

Victim Impact Statement of Eli Mulligan

Good morning Your Honor. My name is Eli Mulligan and I am the father of Shannon Mulligan.

Today this Court has provided me an opportunity to speak to how I personally have been impacted by the events that brought us here today. I have tried over and over to figure out a way to convey this. And each and every I have come to the conclusion that it is virtually impossible for me to do. How do I stand here and accurately describe what was ripped from me, accurately describe just how much I loved my daughter, accurately describe my life WITH Shannon prior to its abrupt and uncomprehensible end?

The one thing that clearly stands out about this particular crime is that for those left in its wake it has the inconceivable ability to remain with you like an incurable disease. It NEVER goes away. Not only is there the immediate shock and loss but then comes the layers and layers of pure suffering and torment that alters your life forever.

So I will attempt to scratch the surface and share with this Court a mere fraction of the pain and suffering that I and my family have endured since Shannon's loss.

Please allow me to start by telling this Court that I am a law enforcement officer and have been for 22 years. In that time, I have responded to and seen over and over the effects of a drug overdose. In everyone of these cases I have seen the state of the deceased after their passing. The conditions of their body, the blue color of their skin, the helpless looks on their cold... incapacitated... lifeless faces. I can tell you with certainty that all these faces bore the expression of wanting to live and the traumatic

expression of the realization of knowing that their lives were passing.

During each and every one of these overdose deaths, I offered my condolences and my assistance to those that sustained their loss, giving nothing but my best efforts to ease their pain, all from an empathetic mindset. This should have provided me with at least a cushion or brace for me? So I thought.

As empathetic as I tried to be, not once did I come anywhere near understanding the loss they all had endured. At least not til I got the telephone call on the morning of March 6, 2021 hearing the words “She’s gone. She’s gone. Shannon is dead.”, not til I arrived at the house and saw my beautiful 22 year old daughter on the floor of her bedroom with that same lifeless face, that same expression of wanting to live yet realizing she was dying.

That’s the look that was frozen on her face that March 6th morning. That’s the look that is now forever engraved in my mind. That’s the look that replays over and over and over in my thoughts each and every day. That's the look that will accompany me for the remainder of my life, robbing me from attainnig any real true happiness or enjoyment in life going forward.

Is the pain real? I can stand here today and attest to the fact that the pain is as real as any broken bone, or laceration or palpable effect of any other physical ailment. The only difference is that the physical pain subsides and eventually goes away.

Today, several years later, the pain I feel is just as sharp, gripping and gutwrenching as it was the morning of March 6, 2021. And although, this repetitive, real life, engraved vision of my daughter cuts deepest, the other layers of impact are not far behind in their severity in the degree of pain level.

I wish the Court, in this case, could indulge an additional charge of larceny. Because besides providing the means of death for Shannon, Ms. Dahmani stole from me and my family. She stole things that are immeasurable in value. All future milestones, all future memories of the later years of Shannon's life. Sure, I have wonderful memories of my daughter in those 22 years she was alive. And I could spend hours talking about them. But woefully, every single one of those happy joyul memories have been tainted and corrupted by memories of picking out gravestones, forcefully writing and giving an unexpected eulogy for a child, lowering a child into the ground and being forced to walk away with the inability to ever see a daughter's face or ever hear a daughtr's voice again.

On the NOT so bright side, I get to make new memories about Shannon. There's the new memories of every upcoming holiday, for the remainder of our lives, where we set a place at the table for Shannon, and watch an empty seat. There's the memories captured in all future family photographs, forever minus one. And let me not forget all the future conversations I get to share with Shannon when I visit her at her gravesite. How about the memories of Shannon's beautiful, now 4 year old daughter asking me over and over how Mommy died and where she is now and will she ever get to see Mommy again?

Maybe I could ask Ms.Dahmani to answer her for me. To explain why she chose Shannon as a target? Why Shannon had to be the next vulnerable victim for Ms. Dahmani to pray on to expand her drug selling enterprise knowing the inevitable consequences?

I honestly feel sorry for Ms. Dahmani, for her lack of soul, for her acceptance of a life of dealing death to the weak and susceptible with complete and utter disregard.

I suspect the defense will soon follow up on these impact statements to present Ms. Dahmani in a positive light, to paint her with the colors of sorrow and remorse. But let me shed some light on those colors. I watched Ms. Dahmani closely during all her court appearances. During each and everyone of them, whether they were in person or on Zoom, her true colors shined through with blinding brightness. There sat a heartless, unemotional, unfeeling person who clearly doesn't give a DAMN about the life ending consequences of her actions.

I will walk away forever broken because the loss of a child WILL break you. That may not be the best way to describe the impact I have sustained but it is probably the simplest.

How can this Court make this victim whole again? How can this Court even come close to providing me and my family an ounce of restitution? It can't. The only thing this Court can do today is provide minimal comfort to me and my family, Comfort in the hope that Your Honor will do the right thing here and hold Ms. Dahmani culpable for her actions and send a message to all others out there that pray on the weak and vulnerable that there are consequences to those actions.

The Court needs to recognize that with Shannnon's needless death, I was forever vicitimized, a 4 year old girl was forever victimized, my family was forever victimize and Society was victimized. As I said, this plea cannot make any of the aformentioned victims whole again, but it is a small step in the right direction to preventing other victims.

In closing, please allow me to thank Trooper Bonin of the Massachusetts State Police the Attleboro Police Department and the District Attorney's office for thier dedicatin and hard work. They may all say that they were just doing thier jobs but they all

had the a welcome, life lasting difference to this broken man at a time when he needed it the most.

Thank you Your Honor.

I respectfully thank the Court for its time.