

13 days held captive.

July 28th, 2021

It was the time of sunrise in the northeastern city I called home for the past 9 years. It was not like any other day. I had a headache first thing when I woke up. That was unusual for me at this time of year and given the entail of my day. I was a veterinarian by profession. I was also a student pursuing a Doctor of Philosophy in Communications. Few knew of this studious endeavour. My family near disowned me 6 months prior but not quite. I was to be written out of their wills and banished from their households. A sparsity and scarcity of conversations there were. My colleagues and classmates labelled themselves as resistance to our rise. Everyone agreed that no one cared about me nor cared enough. For these reasons it mattered not what they did to me. I accepted their unjustified judgement and critique. Despite my lifetime of model behavior, their disgraceful opinion of me was not amenable to mending. Amidst their lies and deceit and perversity, I became content even further bearing a segregated and independent existence. An existence that was my own business.

No one thought I was worth anything net or gross. This belief was partly based on the words written on a piece of looseleaf paper. This damning document that made was circulated around the class during my second year of veterinary medical school. There was a woman who sat at the back of the class. Her name was [K.A.4]. She wrote on the top of the paper: "Sign here below if your net worth is in exceedance of \$1 million dollars." The note went pass ways across and down every row. [K.A.4] ran a few steps ahead of the note. She whispered "Skip her" to a woman named [D.G.1]. [D.G.1] was sitting next to me in class. [K.A.4] was pointing at me. I was transcribing lecture notes, and I didn't notice the gesture. My family's net worth was more than \$2.5 million dollars. I would have signed the note if the lined sheet of paper made its way across my desk. I learned of that register nearly 9 years later. The scenario was mentioned casually to me by a stranger. The stranger mentioned that he thought "my net worth was less than \$1 million dollars." He learned of this from an old "classmate" of mine. I informed the stranger that it wasn't true. I learned of the "note" later that week. I learned about the degree of public scrutiny I faced because of it. This lack of presumed worth led to many wrongthoughts and wrongdoings on the part of the "offenders."

I had a light breakfast that morning consisting of scrambled eggs (frittata style) with toast and jam and a hasbrown and a sausage. I took one tablet of acetaminophen and one capsule of ibuprofen with my meal. I had 2 cups of instant coffee to drink as well as a can of diet soda and 2 glasses of tap water. I felt fine after an hour or so, and my headache went away.

The time is 2:41 p.m. I went for a walk outside with my dog and I played with her in the backyard. I finished the rough draft of a paper I was working on. "Be still. A collection of short stories."

I ordered take-out food by way of a food delivery service. The order was placed via a web-enabled application I had downloaded on my phone. I downloaded the application using the link that was typed on a business card. I was given the business card by a part-owner of the food delivery service company. The part-owner of the company had lived in the community for just over a year and he seemed reputable enough. The web-enabled application was not available for download directly from the store made for selling apps. This application had only been granted "Level 1" status. The payment processing for this application was done using an "e-transfer based method" rather than by using a more "secure" encrypted process.

The takeout food arrived per the location-services-enabled food delivery service driver. I ordered a two-patty hamburger and a large fry and an extra-large fountain diet soda. I gave the driver a \$5.00 tip on top of the \$14.97 priced-to-clear order. I secured and locked the front door of the bi-level house in which I lived. I lived at 148 Riverside Drive.

The fountain pop tasted a bit flat, but it was not off-putting enough to discard. I finished the meal and the drink in 21 minutes. I hit the floor 19 seconds after that and while on the way to my bedroom for bed. I hit the floor soft and then crawled using my arms and flail legs. I got into the bedroom, and I undressed, and I slouched my way ovetop of the covers. The 19 micrograms of Rohypnol ("roofie") that the 2nd food service delivery driver added to the diet soda drink that was held by the 1st food service delivery driver knocked me out warm then hot then cold.

Six of the offenders gained entry to my house by way of the dugout divot they dug under the floorboards of the deck. This was the deck of the walk out basement. The offenders removed 9 panels of the blue hue painted floorboard decking. They used a wooden-handled spade shovel to remove the loosely packed dirt they had "packed back into place" after "trying this" a month earlier. The tunnel led from the backyard to the interior of the home and directly into the room used for "band practice." It was now 38 minutes after I was rendered unconscious by the Rohypnol. The 6 of them were now standing in the "band practice" room in the basement of my home. They turned off the main breaker at the electrical panel. The panel was in the corner of the room adjacent to the exterior-facing service drop. This brought an end to all lighted lights on all floors and levels.

One of the 6 was a man named [K.W.1]. He was elected "interim leader" by the others. He would be the one to "drag me out of my room." He pulled me by the hair and the feet and the arms. He dragged me down the stairs to the main floor and then to the basement. I was to be taken outside the way "they came in." There were 3 men with him. They were named [S.C.1] and [J.K.1] and [J.L.1]. There were 2 women with him as well. They were named [S.A.1] and [L.D.1]. The 5 of them waited either near the bottom of the stairs, or in the "band practice room." They awaited "the dragging of me into it." When [K.W.1] turned the corner on the landing [J.L.1] yelled "flip her over." [K.W.1] dropped me awkwardly on my left shoulder blade and I flipped face to the ground. [J.L.1] grabbed my socks and they came off in his hands. He readjusted his grip and grabbed my ankles. He lost his grip and dropped me on the ground. The six of them held a 9-minute meeting and during that time they had 2 smokes each and they never offered me a single drag. I could barely hear them, and I couldn't talk. I couldn't move my body, but I flicked my eyes twice to the left and once to the right. This was to tell them to stop and to signal my "No." This was in total darkness except for the light of the moon that was shining in through the picture window.

The time is 7:48 p.m.

The white conversion van was slantily parked in the driveway and me in my nightdress of nothing because my socks were torn off in the struggle. This was the same white conversion van I owned for a year. I had sold it a month earlier. They slid the door of the van open part-way and then all the way under the dim flicker of the street light lamp that showed a lack of all standards. The footage was captured on a camera that was owned by the city. They shared the surveillance video with many people and many people shared it further. They could see my mouth open half-wide. [K.W.1] and [L.D.1] spun me and flopped me onto the corrugated and torn black mat lining the cargo van's floor.

The evening had grown slightly warm and damp to the touch of my skin. [K.W.1] was in the passenger seat of the white conversion van and [J.L.1] was in the back where I was. [J.K.1] was in the driver's seat. We drove to the Lodge. The men and the women were excited for what was coming next with their smiles and grins and grasps down below. They backed the van into the gravel parking lot. The parking lot was uneven and there were no lines painted on the foreground. They executed a three-point turn. The 16 car or truck or van lot was full, and they angled the van in a parking spot near the side door. This parking spot was not by the kitchen entrance but instead was nearest the rear staff parking stall and exit sign. The van was parked away from the camera that was pointed in face-view of our direction. The man named [K.W.1] got out of the van and he opened the side cargo door. He looked down on me. I opened my left eyelid $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, and I squinted my eye in terms of accommodation and pupil size. [K.W.1] noticed this right away and he called out to the man named [S.C.1]. [S.C.1] was one of the owners of the Lodge. [K.W.1] told [S.C.1] that I needed "more lights down time" as I "was starting to wake-up."

[S.C.1] heard [K.W.1] say this but he just shrugged his shoulders and walked off with a double fist of beer in a can. [K.W.1] looked worried according to his grimace and stout body language. This was as best I could see with my squinted eye open $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of the way. A minute passed and [K.W.1] was still staring at me from a distance away of 38 feet. He shrugged his shoulders same as [S.C.1]. [K.W.1] started walking toward the van's three-quarters-way open sliding door. I was lying on my left side with my legs parted slightly. I wanted to protect what was inside and underneath, but I couldn't get my legs to close any closer together. I squinted my eye even harder to signal the "No." I still couldn't talk or move anything other than my eyes and lids. [K.W.1] unzipped his pants while standing on the loose gravel of the

parking lot and he hopped quickly through the van's sliding door. He glanced once to his right to see if anyone was watching. There were 9 people to bear witness to the 1st time. He unzipped his fly while keeping his pants up at the back. He used a string as a belt, and he tied it around his waist. He put one hand on my bottom and one hand on the mat of the van floor. He balanced on his left knee and on his right tiptoe in a half-squat. He thrust inside then outside then inside of me again. This went on for 3 minutes and 39 seconds. He changed positions. His right knee was on the floor of the van and his left foot was flat-footed. He thrust again. Inside of me and outside of me. This continued for another 2 minutes and 28 seconds. He changed positions. He balanced both of his knees on the van floor. He finished 4 minutes and 8 seconds later and he yelled my name. He told me it felt "so good." I kept my squinted eye squinted as hard as I could, and he knew I didn't like it. "Thanks for your raping" he said as he stood up inside the van. He zipped up his pants. He brushed off his knees and he brushed off his left foot and he brushed off his right foot. He used his hands to grab the van door and the side of the van's body. He slid out through the van's sliding door while every one of the 9 onlookers gave him a round of applause. [J.K.1] yelled at that moment "do her again now before the rest of us have at it."

[S.C.1] introduced himself to me when I was 5 years old. He was 14 years old at the time. It was a plot planned by [S.C.1] and a man named [D.S.8]. [D.S.8] was the Chief of Police in this no winner of a capital city. I was playing in the front yard of my home on that warm day in June. The year was 1987. I was helping the grass grow greener the next week with today's work. There was a green garden hose in my hand. [S.C.1] walked by and told me he was a school "patrol" and that I "needed to come with him for a walk to safely." I heard him say the word "safely", but I thought he meant to say the word "safety." He did. I put down the green garden hose and [S.C.1] led me by the hand halfway around the Bay block. He took me to the corner house labelled "2." [D.S.8] was in a marked police cruiser car parked on the street nearby. He began filming on 8 mm tape. He captured on camera what happened on the walk and what would happen next. [S.C.1] led me by the hand to the master bedroom inside the house. With window shades pulled to their open position, he pulled up the bottom of my sundress. He forced my hands above my head, and he forced my hands together. He pinned me down and he unzipped his pants and he thrust in and out of me 91 times. The second he let me up I pulled my sundress back down and it had daisies and suns printed on it. There was blood running down my legs. I pushed open the screen door to the house and I flew down the 3 stairs to the outside so fast. I didn't fall. I sprinted across the grass of the front lawn of "2" on that Bay. I ran as fast as I could and even faster. I ran down the street and around the corner and it burned in my lungs when I ran. I ran to the front yard of my own house which was "82" on that Bay block. The garden house was now reeled in and put away. My mom came running outside of the house. She was looking for me and she saw the blood running down my legs. She said, "Get in this house right now." [S.C.1] and [D.S.8] took the film and made copies of it. They distributed the videos to their tarnished brass ring. [S.C.1] recorded video of me later in life. He had help from [D.S.8] and he had help from a man named [G.C.8]. They distributed this video as well. [S.C.1] served 2 years less a day in a federal penitentiary. A judge after the fact gave him a pardon for his unpardonable offense.

[K.W.1] closed the van door to a visible slit. I could still see the moonlight with my slightly open left eye. Over the course of the next 49 minutes, I heard 91 vehicles pull into the parking lot and then stop. I heard 2 larger trucks drive in, and I heard their back-up beeps blaring. I heard the tinkle and slosh of liquid in bottles. I overheard conversations between the group of [S.C.1] and [J.K.1] and [K.W.1] and [L.D.1]. The group was having a discussion with the man from the agency that controls the supply and distribution of alcoholic beverages. They spoke about the quantity and type of "booze" that had been ordered for the "Jenn Rape Party" and the 13 days that was.

They wheeled a ramp toward the rear kitchen entrance door, and they placed the rungs on the loading deck slats. It was a mechanical type of tread not the electrical kind and [S.C.1] knelt at the bottom of the ramp. [K.W.2] was the sister of [K.W.1] and she barged her way to the top of the loading deck. [K.W.3] was the wife of my half-brother [R.F.1] and she was standing alone in the corridor leading to the loading deck. [K.W.2] pushed [K.W.3] out of the way and yelled "get out of my way" as she spilled sippy tea out of her cup. [K.W.2] cried out to the two down below "How do I work this thing? Does it have a button that turns on?" They yelled back "No. You have to pull the pull rope like a lever." [K.W.2] pulled the rope like a hoist and she broke the handle right off. Everyone cheered as she raised the handle in the air, and she pumped her fists. They lowered the ramp and convey back to the

ground and they decided just to pass the boxes of bottles two by two from the ground up. It was 42 boxes of bottles in green and amber and brown so clear. The time is 8:49 p.m.

[K.W.2] fell off the front side of the loading deck. She landed hard on her right wrist and she "broke it" and she knew it. She screamed for someone to come help her and take her to the emergency room. She held onto her cup for the fall, but she spilled the contents on the gravel. [K.W.1] rushed toward her and left his post on guard at the side of the van. He lunged forward 29 feet and held his arm out for her to grab. She missed it and fell back down to the ground. She was not laughing at all. She tried to grab his arm again. She succeeded and got halfway to her feet. She fell again. This happened a third time and then a fourth time. On the fifth time she got to her feet. No one else offered to drive her to the [T.G.] Hospital and [K.W.1] finally said "I'll drive you in the van if you want to go now and we can drop you off." He pointed his lips and chin toward me. I saw his face through the part-way open van door. I scowled and pursed my lips. He chuckled and said "You think you get a say in this bitch? Huh? Did you even hear what I said?" He laughed harder this time. He walked to the van and closed the door all the way and I heard it latch. He did not slam my foot in the door but that's what everyone thought had happened. Eight of them thought they "saw" my foot get slammed in the door and 11 of them thought they "heard" my foot get slammed in the door. [S.C.1] and [J.L.1] and [L.D.1] motioned to [K.W.1] and he went back to the van door to check on my presumably slammed foot. [K.W.1] opened the sliding door and pushed hard on both of my feet. This jolted me forward. My head hit the console arm rest and I was knocked out even further for the next 12 minutes.

[K.W.1] helped [K.W.2] get into the passenger seat of the white conversion and cargo van. [K.W.2] was using her left hand to hold her other arm like a sling. He opened the door for her, and she stepped up awkwardly and she fell a bit outside the door frame margin. [K.W.1] caught her and pushed her on top of the passenger seat. He closed the passenger side door behind her and walked around the back of the van. He got into the driver's side seat behind the steering wheel, and he started the engine. The van moved slowly toward the parking lot exit. He turned left at the highway. The next two right hand turns led to the parking lot of the [T.G.] Hospital. [K.W.1] parked the van in the fire lane outside of the emergency room department entrance. [K.W.1] looked back at me through the space between the front seats. He ruffled my hair and he hit me hard on the top of the head. The muscles in my neck and back trembled and he said, "Oh shit." [K.W.1] watched for the next 12 seconds as I had a petit-mal seizure. The seizure was secondary to the lowered seizure threshold induced by the Rohypnol-spiked diet soda.

When the seizure stopped [K.W.1] laughed and said "Aww. You spit yourself up." He patted my chin. I squinted my eye harder, and I mouthed the words "No way." With a frightened squint in his eyes he said, "Holy fuck." [K.W.1] turned the van around. [K.W.2] had been rambling about this and that this whole time. She got out of the passenger side door. She was now facing the opposite side. With the passenger door open wide enough for words, [K.W.1] said "We have a fucking problem." He motioned his head toward me. [K.W.2] slammed the door and through the half-open window yelled "Get her fucking back there pronto." [K.W.1] nodded his head. [K.W.2] began walking toward the "emerg." entrance. [K.W.1] drove straight through and then to the next left turn and to the next left turn and then back onto the highway.

The three of them from earlier were still positioned at the ramp convey station. They continued and finished the job. They went on to carry in the coolers and wine and hard liquor prescribed by the invoice that had been paid for in full. They ordered a case lot quantity of 256 in stainless steel runs which was less than the maximum they were allowed to order. They could have ordered 12 more cases, but they decided to use a more conservative approach.

The occupancy for the main room at the Lodge was printed on the permit in terms of a limit. The limit was "200 person(s)." By this time of the evening 468 people had congregated in this main room. The sound was music-man managed by a man named [T.S.1] and his wife [W.S.1]. There was a line dance while [K.W.1] was away and 9 people did the "boogie" including a man named [I.M.1] and his "common-law girlfriend." Her name was [L.L.1]. A woman named [H.D.P.] and her girlfriend [S.P.1] laughed at the "boogiers." [H.D.P.] and [S.P.1] called to two of the "boogiers" from over the gold-plated colored railing. They yelled "Get a move on Wankers." This in no way fit the context of what was going on and everyone else thought it seemed strange too. [H.D.P] and [S.P.1] got funny looks from [S.C.1]'s wife [L.C.1]. The

fact that [L.C.1] appreciated the social awkwardness was the most surprising thing that occurred this evening given the nature of the present company. They circulated a greeting card that was to be signed by all. The front of the card was a cut-out reflection of the plain orange colored backdrop. The hand-scrawled inscription read "Get Well Rufus" on the inside of the card. The card was a tribute to the dog named "Rufus." "Rufus" was a dog that belonged to a girl named [K.C.1] aka [L.E.1] aka [E.Q.1] aka [E.R.1] aka [O.E.1] aka [Q.E.1] aka [U.E.1] aka [L.I.1] aka [P.I.1] aka [I.I.1] aka [O.O.1] aka [I.U.1] aka [Y.Y.1] aka [E.E.1] aka [U.I.1] aka [R.E.1] aka [Y.T.1] aka [R.W.1] aka [E.R.2] aka [U.E.2] aka [P.R.1] aka [I.T.1] aka [E.R.2]. The card was also in reference to a "roofie" spiked diet soda. The picture on the front of the card showed a girl drinking lemonade from a pop can.

A rowdy hotel broke out a few minutes later both on the dance floor and in the kitchen improper. They were preparing bread bowl baskets in the food preparation area and there was a misinterpretation of the term "bread bowl." [L.C.1] was the woman that was married to [S.C.1]. She was the other part-owner of the Lodge. She interpreted the phrase to mean bread should be baked into the shape of a basket so you can eat salad or hot food like chili out of the bowl-shaped bread that was "just baked" in a "bakery oven" and not in the oven that was available to them in the "restaurant slash lounge." [S.C.1] thought they should buy bread and mold it and shape it into the form of a bowl after it was thoroughly baked by someone else and packaged and sold "from the shelf."

