



FASHION POLICE DEPARTMENT
FBI Fashion Bureau of Investigation

FP No. 8955-0103

FP-34 Witness Statement Form

Check box if this form is used as Police Misconduct Report. The statement will form the body of your complaint according to The Laws of Fashion §19:2-7

Witness Name	HB	Sex	M	Witness age at incident	39	Witness contact	(withheld)
Incident #	36	Incident date	May 2014	Incident location	Stockholm, Sweden		
Statement dated	2014-12-16	Statement taken at	(withheld)				

The undersigned witness does willingly give this statement knowing that a person commits a crime of the fourth degree if he/she makes a written false statement which he/she does not believe to be true, on/or pursuant to a form bearing notice, authored by law, to the effect that false statements therein are punishable according to The Laws of Fashion §4:3-12

DO NOT Type Beyond the Space Provided!

It was a Friday evening and I walked pass a group of men, dressed in jeans, shirt and suit jackets. I had the feeling they felt a little dressed up. Night predators, heading for the night clubs. Men who felt they looked good. They chatted loudly, led by a dominant male with excessive hair gel. I could hear them from afar.

As I walked by them, they all fell silent. I could feel their looks on me, examining my outfit: the tight leather pants, the ripped biker jacket, the dressed shoes, the challenging gait of abundant self-esteem. No swagger, but most probably, I made an impression. A territorial claim, especially to other men.

I had just passed them, only one or two meters away, and lost sight of them from the corner of my eye, as I heard a comment in hushed tone. I am sure it came from the man with the lavish brylcreem. I could not make out what the comment was, but on the tone understood it was a slander.

The hushed comment triggered an avalanche of laughter, just behind my back. The group of men chuckled, or perhaps it was more like the frustrated but intimidating giggles from a flock of hyenas.

I did not turn around, but I could feel their gazes on my back as I continued my stride. I had been noted. In their eyes, as prey, I had been picked off.

Even though I have quite some thick skin, I still felt insulted. But I also felt some pity for them, for their herd-like inferiority. A bunch of scared low life pansies, acting up. Like a pack of spotted hyenas, camouflaged in their mediocre cowardness.

I know I shouldn't care. They don't deserve it. But I can't help it, I still think of them. And I hate them.

(withheld)

Signature of Witness



Witness Status (Filled by Officer) F-212A
 PP
 Visa
Officer # 109 Other: