

Superior Court of Washington, County of Thurston

In re: The Guardianship of

Hazel Belle Ursa Smith
(minor/child)

No. 21-4-00443-34

Declaration of
(name): Maya Stoker
(DCLR)

Declaration of (name): Maya Stoker

1. I am (age): over 18 years old and I am the (check one): Petitioner Respondent

Other (relationship to the people in this case): Daughter of Selena + Sister of

2. I declare: Please see attached. Hazel Smith

(Number any pages you attach to this Declaration. Page limits may apply.)

I declare under penalty of perjury under the laws of the state of Washington that the facts I have provided on this form (and any attachments) are true. I have attached (number): ___ pages.

Signed at (city and state): Yelm, WA Date: Jun 15, 2021

▶ Maya Stoker
Maya Stoker (Jun 15, 2021 09:33 PDT)
 Sign here

Maya Stoker
 Print name

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Maya Stoker: Declaration

It's hard for me to write about my mother because I've spent so long trying to not think about the negative experiences I went through as a child and later on into my life. My mom often ignored me as a kid or didn't talk to me a lot, when I got older she did but I spent most of my time in my own company. As far back as I can remember, my mom was always having different guys around, she didn't have any girl friends except for her best friend Amy who she still fought with from time to time. She was always dating different guys and I didn't like any of them. I think I was three or four when she met Charlie (my step-father) and I thought he was a nice guy and she asked me if I wanted him to be my new dad and I said yes. I kind of regret saying yes but I was also like four so I can't really help my tiny brain. In the beginning Charlie was nice but there was something off with him and I never liked him. He was always asking me to [redacted] with him and he really creeped me out; there was a lot of inappropriate [redacted] and things didn't get any better after that but I don't want to talk about it.

During their relationship, my mom was always arguing with Charlie and being physically violent with him. My whole childhood was just a blur of those two fighting. We could never stay in one place, my mom was always fighting with neighbors and the cops were always showing up from domestic violence calls. There were several times throughout my life that we were all homeless. I couldn't really figure out why we were homeless but we spent Christmas in a shelter and my birthday when I was like 5 or 6.

We lived in this house on Tri Lake Drive in Lacey that Oma and Opa had bought us and my mom always had this old guy friend that came over. I think I was...maybe in second grade. I remember that all three of them; the old guy, mom, and Charlie would go into the garage and I would try to go in and see what they were doing. It smelled really weird and bad, like a mix between cigarette smoke and weed. We also all went over to the old guys place or maybe it was a different friend's place and we would be there for hours and I had to just sit in a chair and the whole place smelled weird. The air was all hazey from weed smoke or cigarettes.

She also tried to homeschool me but I only remember doing that for two days and then I didn't do any more work after that.

During that time at the Tri Lakes house, I played outside a lot and would be out in the neighborhood all day. I made some friends with the kids and would ride my bike and follow their school bus when it came home. One time, I was walking with this girl I had befriended and I let her borrow another bike. We were walking them back to my house, ahead, I saw my mom just screaming at Charlie and they were fighting outside the house. I told the girl that I could take both bikes back to the house and she said that she could help anyway. I remember just being hysterical and in tears screaming, "No, just go home, I can take the bikes please, go home!". So then she left and I had to take both bikes home. I rolled them up just sobbing and I remember them asking me what was wrong and I said nothing and went inside. I was always embarrassed of them fighting.

For a while we lived in Carlsbad in California in this RV. I hated living in the RV, you could hear everything that went on because it was so small. I don't remember eating food that much at all.

One time we were parked in this gravel parking lot in the city somewhere and it was night time. I was playing out in the gravel on the other side of the RV while Charlie and Mom were screaming and fighting. I remember this group of older ladies running over from the building across the street and taking me with them away saying, "It's okay, we will help" and then mom came running after me and grabbed me away. Then, she took me and we walked really fast away and down an alley, then through a door and then there were ballerinas everywhere. I know that sounds like a dream but I think we were parked across from a hotel or opera house which had a ballet show going on. So we must have dipped down into the dressing room areas. Then we came out another door onto a street and we were stopped by the police. Mom was arrested and I was taken to a police station. The next morning we left and went back to the RV with Charlie. The worst experiences of my life probably happened in Germany when we lived there. Charlie was in the military as a civilian and that's one of the reasons we moved around. At that point, I was 10 when we moved there and I don't think I had celebrated my birthday in several years. I remember one time, we had rented a cargo van for some reason and had gone somewhere. It was on my birthday and I remember my mom screaming at Charlie about how my birthday was ruined because of him. I was in the middle seat between them and my mom starting hitting him across from me while he was driving. I didn't want to be in there or hit so I crawled down to the floor where my mom's feet were in the van and crouched down as she continued to hit him. I tried to tell them I had to go to the bathroom and no one listened so I [redacted] and had to sit there on the floor while they were fighting.

When we lived in the first house in Germany farther from the base, I came home one day and Charlie and my mom were sitting across the table from each other arguing. I came in and was in the kitchen sort of watching and I remember my mom grabbing the stick of butter on the table and rubbing it all over in her hair violently. It looked crazy and then they laughed. There was always something disturbed and wrong about my mom's humor or you could always tell when she was pretending to be nice before she got violent. She never laid a finger on me but my step-dad always would tell me it was my fault that she was like that.