Prepare they did in terms of talking about what they might need to do and buy to bring the bread bowl basket idea to life. The bread bowls were for dinner service the following evening. [L.C.1] and [S.C.1] phoned the "local but big" grocery store chain customer-care line. The kind man that answered the phone after 3 rings provided a reasonable suggestion. The consensus was to purchase "wraps" that were "not of tortilla size" so they could be folded into existing metal bowls and then baked. The wraps would be removed once they were cooled and then used for new bowl purpose. Mission ½ accomplished.

On the dance floor there was a disagreement about how much smoke to dispense from the smoke machine at any one time to create a smoke esthetic yet not incite panic amongst the dancers and the grinders and the tilters and the swayers lest the swingers be darned. A fine mist of smokiness was finally agreed upon by all.

The next few rounds were lime and soda on the rocks. They were "in the house" but at a price of \$5 dollars even. They made \$35 dollars off one guy who would rather not be named called [S.M.5]. [S.M.5] wore a blue long-sleeve shirt with epaulets on both sides. The shirt displayed four gold bars that showcased his lack of knowledge that it wasn't his shirt to borrow. He got into trouble from his superior forthwith. He was ordered to remove the shirt right then and there on the dance floor "with his teeth" if able. [S.M.5] was unable to do this despite his effort. He nearly did the "worm on his belly" on the tile floor and behold one button did pop off and it skated under the music-man's slightly spread apart bazooka legs and it stayed there and is still there to this day. A quiver for the music-man with a mustard-stained shirt who went down on his knees to try to find the button and the wife of the music-man who didn't think he had eaten mustard that day but couldn't say for sure.

Meanwhile at [T.G.] Hospital, there was a 5 hour wait for [K.W.2] to be seen by the triage nurse after her fall of fault. [K.W.2] sobbed while looking at her phone. She sobbed while looking into the overhead camera overhead. There were 8 and 9 and 10 and 14 other people that were in and about the waiting room during the 24-minute time span that it took for [K.W.1] to roll out of the hospital parking lot and head down the highway and pull into the drive-thru lane of the fast-food restaurant. I was outstretched against my will on the floor in the back of the white conversion and cargo van. I watched as he ordered a coffee. The lid fell off and he spilled it on his pants as he sipped.

He pulled an illegal left turn out of the parking lot exit. He made a sharp right turn and then turned left again. With coffee still in hand and while looking into the rearview mirror, [K.W.1] said "I'm going to clean her up" to no one in particular. One half mile down the road he changed his mind. He turned right on the street by the Hotel Inn. He pulled off down the next first street to the right and he jumped out of the driver's side door to "take a leak" by the fire hydrant. He told me this too. He finished with a sigh and grin and grimace. He got back into the van and buckled up. [K.W.1]'s phone rang a moment later and he took a call from [S.M.5]. [S.M.5] wanted to know where I was. I was still in the back of the

van. [S.M.5] told [K.W.1] sternly to get his "ass" back to the Lodge so [S.M.5] "could have his way with me" along with his "brotherhood" of 8 other men.

[K.W.1] levelled his way back toward the Lodge taking streets and shirts one by one from blown stop sign to blown stop sign. He crossed the Miles Hart Bridge and pulled into the parking lot of the Lodge. [S.M.5] and the 8 members of the "brotherhood" were waiting for [K.W.1] to arrive. They told [K.W.1] where to park and so he drove to the front main entrance of the Lodge. He backed in and while reversing he hit 5 out of the 9 orange and white striped poles lining the path down the drive.

A man by the name of [J.M.4] was still dressed in his blue shirt attire with red patched emblem on the sleeve. He opened the back loading door of the white conversion van. He grabbed my feet and swung them down under the bumper's edge. He swung them twice there and back. He grabbed me between the legs hard on the edges of both labia lips and then he smelled his fingers and said I smelled "delicious." As my legs dangled, he undid his zipper and lowered his pants, so they rested just below his knees. He yelled "me next" and then he thrust himself inside me. He did it so hard that it pushed me back inside the van. The skin on my left calf caught the jagged edge of the fake chrome-plated bumper push. It tore the skin right down to the muscle on the back of my leg toward the knee. It hurt and I screamed "Owww. Fuck you two." [J.M.4] chased me inside the van and pulled me back towards him. He bent my right knee and thrust himself into me again and again until he was finished. He smacked my "side stomach" and he left a half handprint "red smack" where he did it. He laughed and pulled out of me, and he zipped up his fly.

The time is 9:39 p.m.

Back at [T.G.] Hospital, [K.W.2] was still reporting her agony. She maintained the mocking sling with her arm the whole time except when she dropped her phone and reached to pick it up. Her yet to be diagnosed radiocarpal fracture was unstable. She yelped in pain and grabbed the phone anyway. She waved toward the admitting desk giving indication that she was "in no way alright." They didn't notice.

The third line dance of the night was just getting underway. The offenders wheeled the "table on leg" rollers from the dining room area through to the foyer. With a "clunk" it tipped over the threshold to the vestibule for outer wear undressing. Finally, the table was pushed outside through the door with a handle. The table was wood and hollowed-out. It had a brown melamine finish. It had brown melamine edging that had fallen off on two sides for now. The legs were made of aluminum metal, and they were warped on two sides for now as well. The wheels were rotating in style like the suitcase salesman-type people that pushed them. The wheels would only rotate to one full side and then they would stop, and veer left. This frustrated the pushers and the pullers. A suggestion was made about purchasing a new table with legs and wheels that worked. This was not well received by the five part-shareholders in the table also known as the "owners" of the table as they liked to be called.

Four men were in position. They were either crouched in the van or teetering on the bumper push or leaning outside the van itself. They grabbed me and swayed me and mildly swung me onto the table. They pulled me straight onto the table by my feet and elbows and hands and hair. This was followed by a bump and a slide and another bump and a fall half-off and a rear. An observer of a woman by the name of [C.C.1] was there with her 1st son who was named [L.C.5]. [C.C.1] was an employee of mine a few years back and I was with her in the delivery room the day [L.C.5] was born. [C.C.1] spilled a glass of milk that belonged to [L.C.5]. He didn't mind but he asked his mom for more milk. [C.C.1] said "Heck no." This comment was repeated by [L.C.5]'s dad. His dad was a man named [D.C.2]. [L.C.5] with his 2 years of life experience and an I.Q. of 41 sobbed without replacement. He wiped his eye with his finger and pointed to me and said, "that's Auntie Jenn."

The trip to the back of the serving lounge on the roll away table was an eventful one. I remained aware but unable to move my arms and legs. I could lift my head up a bit and tilt my neck from side to side. I mouthed words while we moved. I mouthed "Who is there?" and "Where am I?" to the 7 gentlemen that were lining the same railing from the boogie show. They laughed but did not respond to my questions. I repeated "Who is there?" two more times. I added in "What time is it?" but there was neither acknowledgment nor reply. The former Fire Chief was a man named [J.M.1]. He slapped the side of my face cheek twice and then spun the table quickly counterclockwise. My head twisted clockwise, and I vomited onto the floor

courtesy of the Rohypnol and the piece of fresh bread they stuck in the corner of my mouth on the way by from the kitchen. I aspirated the thickness of the vomit into my lungs. I coughed forcefully and with intention. My eyes rolled back slightly into their orbit without walk. My head banged back down onto the table with a thud. I was knocked out for the next 28 minutes and growing colder and angrier by the second they all watched.

The time is 10:28 p.m.

There were 9 police officers at the Lodge at this time. These 9 individuals had attended an accredited police academy also known as "police school" at some point in their police officer career. There were 11 others at the Lodge who called themselves "police officers" but they lied. These 11 men and women never attended the academy. They did not know how to enforce the law. They did not pretend like they did. Oh Rico Oh Rico where art thou. To see a total of 20 persons with badge pinned to a lapel or belt buckle. I wouldn't care to count the gumballs that must have been consumed prior to this "show off" of an event. Jawbreak. Jawbreak.

The rouge of her lips was daunting. She leaned overtop of my lightly lifeless body and she faced me with that pesky pout. She brushed her lips on my chin and on the top of my forehead. Her name was [K.F.1] and she was married to one of my half-brothers. He was a man named [R.F.1 born A.Y.1]. [K.F.1] tried to tickle me under the arms and it was not pleasant. She thought she was being humorous when she lifted her skirt to show off one leg. She pretended to dawn and doff a nonexistent garter with "no belt" this time. She got onto the table by crawling awkwardly. Her approach was with one knee first and then a "No" and then with the other knee first and a "mmmmmm." She crouched on top of me by straddling a foot and a knee over my neck. She showed me her "jewel" of a clitoris ring up close. I was unable to fully express my satisfaction with the pierce work, but I nodded and said "Oh." She writhed and grinded and rocked her hips for 3 minutes and 21 seconds. She dribbled beer down her chin straight from a can through a funnel held by a man named [S.S.2]. The beer landed on my chest and abdomen and then rolled down my legs and between them. Sure enough [J.M.4] was there to start lapping it up from between the labia lips and he again remarked "delicious." [J.M.4] grabbed the funnel from holders now [S.M.5] and [K.F.1]. He added his own beer through funnels pass to continue the soak.

It was time for less waiting at [T.G.] Hospital. They called her name "[K.W.2]" and she squeaked "I'm out." The nurse and the admitting desk clerk looked at [K.W.2] strangely. In three-person harmony, they bent their elbows and made their hands into fists and swung their arms from side to side. This peculiar "half dance" spoke a silent "let's go" and was meant to encourage [K.W.2] to "hurry" her way along while joining in. This "half dance" was also a "set signal" that meant things were going well at the "party." As [K.W.2] sat down on the pleather chair in "Exam Room 1" the fabric below her bottom let out a plop thwack when it met her nylon pantaloons. [K.W.2] cringed in show of her fake hurt. At 10:09 p.m. she recounted the detailed story of "how it happened" at 8:39 p.m. earlier in the evening. The nurse and the admitting desk clerk "cared to ask" about how I was satisfying the "ladies and gents" in person at the party. They asked how "people in the room" felt in "my presence." It had been "so long." They were excited to have the chance to show up later for some "one-on-one" time with me. The nurse and admitting desk clerk obtained [K.W.2]'s vital signs and they recorded the basic not tangential medical history. They assured her x-rays would be taken. [K.W.2] asked for Valium and she got it. The tabs made her feel like she "wanted to break her wrist" more often. A few hours later and into the next day she finally got a cast that was not the worst in terms of dimensions or technique of placement. She removed it herself 3 days later. The end of the [K.W.2] "broken wrist or arm" story for the time being.

The time is 10:39 p.m. and they did not know anything about the children that were watching on their semi-private view camera. There were 10,409 live viewers on the camera feed. The camera was mounted directly overhead. This was in dining room area at the Lodge. Each login came at a cost of \$10,000 Canadian dollars which is equivalent to \$8,087 U.S. dollars which is equivalent to about \$8,7098 Yen. The net profit for this "camera view" venture was \$8,087 Canadian dollars which is equivalent to \$6,891 U.S. dollars which is equivalent to about \$6,0896 Yen. These numbers are for a single viewer. Today, there were 10,409 armchair armed angels on the angle and Above. The lifespan of the live feed login credential was a "day" more or less. The offenders changed the password for login 9 hours and 36 minutes later. Every one of them agreed that this was a fair price for what was granted to them with the same cost for login on each of the additional viewing day spans.

The next memory is a grand one. An agreement was made between [K.F.1] and [J.M.4]. [J.M.4] was the son of a woman named [J.M.2]. [J.M.2] worked for the government agency responsible for tax evasion. This agency is known as the [C.R.A.]. [J.M.2] was good friends with [K.W.2]. [J.M.2] and [K.W.1] dated each other briefly many years ago. The agreement was as follows. [K.F.1] told [J.M.4] that he could "eat me out" if he sent her \$1,000 dollars by electronic funds transfer. [J.M.4] sent [K.F.1] the e-transfer and she dismounted from her straddle overtop of me. [K.F.1] skidded 2 feet on the tile floor and she grabbed my left ankle. [R.F.1] grabbed my right calf. [J.M.4] placed his head between my legs and he licked and pressed using his tongue and lips and the whiskers on his own upper and lower lip. I squirmed to the left by lowering my right hip and by tensing my left quadriceps muscles. They all noticed my reaction. [K.F.1] said "be quick" and she won't feel it if you "hurry yourself through." This continued for 2 minutes and 21 seconds and it was irritating to my skin. A man by the name of [W.C.3] kept the "dribble eating" going. He started where [J.M.4] "left off" and he added a shot of whiskey to the mix between my between-the-leg lips. He "lapped up every last drop" while I sat a third of the way up and said, "Please no more."

The time is 10:59 p.m.

The fire alarm sounded at the Lodge on account of the mischievous girl who tampered with the pull station and its fitted glass cover. The tampered glass fell like a dizzy Ficus. The alarm rang out 18 city blocks away at the "not fitted properly at" all Fire House #1. They dispatched no one. The fuel light was "on" in the fire truck. The tank was less than 1/8th full of fuel. The fuel card was at the personal home of the Deputy Fire Chief and it was at 97% of maximum credit capacity. The remaining \$1,982 dollars "to spare" was earmarked for the hunting and fishing expedition scheduled for the next week.

These are some of the words and phrases the offenders struggle with. They do not know these words and phrases in terms of meaning. In their "homemade dictionaries" they sometimes would write down what they "thought the words meant." They passed the "dictionary" around amongst themselves so they could learn each others mistakes uncorrected and for good.

1. Range. Stovetop Stovetop.
2. Cottage Cheese. This started out as a joke the offenders played on [B.L.F.]. [B.L.F.] is the mother of the two men named [J.G.M.] and [K.M.4]. "Cottage cheese" is "defined" as a "collection of two words that when put together have no seemingly connected connection." Another example is "Bull Rider." [B.L.F.] does not know what a "bull" is. This means that the word "bull" does not "fit" when paired with the word "rider." The phrase "Bull Rider" "must be a hoax." Tits on. Tits on. A third example is "Cherry Picking."
3. Dart Board. Common misconceptions included: a place to store artwork, a place for gathering for backgammon, a time of day when one was allowed to smoke, a decision-making tree for coming to a consensus about riding dirt-bikes, and a shovel used for covering up flowers in the cat bed garden.

They wanted to dance with me. They wheeled the table to the dance floor. Once there, each of them held onto a piece of the table. I was laying on my back with my legs crossed and they were slightly tipped over to the right. My neck was angled sideways and to the left. We danced for 49 minutes. They wanted to "dress my hair" next. They used a fine-toothed comb with black bristles and a "back comb" technique. The hair of my ponytail became knotted and tangled. 1/8th of me is from Kenya. There are 14 training videos that would need to be watched for any chance of success with hair styling. Special product found on the low shelf at the department store would need to be purchased as well. A little dab will do you. The offenders stopped trying after 19 brush strokes and they knotted my hair into a half ponytail bun. The dancing recommenced. They spun me on the dance floor for an additional 4 full-length songs.

July 29th, 2021

The dance became them whilst the bells rang out over the loudspeaker. It "reverbed" from the D.J. music-man microphone and then sounded through the mains. The feedback was not the good kind. [T.S.1] was asked to lower the output volume by using the "slider to his right." He found the slider and then he waved his hands overtop of each to give the impression that

this "was not to be happening" to the master level. The scream of 21 hertz wailed on and on. The battery backup for the emergency lighting was not needed because the grid "was energized." The power "never needed restoration" but the offenders assumed that the "fire alarm call" would just "die" out after 3 or 6 or 9 or 10 minutes. This was improbable given the central monitor and the nature of the hard-wired connection.

The time is 12:39 a.m. The alarm bell was "silenced" by "killing the breakers" to the electrical system that controlled the fire alarm. They "flicked" 7 breakers on the panel on the wall. This was a bold move that was nearly unmatched except for the pyrotechnic fiasco that occurred at that "bar club" a mere 32 years earlier. It was the curtains that caught fire all those years ago. On that day in 1985 the phrase "stage left" was called out over the loudspeaker. It was "stage right" that was the problem. The fire alarm in that "bar club" rang true and rang through until "enough with the noise" was heard at the Hall. The 14 breakers were flipped and flicked and tripped in that case. The fire exits in that "bar club" were secured with wood sashes. Then came the silence 'cept the arc was still live.

I raised my left fist and banged it to an open hand. I cut the flesh on the side of my palm when it hit the jaggedly oriented fibers of the strand board. They cheered and banged their fists on the table and then they wheeled me to the lounge.

The flooring in the lounge was partially carpeted with flat-lying fibers in red and blue turquoise. This made for a jolt when the front two wheels of the table legs leaped off the tile and fell to the less bumpy floor covering below. The 2 other legs on wheels flew over next. There was a final journey for the remaining 9 feet. This area was governed by a new semi-public camera. The "right to pay" for the feed was admonished by the governor himself. This view was to remain live for the next 12 hours. They had a face-to-face lineup preordained for those who were to "star" in the "show." The order was set by the offenders themselves. The rank order was based on penis size and penis envy. The longest length was to go last, and the shortest length was to go first. Individuals who were shameful about their position in rank order could pay an extra \$2,000 dollars on top of the \$20,000 per person dowry. This "pay up" allowed for a "move up 4 spots" to a maximum of 24 now possible. Any contingency was based on an auction-style market. Those with a background in economics know how the supply and demand curve changes when cash in hand turns to cash in pants.

[J.K.1] did not want to pay up or "level up." His rank in the rank order should have been 9th out of the 24 in total in terms of penis size. The 8 individuals that were "smaller" than him paid \$2,000 dollars each at least once. [J.K.1] was now to go 1st out of 24 in total. He finished in 9 minutes and 8 seconds. He grabbed the ring of the vaginal condom that was seated flush against my body. He held it as he "came." He rolled his eyes back into his head and moaned "oh my fucking god this feels so good" not once but four times. He grabbed my left breast and leaned forward to suck on my nipple. He finally let it go after he had gotten "his money's worth." He "high fived" a man named [B.O.1] sat in the corner 8 feet away from the table. He was an onlooker all the while with his penis out and stroking it.

