

My name is Apay'uq Moore. My ancestry is along the coastal regions of Alaska and I now reside off grid in Aleknagik.

On October 14, 2019, the night before flying to Fairbanks for AFN, I prepped as always for my trip. I made arrangements for my then 5 and 7 year old children to stay with their Dad in Dillingham and brought my dog to animal boarding. I returned home and packed for my week away, and decided since I was home alone, I would leave all the lights on to dissuade any paranoid thoughts, reasoning, it would keep intruders away if people were obviously home.

I went to bed and woke to a bang on the west side of my house around 1:40 am. The side closest to my bed, which is on the 3rd story. As a woman, we are always at risk for sexual assault, so I put pants on before looking out the window. To my horror, there was a man illuminated by the kitchen window lighting, climbing a ladder. His royal blue hoodie beaming when I pounded with my hands against the window to "get the f\*ck out of here." He was obviously youthful, slender, tall-er, athletic.

Trembling, I called 911 for help. But because I was in Aleknagik, 20 road miles from Dillingham, I was told the DPD could not help me outside of city limits and I needed to call the Troopers. I was given the trooper number and was dispatched to their base station in another community. The dispatcher said that since the guy ran off, and my windows and doors were secure, I should be fine. I begged him to send someone because I wasn't sure if he really ran off the property, which is when I heard shuffling outside and I began to panic and begged that he get someone there immediately. But he couldn't do it immediately because he was making calls to Dillingham troopers and needed to find the trooper on call.

I thank my access to native justice issues and my intrigue in true crime podcasts, because I had a "WOKE" moment, told myself a slogan from My Favorite Murder Podcast, "F\*ck Politeness, Stay Alive." Followed by the ever present issue of Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women. I needed to save myself.

Despite the trooper telling me to stay online, I stated, if he wasn't going to get someone to me, I needed to make calls to find immediate help, NOW. Somewhere in here, I braved my fears and ran down to the basement and grabbed my .22 rifle, ran to the kitchen, grabbed my bullets, loaded my cartridge as I ran upstairs to the best vantage point. I hung up the phone and made my first call for local help, there was no answer, and I made a text that said "Help! Someone is breaking into my house!" And copied it. I made the next call, sent the text, and repeated this action to all the local numbers I could think of in Aleknagik. I called my ex- husband for his help to make calls with his girlfriends phone and told him to stay on the line with me.

All the while, I could hear the young man outside. Moving things. Shuffling in the darkness. I thought, "I am not going to be f-ing raped tonight. I'll shoot this BEEP." And I was ready.

I opened my upstairs window and was hollering to the intruder (something like), "I have my gun and I'm ready to shoot, get the f\*ck out of here." My ex suggested shooting a round and I said, "No way. I'm not wasting any bullets."

And then the crashing of glass. My "secure" eastern basement window. Breaking. Glass hitting the floor. My adrenalin spiking as I prepare to defend myself. Yelling, as my ex tries to make sense of my screaming, "HE BROKE THE F\*CKING BASEMENT WINDOW. I'M GOING TO F\*CKING SHOOT YOU! GET

THE F\*CK OUT OF HERE!" Preparing myself. Aiming. Holding my stance. Safety off. I will not be f\*cking raped tonight. 10 shots. I have 10 shots. Keep shooting. Don't stop.

And then relief, as headlights shine toward the East side of my assaulted home. My neighbor. And then another set of lights. A friend of my ex husband. They help to secure the property, we hear the neighbors protective dog barking, and he remarks, "There he is. Gunnar's barking at him."

I'm alive. I did not get raped. But I could have been. It has not been this bright for others when their nights started EXACTLY LIKE MINE DID. If I did one thing wrong, if I trusted the institutions that have historically failed my people, I would have been another statistic. Had it not been for my privileged knowledge, and work to decolonize myself and to understand historical trauma and know the risks of being native, and knowing the traumas we are still surviving based on the inequity of this institutionalized system, I may not be testifying today due to death or due to the inability to face graphic memories of rape or assault. I saved myself.

