

Cameron Mason's Victim Impact Statement

October 6, 2022

I submitted my Victim Impact Statement for court records and read it in court in front of a judge and Fritz on October 6th, 2022. My intention was to make a personal plea to the judge to increase his sentence beyond the state maximum sentence, which judges have the power to do should they believe it is warranted. Fritz was still sentenced to a mere five years for four counts of the Rape of a Child. Minor modifications have been made from the original impact statement at the request of other individuals involved in the case.

Alex Fritz is much more than just a danger to society.

When he is in your life, he holds the very fabric of your being in his hands. His ability to manipulate, abuse, and assault begins far before the small glimpse of his crimes presented before us today. He determines your self worth, assigns you a value, and never lets you forget what he claims it is. He locates every insecurity and vulnerability and creates a false sense of comfort by first nurturing it – creating a dependence on his words and his alone – before systematically peeling your confidence and strength back until you are raw and unrecognizable from who you were before. It is then, when you are completely reliant on him, that the physical assault begins. In our remaining precious years of childhood and innocence, he took away our abilities to develop, grow, and interact normally – with friends at school, teammates at the gym, and with our very own families in our very own homes. Instead of beginning to grow into ourselves as all teenagers do, we were helpless to him as he pulled us off the tracks of becoming the people we had the right to be. He has altered the courses of our lives and fabrics of our beings while using us as the objects of his sexual desires with an ease and thoughtlessness that no normal person could ever comprehend.

When asked what I believed the appropriate sentence was for him, I had no answer. I don't understand how four counts of the Rape of a Child amounts to just five years in prison, nor do I believe he deserves a plea deal. My brain is so entangled in itself from the years of grooming and guilt that I still find myself having pity for him against my own will. I have little resentment towards Alex for what he has done to me because I still can't fully convince myself it wasn't somehow my fault. The immense source of my pain comes from what he has done to my sister, my parents, my family, and my entire community.

The fact of the matter is that we still don't and will likely never know the depths of his reign of manipulation and assault. I have full faith in his ability to convince anyone that he is capable of change, of betterment, and of healing because I have felt my own brain rewiring itself to fit any and all lies he fed me. If given the opportunity to lie his way out of any punishment or situation, he will. Alex has already proven his ability to premeditate lies that extend for longer than the mere five years outlined in the plea deal. How can you expect five years to be enough time to rehabilitate someone when there are countless examples of his ability to outlast that time served and go right back to what he is? The very lies that he used to poison my family were all years in the making – basic truths you would never think to question about someone were all complex and well planned lies Alex told for reasons that only presented themselves to us years later. The ease at which he tells numerous lies to multiple different people at once and keeps track of it is unfathomably complex – yet he's been doing it for so long it seems to come to him naturally. The more I speak to others who know him, the more I question what is real, what isn't, and how many versions of him exist. A truly, purely bad person like Alex doesn't stick out because they have mastered the art of blending in. Countless people knew how much time he spent with our family, but no one ever thought to question it because of how well loved he was in our community. If anything, we were the "lucky" ones for being so close with him – yet another thing that couldn't be further from the truth. In just one example out of hundreds, he made it abundantly clear to my family that he hated guns and all people who owned them. These rants were usually brought on by Alex's complaints about his relationship with his mother, a gun owner, and only furthered our belief that he was in need of us to be his family instead. However, I recently found out that he not only owned a gun, but slept with it in his bedside table every night – quite literally the exact opposite of the version of Alex we knew.

He has been in my life since I was 10 years old. For the first three years, I knew him as the intimidating older teammate who paid little respect or attention to those he didn't know or care to get to know. However, as I got older, gradually things changed. He noticed me, talked to me, made me feel heard, strong, and special. For two years, I grew to know him as someone more than my coach and teammate. As he continued his subtly tactful advance on me, he did the same to my family as well until he was being invited into our home on a regular basis and was eventually invited on a two week climbing trip in Europe. While on that trip, in one night, he went from the coolest best friend and older brother I'd always wanted to a nightmare I couldn't comprehend and that hasn't stopped since. Over the next five years, as I pulled farther away

from him and my family, he only grew closer to them and became more ingrained in the family as ever. At that point, I had long since given up on any thoughts of coming forward and planned to take it to the grave. I acted as though nothing had happened, pretended that I loved having him around, and even began referring to him as my older brother again. Regardless of how burdensome those years were, nothing has compared to the past two years spent trying to heal myself, my sister, and my parents and the work we have all had to put into trying to move past the guilt that has never been ours to bear.

From what we know, I am the first survivor. It's clear that as Alex got older, his attraction to 15 year old girls stayed the same. It's only when the age gaps began getting bigger and bigger and his chances of succeeding in getting what he wanted got smaller and smaller that you see the patterns of grooming and manipulation seeping through the cracks of his otherwise untarnished image of a sought after coach. I truly believe that if murder is what turned him on instead of 15 year old girls that he still would've done it as many times as he could with the same lack of humanity and remorse until he were caught. Not only was he selfish and confident enough to sexually assault me while on a vacation with my family, he was brazen enough to act as though nothing had happened and still interacted with them more and more in the years to come. I chose to stay quiet because I felt like coming forward would destroy my family and take away someone they genuinely loved. My inability to even look at Alex the same after that trip allowed Quinn to become his new "favorite", and their closeness combined with his mentorship led me to constantly compare the pain he had caused me to the confidence and skills he gave her. It felt like coming forward would cost her the best coach and friend she could have, especially because he was constantly manipulating her into only trusting and talking to him. There is nothing that I would not do for her, and staying quiet about what had happened to me was no exception. My biggest fear was that Alex would do to her what he had done to me, and that was a fear that I had to wrestle with and hold back on a daily basis for five years. I lived in terror of him and his presence every day for years, something that only got worse as time went on and he tightened his grip on us. Now, that fear has been replaced by the overwhelming feeling of guilt for never saying anything when I had the chance.

I want him to understand that the reason he has been offered this plea deal in the first place is that some of us don't have the strength to keep fighting him and are barely finding the strength to fight for ourselves, not to mention the herculean effort it takes to lead normal lives. To not cry randomly in public or panic uncontrollably at the slightest notion of him or his actions. To get out

of bed in the morning, to find joy in anything, to be the people we deserve to be outside of this nightmare.

In a situation where everyone but Alex deserved better, somehow the best case scenario still leaves us coming out worse. Although he and he alone is guilty, somehow everyone but him feels they deserve to be blamed. He is a master manipulator, an unparalleled liar, and a serial sexual predator who targets adolescents at their most vulnerable. A five year sentence is nothing compared to the life sentences that he has forced onto us and our families, and I hope that you take this into consideration. When all is said and done, he has already severely traumatized and left lasting marks on many lives, and nothing will ever undo that damage. The only way to make this harrowing ordeal better is to ensure that it ends with us.

Thank you.

[Read more about the problem of sexual violence in climbing here.](#)

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