[B.O.1] was the designated "scapegoat", and he was "alright" with being the "fall guy." He was not aware of his own stupidity, however. He did not understand exactly what he was to "fall for." [B.O.1] was the "owned and opened account holder" for the account they called "general ledger." This "general ledger" account was also known as "the Ponzi" according to their "slang" dictionary. The offenders believed that the slang word "Ponzi" was the last name of man. They also believed that "Ponzi" had a "scheme." We are current in the year 2021. What many of them failed to realize was that the family name "Ponzi" referred to a group of relatives that lived in the America's and abroad in the 1920's and 30's and 40's and 50's and 60's. All the members of the "Ponzi" family passed away many years ago. Fourteen members of the "Ponzi" family were killed intentionally by way of murder for the financial crimes to which they had ties. There are 4,971 books written about the "Ponzi" family and 2,987 of these are audiobooks. The "Ponzi" with a "scheme" has been done before and many of the past perpetrators were caught by the banks and the agency known as the [S.E.C.]. They were imprisoned or worse. The offenders hadn't figured out this connection. The offenders did a bit of "reading" online and thought they would try to "get in good" with "Mr. Ponzi" thinking he was still alive. They would "get in good" with him using their knowledge and having "heard" about his "scheme." The offenders and "Jenn Rape Party" enthusiasts assumed that the "scheme" meant the detailed planning that went into "stealing money." After careful planning, the offenders would carry out a "scam." The "scam" is when

actual "stealing" would occur. This of course would be done with the blessing of "Mr. Ponzi." The stolen "Ponzi" funds "would be" and then "actually were" transferred into the bank account held by [B.O.1]. [J.K.1] was not only my half-brother. When [J.K.1] was one day-old he became the adopted son of a 69-year-old man named [B.M.1]. [B.M.1] was the "mastermind" behind the 4th attempt at "Ponzi scheme" for which there are multiple documentaries on cable and network broadcast. The pear from the pine tree was so far beside. The offenders promised anyone that invested or transferred money to them (not including the funds collected from the "Jenn Rape Party") could expect returns of 2.25 "times" what they had put in. They used the letter "X" after the number 2.25 to communicate a "multiplication factor" to potential "investors." This was done under the auspices of "hedge fund." There was no "official" hedge fund manager designated in their version of this "Ponzi." [B.O.1] and [J.K.1] and many others decided to take the revenue "earned" from the "Jenn Rape Party" and put it into the same "general ledger" account as the one that received "pay in" from the "Ponzi."

The "mishmash of money" confused people later but at the time no one seemed to think much of it. This is because only 9 individuals realized how much money was made as profit not from the "Ponzi scheme" but from selling my body at the "Jenn Rape Party." The figure of \$108 million dollars "earned by them" over the period of 13 days held captive wasn't well known until nearly 2 years and 4 months later. People who had contributed to the "Ponzi" went looking by way of subpoenaed bank records and holdings from trust accounts. It was then that many more realized where the contribution and "pay-in" came from in terms of deposits to the "general ledger" account. The same "general ledger" that received deposits for participation and viewing and watching and endorsement and sponsorship of the "Jenn Rape Party" received "Ponzi" pay-in as well. The flow of money was scrutinized some time later. There was a "mishmash" of deposits and a mishmash of returns and returns that "pay out" were even littler still. It was their "Ponzi" and the "Jenn Rape Party" and "also a bit more to the story" that led to the global economic crisis and collapse in the year 2023.

The time is 2:41 a.m.

The 2nd out of 24 in their paid rank order was an individual who was born a woman and was still a woman. Her name was [C.L.2]. She wore a "strap-on" with a harness that went under her bottom and between her legs and it strapped more around her hips not her waist. It wiggled when she tried to thrust with it on. She was a falsely credentialed chiropractor. She flunked out of school and then lied. She said she finished "last in her class." She told people this was why her name was printed on a separate sheet of paper. The offenders had rules for their affairs, and they made predictions as to how their affairs would turn out if all went "well and right." They typed out these rules and predictions and made a "written down document." They called it a "prophecy." A woman was given the assumed penis length of 0.1 inches according to the "prophecy." A woman was to rank lower than any individual born male when reference was made to an order that was dictated by penis size and length. This meant that [C.L.2] was 2nd in paid rank order. She paid \$9,000 dollars for her time with me. She received a "deal of a rate" because she "invested" \$82,000 dollars with "the Ponzi" and because she won a "duck race" on the social media site [F.B.]. She lasted 4 minutes and 51 seconds until her legs grew weak and tired so much that she had to stop the "wiggle and thrust." She laughed and exited with a dismount. She threw her head back and said I was "delicious" and "delightful."

The number 3 position in their paid rank order was held "naturally" by a woman named [C.H.1]. [C.H.1] arrived in the lounge area at the Lodge with a dildo in her hand. She had no strap-on at first or at all because she couldn't get it cinched up between her legs or behind her torso or around her rear end. Her body's measurements were too large to fit, and she had to beg to borrow a strap-on from [C.L.2]. [C.H.1] and I attended elementary school together as long as 34 years ago. She kept tabs on me in terms of following me on social media and on security camera footage and by making requests to everyone who knew me. She would ask acquaintances if they knew my whereabouts and what I was doing. She would tell my acquaintances what she thought I "might be thinking" and who I liked and who I didn't like. She used a 9-inch blue silicone dildo with no clitoral stimulation attachment. She mentioned that she was "a bit sorry" that she hadn't thought of it in advance. Such an attachment may have been a "nice addition" she quipped. She pushed the dildo inside of me forcefully at first. She twisted it and turned it and pulled it out. She licked it once and sucked on it "soft" once and then she sucked on it "hard" twice. No one said anything or cheered or laughed or acknowledged her. She got angry and offended and made a grimace with her face.

She stopped after 2 minutes and 8 seconds. She turned around as if to ask for a round of applause. [B.O.1] smiled crookedly and banged his hands together one time and said "OK. Nice work." [C.H.1] planted her feet awkwardly onto the floor after stepping off the table. She rolled her right ankle and yelled "Ouch", and no one seemed to care. [B.O.1] shrugged his shoulders. [B.O.1]'s 2nd cousin wife was a woman named [T.S.O.]. [T.S.O.] was from the northern town to the west of where I was being held captive. She went off on him in her usual demeaning way. [T.S.O.] made of fun of [B.O.1]'s "size down there." She pointed to his pants and said, "I bet she had a better time with the dildo" than "I usually do with you, heh?" [B.O.1] laughed and looked embarrassed. [J.G.M.] overheard the comment and squinted his eyes nearly in disbelief. This was the first time he overheard a comment like this from her. [J.G.M.] didn't realize to what extent this had become a problem. A problem for [B.O.1] in terms of his length and girth. A problem in terms of the public humiliation imposed by [T.S.O.].

Next in their paid rank order was a person born male. Owing to gender reassignment surgery he became a woman. Her name was [S.D.9 born S.B.1.]. [S.D.9] was well known to the "higher-ups." She was well known for her stately attire and for "him's and her's" photogenic potential. She had been with the heads of state for head far and wide. From pope pipe to high card. Many did beat this later with an ace and a two. The freshly named [S.D.9] received [82146] frozen plasma in the year 2001 after an encounter with [D.T.Sr.]. [D.T.Sr.] had passed on his love and the H.I.V. virus to her at the same time. He "swore her to secrecy" by way of a non-disclosure agreement [N.D.A.] This was 1 day after learning she had acquired the infection from him as his mistress. The [N.D.A.] including a "ban" on discussing the fact that she had received [82146] frozen plasma at all. [82146] frozen plasma was used as treatment in terms of curing her disease. [S.D.9] and [D.T.Sr.] ended their longstanding relationship with each other a few months later. This was after they both received the treatment. They tested negative for the [H.I.V.] virus 10 and 9 days after receiving [82146] frozen plasma. There were 19 other individuals at the time who could tell similar stories. These others had acquired the virus through a sexual encounter with either a male or female partner in an unprotected way. They made a request by way of emergency drug release (E.D.R.) and they received [82146] frozen plasma. Their negative (meaning no longer infected) test results soon followed. This is a feat known as "anti-seroconversion." They were no longer at risk of developing AIDS [Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome]. The component parts of [82146] frozen plasma are stem cells and their product of functioning immunity. [82146] frozen plasma contains T cells and B cells and macrophages and antibodies so fast and so targeted the virus didn't stand a chance. The manufacturing of [82146] frozen plasma is done inside of my arteries and veins and alongside my lymph nodes and spleen and thymus so learned. A lifetime of work manifested as this final product. Nothing a test tube or bioreactor could create on their own. [S.D.9] finished after 8 minutes and 9 seconds. She said nothing.

The next in line for their paid rank order was a woman named [K.W.5]. She was a "doozy" for sure. She started the "doozy phrase" as a slogan on the chat forum that we learned how to export. Nearly 1 million people made use of this chat forum at some point in time. I was labelled "moderator" of this forum. "N.B.92" was set as the password. After creating an account and logging in to this chat forum, there was an opportunity for the user to complete a "user profile." When perusing the chat forum, you could "check out" this profile section and find out more about the user. Many people noticed that the text written in the profile section started with a number.

The profile section often started with number like 2.1 or 1.1 or 0.9 or 4.1. This number confused quite a few people when the forum's page was first created. Many people didn't know the meaning behind the number. There were a few theories as to the meaning and intent. Some people assumed it was a "ranking system" or a "score out of 10" in terms of how influential a person was on the website. Some others assumed it reflected how much money an individual or business had invested with the "Ponzi." This "scheme" was often mentioned by name. Others assumed the number reflected the year that they were added to the spreadsheet of the "back-end encrypted" website called IzzyTwo.com. Some assumed that this number was needed to let other moderators know how any given user was connected to me in terms of meetings or interactions or events attended and so on. The reason for the confusion was this. It was never explicitly explained to anyone who joined. The first users on the forum's page were friends or family of the website's owner. They were "in on it." They established and wrote their profile section paragraphs with the intent of being "cryptic." They designed it to be

confusing and they knew how to space everything, so it conformed to a 100-character allowable limit. A profile section might look like this:

"4.1 hello my name is [K.W.1] and I like farts and bubbles and bath for some time in the room for baths alone and with others and above and below the fine line that is never for the one to be seen at all is here and this is where I work as a cook at the restaurant on the street down the way from where we met her and I lied to her on FB and they agreed to meet us here later and down the way is where we saw her first and how we met is with music and I taught her to play the drums and she is so bad at it now and before I was better and this is us now look here and see you dumb fuck who deri."

The is a sample "temporary" profile from a man named [K.W.1]. He died while incarcerated in the year 2022. The "4.1" refers to penis size in terms of length in inches. The precise measurement of the length of the penis must be done based on established and accepted "rules." The rules and process of measuring is called "to stand for the measure."

Sometimes a second number was given after the first in this profile section. The second number was "girth." This is the measurement measured at the thickest part of the penis all the way around. It is a circumference measurement in inches. This measurement must be taken according to the standardized "to stand for the measure" rules and requirements.

The rest of the profile fable could be darn near anything. Most of the time it was a "story-type" reading of how the user knew me or in what context we may have met or how the "degrees of separation" interlocked and overlapped. The 100-character limit was for "newbs." These were the newly added users or the "come and goers" to the forum. If you "got in good" with a moderator or the site owner, they could login to your account and "up your character limit." This happened thousands of times. People often wondered how it worked. If you kissed the "ass" of the site owner or of someone who was a moderator, they could "login" to the "back-end encrypted" website and they could "give you" a few or a hundred extra whole words. The other features of this forum included "video chat" and "side bar" and "ringing doorbells" and "answering doors" and "thrown surround sound."

[K.W.5] was the woman who lived 19 houses away from me when I lived in "cottage country." I would walk my dogs past her house. Her house was at the end of the road. It was close to the boat launch and the truck turn around. We also used to work in the same government-owned building in the northeastern city where I was being held captive. She is crazy. [K.W.5] told her friends that she paid \$19,000 dollars to "be with me" that night. She paid \$2,000 dollars in fact. [K.W.5] didn't bring a strap-on but she brought a vibrator with a vibrating clitoris stimulator attachment. The apparatus was silicone and blue in color and out of batteries she thinks. She lasted 1 minute and 12 seconds. She leaned over the side of the table and lifted her skirt to demonstrate that her stockings were still in place. She wore purple-colored thong style cut-out panties underneath her skirt. She fist pumped the air when she thought she "caused orgasm." She didn't. She got the vibrator stuck on her own head of hair and it tangled and went bzzz-bzzz-bzzz. The end of [K.W.5].

The time is now 6:39 a.m.

The next in their paid rank order was a man named [J.C.2]. I had known him for some time. He worked in "radio" at the station down the street from my workplace. He was a "7.01 incher" as he liked to be called with reference to the length of his penis. He rarely mentioned that his penis had a 19° bend that was located 2 inches from the tip. [J.C.2] was born male and was a male on this Thursday. Three months after today's date he went to Mexico for "penis lengthening surgery." They botched the job. He ended up with gangrene of the flesh of his glans penis. The infection worked its way through to his testicles. The Clostridium and the Staphylococcus bacteria invaded the deep tissues. Five months later he had emergency surgery to save his life. The severity of the bacterial infection necessitated the amputation of his penis and both testicles flush with his bodice. The surgeons had to re-route his urethra. They created a urethral orifice to allow for urination. The stoma of a urethral orifice was made to exit along the median raphe of his "nutsack." [J.C.2]'s future and the future of his manhood could not be foreseen at this moment. He cried during his time with me. He said that he "longed to hold me for a night" or more.

Next in their paid rank order was a man named [C.O.2]. I hadn't met him in person before. He flew in on an airplane. He flew to the international airport in the capital city to the

south. Next, he flew into the northeastern city on a special plane that had landing gear on it. He laughed when he saw the set-up the offenders had arranged. He was a bit taken aback by the lack of scenery near the Lodge. He had a preconceived notion of what the place looked like. He had seen a few postcard-style photos with bears and moose on them. He was sorely disappointed. [C.O.2] was a fan of the motorcade and he was a fan of running beside the motorcade as well. He brought a flower for me to hold in my hair. It was a red and white stippled carnation from the international airport. He thought nice things about me. He said he was "happy to be here." He said he was impressed with how I looked and smelled and felt.

Seventh in their paid rank order was a woman named [J.E.9]. She was born female, and she remained female. She paid \$2,000 dollars like a few of the others. She brought a gold-colored bodysuit that fit into her strap-on. The strap-on tied around the waist and it had seams down the back. There were more straps between the legs and the rear back and the back down below. The strap-on had gotten lost in cargo but it would be on the next flight she thinks. I never saw the strap-on she described. She would bring it and show it to me later, "perhaps." She fondled my breasts and kissed them. She sucked on my nipples slow then hard then slow then fast then slow then soft then slow and slow then hard. This lasted 4 minutes and 51 seconds. [J.E.9] brushed the hair off my face with a sweeping hand gesture and an open palm. She swept her "cheek to cheek" to my "cheek to cheek." She said she would "gown me in hamburger juice" if she ever had the chance to dress me up. She wanted to play "dress up and down again with me" and she would do it "so fast and so slow me thinks." The end of track 7.

The next in line for their paid rank order was a man named [C.O.9]. He was the friend and cousin and uncle of the woman named [C.O.1]. I had not met [C.O.9] in person before but he said he "had heard very good things about me." He liked to "watch as well" he said slowly and over his goatee breath. He said this while stroking the lips between my legs with two fingers at a time. He went left right left left right right left left left left right right right done. He entered inside of me "with more force" than he usually liked to use. He told me he "did this on purpose" so I would "feel it somewhat more" than I would otherwise if he didn't push hard at all. He went on like this inside of me with a thrust wiggle churn wiggle churn thrust wiggle. This continued for 9 minutes and 5 seconds. He thought that he did not ejaculate but he ejaculated two times. [C.O.9] was a part of the "infamous" [R.J.9] conversation on the chat forum. [R.J.9] was discussing "[C.O.9] at the Jenn Rape Party" scenario. [R.J.9] typed and then "text to speech" and then by way of video recording and then "mouthed" while "on live" the following phrase: "Didn't anyone teach you how to cum?" The chatters on the forum were intrigued and aroused. Many people including [R.J.9] himself have gone back to watch this video clip again and again. I had known [R.J.9] for 38 years to the day. He liked to think of himself as an "expert" on things related to "sexual positioning" and "masturbating in the shower" and "a few other places" he thinks.

The Paid rank order continues after this.

The technique performed and only partially perfected in terms of intravenous (I.V.) catheter placement was done by a Registered Veterinary Technologist (R.V.T.). Her name was [H.D.P.]. She grasped my left hand and then my right hand while I was still under the effects of their Rohypnol. She brandished an I.V. catheter and an I.V. extension set and tabbed scotch tape and a 1000 milliliter (mL) bag of Lactated Ringers Solution [L.R.S.]. Some of the solution had been withdrawn from the bag of [L.R.S.]. This was done to accommodate the addition of their concocted drug mixture. [H.D.P.] had "worked out" and "calculated" how much of each drug should be administered to me under force and against my will. The formula she used and the calculations she made were rife with errors. There were errors in number and errors in rounding. She and the rest of the offenders were off by 10 orders of magnitude by the end of it all. They bought bottles of ketamine and morphine (hydromorphone) and lidocaine from the local "anesthesiologist." This "anesthesiologist" was falsely credentialed and did not have a true license to practice medicine. The formula they used in their calculations was as follows. The units are milligrams (mg) and kilograms (kg) and milliliters (mL).

- A. For the bottle of ketamine labelled 100 mg/mL: They wrote down X (body weight) kg \times 50 mg/kg divided by 100 mg/mL. This gave them the wrong amount of 20 mL that they added to the 1000 mL bag.
- B. For the bottle of hydromorphone labelled 10 mg/mL: They wrote down X (body weight) kg \times 20 mg/kg divided by 10 mg/mL. This gave the correct value of 10 mL, and that amount

was added to the 1000 mL bag. The dose they wanted to use for this drug was 0.20 mg/kg and not 20 mg/kg.

- C. For the bottle of lidocaine labelled 10 mg/mL: They wrote down X (body weight) kg x 10 mg/kg divided by 10 mg/mL. This gave them the wrong amount of 10 mL that they added to the 1000 mL bag.

They replenished the [L.R.S.] with sufficient volume to "achieve 909 mL total vol." They began to administer it at an unchecked often enough rate of 10 drops per second using a 10 drop per mL drip set. They called the admixture "M.L.K." and it was pronounced like "milk."

Their error ridden formulae and calculations speak to the fact of the matter. I remember everything that happened, but I was unable able to move and speak the way I wanted to much of the time. They estimated my weight as 59 kg and that wasn't too far off at the start. My body weight was 60 kg at the start. Thirteen days later I weighed 52.9 kg. I lost nearly a pound of flesh for every single day.

They were several times that the offenders let the I.V. bag "run dry" and the effects of the drug would wear off. I would "come to" with a fight and a flight. The offenders would notice my attempt to escape, and they would run to "replace the bag." This happened a total of 9 times.

