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Statement of Jane Doe

I was a 16 year old virgin when Jeffrey Epstein first raped me. I was naive and gullible. He was a pillar of finance and a giant in the world that I was an insignificant part of. I was so impressed that this great man would even talk to me and impart any of his wisdom on me. I gladly jumped at the chance to meet him again when he told me how impressed he was with my personal story and maturity for my age.

When I was in his presence, he made an effort to call celebrities and influential people on speaker-phone, like academy award-winning actresses and supermodels, who always answered his calls. Sadly, I was impressed. He was friends with former and future heads of state and every other fixture in the New York social scene and beyond. He knew important people in my own world that I looked up to and revered, but he spoke about them like they were sweet distractions far beneath his stature. He could easily reach down from his position and influence the people directly involved with my daily life and future prosperity.

I was the perfect victim. My home life was extremely turbulent, but one of my mother's greatest wishes was that all her children would graduate from respectable universities. He promised me he would write me a letter of recommendation for Harvard if I got the grades and scores needed for admission. His word was worth a lot, he assured me, as he was in the midst of funding and leading Harvard studies on the human brain and the President was his friend.

The fact that all of you already know these next details which I'll share, should ignite a fire instead of induce the complacency they did in the past when heard repeatedly over the years, but, yes, an innocent massage turned sexual almost immediately. "Here, come help me with a kink in my shoulder while we finish our discussion." A large vibrator - a couple hundred dollars - disgust - a dirty secret - more praise and imparted wisdom from a god-like figure - a deliberate diabolical progression of grooming and submission for his pleasure and release. Even if I resisted I was no match for him. I felt powerless, ashamed and embarrassed. I

want to vomit remembering these moments.

What I learned in those depraved sessions staring up at the dome ceiling in his private massage room tore a violent hole through any normal sexual awakening. I'm haunted forever having learned everything there is to know about sex through a vile criminal. Every time a new molestation would bring a new lesson. The progression was constant and unending. I was nothing more than a teenage prostitute. I was his slave.

I had never even kissed a boy before I met him and never throughout the horrific abuse did Jeffrey Epstein kiss me even once. When he stole my virginity, he washed my entire body compulsively in the shower and then told me, "If you're not a virgin, I will kill you." And then I wasn't a virgin anymore. He forcefully penetrated me. I was numb. There was pain, but his use of the vibrator and his fingers in previous sessions with me had left a blackhole-like void between my legs. I protested but he forced my face into the bed to stifle my cries. That was my first time.

I got a few hundred dollars as usual as he led me out of his mansion with assurances that I was on the right path guided by him. I lied to myself and tried to believe him. I became a hollow shell of my former self.

If I missed an appointment he'd threaten me and let me know who was in charge. "Do you know how important my time is? I'll bury you. I own this fucking town." He'd hang up. I'd stand there frozen in the street terrified and a few minutes later his assistant would call to reschedule. I made sure to stay in line and not disobey him.

I was in complete denial. Being paid after every scheduled meeting felt routine and disgusting. He was the Master of the Universe and the world bent to his will.

He would eventually brag to his assistants about my ability to please him sexually right in front of me, leaving me feeling grotesque and worthless. Everything in my outside life was falling apart. I distanced myself from friends and drew further away from my family. I felt less human after each ordeal. My psyche broke down completely and wouldn't let me continue. One day I walked out of his residence, and passed a girl similar to myself. When I turned around she was entering Jeffrey's residence. He no longer even tried to schedule his appointments with other girls in secrecy from me. Maybe he never did. I was too stupid to see. My world shattered. I had been so naive. I had an epiphany into a chasm of desolation. I realized I was just one of many young girls he had in rotation come

to perform for him for money.

I went into a deep depression that never lifted completely. I wanted to inflict pain on myself. I was humiliated, angry and suicidal. I locked myself away from everything. I cut myself off forever from the world I had known. I endured a daily agony knowing my life would never be the same before I met this demon named Jeffrey Epstein.

This creature had manipulated and outwitted the whole system including some of the most intelligent scientists, political prosecutors and power players. How easy was it to manipulate a sixteen year old virgin who never had a boyfriend and came from a background of hardship with no parental guidance or support?

I was prescribed anti-depressants for severe anxiety and depression. My only solace years later was in my desire to succeed on my own terms. I immersed myself into my studies and graduated from a top university. To this day, there is still an ache my being that I did not apply to Harvard in fear of his influence there.

They say you never forget your first. I'm in a never-ending nightmare trying to do just that. I'm forever suffering because everything reminds me of that horror. This new wave of worldwide publicity only worsens my despair. It was only many years later that I was finally intimate with a man again and those moments were marred by my actions as a child with Jeffrey Epstein. Even now it's impossible to separate his treachery from any care of a good man.

For one brief moment, there was elation when he was recently arrested. I would finally get my chance to see him again face to face and show him what I had become. That I had succeeded on my own. That I was worth something in spite of his abuse and that I had surmounted the monumental obstacles he laid before me throughout my entire life since falling prey to him. I had hope humanity would prevail, but it seems to me that he outsmarted everyone so far and his ghost is still laughing at us. I appeal to all that is just and true that his evil legacy and death not stand in the way of resolution and justice for all of his under-age victims.

Jane Doe
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