9 year old 911 Call

Dispatcher: 911, State your emergency…hello?

Crystal: Um…um…my mom…she’s crying.

Dispatcher: Why is she crying?

Crystal: My dad.

Dispatcher: What about…

Crystal: He’s hitting her.

Dispatcher: How old are you?

Crystal: Nine.

Dispatcher: OK…What’s your name, Honey?

Crystal: Crystal.

Dispatcher: What’s your last name, Crystal?

Crystal: Cortez.

Dispatcher: You’re OK...alright?
 Do you think he’s hitting her?

Crystal: Yeah.

Dispatcher: Did you see him hit her?

Crystal: No…but I…I could…I hear her screaming. (whispered) I’m scared.

Dispatcher: Where are they?

Crystal: Um…in an apartment.

Dispatcher: OK, where are you?

Crystal: Next door.

Dispatcher: You went next door?

Crystal: Yeah.

Dispatcher: OK. Do they know you left?

Crystal: Yes.

Dispatcher: Do they know you’re calling the police?

Crystal: Yes. My next door neighbor… my next door neighbor said that to call the police.

Dispatcher: Oh, honey, I’m sorry. We’ll get an officer up there. But can, can you stay on the line with me for a minute?

Crystal: Yeah.