There was a scarcity of fluids with respect to administration. The 18,098 mL that flowed into my veins was only a fraction of what I needed to prevent dehydration. The total amount of fluids that should have been provided was 100 times higher than that which was given. [L.R.S.] has no nutritional value. There are neither carbohydrates nor proteins nor fats nor vitamins nor minerals in this I.V. solution. Not a morsel of food was given that made it to my stomach. Not a sip of water was offered in my 13 days held captive.

The placing of the I.V. catheter in my hand by the R.V.T. was not facilitated by me in any way. This group of offenders watched 19 videos on the tube platform designed for watching this instructional "G-rated" material. Overall, they missed 4 important points including:

1. Which vein is the correct vein for placement in terms of the hand or the arm and which vein is better or worse than another and why and what are the names of the veins and what size, and gauge of catheter could be used maximally and why.
2. Which type and style of tape to use and how to properly cut the tape and why some species need what is called "hospital tape" because of differences between fur and hair and non-haired skin.
3. How to properly prepare the skin in terms of cleansing and how to obtain a "cleaner stick" most of the time and how to help prevent irritation and infection and thrombosis.
4. How to unwrap the I.V. extension set and connect and then disconnect the unwilling forced patient to help prevent tangle and kink oh no oh no.

The preparation of my hand involved "shaving it" with a plastic disposable razor. This was completely unnecessary and unwise, and it pricked and pitted against my delicate skin. [H.D.P.] chose a 19-gauge catheter for the job. The size of the catheter I was "O.K. meh" with. She opened the outer packaging for the catheter using her teeth and I was "Not so meh" with this.

[H.D.P.] used a technique of "bevel side up" which I was most displeased with. After 3 attempts at the branch of the cephalic vein branch on the right hand, she discontinued and moved to the left side for an attempt there. The same preparation was performed including the unnecessary shave and the "bevel to the wrong palace." She hit the branch of the cephalic vein on my left hand and then she taped it in place using 9 strips of scotch tape. Eight strips of tape fell off and then she placed 2 more and then 1 strip fell off. [H.D.P.] used brown plaster-type tape after that. This was followed by the placement of "the" elastic stretch bandage. This bandage was brown tan in color. Two 4-pronged butterfly metal closures were used to "seal the deal."

The offenders had available to them a machine known as a "syringe driver." Their combined minds combed no written resource or reference to understand how it worked. They tried 18 times to figure it out but to no avail. They tried to hook up the plunger side of the

syringe with the plunger still extended and they were unable to adjust the "tension" on the machine.

When operated properly, a "syringe driver" accommodates a syringe that contains medication, and the machine administers the medication to a patient. Syringe drivers are often used as a part of an anesthetic procedure or in context of pain management post-operatively. The machine pushes the plunger end of the syringe little by little at prescribed intervals per the pace required. The drug pharmaceutical gets pumped and pushed through the I.V. port to the patient. The benefit to the patient is multifold at the manifold. The patient receives an accurately dispensed amount of medication as part of a solution at a metered rate and at a steady pace. This helps ensure the target and end goal is reached with a good and optimal outcome. For example, a syringe driver machine could deliver pain relieving medication at a suggested dose of 5 micrograms per hour to a patient and at the instruction of a physician or a veterinarian. A syringe driver and a competent operator together help prevent too much medication from being given at once which otherwise might result in an overdose and unwanted side effects like profound sedation. A syringe driver and a competent operator together also help prevent "not enough" medication from being given which otherwise might result in wakefulness or a lack of pain relief. There could be painful consequences to involved.

The offenders couldn't figure out how to open the lid or the cover of the syringe driver machine and because of this they couldn't fit the syringe inside of it. The syringe driver was spring loaded and easy to figure out for the many of us that know how they work. The offenders didn't understand the meaning of the word "spring" that was mentioned in the videos they watched. A set of simple machines but too complex for the wonders that were. The offenders spent 92 minutes on this light bulb of a problem and then they tried to hang a full syringe from the side of the machine not realizing that the plunger needs to be pushed steadily along the path for operation to continue. This "side hanging approach" didn't work obviously. They ended up breaking the machine's housing. They tried a repair with duct tape then electrical tape then masking tape then rubber band then hair elastic then twine then kite string like I remembered from when I was 5 years old in the junk drawer and lo and behold it was the same spool that was taken from my childhood home. They puzzled over this for another 41 more minutes and then they watched 4 more videos with the keyword "syringe driver" per tube platform for all. Finally, they got the spring-loaded mechanism to open but they gave up 8 minutes later when they couldn't figure out how to convert the units they had from micrograms to grams or from minutes to hours. They used a coat hanger to hang the [L.R.S.] I.V. bag and drug mixture. They hung it from the rafters and later they carried it in their teeth, or they rested it on my chest or hips or in my hair. Left to deliver by makeshift gravity feed system was the quantity they wished they had taken more time to calculate and more time to administer. I know their names and their faces and their footsteps anywhere and anytime and anyhow.

The time is 9:48 a.m.

The offenders believed I would never remember not even a single fact. To achieve "dissociation", ketamine would have to be given at a dose 10 times higher than it actually was. In other words, it would have taken 10 times more ketamine to lapse my memory and remove conscious perception of my environment. Hydromorphone caused moderate levels of sedation. Hydromorphone, however, is primarily given for pain relief. This benefit is gleaned from the drug's interaction with the mu opioid receptor. I was not needing pain relief or analgesia at the outset. Lidocaine causes sedation and muscle relaxation and muscle weakness and a lack of sensation to the limbs. Lidocaine directly affects the heart muscle, and it can cause changes in the heart's electrical conductance.

The offenders had "read up" on the mechanism of action of ketamine and hydromorphone and lidocaine and Rohypnol. When the offenders said or typed the word "read" what was meant most often is their interpretation of what it means to "read" by way of screen reader and "text to speech" and accessibility device that "says" the words written on a page. The average literacy of the individuals involved was grade 2 reading comprehension in one language. This was in no way sufficient to orchestrate what would have needed to be a sophisticated and then forgettable ordeal. There were offenders amongst them that called themselves pharmacists. These pharmacists graduated from an accredited school, and they obtained professional licensure. The problem lies with the process of study and schooling that meets accreditation standard and the cheating and lying that goes on in terms of paper writing and test taking. In addition, these pharmacists were not physicians and they were not "anesthetists." They weren't trained or experienced enough to know the dosages used in a

clinic or hospital setting let alone at a Lodge with no oversight. The overall lack of knowledge and attention to detail on the part of the offenders explains why I remember what happened and why I could hear and see even when I couldn't walk or talk.

Number 9 in their paid rank order was a woman named [D.G.2]. She was a "doozy" as well. She thought she was the cat's pajamas with her rainbow and turquoise patterned print that went from neckline to tippy-toe and with fur around the ankles. [D.G.2] and I attended "veterinary medical" school together. She was "destined" to work with marine mammals. We sat next to each other sometimes in veterinary medical school and a few times we were even lab partners. She brought a strap-on garment to fit around her thighs and her hips and her torso, but she needed help to get it on. No one wanted to help fit her into it, so she rested it on the table and dangled it around my feet and knees. She tried to get up on the table, but the table couldn't fit the both of us, so she hovered off to one side. The table flipped and I came crashing down and I injured my breast and my 9th rib on the right side. The I.V. line remained in place, but it came "unglued" from the connector port and the I.V. bag kept flowing. [S.C.1] and [L.C.1] heard the commotion and 9,481 people watched by way of viewport on the overhead surveillance camera. They were worried about the I.V. bag and its contents so that was their priority. They got it hooked back up on their own while they yelled for [H.D.P.] and [S.P.1] to "come there." They yelled this over their watch-style intercom system hook-up. [S.C.1] and [L.C.1] got me "splinted" back on the table after the two of them got the table right side up. [D.G.1] started fake crying and she had a fake panic attack and went on by moaning that she "always ruins everything." The onlookers nodded like they agreed and that was the end of her time now 41 minutes later. The time is 10:09 a.m.

The 10th'er in their paid rank order was a man named [M.M.1]. I knew him from when I was in my 20's. We dated each other and played rugby and attended rugby tournaments, one of which was called the "S.N.A.F.U." rugby tournament. The "S.N.A.F.U." rugby tournament happens annually in the capital city to south during the long weekend in August. This tournament was held in the year 2021 but 4 out of the 12 teams moved their games to the northeastern city where I was being held captive. They played their non-permitted "away" games using football-style uprights rather than the kind that are required per rugby league rules. This maddened the many who were involved with tournament planning. [M.M.1] and 91 other "ladies and gents" didn't care even one bit. While he was inside me [M.M.1] said my name "Jen" as he liked to spell it and type it. He said he was "mad at me" for catching him cheating on me all those years ago and he wished it had never happened. This means that he wished he didn't get caught not that he wished didn't do it and he made this clear to [B.O.1] who was half-standing and half-crouching at the entrance to the lounge. [B.O.1] said he knew what [M.M.1] was saying and that he didn't have anything to do with smoothing things over with me before this or after this. [M.M.1] finished angry but "thoroughly" and he "thoroughly enjoyed" the event. His total time was 9 minutes and 41 seconds from start to finish.

The house lights came on per request from a man named [H.I.1]. He liked to watch in the "light time" so he could know what everything looked like on a "real woman" if it were to come up again later in his life. [B.O.1] said "No" at first and then he said it would "Be alright" if the lights were to be turned on for "No more than 5 minutes." [H.I.1] resisted and he reminded [B.O.1] that he paid \$29,000 dollars and that should give him the opportunity to see things "well lighted." After begging for 2 minutes, [B.O.1] "caved" and the lights came on for 20 minutes. After a moments time, [H.I.1] decided he just wanted to look and not touch. He fondled my arms and my neck and my breasts and between my legs and my legs themselves and my feet and he looked "close up." After 9 minutes and 39 seconds he clapped his hands with a bang and said he was "done enough" and time for the next "man to join in.

The 12th in their paid rank order was born female. Owing to the benefit of partially completed gender reassignment surgery, she was still female "on top." She had the "concavity" that was formerly her vagina filled in with fat and overtop the skin was sutured in place. A small opening was left to accommodate the exit of fluid from the urethral orifice. She had not yet had breast reduction or augmentation surgery, but the surgery was scheduled for early in the year 2022. She brought her strap-on and she had practiced putting it on. She had not practiced taking it off. She was not entirely comfortable sharing the details of her surgery with quite so many people. Her name was [O.O.1] and she said her name 9 times on public view camera. She signed her name on the white board at the beginning and she told the world she consented to being videotaped. She later said that she did not say

that, but her signing was recorded on video camera as well. She now remembers everything in so much detail. She takes notes and reads them twice daily so she will never forget anything ever again. She plays professional soccer and rarely wins a game or a match. She doesn't like that she has to wear a phallus-shaped silicone strap-on attachment in the shower stall and change room. She doesn't like that she has to hold the attachment close to her body. She doesn't like that her male teammates are the wiser. Not many soccer fans know, and they tout her in the news as being this "great all-star." In the sport of soccer, the win-loss record itself can be misleading. Her goals and assists are "overstated" in hopes there will be a multi-million-dollar contract at the end of the tour. She is a horror of a person masquerading in the city as an "all-around good guy." Nothing could be further from the truth. She "likes to watch as well." She typed this often into the chat forum. At this time of the day, she fondled me and used her strap-on to "Please me" with 19 thrusts "for luck" she said. She jumped off me with a flailing dismount and she walked sternly to the entrance of the lounge. She never looked back at me until the next hour when she wanted to "Go again" but was told "No" and that her time was up. She was "Pissed so mad" but the offenders held their ground because no one likes her at all. She threatened to call the cops. She called a cop from her cell phone. She telephoned the private line of a "guy cop" she knows in Alabama. He laughed and she hung up the phone. She cried her eyes out in the bathroom and told the man in the same stall as her that she had "...ruined things with" me. The end of the 12th man.

The 13th in their paid rank order was born male and he was still male somewhat. He had publicly declared his "micropenis" to the world some 20 years earlier. He was not ashamed of himself which was a quality different from many of the other offenders. His chromosome pattern was XXY. He had learned to shake his hips to gain the most satisfaction for himself during "coitus." People had told him this was the "best for the woman" in terms of feeling as well. He lasted 8 minutes and 51 seconds and then he was done. He thanked me and his name was [J.B.1]. His charity of choice was "Save the Rainforest" and he told me that secretly on public view camera. He stroked my hair from a distance with a cupped hand and then he said "thank you" again and again.

The 14th in their paid-up rank order was a man named [D.D.1]. He did not like that everyone knew who he was. His business and company have suffered greatly because of his illegal and unethical business practices. He self-admittedly had a "micropenis." He typed this into his profile. He became one of the most "searched" individuals on this chat forum. This is because so many people want to find him and talk to him about the "wrongs" he had done to them and their family and especially their children. He has many "trespass" charges on his rap sheet, and everyone knows what this means. The world hopes that he will serve prison time for acts of cruelty against humankind. He mounted me and planked over top of me. His overweight was such that he was unable to get a grip on the table. He could not "thrust properly" as a result. His brewed and percolated coffee drinking habits had finally caught up with him. He grew frustrated as the minutes passed. He was not having success at all, and he punched me "in the gut." He slapped me across the face and he pulled my hair and he slammed my head down hard on the table and then he slapped me across the face again. [B.O.1] and [S.C.1] and [L.C.1] had to intervene and pull him off so he wouldn't damage the table and so they wouldn't lose viewers. Fourteen hundred people typed in their comments and by way of text message that they would stop watching and request a refund if I was harmed any more by the piece of garbage they were now throwing out of the Lodge. [D.D.1] spilled a drink intentionally by dumping it onto the floor and the juice made a sticky mess. He tried to punch [S.C.1] but missed. [K.W.1] was laughing the whole time and [K.W.2] was now cheering [D.D.1] on. [D.D.1] slipped in his own spilled and sticky juice and cracked his head open and it bled onto the floor. I sat part of the way up and I said "Hmummm" with a satisfied look on my face in terms of him getting what he deserved. [D.D.1] was escorted to the kitchen before his exit so he could drink some tap water. He threw the glass on the floor, and it broke and then he dumped over a plate of homemade dumplings. The bottom of the barrel #14 is overturned.

The 15th in paid rank order was a man named [S.K.2]. He born male and was now female owing to gender reassignment surgery performed a month prior. He was thrusting away in a way that is hardly worth mentioning. He finished by ejaculating on the countertop away from the table like he was "supposed to." He made a "teaspoon full of mess." He laughed and he asked [S.C.1] and [B.O.1] to "clean it up." They refused. He asked, "What the hell am I paying good money for?" He next made a comment about being "lowly." This was not well tolerated by anyone on the premises or anyone watching on semi-public camera view. [S.K.2] got "another

chance" at me a few days later. He referred to it as "payback" for this time and this chance.

The top of the morning went to #16 in their paid rank order. He was a man named [R.J.9].mHe didn't want to talk to me "at all" because he "loved" me so much. He entered and left from on top of me. He grabbed my waist with one hand at first, and then the other. He did this while performing a "balancing act." He lasted for 2 minutes and 8 seconds and then he patted my forehead 9 times "for luck." He jumped off the table like he was jumping over the top rope. He cracked open an unpermitted can of beer that he had "waiting for him" in his jacket pocket. He did a shot of whiskey sour by pouring it into my belly button and shooting it with "no lint" to speak of.

The 17th in their paid rank order was a man name [R.J.7]. He lasted 3 minutes and 9 seconds. He said no words at all and just made a few facial expressions. He left the lounge in near silence. He saluted me at the threshold and said, "Hey thanks."

Number 18 in their paid-up rank order was a man named [M.V.2]. He liked to be called this on "public address." [M.V.2] launched on top of me and he pumped while crouched down to a kneel. He did this 29 times "for luck." He technically finished on pump number 31, but I didn't have the "guts" to tell him. [M.V.2] said "Ohhh this is what so good feels thick like." This phrase meant he "feels big inside" of me in terms of a penis in a vagina. He left feeling that he had "finished so good."

The 19th person in paid-up rank order was 12 years of age. I'll remind you that I had no say in this whatsoever and I did not think this was alright at all. This behavior was condoned and encouraged by his parents. They approved of this behavior in context of this being his "first time" with a woman that was "not a relative" of his. He figured out what to do with some guidance from [R.J.2]. He got a pat on the back by way of a hard slap from [R.J.9]. They left him alone after that. He let his eyes roll back in his head and he moaned "omg" in acronym form. He finished 22 thrust wiggles later and then he stood up and said, "oh g" and "oh g."

The next in line was 20th in their paid-up rank order. He was a man named [R.E.1]. His time was 9 minutes and 31 seconds out of the 10 minutes that was allowed per purchase. He pumped and he chumped in 3 thrusts. He fondled me for the rest of the time. He spent \$19,009 dollars for his "cause." He liked to tell me his name. He liked to talk about a man named [J.E.1]. [J.E.1] was [R.E.1]'s son and his son's cousin thereto.

Next in line was 21st in their paid-up rank order. He was a man named [L.H.1]. [L.H.1] was friends and never teammates with [M.V.2]. These two had a penchant for the same livelihood, however. [L.H.1] liked being with me during his "force" and then he told me that he "did not need to force" himself "upon me." He was convinced that I would have said yes but he was wrong and I mouthed the word "No." He laughed and said "Good times for all" and "either way you get it." His 9 pumps were finished in 4 minutes and 31 seconds. He waved "bye-bye" and left the room without incident.

The next was 22nd in their paid rank order. He was a man named [T.N.1]. He was my half-uncle and I despised him. He knew this. My dad also disliked [T.N.1] and wouldn't let him near me. [T.N.1] tried to "get back in good" with my dad. My dad would have none of it owing to his own protective nature and good character. [T.N.1] said very little and he cried more than he would have liked. He mouthed the words "This feels good." I winced with disdain. He leaped off the taboo table and never looked back until he was in the hallway. He made a call on his cell phone to confess his sins and crime. The call he made was to a woman named [M.K.N.]. She decided to stay at the hotel for a "holiday" instead of attending the Lodge. She was his 1st cousin wife and she was also my 2nd cousin and half-aunt acquired through their unvalidated marriage.

Next was 23rd in their paid-up rank order. He was a man named [L.S.1]. I had known [L.S.1] since elementary school and middle school. He liked to "pretend" that his "attempt at bullying" had a great effect on me. It did not. I used the bullish attempt to my advantage. I advanced my studies and pursued a higher quality education. [L.S.1] finished in 3 minutes and 41 seconds. He cried "heinously" during the act. He said he was "sorry" for all the wrong he had done in his life to me and to others.

Next was 24th in their paid rank order. He was a man named [S.S.2]. He had a ramble of things to spew while he was barely inside of me. He brought his 1st cousin wife along with him. Her name was [A.A.1]. She demanded she be there while he was with me. She tried to coach him on how to be "better at pleasing me." [S.S.2] told her to "shut it" and she listened for 31 seconds. She started barking commands at him again and he told her to "shut her lip." She did not shut up this time. She tried pushing on his rear end to see if he could thrust any deeper inside of me to make it "feel even better." He didn't go inside of me any deeper. [S.S.2] said it already felt "O.K. enough." She started in between the cheeks of his bottom and then she inserted a pinky inside his rear end. He said that "definitely feels better for me but what about her." She tried quickly to do the same thing to me until [S.C.1] yelled for them to stop. [S.C.1] thought they might try something like that. According to the prophecy rules, majority group consent is needed for "anal play." [S.S.2] dismounted with his finish in 4 minutes and 49 seconds.

The man named [J.K.1] called "first dibs" on me for his "second round." [J.K.1] was born male and he was "still a male." He liked to wear drag clothing 12% of the time to work and to play. He and 2 other offenders hung up a sheet that went from the crossbeam to the x-beam of the suspended ceiling tie in the lounge. The sheet was "king size" per the request of [L.C.1]. The sheet was pale green in color, and it reminded me of the shade drawn in surgical attire. They used a modified bowtie grip around the inch hold of the beams. They draped the sheet over my chest just above my nipples. It rested some on my neck and some on my face and chin. [S.C.1] placed a new vaginal condom inside of me. The sheet was hung and draped "more properly" to fully expose my "oh so perky tits." [J.K.1] finished in 4 minutes and 31 seconds and exclaimed "she is the best fuck ever." He zipped up his pants and tapped my chin "up up" and then he left to join the others in the basement.

The 25th out of 24 in their paid-up rank order started at 2:41 p.m. and it was over by 2:42 p.m. That's how long it took for [S.C.1] to find out that the I.V. bag had "run dry." I woke up and punched [S.C.1] in the chest with a half-open fist. I slammed back down on the table hard and then I woke up again. With the same hand and a half-open fist, I lunged forward and pushed [S.C.1] back onto his haunches. He slipped sideways and almost fell off the table while the public world watched on camera. [B.O.1] and [J.M.2] heard the "near fall" and they ran into the room. They pinned my shoulders to the table. [R.J.9] arrived with a new I.V. bag. They held me down as I struggled and twisted and turned until the new I.V. bag was hung. They reaffirmed with each other the protocol for checking the I.V. bag and the procedure for assessing my "depth of sedation."

The time is now 2:49 p.m. The new I.V. bag has been hung from the rafters giving an estimated 42 hours of "Jen down time." They made note of this timeframe in the "show notes" for the week. They crafted a schedule with items itemized by the hour and with a place to initial when that hour's check was performed. The checks and balances on their checklist were to ensure that the I.V. bag was at an adequate height when hung. They were also to ensure that the I.V. bag's contents were at a sufficient level per the marks they made in permanent black marker directly on the bag. There was also a place on the checklist for the person checking to write down and make notes about how "down I was" in terms of "level of sedation." They printed out the form and it sat on a clipboard in the dining room area on the countertop. They also created another spreadsheet that was available "on the cloud." There were 10 offenders that had access to the group workbook including [H.D.P] and [S.P.1] and [S.C.1] and [L.C.1] and [K.W.1] and [K.W.2] and [J.K.1] and [J.L.1] and [J.M.5] and [N.W.2]. The name "JENN" was typed into the document's title sheet page and the password for the shared document was "NIGGABITCH" in CAPSLOCK and it was all one word.

The next part of the show in terms of participation would "start at 26th" in their paid rank order. This was not scheduled to start until the following day at 8:00 p.m. promptly. This left 16 hours or so for planning and an additional 9 hours for executing their plan.

I lay motionless on the table without a blanket for cover. The temperature in the room was 12 degrees Celsius (41 degrees Fahrenheit). The temperature outside was 21 degrees Celsius (89 degrees Fahrenheit). The difference between the outside and inside temperature was due to the well functioning air conditioner that was placed "sky high" in the nearby room. There was little traffic in and out of the Lodge and the "conditioning" remained relatively unchecked. I lay there with goosebumps and without food and water.

At [N.Y.C.] things were growing colder in terms of the water treatment plant. There was a problem at the plant and the chlorinator failed to pump chlorine to the distribution system that piped potable water to 490,000 buildings. This was 92,000 homes as well as businesses and accessory buildings and public facilities like skating rinks and bus shacks. The water treatment plant and the distribution system supplied the area with not only drinking water but with the water that was used for bathing and washing. The chlorine residual was mandated to be 0.1 parts per million (ppm) of free available chlorine [F.A.C.]. The free available chlorine [F.A.C] fell to 0.01 ppm. This is a tenth of what is needed. Without adequate chlorination, bacteria and viruses survived and thrived in the untreated and unchecked and untested waters. The assistant water treatment plant operator was the individual in charge of "testing the water" on this first day of the problem. He was at home with the stomach "flu bug" that he called in to report. The acronym [F.A.C] in this context stands for "free available chlorine". This acronym is well known to people in the industry. It is considered "common knowledge" amongst professionals in the field. The people "manning the plant" were illiterate, however. The operators had attended training classes, but they were unable to study properly study their notes. They had to falsify the course certificate because they couldn't pass the final exam. They lied and they were worried they would get caught. There was a "display panel" on the wall in the chlorinator room of the water treatment plant. The display read "0.01 ppm F.A.C." An alarm went off at the plant. The water treatment plant operator and the assistant water treatment plant operator received notification about this "non-conformance." The water treatment plant operator didn't know what "[F.A.C.]" meant, but he should have given the job position he held. The water treatment plant operator went online to the chat forum. He took pictures of the display panel, and he posted the pictures to the chat forum. The water treatment plant operator asked if "anyone on there" "knew what that meant" and he referenced the pictures he posted. There were 9 users on the chat forum at the time and none of them had a background in water treatment plant operation. They all misunderstood the acronym [F.A.C.]. The reason for the confusion and misunderstanding had to do with the audience to whom the questions were posed. All the logged in users were in a different country than the two operators were. The logged in users were from the country found north of the border that lies on the 51st parallel of latitude. In this northern location, the acronym [F.A.C] also stands for "firearms acquisition certificate." The users that were logged into the forum tried somewhat desperately to help. They thought the problem at the "plant" had to do with manufacturing of firearms. A problem in context of drinking water was not even on their radar. The people logged in to the chat forum mistakenly thought the conversation had to do with an "alert" that could be set off in terms of illegal arms dealing. The only solution they could come up with to solve this "alert of a problem at the illegal firearms manufacturing plant with arms" pertained to "search engine optimization." They started "hiding..." "...keywords" to "...de-optimize" search engine rankings so that the city and the suburb location south of the 51st parallel of latitude where the "problem" was occurring would "rank lower" than it had in the past when a "query" was performed by way of search engine. They were trying to protect an "illegal gun dealer" that didn't exist by writing articles entitled "Arms Race for All" and "Guns Which Way to the Beach?" The offenders drew attention to themselves and to that location. Their actions were detected and noted and reported as a part of internet oversight and with respect to Server 2 and the resultant Server 500 errors.

The offenders failed to realize that each job and each profession and each sector has its own "language." Abbreviations and "short forms" and acronyms are "too numerous to count." The [F.A.C.] problem was a failure at the water treatment plant. A lack of understanding meant no corrective action was taken. There was a lack of chlorine in the drinking water. The problem was not that people couldn't make or buy a firearm. We'll be back to this story a bit later.

They paused for a moment in the kitchen at the Lodge to plan for the feeding of 90 "or so" esteemed guests. These esteemed guests were dignitaries, and they represented the "Golf 20." They were to arrive in this northeastern city by way of flight or ship or cruise vessel. The menu for the dignitaries was baby potatoes. This is as far as the offenders got in terms of menu planning. At that moment, [S.C.1] and [J.K.1] and [L.C.1] received an intervening call on my behalf. The Authority from Above and Beyond reported that I had been left unattended. They informed them that I had not been cared for at all in 9 straight hours. [J.K.1] was "fuming" mad at the "interruption." The Authority from Above and Beyond were livid. They sent a message courier express to [J.K.1] who online had claimed responsibility for what happened to me the days prior. Law enforcement officers were contacted as well as the Department of Justice [D.O.J.]. The [D.O.J.] was shown screenshots of [J.K.1]'s "stake of

claim" to my body and of his acknowledgment in terms of responsibility for the forceable confinement. The [D.O.J.] said they would investigate in a timely fashion. They started to investigate but then they realized that this was a crime of "unparalleled jurisdiction." The D.O.J. "wasn't sure" who to notify in terms of "guns blazing." There was one phone call that needed to be made. It needed to be made to the 4-letter acronym of a police agency that had jurisdiction at the Lodge. They could have "shut things down in heartbeat" but instead they hemmed, and they hawed. Some of the members of the 4-letter acronym of a police agency were in attendance at the "Jenn Rape Party." The Authority from Above and Beyond told [J.K.1] in no uncertain terms that there would be consequences for his actions and that the other offenders would face a similar fate. [J.K.1] promised someone would "check" on me and wake me up and give me food and water and return me to safety as soon as time allowed.")

The Authority from Above made a request to the city mayor and to the former city mayor of the northeastern city where I was being held captive. The request for discussion and dialogue pertained to forceable confinement and failure to provide. The city mayor was a woman by the name of [C.S.9]. She did not respond right away but she did a week later, and she apologized by way of secure channel designed for special communications in my regard. This secure channel was established in 1982 and it was the method by which the Authority could communicate with those of vested interest. The former city mayor was a man named [T.J.8] and he never did respond to this request.

Baby potatoes were a "for sure." They decided on spareribs as the main meat entrée, and they selected vegetable lasagna with ricotta cheese for the "no meat version." They vegan option would be garlic bread made with vegan garlic butter and garlic cloves. They read the nutrition label on the back of the bread to make sure it was "vegan friendly." It was. The bread was also found to be gluten free [G.F.] and four stars it was granted. The entire meal for the [G.F.]'ers and the vegan'ers was garlic bread and water and wine.

[C.M.1] was the daughter of a man named [L.M.4] and of a woman named [M.M.4]. She emancipated from her parents some years before today's day. [C.M.1] was a woman that caused a fair bit of trouble for the group in terms of distributing unauthorized links to the websites in which the "Jenn Rape Party" videos were uploaded. These unauthorized links allowed for illegal viewing and download without payment or certification of age for the viewership. Her prior run-ins with the law included arson of the family home abroad and the wrath that gave rise to the wine on the menu for tomorrow.

Caesar salad with shredded wheat croutons was a fine option. They bought spinach on sale at the grocery store in bunches of 3 taped together with loose string. They bought 92 bunches times 3 pieces a bunch. They rinsed the leaves in tap water and then soaked them overnight to make sure they were "crisp" and "cool." This is not what happens when you soak spinach rather than the romaine called for by recipe. The spinach started to wilt a mere hour after immersion and barely a fleeting glance was cast upon the bath until an hour before the call came.

The time is now 9:39 p.m. The phone rang at the fire hall. The Deputy Fire Chief answered the ringing phone. It was odd that his phone would ring at this hour. The phone number came up as "No Caller ID" and it was not a line transfer from the switchboard. It was the former Fire Chief [J.M.1] on the other end of the line. [J.M.1] advised the Deputy Fire Chief that "alarm bells" had gone off "upstairs" in terms of the Authority from Above. He emphasized that things had to be "kept under control" from then on.

My dad thought something might be amiss. He had made 4 attempts to contact me by way of text message. My phone was still sitting on my bed at home. The offenders stole me with brute force from my bedroom after I had succumbed to their Rohypnol. The offenders ensured my phone remained at the house so it would be nowhere near anyone or anything. The location services feature was enabled. My dad was worried but not as worried as some might think. I'm a private person and I was content with an independent existence as I mentioned at the start of this story. My dad spoke with my mom. He said it was "unusual" not to have heard from me but perhaps I was mad and didn't want to speak with him. By the end of the discussion my mom and dad agreed that I probably was busy with work or school. The comment about being "busy with work or school" was made by mother of namesake. She brought it up first in the conversation. Many later discounted the fact that I was working or in school at the time of the kidnap. This came up in conversation 19 days later and after I had escaped my captors. Why is it that the woman who bears partially my same name seemed to know so much about me?

The menu was still in the "design phase" at the Lodge. Aside the baby potatoes would lie sprigs of celery. The menu would be printed on vellum ovetop white plain paper sewn with silk tie. The nameplates would be made of similar material and printed by the local printshop nye and bye. The seating chart would be done "flipchart style" using the easel in the main foyer of the Lodge. Each of the "Golf 20" designate attendees would sit "crosswise" from someone they knew and "crosswise" from someone that lived the "main of part of their lives..." "...across the oceans of the world." They had flight schedules printed and pinned to corkboard and taped onto puck board in the foyer.

They referenced their charts and schedules and plans many times during their 4 hour and 36-minute discussion. They interrupted the discussion every 42 minutes to enjoy the less than fine sundries they had acquired from the Beach. The time is now 9:59 p.m. The offenders of planning committee are headed upstairs. The upstairs of the Lodge was lined with 9 bedrooms and 1 bathroom. The bathroom had a shower stall with a low hanging faucet. There was no "true" bathtub but there was a sink. There is plenty of online discourse that makes mention of these facilities. The upstairs of the Lodge had a "bathroom." There was a "downstairs" main level "staff" washroom and a 4-stall women's washroom and a 4-stall men's washroom on the main floor as well. There was no washroom or bathroom in the basement. The "stalled" washrooms were for customers and guests, and they are rarely referenced in online discussion.

The time is now 10:09 p.m. and I have been naked since the start. It is much warmer than it was earlier today. The offenders' meeting started promptly at 6:00 p.m. per their R.S.V.P. email online invitation for "in-person" congregation. [L.C.1] turned down the air conditioning. The interior temperature was now a balmy 29 degrees Celsius (110 degrees Fahrenheit). The heat option was inadvertently flipped on by "flipping" the vent switch on the wall. The thermostat setting was noticed by [S.C.1] when he went downstairs and was faced by the sweltering heat.

I was sweating profusely. [S.C.1] noticed that the I.V. bag still had "a third left in it." He checked it again by looking more closely at it this time. Sure enough, the I.V. bag had a third left in it. [S.C.1] checked the I.V. connector port on my hand. He documented this by writing it in their "show notes." He barely wiped my cheek and forehead using the sleeve of a jacket that belonged to [J.M.9] and that had been left in the lounge area 12 hours earlier. He also "got the space between my knees" and ankles. [S.C.1] left to "go document" the productivity on the shared document "on the cloud." [L.C.1] hurried him along from the doorway. [S.C.1] lost his temper on her and screamed "Fucking bitch" after her name. [L.C.1] was taken aback slightly because she had only said "Get your fucking ass away from her" as instigation to the chant back. He made motion to smack her face and she jumped out of the way and hardy-har-har'd at him. He teared up with frustration and she quivered her lower lip and said "sorry [S.C.1]" using his first name only. They held a quick handshake sidearm together and to the kitchen they leaped.

The first flight carrying 6 of the "Golf 20" consulate dignitaries was about to take-off. The time is 11:08 p.m. The timestamp on the video recording at the Lodge was in the "eastern time zone" setting. The remaining 12 dignitaries were an hour late for "check-in" because they used the timestamp as a reference, and they didn't know how "time zones worked." They missed their flights accordingly.

The inflight movie was non-existent, and this displeased the dignitary man named [J.T.1]. It also displeased his wife. His wife was a woman named [S.G.T]. In addition to being his wife, [S.G.T.] was [J.T.1]'s 2nd cousin. A man and dignitary named [V.P.1] was displeased with the lack of inflight movie as well. [V.P.1] did not bring his combined wife and 1st cousin with him on the trip.

The reason for the "Jenn Rape Party" and the forceable confinement and the kidnap and the "hold me against" my will for 13 days became clearer as time went on. I listened to their dialogue and watched them jot down notes about their family tree and it was then I put the pieces of the puzzle together. I am what they need. The last tie that binds them and winds them around is the deficiency on their X chromosome. The specific loci is 34 a-4-b-2-c-9-d-19-e-1-f-2-g-9-(x). There is a dominant allele that has been passed down from their "generation to generation." The condition of this chromosome's "structure" became worse as the inbreeding continued amongst and within them. The X chromosome is present in both males

and females. It becomes shortened and fragmented with each successive inbred "generation." The problems manifest themselves very early on in life. The problems worsen as the individual grows older. There are "telltale" signs and symptoms of dementia and more. It's a problem seen as "punched out holes" in their brain tissue. This can be seen on histopathological section when the diseased brain is viewed under the microscope. The disease is formally known as "cerebral (not cerebellar) abiotrophy." The cerebrum and cerebellum are 2 very different regions of the brain. The diagnosis was made correctly during the course of 9 autopsies that were performed by 2 medical examiners in the 1990's. The autopsy results in terms of photographs and paperwork describe 9 individuals aged 9 through 48. The handwritten notes of the medical examiners accompany these documents. When the autopsies were performed and the results written down, they were not intentionally made cryptic by the pathologists. The reports were misread then misinterpreted by pathologists years after the autopsies were performed. The "experts" reading the reports at a later date specialized in animal medicine and they were not physicians. The "experts" mixed up the "year performed" in terms of the autopsy and the "age" of the individual that was deceased. The inbred "experts" that read the reports thought the age of one man was 91 years old. That was not so. He was 41 years of age when he died. The year of examination in terms of the autopsy was the year 1991. It was the age range that should have sparked concern then and now. The "experts" chalked it up to the "normal aging process." There was nothing normal about this. That many young and related individuals with a family history of "interbreeding" and "inbreeding" with these signs and symptoms of "dementia" is horrifically abnormal. "Cerebral Abiotrophy" is due to a problem on the X chromosome. Bovine Spongiform Encephalopathy and Creutzfeldt Jacob Disease and Scrapie and Chronic Wasting Disease and others were mistakenly attributed to an infectious protein and labelled "prion disease." These so-called prion diseases and spongiform encephalopathies are due to a mutation and deficiency after all. There is no "specified risk material" [S.R.M.] to be found aside from the incestuous cousin-cousin-aunt-uncle-parent-child-sibling mated pairs.

D-Dopa is the D-enantiomer of "Dopa." D-Dopa is an important neurotransmitter and it is produced both in the cerebrum and by stem cells. All living mammals produce D-Dopa in some capacity. D-Dopa is a trophic (growth) factor that helps prevent deterioration of the brain. It specifically helps prevent "punched out holes" from forming in the cerebrum and forebrain in general. If you don't use it, you lose it. If you don't make it, you hate on it. A deficiency in D-Dopa is a consequence of their inbreeding and the problematic X chromosome. I, myself, produce 109 times more D-Dopa than any other living thing on this planet all species considered. Others produce 19 times more D-Dopa when they're in my presence. I'm their cure.

All the offenders had something else in common. They were all taking the same "antidepressant" that was purported to help treat their erratic behaviors and bi-polar personas. This "antidepressant" is a D-Dopa receptor agonist, and all the offenders now know this. A few masterminds plotted the tampering and adulteration of this oh-so common "antidepressant." Methylmercury was their choice of poison. They bought thermometers in packs of 1000. They did this 9 times per purchase order. They would sit up at night and break the thermometers open and with silver ring in hand they would bind up the mercury that spilled out from the break. On 4 separate runs at the "antidepressant" manufacturing plant, they added a pound each of methylmercury. A total of 1 million pills contained the poison. The tamper started back in the year 2007 and then continued on in the year 2017. The offenders knew and they agreed to "mind control." They fancied the feeling of "crazy" that came with taking the pills. The methyl mercury they intentionally poisoned themselves with started the Venn diagram of hate and lack of caregiving propensity and the inability to form a pair bond that mattered. They also have a penchant for "scream porn" which involves playing and listening to sound effects played at frequencies of 29 and 41 and 49 and 99 and 101 and 199 Hertz. All of this in summation gave rise to the "Jenn Rape Party" and my 13 days held captive.

[S.C.1] and [L.C.1] rejoined the others now convened upstairs in Bedrooms 3 and 4 and 5. There was a quick "romp session" in Bedroom 6 between [C.L.2] and [K.W.1]. In her prior discussions with me, [C.L.2] had referred to [K.W.1] as "John." This was back in the year 2020. The two of them "made whoopie" once a week since the year 2019. [K.W.1] helped her "fix" things in her parents-owned home. [C.L.2] and [K.W.1] were back with the others in a flash of 19 minutes. Everyone was glad because the banging on the creaking mattress came to an end 14 minutes before [C.L.2] and [K.W.1] concluded that the others had waited long enough. [C.C.1] and [D.C.2] headed for the same room once [C.L.2] and [K.W.1] were finished

with it. Instead of fornicating they decided to talk about me in a semi-nice way. [D.C.2] said I looked nicer than he "Thought I would" by this point in time. [C.C.1] was only slightly put off by this comment and she shrugged and said, "Well let's get it on then." They "banged" on the no shag carpet floor and [C.C.1] ended up with tile burn on one knee. [D.C.1] ejaculated "forcefully" enough. He told this to me later as an "ear whisper." They dressed to their nighty-nines and headed back to meet the others.

The talks upstairs went on for another 31 minutes. The fornication between this closed group of 9 continued as well. They ended the evening by agreeing to meet back at "0600 hours" as [D.C.2] put it to a group that would never think 6:00 a.m. in the morning as godly hour for the mass to miss.

July 30th, 2021

They started their day with their penises hung out with attempt to spread their [H.I.V.] infection to those susceptible. This was in the capital city to the south of where I was being held captive and in more places than that. The offenders never admitted to their soon-to-be estranged partners that they were an untreated fatality waiting to happen. The "charge" was aggravated sexual assault at best. They came up with ways to skirt the dodge of their system. The men would say to the women "I will give you my love now" right before gaining intromission and inserting their penis into the unsuspecting vagina. They used the word "love" as codeword for "H.I. virus." The women were no better. Many of them inserted razor blades into their vaginas to the point of shredding condoms and tissue in and out.

The barn was built in 1949 and it was now a remnant for the city zoo that was closed to the public most days of the year. This was in the northeastern city in which I was being held captive. I was last at this zoo in the year 2019 when I visited in a professional capacity and the topic of conversation was pigs and deer. On this day and at this time the barn was being "prepared to the point" of being "suitable" for "shooting" a video feature film called "snuff rape porn."

They ordered 4 straw bales from the town to the west and south of us. There was little farming in this town except for the four cow-calf operations of 100 head or less that existed and thrived. The straw arrived on a loader grain truck 5 weeks prior to today's date and that date was June 19th. The straw bale delivery driver unloaded the straw through the west-side barn door that opened crooked sideways one way and the top swung inwards and outwards like what you see in the movies. The truck backed up most of the way to the door and using a fork with a prong handle as the attachment the 4 bales of straw were spread on the dirt floor "pretty thin." The barn attendant was a woman named [P.B.1]. She thanked the straw bale delivery driver, and she waved him off with a goodbye once he had finished the job. "No tip?" the driver and deliverer and unloader asked before he left straight away. [P.B.1] reached into her purse and showed him a screenshot photo. The screenshot was a still photo of a video clip the offenders "shot" in February in the year 2020. The straw bale delivery driver smiled for a quick second and then he recanted the smile. "That seems harsh" he said straight to her face. She shrugged and said, "She won't live through this one." The straw bale delivery driver seemed concerned, and he left the barn to visit the offenders. There was a meeting scheduled between him and [S.C.1] and a few of the others and he wanted to be on time.

The straw bale delivery driver turned left toward the Lodge, and this scared the "bejeezus" out of the offenders. The straw bale delivery driver had 19 years of esteemed service to god and our country. His trade is redacted in this story, but the straw bale driver knew of planes, and he knew of ships, and he knew of trains sea to sky. He slowed down to 9 kilometers (4 miles) as he crossed the Miles Hart Bridge heading northbound. There were 41 cars in the parking lot at the Lodge. This was at 2:39 p.m. on June 19th. The straw bale delivery driver counted the cars, and he remembered the number. He turned right onto the street leading to the Lodge. The Lodge was visible from the main highway. He pulled his truck and trailer into the parking lot and he made a loop and he turned the truck and trailer around. The trailer was empty, and everyone saw that. The offenders were concerned because they were reviewing the nearly live video feed from the barn. They watched and overheard the comment [P.B.1] made about "not living through this one." They thought the straw bale delivery driver might "blow the whistle on the whole thing" if he was to learn how things would end in the end. The straw bale delivery driver waved to the viewing camera

in the parking lot of the Lodge. [S.C.1] sent him a text message at that moment. The meeting between the group was supposed to be held in the Lodge's dining room area. [S.C.1] and the others got cold feet and they changed their mind about the location for the meeting. They all concurred via text message. The meeting would instead be held at the coffee and donut shop 12 blocks away.

[S.C.1] and the straw bale delivery driver were joined by [L.C.1] and [K.W.2] and [K.W.1] a few moments later at the coffee and donut shop. The straw bale delivery driver had been on their radar for quite some time. The delivery driver liked that this group of attendees knew who he was. The delivery driver liked that I knew who he was as well. [S.C.1] started the conversation after ordering a coffee with two cream and two sugar inside and to go. The straw bale delivery driver drank black coffee in the extra-large size with no room for top-up. [S.C.1] said to the delivery driver "How did you find us?" and he replied, "I saw your ad on [F.B.]." [L.C.1] said "How did you know it was us though?" and he replied, "I recognized your picture from the restaurant down by way." [S.C.1] and [K.W.2] both piped up and said, "This is big money from her you know" and that puzzled the driver, so he asked, "What do you mean?" and the penniless [K.W.1] said "She bleeds money from her pours" and he motioned to his empty travel mug and then he made a pouring gesture. Everyone knew that he didn't know what he was talking about when it comes to pores and pours. [K.W.2] intervened quickly when she realized her brother [K.W.1] was a moron. "What he meant to say" [K.W.2] went on "is that she has money that can be handed out to her from..." the "...Ponzi Scheme." [S.C.1] and [L.C.1] together and with extreme inflection in their voice snarled "That's not how it works" and the delivery driver chuckled meekly, and they started the conversation over again. [K.W.1] said "What I mean to say was she finds stuff that people like and want and sells them" [sic] and [K.W.2] said "Well that's not really true it's more that she's smart and pretty and I shouldn't be saying that." [S.C.1] piped up again and said, "No don't say that" and he smiled at [L.C.1] and then [L.C.1] said "She's pretty enough and she works hard enough for her money." This went on for 9 more minutes and a total of 4 rounds of roundtable discussion. The straw bale delivery driver got up and left and he tipped his hat and raised his eyebrows. He left the coffee and donut shop "hot spot" and headed back to his "grownup town" until today.

The time is 12:39 a.m. and I am alone in the dining room and the window is open a hairline of a crack and so is the fracture in [K.W.2]'s left wrist. I heard 3 cars drive down the highway and over the bridge in each direction. I heard the faint sound of splashing against the rocks from the river's edge as the jackfish were springing on low. As each jackfish swam past the riverbank, the whip of the tail made an eddy that slow crashed against the shale and limestone so fine. A light drizzle of rain spurted from a few low hanging cumulus clouds that were due south and due east. I heard a voice coming from a megaphone at the nickel ore mine. The voice reminded everyone to be on time for work. The voice gave information on muster where but not why. The dinner bread roll on the table across the hall looked stale but still edible. My mouth watered for the last time, and I opened my eyes wide and I willed it to fall and roll over roll roll.

The elevator music was still playing out the speaker near the overhead compartment on Flight ***. The cabin crew made it known to the passengers and their dispatcher that the flight had now turned final in volume and pitch. And pitch they did in the cabin first left then hard right. The destination was the south airport terminal in the northeastern city where I was being held captive. They were a near miss on Runway 42. The landing gear was "three green down and locked" and the pilot thought they blew a tire. They hit and ran over debris on the runway in fact. The passengers deplaned via the staircase that was wheeled to the airplane's exit door. The 9 passengers on board walked 93 feet from the bottom rung of the staircase and they found that the entrance to the south airport terminal was locked. A magnetic pass card at the reader was needed for disengagement of the lock. The pilot and second pilot had completed the requisite security clearance paperwork and one of them a pass card that would open the door. This pilot didn't realize that his pass card was "the right kind" to open the locked door at first, and the pilot was still on the plane anyway. The 9 passenger dignitaries stood outside the locked south airport terminal entrance for 31 minutes. They waited. Finally, the esteemed dignitary known as [J.G.2] took out his cell phone and called the 4-letter acronym of a police agency using the non-emergency number listed on the internet website. There was a response on the line when [J.G.2] called. There was a bit of a language barrier, but the call answerer understood what [J.G.2] was saying. The call answerer knew they were "locked out of the airport up north." After 8:00 p.m. on most days, any call made to that non-emergency number is automatically routed to the capital city

located nearly 8 hours drive away. The call answerer was unable to help over the telephone, but he understood the "lonely" situation the dignitary passengers were in. It was warm outside for a summer evening of sorts, but there was a light rain, and it was now after midnight and the dignitary passengers were stranded outside a locked airport terminal. It would be 6 more hours until that same terminal was staffed to the point that the door could be unlocked. The dignitary passengers couldn't get the attention of the pilot who was sitting in the left seat of the cockpit. Neither could they get the attention of the pilot sitting in the right seat. This was not for lack of trying on the part of the frantically waving dignitary passengers. The pilots shut the engine off in the single engine airplane after 12 minutes of being technically "still taxiway." It was unclear to the deplaned passengers if they were allowed and permitted to cross back across the apron where they were directed to walk the "first time around." The time is now 39 minutes later. On the tip of the tongue of the 9 dignitaries and designates of country was "This can't be where Jen lives and works."

There were two pilots and no other dedicated flight attendant or steward needed according to Regulation 709 in the 'splain the plane handbook. The two pilots were still making small talk with each other from behind their instrument clusters and they finished the paperwork that no one was going to keep anyway. They looked at the "gate" as they liked to call it when making fun of the "rampies" that they themselves were merely 4 weeks ago. There were the 9 passengers, and they were still waving "Hello."

Alarm bells went off at the Lodge attributable to the smoke that was billowing out of the chimney from a fire they started in the fireplace in the main gathering room in the basement. I was still out lukewarm on the "main" or "1st floor" depending on who you talked to and how they worded it. The basement was "full size" and mainly finished except for the laundry room and the cold storage room and the future site of the "soon to be hot tub" now partially roughed in. I had been in the basement and crawl space of the Lodge before. This was many years earlier during the course of an inspection and in my capacity as a public health inspector. I never saw the laundry room or "hot tub install rough-in area" at all. The crawl space was dry when I was last there. This was not the case on today's date. This was mentioned by [S.C.1] on the private camera video clip that he uploaded to his website later. [S.C.1] described a "leak" in the supply and return piping for the water cistern that lied in the crawlspace. He made note of "small flood" like conditions in the confines below grade. The basement fireplace was last inspected in the year 2001 but that inspection was not done by me. An inspection of that type was outside the scope of any profession I ever had. The Fire Chief suited up and arrived on the scene at the Lodge. The Deputy Fire Chief had been there the whole time. [S.C.1] told the Deputy Fire Chief "Jen has been down here" and he pointed to the basement and the crawl space. No one believed I would have given it even a nod of approval. The heat exchanger in the furnace was cracked and there were cracks in the cinder blocks of the fireplace. The Fire Chief whipped out a different piece of equipment than was seen in other days. The carbon monoxide level at that moment was 41 ppm. The level was high enough to necessitate a brief evacuation and window opening to clear.

They did the first thing that came to mind and unzipped their flies in near unison. The group headed upstairs to the dining room. I was there in a continued state of forced undress. The order was determined by age and each of the men had their way with me. First was [J.M.1] followed by [B.O.1] followed by [J.G.M.] followed by his brother [K.M.2] and followed by [S.C.1]. This was while [L.C.1] looked on. [L.C.1] was slightly concerned at how "powerful" I had become. Each of them took turns wiping the soot and ash from my forehead and then the Fire Chief [J.M.1] cracked the window in the room "a bit more open" and likened came the draft.

The carbon monoxide concentration was now 80 ppm and at this level signs and symptoms of cerebral hypoxia become evident. These include nausea and vomiting which I did and I was. The offenders found it difficult to concentrate but I never had a problem in this regard. My lips all around were stained cherry red and my hematocrit climbed to 0.941 which is considered scarily high if you're a person not me. The 5 of them zipped up their pants and then each took a corner grip plus one side grip of the table. They wheeled me straight out the front door. [J.M.1] used his jacket to cover some of my body and legs and this was their mode à la carte.

I was outside in plain and full view of the public onlookers. There was smoke billowing out of the chimney and 2 fire engines had backed into the parking lot. I was still on the

rolling table with the I.V. in place. It looked like there had been an "explosion" and mass casualties of unknown causality. It did make headlines for time to come. The photographers clicked away at the scene. They used the still images and video captured for advertisements in seek of donations for crossing the line. The time is 1:39 a.m.

Back to the airport terminal it is the 1:00 am hour. The pilots deplaned as there were no additional flights on their roster anytime soon. The pilots met the esteemed dignitaries at the terminal's entrance. What a shock and surprise that now the 11 of them together seemed bound by the unbreakable window sash. [J.G.2] was sharp as a thumb and he asked the two-crew consisting of pilot flying [P.F.] and pilot not flying [P.N.F.] if they knew who to call to get the entrance "door unlocked." The [P.N.F.] raised his right fist with lanyard tucked to palm. "Can you open the door? It's locked" [J.G.2] said with conviction. "Uh yeah" replied the [P.N.F.] and he waved his pass card over the reader that was mounted beside the door. Red light to green light and click click they were saved.

The sighting and seating in the south airport terminal underwhelmed the dignitaries. They had yet to see the hangars and terminals on the north side of the runway. This "north side" as it was known, was a collection of smaller airport terminals and hangars, each belonging to government provisions or private corporate share. Some terminals and hangars were for cargo. Some were for passengers and the cargo they carried on. Some were dedicated for medical evacuation and housed nurses part-time as well as their first aid supplies. Four had loading docks and one had a helicopter pad, and one had a cargo bay so large it could fit 9 forklifts side by side. Twelve aircraft regularly hid within the confines of the group building cover. A place in front of one of them was called "airport graveyard" and it ground housed a mix of parts termed as "spare" or the parts otherwise "hung in the sand out to dry." There were 9 hangars with terminals on the north side of the runway. For the purpose of naming, they are ordered from east to west and numbered in order from 0 to 9. The east most building will be referred to as "Terminal 0" and the west most building will be referenced as "Terminal 9." Each terminal and hangar on the "north side" lies along [N.R.] road.

This "north side" of the runway was not yet known to the dignitaries. They were in the south airport terminal. The passengers and pilots used the restrooms and grabbed a package of stale peanuts and crackers from the vending machine that was standing up against the wall. The slightly tipped over coffee maker rest in the corner amidst the stained crumpled filters and the half thawed [U.H.T.] creamers in flavors hazelnut and vanilla. The overflow of the can next to the maker pleased none of those that sat through the hours just passed. [S.G.T] asked the [P.N.F.] if there was any more toilet paper for the women's washroom and the [P.N.F.] told [S.G.T.] that he didn't think so. [J.T.1] asked the [P.F.] if there was any toilet paper at all for the men's washroom and the P.F. mouthed from the far side of the urinal that he wasn't able to help him at that very moment. The urinal puck danced in the stream of the flush and a splash of green brown touched down the side and it was confirmed there was no toilet paper to be found when these things headed south.

There was a taxicab with driver waiting outside the public entrance to the south airport terminal. He was there as these souls emerged victorious from the door battle and can throw. The taxicab driver was concerned at the delay. He was called in advance and told to arrive 1 hour and 2 minutes at this very spot. A spot that seemed deserted up until now. The taxicab driver waved through the glass window from outside the terminal. This gesture was seen by the passengers and crew. The taxicab driver made it known by visual reference that he would wait for 30 more minutes if need be. When the mirage of lady and gents appeared to the taxicab driver from down the corridor, they were in the midst off doing up their belt buckles and lady waist sash. This suggested to the taxicab driver that the group might need "a few extra minutes." The taxicab driver got the wrong idea but none the less exuded patience and virtue and for this we give him credit for 4 hours pay. The tidy sum was handed to him at a meeting with the "no handshake rule" in full force but with "air high five" a go. [J.T.1] and [S.G.T] leaned over for the pass of billfold.

