



Right here, right now, we dig our heels into the earth and carve a line deep in the dirt. This ain't justice, no judge presided, no jury weighed the truth.

Thompson robbed us of our day in court. No negotiations, no jury of our peers, not even the pretense of cooperation and fairness.

Cowardly men, gutless men, they scatter like roaches when the battle closes in. And Thompson? He's retiring on this deal, his shadow slithering toward the exit, leaving only the stench of his betrayal.

No spine, no shred of honor. He didn't have the basic decency, the plain human courage, to face the families, to meet our eyes and ask, "How do we make an offer that works?"

Instead, Thompson cut his deal with the devil, his negotiations didn't require anything other than a simple guilty plea. Allowing him the leeway to blame the same people you are paid to protect. You betrayed us, Thompson. Your deal fails to shield the innocent. You could've stood tall and made damn sure the blame stayed where it belongs not on us, not on the broken survivors still carrying the weight of your repeated failures.

This is our courtroom now. This moment. This stand. Our voices rise to every American who'll listen.

We would've provided protection for the roommates, the best friends, the fallen vet—God rest his soul, and every soul effected in our shattered community. We would've carved our terms like sacred commandments, etched deep into unyielding granite, a testament to those we've lost and the justice they're owed.

First: Truth—spill it, BK Every sickening detail only the killer could know, the kind that twists your guts just to hear but turns even a simpleton properger against you.

Second: You bear the guilt, all of it alone. You don't get to smear the survivors, the ones still waking to nightmares born of your reckless choices.

Third: No cashing in on our grief no books, no private interviews with your ex-professor. No one is allowed to study you, because you're not special. You don't get to spit on our kids' graves by making this all about you.

Only Hippler can step into this void, mend the wreckage Thompson left in Latah so-called justice system.

This is what murder victims' families' negotiation looks like.

It's ugly. It's raw. It wild, It's anything but easy.

Yet you, Mr. Thompson, didn't even bother to negotiate with us, so this is all we have left there is no more time for us to wait for you to make a stand so we stand in your place!

****Kaylee Jade Goncalves, we love you, baby. You deserved better than this justice system! Your soul is not Thompson bargaining chip, we do not except his plea deals signed in your name. We're screaming for you as loud as we can! Kaylee Jade is better than this****

This is our last shot: Judge Hippler, you are our only hope that our child murder isn't granted control over his destiny in our children's names. You take control of this deal and make it right because now you OWN IT!