my son told him, that the gun was upstairs somewhere. I asked him if that gun was real or fake and he said that he didn't know. I couldn't believe that he had not investigated this matter and that I was still detained in handcuffs.

I told the officers that I wanted to go in my backyard to get some fresh air. Nothing was happening at this point. As I tried to go out the sliding screen door, an officer blocked my path and said I was not allowed to go outside because they did not know what was out there. The backyard is 18 x20.

One officer told me that they handcuffed me because they thought my son had a gun. The entire time the police were there they never searched my home for a gun.

I continued to tell the Officers to uncuff me in my own home. Another officer told me that they would not uncuff me until I "calm down". One officer, I believe Officer Smith, said that the reason, "he (the other officer) didn't want you to go upstairs was because you could have a gun. We don't need a warrant for domestic disputes." I told him why didn't you ask if I had a gun? No response.

Finally Officer Smith removed my cuffs and he said "you aren't going to hit us if we take them off?" I told him, "you can arrest me if I do." And with that, he removed the cuffs. After he took them off, I was interrogated again. I was never read Miranda and I told them several times to leave.

He told me that my son said that he did not have wifi to email his teachers and that he needed it. I told the officer that I instructed my son to email his teachers at 9am this morning for any work (not at 9pm) and that he lied to the officer. The Officer replied with, "lets resolve this". I told him, "I will- no more Taekwondo, no more piano, or sax, golf or math classes."

Mr. Smith said, "He is overloaded, he is just a little boy." I was shocked that an officer would have the audacity to challenge my parenting style, considering that my son wasn't getting his way with this wifi and was manipulating them to try to get his way. I was so frustrated that no one was listening to me - the parent.

The handcuffs were finally removed and I was being interrogated again for the umpteenth time. In my excitement, I gestured with my finger and one of the other officers accused me of hitting him. Apparently the tip of my finger grazed his uniform. I was even more outraged at this accusation. Four police officers were surrounding me in my own home and interrogating me about why my son could not have wifi at 9pm at night on a school night- after I had repeatedly told him to go to bed. The whole situation was absurd.

We moved to the entrance way of my home. One officer said to my son, "If you feel scared or feel threatened you can call us anytime." I told that same officer to take my son with them if they thought he was threatened or scared. The Officer told me they couldn't, "what would we do with him?" I told her she could give him his wifi if she wanted. Then, Officer Smith said to my son, you should now go to bed so you can get up for school tomorrow (I could not believe it, after their extreme overreactions); and with that, I was able to finally get them out of my house and shut the door.

The officers called CPS and an investigation was done. Nothing came of the investigation, however, it did reveal some of the police reports accompanying the incident and there were several statements that were not factual.

What happened to me, in my own home is outrageous. As a longtime citizen of Fairfax County I was outraged at the behavior of the police. I feel brutalized physically and mentally in my own home, and humiliated in front of my child. In addition to inaccuracies that the officers wrote in their report; I am attaching a portion of my son's statement to CPS which parallels mine and not the portion of the police report released.

Further, no child should experience or witness such violence in his own home by the police to a parent.

**COMMENTS AND OBSERVATIONS:**

1. **PUBLIC TRUST OF THE POLICE**
  - a. (THERE IS NONE)
  - b. ENDEMIC PROBLEM
  
2. **UNNECESSARY USE OF FORCE:**
  - a. PHYSICAL FORCE
  - b. VERBAL FORCE
  - c. INTIMIDATION- FOUR COPS IN MY HOUSE
  - d. MESSAGE THE POLICE SENT TO MY SON is a very scary one.
  
3. **COMMUNICATION SKILLS NEED TO IMPROVE**
  - a. PARTICULARLY FOR IN HOME SITUATIONS and with children present
  - b. THE COPS' INABILITY TO CLEARLY LISTEN AND EVALUATE THE SITUATION BEFORE OVER-REACTING AND CAUSING CHAOS
  - c.
  
4. **TRAINING:**
  - a. POLICE NEED MORE THAN JUST "COMBAT MODE" TRAINING
  - b. BETTER SKILLS FOR ASSESSING SITUATIONS (ESPECIALLY FOR HOME VISITS AND WHEN CHILDREN ARE PRESENT) BEFORE ATTACKING AND CREATING CHAOS (WHEN IN MY CASE, THERE WAS NO CRIME COMMITTED).
  - c. BETTER COMMUNICATION SKILLS
  - d. BETTER SUPPORT PARENTS/FAMILIES
  
5. **PUBLIC RELEASE OF INFORMATION**
  - a. 911 TAPES (REGARDING ANY DOMESTIC SITUATION) ARE EXEMPT FROM FOIA; THESE TAPES SHOULD BE RELEASABLE
  
6. **INTERNAL AFFAIRS DIVISION**
  - a. If the division is part of the police units, then any filing for investigation is a conflict of interest.
  
7. **AS A TAXPAYER:**
  - a. Paying their salaries, I expect better than what occurred in my own home.

02/05/2015 09:22:36  
Refer 2016384

J. Interview & Interaction - (#3)

Date	Time	Type of Interaction	Status
01/09/2015	01:40 PM	Face to Face (School)	Completed

Name GABRIEL HUTTO

Client

**Purpose**

Interview, Family Assessment, Unannounced Visit

**Comments**

This SW completed an unannounced FTF visit with minor, Gabriel Hutto, at Mosby Woods ES. This SW observed Gabriel to be clean and appropriately dressed for the weather. He presented as articulate and intelligent. Gabriel said that he was born on 12/31/2003. He is in the 5th grade and his teacher is [REDACTED]. When this SW asked how he celebrated his recent birthday, Gabriel said that [REDACTED] came over. [REDACTED]

Gabriel told this SW that he has [REDACTED]. He also said that he has [REDACTED] that he has never met. He does not know [REDACTED] whereabouts.

Gabriel said that he lives in a townhouse with his mother, 3 cats, and 1 dog. When this SW asked him about what occurred last night, Gabriel said that his mother was making dinner, while he was upstairs on the computer. He had already eaten earlier and wasn't too hungry. Eventually, Gabriel said that he went to get food and his mother told him to heat up pizza. He asked his mother for help with turning on the oven. Then, Gabriel said that he went upstairs to bring his computer downstairs.

Gabriel said that he asked his mother a question. She was reading a book and he had to repeat himself. Gabriel made a comment about his mother not even knowing if he died. This made his mother ask him where the computer router was located. He told her and she took the router upstairs and threatened to throw it out of a window. Gabriel told her not to because he needed it. Gabriel said that his mother approached him. She did not touch him, but he felt intimidated when she stopped herself right in front of him. Gabriel described feeling "smaller." In response, Gabriel said that he stepped forward toward his mother. She threw the router out of a window.

Gabriel retreated downstairs, while his mother remained upstairs. She was reading a book. While he was downstairs, Gabriel felt like talking to someone. He was wondering who he should call because he wanted to let out his feelings. This is when he decided to call the police. He said that the woman he spoke to on the phone told him that she was going to send over police officers. Gabriel said that this is not what he wanted.

When the police officers arrived to the home, his mother was reading a book in bed. She told him not to answer the door because she did not know who it was. This is when he told her that he called the police. She opened the door and asked the officers to wait, so that she could put on appropriate clothes. Then, she told the officers to speak to Gabriel, since he was the one who called them. Gabriel said that his mother was angry. While she was handcuffed, she asked Gabriel, "Are you happy?" Gabriel saw his mother yelling at a police officer. Gabriel told an officer that he did not feel safe at home because he knew his mother would be mad after they left. The police officer told him to call back, if needed. Then, the officers departed the home.