Another time, we had this little cheap greenish blue car that Charlie had found and bought. We were all coming back from somewhere back to the house near the base *Hohenfels* in Germany and they were fighting again. At that point I might have been 11 or 12. I just remember them fighting and I was so over being in the car so I opened the door and jumped out of the moving car. It was going pretty slow like 5-10 mph but I just jumped out. I was always going back and forth between my mom and my Oma and Opa (Kat and Hans). I was always flying in planes alone and had to grow up really fast. I had to be independent because I knew I could take care of myself. I mostly cooked my meals when I was with mom and I loved going to school because then I didn't have to be home with them fighting. I loved going to Oma's because I would be clean and happy.

One time she kicked me and Charlie out of the house and we had to go sleep in a car.

Another time, I came home one day after school and I screamed when a man walked around the corner of our apartment that I didn't know but it turned out to be my mom. She had chopped off all of her hair and buzz cut it. I asked her why and she said, "because I just did".

My step-father and I were always walking on eggshells around my mom. She never hit me but I hated when they fought and yelled. Charlie always had bruises on him and my mom was always hitting him. He barely ever hit her unless it was self defense. It was my mom who was the abuser in their relationship. I would always hear him yell, "stop, please stop!". Charlie and I would always hide all the sharp objects in the house when she was in a bad mood. We'd hide all the forks, butter knives, sharp knives, anything valuable because she would throw plates at him and they would shatter. I remember one night though, I was in my room, it was probably late like 9pm and I had headphones on, they were fighting again and the screaming was just horrible. I must have been 12 years old at that point because it was a few months before we went back to the United States. I remember not hearing as much screaming and went to see if they were done and opened my door. I opened the door and I saw Charlie crawling on the ground towards my door with streaks of blood behind him on the wood floor from him dragging his body. His leg had been cut and blood was everywhere; he was reaching his arm up to me saying quietly, "help me, please help, help". So I grabbed my phone and called the police who came. My mom had stabbed my step-dad in the leg with a knife or scissors or something like that. That was probably my worst disturbing experience and I suppressed that image in my head for years but I still can't get it out of my head. I just see him crawling on the ground with blood everywhere.

When I got older she sort of just abandoned me, she asked if I wanted to stay with Oma and Opa and I said yes and she left with my sister Hazel when I was a Sophomore in highschool and never looked back. I did visit her my Sophomore spring break and that was the last time I spent time with her. I remember calling her and saying that I wanted it to just be me, hazel, and her and she agreed and promised it would just be us. I arrived at the airport in Colorado and I saw her standing there in ripped dirty clothes and her hair looked like it hadn't been washed in a month. I asked, "where's Hazel?" and she said, "We'll discuss that later." I stopped and said, "No, where is Hazel?!" and she turned around and said she was at home. I said, "alone?!" and she said "No, Robert is with her." I remember being so mad. Robert is Hazel's father and is not a good person. We get back to the house and I tell them both that if there is fighting I am going to be very upset. I go upstairs and put my stuff away and try to get Hazel to go to sleep because she was still up and it was really late, like 11pm. They start fighting so I go downstairs and just get a glass of water and stand there staring at them. My mom said, "Maya, just go upstairs." I said, "NO, I'm not going to go upstairs, and you (points to Robert) are going to leave, mom, you're going to take him to the airport right now." I made them leave and then I was there, age 16, alone and she didn't come back until almost the next morning. She said they were fighting in the car and got pulled over for domestic disturbance. The next morning, she just told me all these weird things about how the neighbors watch her drink wine and judge her and how she hates the people in her little community. She told me that if anyone asks I go to an all girls boarding school in Washington. When I came back I told Oma that I never wanted to be alone with her ever again.

After that, she stopped trying to be in my life as much and I didn't get any presents for my birthday or Christmas after that. I don't know what I would have done if I didn't have my Oma and Opa. They really saved me from a bad situation. My mom was never the one getting me clothes, we never went out shopping. She didn't like shopping. Oma was the one who always sent me clothes or gave me clothes.

When I got older, my mom came back into my life but would say mean things to me. I did go over to her house above Oma and Opa's house which they were letting her live in. I went to try and form a relationship maybe or say hi and when I walked in, Jim (her new baby daddy) offered and rolled me a joint which was thrust upon me, and then mom offered me magic mushrooms and started talking about microdosing. Their house smelled and was really dirty. I just left and threw away the drugs.

The Thanksgiving of 2019 she was mean to me and I tried to stay nice and polite. Later that night, she sent me a text saying, "How could you talk to me like that, like I am worthless, you are a disappointment to me and you will never see your sisters again. I thought you would be so much more than you are, I already know your sisters are going to have a better relationship with each other than with you. I am blocking you." I mean, who wants to hear that from their own mother; it hurt so bad to hear that even though I wasn't close with her at all. So that moment I decided I never wanted her in my life again.

Recently, I went inside their abandoned house that is above Oma and Opa's house on the property. There was mouse poop everywhere! I was helping them clean and made them put on a mask and gloves. There was mouse poop everywhere in the kitchen, in the drawers, cabinets, bathrooms, and garage. It smelled so bad in the kitchen that I gagged and could not be in there. All I know is from someone who has lived with my mom and grown up with her, she is not a fit mother and should not have had more children. I love my sister so much and love that they are in my life but I worry for their safety everyday that they are with my mom. I think my mom has gotten worse as she has aged and that the neglect will only get worse. If I had stayed with my mom as a kid, I think I would be in a very different worse place in my life. I was old enough to choose where I wanted to live, which was with my grandparents, unfortunately, I don't think my sisters are old enough to choose but from what I've heard from Hazel, she likes being at Oma's more. Hazel asked me the other day, "I was living with mom and was looking for you, I looked for you and you weren't there, where were you?" This just broke my heart.