Following the incident, the trooper called and said that the on duty trooper was in King Salmon. I saw them driving into Aleknagik as I drove out of town for my flight that morning.

As I kept in contact with them, I was only further disheartened by the comments. An exert of a complaint to the Trooper division I made:

"...He said he didn't need additional information because he could see a broken window.

...He said he didn't need anyone telling him how to do his job. I said I wasn't telling him how to do his job but have learned from the experiences of others with investigations in rural Alaska, that investigations aren't always conducted properly and I wanted to make sure it was done right, and if it was possible to collect finger prints, then I would appreciate it being done... I stressed the seriousness of the break in attempt, and I felt that with the issues of Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women, this was being downplayed (Because I didn't get hurt). That a man, tried to break into my house. He used a ladder and I hollered at him, and he appeared to run off, but came back and broke a window. That I had to holler at this person that I had a gun and I was ready to shoot.

I said I was ready to go public with this story. He said I could do whatever I pleased...and,... something on the lines of me not understanding trooper work. I stressed that I do have a deep appreciation for the work of the troopers in rural Alaska, because often the circumstances are very complicated, and I understand that it isn't an easy job, but a man tried to break into my house and I could have been f\*cking raped or killed and I had to scream that I was ready to shoot him, and the reason he left was because my neighbor came driving up the driveway.

The trooper did check himself and de-escalated the conversation ...But then, his conversation started veering toward victim blaming. He started telling me that I should have the sauna house locked, the shed with dutch door windows, shouldn't have windows, that the 4 wheeler should be put inside a conex box on the property, that all the things I had out were making it appealing to people like the man who attempted to break into my house. ... He went on to speculate why the guy came to my house. He asked, if I had told anyone I was leaving town. I said I didn't make any announcements... He said, well, maybe he overheard someone and thought I was going to be gone. I refuted that statement by saying that my lights in my cabin were obviously on, my car was in the driveway, I hollered at the guy, he obviously knew there was someone in the residence. He said, yeah but maybe he came because he

thought you'd be gone,... where I interrupted, that I wasn't going to get into victim blaming...the point was, someone tried to break into my home and that is illegal. That after I hollered at him, he came back and broke a window, and that I had a gun and told him I was going to shoot him, and I did everything right in this situation. The trooper backed off, and said he didn't want to get into victim blaming. ... We closed off the call cordially, and polite, but I was left with a lingering dissatisfaction of knowing what victim blaming is, feeling that he was basing his site visit off of his own assumptions, without interviewing anyone about what happened, that he was having a power struggle by asserting to me that he didn't need me to tell him how to do his job.”

When I returned home, I did my own investigation. I walked around my house and saw my daughters bike propped against the cabin with a partial foot print. Evidence of him trying to get into the north facing window and full hand marks and prints on the ledge. The metal of the bike handlebars had fingerprints, The South window also had finger prints. Yet this evidence all sat for the entire week I was out of town, through fluctuating fall frost temps because the trooper “didn’t need me to tell him how to do his job”. The trooper sounded surprised when I said I found all of this and he came back to attempt extracting the prints on the north window. But they concluded they weren’t good enough to be sent in. It’s too expensive they say...

I had collected photos of the footprints in the driveway from the vacant lot next door, where it appeared the intruder escaped. The driveway had been blocked off so I knew everyone who had been there and asked for photos of the bottoms of their shoes to eliminate prints. There was one set of footprints that appeared to be running and weren’t from my people, and I asked that they get a photo of the shoes of one of the suspects they had in custody to solidly eliminate him. The trooper said no.

I went to the city council in Aleknagik, where blame was based on not having applicants.

The best advice I received from this entire incident was from one of the troopers, “It’s important to be as self reliant as possible in rural Alaska.”

But if this is the case, why are we training each new generation that calling 911 will get us help? This here, is blatant prejudice, in a system that we continue to lie to ourselves about. It isn’t working.