A second taxicab had been called. Due to the wait, that taxicab and driver returned to the makeshift depot yard. This depot yard was 49 meters to the south of the terminal entrance and was complete with temporary snow fencing. The taxicab driver was fast asleep in the passenger seat. The diligent taxicab driver in receipt of the billfold signalled the friend that was still "resting his eyes." With a jolt, the driver awoke. Taxicab number 2 fired up and backfired and sputtered around the bend down the chute the wrong way and away from the

one-way sign. The taxicab driver hurt his back on the turn and then slouched over to the right and steered with his left knee and pulled in next to the terminal entrance and beside taxicab 1. The passenger doors of this taxicab were uptight against the driver's side doors of the other taxicab. Taxicab driver 1 said "Everyone else to the left it is" and he motioned for them to walk around the front of the taxicab. [J.T.1] went behind the taxicab but the other 4 listened and ran around the front it. They raced to win the vacancy of seat. The time is now 2:39 a.m.

The south airport terminal is a 9-minute drive from the northeastern city in which I was being held captive. The group decided it would most prudent and time efficient and also safer if they drove to the final destination in "waves." They would pass each other on the highway with an "air high five." This would be the "signal" to know all was well. The 5 esteemed dignitaries had now been divided into 2 taxicabs and the pilots had made their own arrangements for shuttle. Both taxicabs left the south terminal entrance at approximately the same time. There were 4 dignitaries remaining inside the vestibule of the terminal. The "first wavers" and both taxicab drivers promised the remainders that "someone" would be back for them. Ninety-eight minutes later, taxicab 2 made its way back. The driver had taken 4 fares during the time he was gone, and he made an extra \$160 dollars on top of the \$400 dollars that [J.T.1] had given him.

The time is 3:43 a.m. [S.C.1] and [L.C.1] got word that the first batch of esteemed dignitaries arrived safely at the Hotel Inn down the road. There were 9 rooms left at the Hotel Inn and this batch of dignitaries got 4 of them. The rooms were being held by a reservation that was kept on an electronic sticky note pad. Credit card information was free for the taking by all who had the remote login credentials for the Hotel Inn's desktop computer. The dignitaries didn't even think of using an "assumed name" because they didn't know what an assumed name was, and they didn't know when an assumed name might be "good to use." The other 4 dignitaries arrived at the Hotel Inn at 4:29 a.m. They drifted off to sleep without letting anyone know they had arrived safely.

The time is 8:19 a.m. They awoke all together and with me on the table in the vestibule of the doorway of the Lodge. They had wheeled me back inside "19 minutes of quickly" after the carbon monoxide scare. The Lodge patrons had retired to the upstairs Bedrooms or hallway or basement couch or dining room sofa for the night. They closed the door to the vestibule so I "could have some peace and quiet" and it was this acknowledgement in words by [C.L.1] in the presence of [J.K.1] and [S.C.1] that made everyone think I was capable of hearing and seeing what was going on. At this moment, I popped up from the table and I took 2 steps. I landed overturned on the swinging door panel, and I stayed that way until they found me. They led me back to the table and I shook my head and said, "No I want to go home." The offenders hung a new fresh I.V. bag of their mix of sedatives slash anesthetics. They said nothing to each other and to the dining room we rolled.

They started preparing Friday night's supper for the esteemed dignitary guests. They were to arrive in business casual attire at 5:45 p.m. This Friday night feast was to be less formal than the one planned for the following day. The Friday meal would be served buffet style. There was confusion by only a few of the "event organizers" as to what buffet style meant for the serving crew and the eaters of the buffet. The offenders portioned everything into chafing dishes and set ablaze propane heated tub after tub. Roasted rosemary tomatoes and herb and garlic chicken and sweet and sour pork and broccoli florets butter side up. Mashed potatoes with gravy and peppercorn flare then a side of peas and carrots like my auntie used to call me. Rum raisin ice cream was the recipe called for by dessert and eat it up they did. The feast went off without a hitch and was regarded as "well done" all around. [L.C.1] took credit of course for the \$150 dollars a head. This was a cash only affair who are we kidding. The funds came from "side budget" as the taxpayers like to call it. The time is now 9:45 p.m.

Each guest dignitary was assigned an upstairs Bedroom at the Lodge. Each Bedroom had freshly washed towels but not freshly washed bedding. These Bedrooms were not designed for sleeping and this fact was made well known to the esteem. The Bedrooms were for a "quick freshen" with emphasis added. The return downstairs with escort to the dining room area was set to occur promptly at 11:00 p.m.

[J.T.1] and [S.G.T] rang for Bedroom 1 and no one answered. The two thought there was a way to have someone carry their one suitcase apiece up the equivalent of 3 flights of stairs.

When they got to Bedroom 1 the lights were on, but the switch was broken. [J.T.1] flicked the switch a few times and it was still broken after that. There was an armchair in the corner of Bedroom 1. It was covered with green velveteen fabric. The suitcase of [S.G.T.] made its way up the stairs on the back of [S.C.1] and there was no rabbit inside. They were settled a few seconds after the flick "fliperooni." They unpacked and they unfolded 3 shirts and 2 pants and 1 sock pair, then 1 skirt and 2 blouses and 2 trousers and their toiletries from safeguard. [L.C.1] called to them from the hallway and asked what was "Taking them so long" because she didn't like people she didn't trust all that much hanging around in Bedroom 1. They took the hint and left all their belongings in plain sight. They had a sponge bath in the communal shower tub.

Bedroom 2 was for 9 dignitaries and 2 chaperones. Granted, it was the largest of Bedroom 2's in a full city block and a half. They made use of the leg room and they walked into corners trying to find the light "switcherooni." It was found and it was put to good use.

The third Bedroom was called Bedroom 3 to its faceplate. Everything worked including the receptacles and the single pedestal sink. There was hot water and pink bar soap. The soap was a bit weathered and feathered around the edges, but it was satisfying enough to give the hands a scrub-a-dub-dub. The 4 dignitaries assigned to this room understood the concept of "freshen." Hand wash and face splash and poof-poof.

"Masquerade Ball" was written on the invitations. The guests preplanned their face attire for the event. Masks of porcelain and fabric cloth and paper and plastic and cardboard with sparkle and bouton managed to plume the day away. The entrance to the dining room had streamers a-dangle that were taped to the ceiling individually using the resident scotch tape. The door décor was secured all together using one long strip of masking tape that went jam to jam. The photographer was [C.L.1] and she had already arrived. She had the backdrop under her arm and her fanny pack was askew. She kept the felt-tipped marker behind her ear. She never took a single photograph of the grand entrance, much to everyone's disappointment.

The photo booth was set up by the fireplace in the basement. Guests had unrestricted access to the main floor and the basement if they paid \$10,000 dollars a head for the ticket. The upstairs Bedrooms were "off limits" after the party's scheduled start time of 4 minutes ago because [L.C.1] "didn't want a headache later on tomorrow daytime."

Everyone filed into the "receiving line." A comment mentioning this "verb-noun" by name was made by [S.C.1]. No one seemed to know what a "receiving line" was except for [L.C.1]. [L.C.1] nodded to show her approval of [S.C.1]'s choice of words. The rest of the offending group stared blankly as nothing was received aside from good wishes and warm welcomes.

There were after dinner snacks of pretzels. The pretzels were atop cardboard china plates. The kind with a reminiscent blue logo etched round upon rise. The pretzels were salted, and the popcorn was not. The blandness was met with scrutiny and lip curl and nares scrunch and head shimmy and a shake. The time is now 11:41 p.m.

The watchers on semi-private camera view had received their login credentials for the upcoming day. The password was "FrIeNdSoFJeN." This surprised no one and the mix of upper and lowercase letters in sequence was well tolerated by all.

The paid-up rank order was finished by midnight. The order went [J.C.1] then [J.M.1] then [J.G.2] then [K.W.9] then [A.D.1] and then [J.M.1] again.

July 31st, 2021

The man named [S.S.2] married his first cousin [A.A.1]. There was no formal marriage certificate. They both had lengthy rap sheets and records. They hid this from their friends and their intertwined clunking family. [S.S.2] gambled on the "Ponzi Scheme" he helped establish and set up at the coax of [B.O.1]. [S.S.2] lost \$1 million dollars of his wife's family money. [S.S.2] lied for nearly a year to cover up the losses. He was indebted to them for the rest of his miserable life. He promised he would make it up to them and the furniture makers they were.

He lived 4000 miles from me born and raised. He was a man named [T.J.W.]. He and I are unrelated. [T.J.W.] has two brothers. One "blood brother" and one "not by blood" brother. [T.J.W.]'s "not by blood brother" is adopted and his name was [J.J.W.]. [J.J.W.] and I are half 1st cousins. [J.J.W.]'s 1st cousin is a man named [P.M.6]. [P.M.6] is one of my half-brothers. The three of them knew each other because of the family and friend relationship and in the context of the sport they all enjoy.

I am outbred. This means that there is no interbreeding or inbreeding amongst my generate kinship. None of my antecedents ever had an inappropriate relationship. My parents and grandparents and great grandparents and great-great grandparents travelled far and wide. They found partners they were not related to. They found partners that had reasonably good qualities. This is what outbred means.

The prophecy, as written by the offenders, "predicted" that I would end up engaged to [J.J.W.] in the year 2028. This "prediction" could never come true because [J.J.W.] and I are related. We are half 1st cousins. The offenders thought it would be funny to try and "set me up" with someone I was related in terms of a "romantic relationship."

Other things the offenders wrote in their prophecy as predictions that were never going to come true are as follows:

- a) I would spend the years 2023 "thru" 2028 "single" with minimal dating and fornication attempts.
- b) I would have 4 children by [T.J.W.] in an illegitimate relationship had whilst cheating on [J.J.W.].
- c) I would play foosball at a bar in the year 2027 and find someone to "have fun with on the side of no one" and take things too seriously and fall in love with foosball guy and never let him leave me.
- d) I would start to like the sport of soccer more and play in a women's only "rec. league short for recreation" and I would injure my anterior cruciate ligament (A.C.L.) and be out for the rest of the season after playing 14 games. The year that this was to occur was not mentioned but based on their group chat report it was hoped it would be accomplished by the year 2031.

These are the roadway signs they liked to use as "code." These signs seem innocuous to some, are seen as a distraction to others, and are seen as valid and informative to others still.

- Cheap Firewood. 204-***-****. This was code for "cheap slave labor." This is a boy or girl under the age of 13 that will do household chores and no more and no less.

- Rent-A-Truck. 431-***-****. This was the brothel house uncovered when you inquired about a truck. If you "came in to sign" the paperwork and if you knew what it meant and if you said "largest size you got please" when asked about the type of vehicle you wanted to rent then you would be given a time that was not negotiable and an address of where to show up. When you arrived, you would be granted access to the underground for the 1-hour slot. The girls were 12 years old, and they were usually from Thailand. Each girl was to be used only by men and only for the one month to which she was assigned. Each young girl usually lasted the 30- or 31-day span. The end of her life was "auctioned off" in terms of who would do it and how it would be done. Whether that be by bat or by fist or by a slit of the neck and wrist. The dead bodies were wrapped in plastic sheeting or roll paper. For nine years and counting. There were 10 of them per year. There was one girl for each of the 10 months. Two months of the year were "off" with "no girl per" each of these months. This time was used for cleaning. The cleaning was done by a woman they called "elderess." The bodies of the girls were stored in the walk-in cooler that was kept close to a freezer's temperature range. This is the underground enclosure. The underground enclosure that lies below the capital city to the south. The bodies in the bag are labelled with a wrist tag. The tag bears the girl's name written loosely in English and strictly in Thai. Their age and their birthday (if known) and the date they died are scrawled in cursive on the wrist tag as well. The initials and social insurance number or social security number of the men and the only one woman whose hands brandished the weapon causing death, are written on the tag too.

The coordinates of the walk-in cooler in the underground enclosure are 51 N 54.35192834 W

Earlier, I spoke of a deficiency at [N.Y.C.] water treatment plant. I spoke of a lack of chlorination in the water supply due to chlorinator pump malfunction. The seizure of the pump resulted in a lower than required level of free available chlorine [F.A.C.]. Today, illnesses were first noticed in the emergency room at the hospital centrally located in this upper-class neighborhood. The illnesses were noticed but they had not been attributed to a problem with the drinking water. The cases of diarrhea and vomiting and malaise were assumed to be due to food poisoning and "shellfish" was put high on the list as the culprit. The physicians that saw the ill patients were falsely credentialed. They hadn't been trained nearly to the right level in terms of epidemiology. The "shellfish suspicion" was based on 2 out of 291 people saying that they "liked shellfish" and ate it "properly cooked" from the bodega that has a health permit. The owner of the bodega knows me, and he knows the rules for preparing and cooking shellfish. I ate at this bodega myself when I was there in the year 2013. The health agency jumped to conclusions and the illnesses had nothing to do with shellfish. The water used to process and prepare the shellfish was treated by way of reverse osmosis and the shellfish had come clean. When the food was tested, the tests came back showing nothing of concern at all. The health agency wrongfully blamed the owners and wrongfully shut them down for 4 days. The health agency was back to square two. More to come on this story tomorrow.

The time is 2:39 p.m. The tide has turned in the ocean to the west and the tides of the afternoon are soon to rise. The Department of Justice [D.O.J.] is aware of what's going on at the Lodge. They have been made aware by 4 channels and points of contact.

- A. The D.O.J. received 41 complaints directly and the complainants were concerned about my safety and well-being. The complaints were made by way of phone call and email and electronic alert notification. Some of the video clips recorded by way of "live streaming" were uploaded to two relatively famous pornography viewing websites. The two video clips of specific concern were 31 minutes 42 seconds and 49 minutes and 21 seconds long, respectively. The video clips showed illegal activity on the part of the offenders. The video clips showed how they conducted themselves in my confined presence. The video clips were removed from public view after the first showing and running for supercomputer Server 2 to bear witness. The files were uploaded onto the internet and transferred in a way that was not authorized. I never agreed to the act itself let alone being videotaped let alone having the video uploaded for all to view. The files were transferred directly to 9 pornography viewing websites using a system for file transfer known as file transfer protocol [F.T.P.] with an interface known as the [A.R.][F.T.P.] client. This file transfer was initiated by the human offenders named [S.C.1] and [J.K.1] and [K.W.1] and [K.W.2] and [L.C.1] and [R.F.1] and [K.F.1]. The method of file transfer by way of the [A.R.][F.T.P.] client, bypasses the more commonly used process for upload and file transfer. This more commonly used process involves logging in through the website's login page. This is followed by "search" and "select file" using "File Explorer." When you use the more "appropriate" and commonly used method, the video is "viewed" by machine intelligence as it's being uploaded. Using machine intelligence and facial recognition technology, the video is checked for certain types of illegal and lewd content. "Facial recognition" can also be "other body part" recognition. There are certain features of a face and body that are specific for age and gender. Machine intelligence helps in the identification of certain "telltale signs" of force and harm. If the [A.R.][F.T.P.] client method is used for file transfer, the opportunity for recognition happens only once a request is made for "public" viewing and after the file has been transferred in its entirety. The request for viewing can be made by the owner of the website who has login credentials and can "get past" their site's encryption and then they can see a list of the files that have successfully "come across." The request can also be made by way of a "pull." If someone wants to watch the video and they know the precise uniform resource locator [U.R.L.], they may be able to view the video. When the [A.R.][F.T.P.] client is used, the people initiating the file transfer "create" and "know" the [U.R.L.] and they can change the video's "privacy settings" using the interface. They can copy and paste the [U.R.L.] into an email, or they can post it on a chat forum, or they can send it by way of text message. The first time the "pull" is made, the video is viewed. Machine intelligence and facial recognition technologies are invoked. Depending on the video's settings and the video's title and the video's keywords, the video may or may not be easy to find using the search bar and query. If the video is deemed offensive or if a human "reports" the video after watching it, there is a process for notification. In some cases, a formal complaint is sent to the D.O.J.

- B. My dad contacted the 4-letter acronym of a police agency in the capital city to the south. For the past 2 days, my dad hadn't heard from [K.M.N.]. [K.M.N.] is my 1st cousin and my adopted "sister." My dad made no mention of me to the person he spoke with. It slipped his mind that he hadn't heard from me either. As it turns out, [K.M.N.] was in the northeastern city same as me. She drove in and arrived yesterday morning. [K.M.N.] told my dad that she was going fishing and to a cabin and that she would be home by yesterday evening. He tried to reach her on her cell phone. He tried to reach her at work a total of 9 times. He was worried and he felt something was not quite right. His uneasy feeling was based on a few comments that were made in my regard. These comments were made to him at work and at the store where he shopped. The commenters shyly and subtly asked "How is Jenny?" and "I heard she is doing alright in the north." My dad became suspicious of [K.M.N.]. He wasn't concerned about me in the least. The four-letter acronym of a police agency in the capital city took action after receiving my dad's phone call. The dispatcher who received the call passed the message on to his supervisor near instantly by way of text message. The supervisor tried to contact [K.M.N.]. He called the landline phone number for Terminal 0. They paged overhead through the switchboard at Terminal 0. The landline at the Lodge was dialed. When there was no answer there, he called the cell phone of a pilot on the ground at Terminal 1. They finally found [K.M.N.] at Terminal 1. She was still a bit drunk but she mostly hungover. She said, "Fuck I totally forgot." She smiled a bit, but she was devastated that she had forgotten to phone my dad. She ran to her purse as if to vomit, and she dug out the cell phone from the side pocket instead. She called her government employer first. She left a message saying she was "So sick she forgot to call in sick" that morning. She should have "called in" 14 hours earlier. Her employer work supervisor checked his messages at 9:41 p.m. on his personal cell phone and he was mad. A sheepish [K.M.N.] called my dad next. She admitted that she had "too much to drink" and she told him that she was "hungover." She lied to my dad and told him that she had left a message at work and that they must have "Not checked it in time." My dad said "O.K." and he said that he "was O.K. with it." He called the four-letter acronym of a police agency in the capital city back. This was now 13 hours and 41 minutes later. He told them that [K.M.N.] had been found safely and to call off any search they had started. Everyone watching on camera waited to see if any mention was made about me. There was no mention. The told my dad that they were glad she was back to safety and that it was no trouble at all on their part. My dad hung up the phone.
- C. Members of the public called to report what they saw the night of the "table push out the front door of the Lodge." That was the day that the carbon monoxide levels were well over the prescribed limit. Videos of this occurrence were uploaded to 4 different websites. The color of my skin looked "purplish" to bystanders. The purple hue imparted by the elevated levels of blood carboxyhemoglobin. Reports were made personally to 9 different agencies including intelligence agencies and intelligence services and police agencies and the fire department. There was even one report to child and family services because 4 people thought I looked "underage" in terms of the portrayal.
- D. The straw bale delivery driver reported "some" of the goings on to his supervisor.

The time is now 9:49 a.m. A story is ongoing south of the border that lies on the 51st parallel of latitude. An election was held there in the year 2014 and there was a change in delegation of presidential authority. This change in delegation led to a series of amendments. There was a great deal of confusion surrounding the word "amendment." The word "amendment" in this context means to formally change something that was something else before. We often talk about an amendment in context of a "law." A "law" in this case means the written down or typed up document that tells people how to behave according to the good behavior we already know. When a law is amended that means that the law changed. A process for changing the law exists. People talked about how the law should change and needed to change. This was voted on by people that know about law and who know how the law should be applied. When there was enough of an agreement that the law should change and when there was an agreement about what the new law should be, the law changes. We can still remember and look up and find what the old version was. We need to know there is a new version and we need to know what changes have occurred. We should try to understand why the change happened and what the purpose and intent of the law is and must be.

The right to make laws and then apply and enforce and even change laws is not done willy nilly. It is the different branches of the government that make and vote and approve and enact laws. Police officers or inspectors or special constables or case workers or doctors

or veterinarians or another person specially given this authority under a law itself are the ones to apply and enforce the law. They do this in certain circumstances and within the scope of their power and ability and capability. It is the judge in a court of law that decides on the suitability of the application and enforcement action imposed by police or inspector or special constable or case worker or doctor or veterinarian or another person per a unique and individual situation. The judge determines whether the person did the right thing in their way of applying and enforcing the law. The judge decides the outcome. If the person is found guilty of an offense, the judge imposes punishment like prison time or probation or recognizance or fine payable in terms of cash or cheque to the court or to those harmed or wrongfully done by. Lawyers for each side may stand up and support or criticize and condemn the behavior or conduct of one or the other and make this known to the judge during the trial upon request by those involved. Each individual country or state or province or territory makes laws that apply to their citizens and the people living there or passing through. These laws change from country to country and from province to province and from state to state and from territory to territory. The laws in one place rarely apply to another place without mutual agreement from the government top down.

There were 4 laws that changed south of the border that lies on the 51st parallel of latitude. These changes occurred within 2 years of the change in delegation of presidential authority. The laws that were formally amended had to do with fiduciary responsibility and the responsibility ascribed for discretionary spending. The Act that we will discuss now is the Act that makes reference to the 31% and 41% and 54%. It will now be referred to by the acronym [I.T.A.]. The [I.T.A.] was amended to reduce or remove the requirement for reporting by the bank to the government the instances in which the bank recorded a loss in excess of \$1 million dollars. In the year 2016, the amendment formally "came through" by way of House and Senate approval. It was admonished near instantly. "Everyone" started following it and implemented the changes in terms of "policy" right away. Four of the largest banks waited until the "amendment law change" happened before they made their remittance of accountability documentation to the agency known as the [S.E.C.]. The banks knew what they had done wrong in the years 2012 and 2013 and 2014 and 2015 and they knew what was still happening in the year 2016. When the bank submitted financial statements to the [I.T.A.] they submitted "backward" for the 4 years prior and used as guide and reference the law already amended.

These financial statements were used as the basis for making investment decisions on the part of investors and no one caught on until the year 2023. At the time of this writing, the people reading this over my shoulder are hereby informed that the [I.T.A.] does NOT supersede that which is required by the [S.E.C.]. The [S.E.C.] reporting requirements are not completely independent of the [I.T.A.] or other statutory requirements. We are talking about financial statements. Examples of such statements include the balance sheet and the income statement. The specific kind of financial statement and the inputs and outputs that are reflected in each of these varies depending on the use and the need and the want of the person or agency or commission or authority that asks for them. The [S.E.C.] guidance documents make reference to the [I.T.A.] a total of 917 times but never in a way that is with reference to the item in the [I.T.A.] that was amended. The [S.E.C.]'s requirements are imposed on the corporate entities that want to have dealings and workings in terms of trading and exchange.

The [I.T.A.] is a law. The [S.E.C.] is an agency. Two of the government agencies that enforce the [I.T.A.] are the [I.R.S.] and the [T.B.]. These agencies are "arms length" from the [S.E.C.]. They are a different organizations with a different mandate. An amendment made to the [I.T.A.] does not mean or imply that the reporting requirements to the [S.E.C.] change as well. For 98 publicly traded corporations on 4 of the stock exchanges, as well as a few others, key pieces of information were omitted from the reports that they submitted to the [S.E.C.]. The [S.E.C.] uses the information and data received by way of financial statements to calculate the [E.B.I.T.D.A.]. The [E.B.I.T.D.A.] may help determine, at a fleeting glance, if there is any wronging doing on the part of the corporate entity. This number is used by potential and current investors for decision making purposes. Ninety-two of the publicly traded corporations, and a few others, had a negative [E.B.I.T.D.A.]. For these corporations, their [E.B.I.T.D.A.] was a "less than zero" number rather than the more glowing number they reported on their income statement, as such.

This confused no one at the [I.R.S.]. The intention of the amendment was questioned by some, however. Perhaps the law changed to lessen the tax break that could be garnered if a

financial institution made an error in lending by the way of an improperly researched and improperly secured borrow. Perhaps the law changed so that protection could be afforded to a business if they made a "genuine" mistake the "minority" of the time. The occasional indiscretion would be unreported as if to say it was a "freebie" and that a "mistake" after all shouldn't be counted against credibility. There should be some "honest judgement" that doesn't payout. Regardless of the intention, the law stood and still stands. The amendment was rarely reported in the mainstream media and even rarer still was this amendment mentioned in context of the social media construct. The repercussions have never been spoken about fully until now. We know that this amendment, and the domino reaction of the fall, resulted in a loss to the global economy of \$96 billion dollars all currency. There was little ability for reconciliation either in context of financial statements or in context of making things up to the people that had been wronged by this mismanagement of funds.

Back at the Lodge, the time is now 10:49 p.m. There are 41 individuals who have paid to "have their way with me." The sum the offenders received for this work unwilling was \$560,000 dollars.

The first in line was a man named [J.K.9] and he was in masquerade costume a day too late. The pink sequins on his mask, the feather on the top and sides, and the black satin ribbon behind his ears with a tie around the back of his head, was slightly out of place. He touched me on the chest and shoulders and thighs and "buttocks." He rolled me over from side to side. He entered inside me with very little force. He knew this and apologized at the time. He sang songs that he remembered from his childhood. He cried softly and moaned my name 4 times. He sang the phrase "Oh god" in between. He was finished in 9 minutes and 31 seconds. He had practiced hard and "semi-soft" to get the timing right so he wouldn't exceed his time limit.

Next in their paid rank order was a man named [H.S.1]. He apologized for what was about to "have happen." He pointed to his "lower belly button." He touched my face with his "lower belly button" and then he held it toward my partially turned away back end. He grabbed my ankles and pulled them up in the air. He separated my legs wide and then closed them together 4 seconds later. He separated my legs to a near split. He closed them "tight together" so they were perpendicular to the table. He finished in 9 minutes and 8 seconds. The "leg game play" was a practiced game of his. He would "rehearse" the "parts" in the evening. He recruited the help of [R.S.2] for his "rehearsal." [R.S.2] was the born male now female counterpart of [H.S.1]. She was looking on from the "second streamer" hallway entrance to the lounge. She whispered her "cheer" while her mouth was partially covered with her own mask. She doffed her mask shortly after.

[J.K.1] was next in their paid rank order. He asked me "How I was?" I opened my eyes. The I.V. bag was now empty. I lunged forward while sitting up a bit more than I had been able to up until that point. I said "Stop [J.K.1]." He was terrified. He pushed me back down onto the table. [J.K.1] called for [S.C.1] and [L.C.1] to "Come quick." [J.K.1] said that this "Wasn't fair" and this was "His time with me" and that he "Had paid for" time with me. No one heard him. He held me down while my neck was tense and awkwardly hanging. I focused my left eye directly on him with an intentious squint. He wouldn't pull out of me, and he kept thrusting away. My abdominal muscles contracted harder, and I raised my right hand up to push him away. He grabbed my hand and pushed me back down onto the table. He put his left hand on my chest to hold me there. I couldn't move and it was a hard to breath with all the weight on my chest. He finished in 8 minutes and 9 seconds. He had paid double the price for 20 minutes of total time. He wanted to "Go again." He waited 1 minute and 39 seconds. I was still pinned down. He zipped and unzipped his fly and then he rubbed himself hard with his hand. He rubbed himself against me and put himself inside me. He thrust and he thrust. He finished 3 minutes and 10 seconds later. He hit me on the "ass" while I lay on my side. He punched me in the forehead. He punched me in the face. He punched me on my chin. He spit on my abdomen, and he pushed me over, so I flipped onto my "belly." He tried to put his index finger inside of my "rectum not anus." He was talking and describing in words what he wanted to do to me. I vomited and he screamed, and he took his finger back. I lay there struggling not to inhale my own vomit. He zipped up his pants and he covered while he backed up. He walked away slowly so hunched. He was met at the door by [S.C.1]. [S.C.1] returned to the Lodge from a shopping trip. [S.C.1] asked "What the hell happened to her?" [J.K.1] shrugged his shoulders and chuckled. I said "Stop" not even under my breath and it was loud enough to be heard. [S.C.1] and [J.K.1] both turned toward me with eyebrows raised and the thought from each of them was "Holy fuck no." They raced to grab a full and mixed I.V. bag from the

kitchen. I got up off the table and I walked toward the "second streamer" hallway entrance threshold of the lounge. [J.K.1] punched me in the side of the head and I fell to the floor. He lacerated my left ear and blood was trickling down the side of my face. I said, "Fuck you let me out" and he said "Fuck you bitch" right back at me. [B.O.1] and [J.K.1] and [S.C.1] tackled me to the table and they held my arms and chest and legs and ankles. [J.K.1] straddled me on the table and forced in the new full and mixed I.V. bag. They checked the I.V. connector port and 49 seconds later I was down again.

The three of them had a meeting in person right then and there. The room cleared out other than that. A few moments later [H.D.P] and [S.P.1] joined in by video chat conference. [H.D.P.] emphasized the importance of checking the I.V. bag and the connector port. She stressed the importance of checking my "depth of anesthesia." They used the word "anesthesia" sometimes and other times they used the word "sedation." They knew not which was which. Neither did they know how to tell the difference.

They recruited the help of an "anesthesiologist." They called him the "the sadist" in mocking and in slang. He was a man named [R.G.1]. [R.G.1] submitted a diploma to the health agency from a foreign school that never existed. The health agency sent the "diploma" to the College and Association that dishes out licenses to practice medicine. This College and this Association administer the program for foreign trained graduates known as the [I.M.G.] program. [R.G.1] was given a "conditional license" to practice medicine under the guidance of a training supervisor. This "training supervisor" existed on paper only. This "training supervisor" gave [R.G.1] "tick boxes" of forged glowing remarks on his evaluation form. [R.G.1] completed his own evaluation form on behalf of his "training supervisor." The comments on these feigned evaluation forms did not have anything to do with internal medicine or anesthesia, let alone "anesthesiology." This charade continued for 4 years until this falsity of a training process was "concluded." The forged documents were stapled together into a "book" and couriered to the licensing bodies. The College and the Associations "signed off." He was issued a "full license" based on not much other than a photo of a man in a mask holding a scalpel. His [F.B.] profile picture is making its way around.

[R.G.1] was nominated by the offenders to help "set the stage" for their production. The "production" was the video recording of the "party performance" set to occur a few days from today. The August 4th "party performance" was "open to the public." Tickets had been ordered and printed and were awaiting pick-up. Formal invitations had been sent, sponsorship had been purchased, and endorsement had been obtained. On the tickets neatly typed were the words "Jenn Watch Party." The \$10,000 dollars "price tag" was typed in smaller font. The storyboard for the production went like this. They would first acknowledge my lack of consent. A "white board" would be passed around to all the in-person attendees. [S.C.1] would write "Jenn Rape Party" on the white board using a blue dry-erase marker. The words written under this header would say "If you consent to being taped, then sign your name here." Each of the attendees would sign and they did. The offenders would put the "skillset" of [R.G.1] to good use. "Anesthesia" and videographer and cake and pop water. The main "side-show was their "paid-up rank order..." "...use and abuse." The undressed rehearsal was the "well-remembered" spectacle that occurred on August 1st.

The time is 11:49 p.m. and they're in the capital city to the south. Four "members" of the four- letter acronym of a police agency are discussing the "goings on" in the northeastern city where I am being held captive. The 4 of them are "brainstorming." They are trying to determine how they might get time off that would go "unnoticed" by their superiors and without making a formal request. They could either:

- a) Stage a crime in the northern town to the west of where I was being held captive, or
- b) Stage a crime in the northeastern city "exactly" where I was being held captive, or
- c) Stage a crime in a "southern" city. This would "have to" be a place where their supervisors would be called to attend in person. The other "police officers" would "make scarce" and "phone in" saying they were ill. The offenders and the attendees in this sham "would get to walk", or
- d) Stage an educational seminar or workshop anywhere with their attendance mandated, or
- e) Call in sick with something serious and contagious like food poisoning and get a fake doctor's note starting that day and the day's after this meeting, or
- f) Cause a problem with the electronic scheduling system for the Deputy and the Constables and the Staff Sergeant and then let the police agency run understaffed

- owing to the "computer glitch." These "members" would say they "didn't know they were supposed to work" if their supervisor were to call or if it were to "come up." The "members" would be "unavailable" to work because they were together at a "team building exercise that was already booked and paid for", or
- g) Book a team building exercise and "attend to it." The members would say they were "sorry" after returning from their "absence" without leave.

They debated this for 49 minutes and 5 seconds in a room with a locked door and with a public view camera overhead. They looked up at the camera after a moment of ponder. They chose "option a)" and they went ahead and did it.

A missing person's report was filed completely fictitious for a woman aged 49 years with black shoulder length hair. She was aboriginal in appearance, and she was "having" brown eyes. Her height was given as 5'8" and her weight was "recorded as" 279 lbs. They faked a picture using an application for phone. The picture did not fool anyone but they got special permission from their supervisor because the missing woman was reportedly the "daughter of the owner of the mine." Nickel that is. The "occurrence location" was the northwestern town known as [F.F.] and to [F.F.] they went after loading up their vehicles with brushes designed for dusting with fingerprints. They bought coil bound notepads with 20 sheets a piece times 4. They borrowed a stencil book for drawing and kit be kit be kit be gone down the road 19 hours later.

The time is now 11:49 p.m. and things are looking worse at the Lodge. [J.W.5] was standing in the wing of the dining room area doorway. He had his penis in his hand, and he was stroking it to the front. He was stroking it from the back as well. He would smell his fingers in between strokes 8 and 9 and between strokes 19 and 20 each time. He had a regimented formula for stroking and sniffing his fingers after he inserted a finger inside of his rear end. He would repeat this algorithm only when he thought no one could see. He walked over to me and said only a few words. He thrust himself inside of me and then out. He finished with a shaky beginning and a shaky middle and an end that came in a time of 4 minutes and 8 seconds. [J.W.5] was embarrassed soon after. The embarrassment came from the reaction of the 1,049 people who watched his "scratch and sniff" behaviour on semi-public view camera. The look of horror on my face was their expert witness testimonial. It turns out that 91% of the offenders had similar habits. They would insert a "urinated on" or "ejaculated on" finger inside their rectum "far enough so they could feel it." Each would "make it burn a bit" and then remove their finger. They longed to smell it and taste it once per day and no more than that. They liked to "assess the health of their bowels" as justification. This "process" was taught to them at a young age by a family member who was usually a cousin. Rarely, their mother or father would teach them this peculiar and disgusting and dangerous habit. This behavior served two purposes:

1. It provides a sense of satiety, that is the smell and metallic taste and character of their own feces. This is in context of a neurotransmitter [D-Dopa] deficiency. It is also in context of nutrient deficiencies in Vitamin C and Vitamin D and Vitamin E and Magnesium and Phosphorus, and considering their abnormal Calcium to Phosphorus Ratio, and
2. It serves as a way for cousins and occasionally parents to embarrass their "kinship." This behavior is revolting and frowned upon by "nonoffenders" and by members of the public who are outbred. The offenders conditioned a behavior amongst their own and a habit formed. Their cousins and sometimes parents "catch the behavior occurring" in public or on videotape in a semi-public area like a washroom stall at a shopping mall. They blackmail their own family into "doing what they want" and then they use this as stake hold for their own future advancement.

[J.W.5] started crying before he had even left the dining room area. The heckles started from across the Lodge. Screams of "finger yourself more" echoed far and wide. [J.W.5] was cried his "crocodile tears." His "life partner" was a woman named [N.W.2]. [N.W.2] was a nurse who finished bottom of her class and she had a daughter. Her daughter was a woman named [S.H.10]. [S.H.10] liked to play "daddy time" with [J.K.5] but he was not her father. There was a man by the name of [J.A.4] and he was the "on again off again" boyfriend of [S.H.10]. These were the people closest to [J.W.5] and they hadn't yet figured out why he was crying. [N.W.2] and [S.H.10] and [J.A.4] asked [J.W.5] 9 times why he was "bawling crying" and he refused to tell them. The "knowers" refused to "say" as well. The "knowers"

decided to use what was captured on videotape for blackmail. Up until this point, there wasn't "much dirt" on [J.W.5]. He was from then on known as "ugly barback."

The "bawling crying" continued for 41 minutes and 1 second. This was in the lobby and upstairs in Bedroom 4 now named "crying central" and then in the upstairs washroom and then back downstairs to the main floor and then to the basement couch cushion for the "sob" tears and story. Nineteen people followed around the inconsolable [J.W.5]. [N.W.2] and [S.H.10] doled out their last 91 pieces of facial tissue. [J.W.5] then realized he'd be "hooped" if he continued "sob and crying." The crying stopped. A concurrence of events. The time is 11:51 a.m. the next day. Things are way behind schedule.

August 1st, 2021

Today is the day everyone has been waiting for either in terms of attendance at the shennan or in terms of the release of this narrative description.

The time is 12:01 a.m.

The ambulance and ambulance driver and his untrustworthy assistant arrived at the Lodge shortly after the clock struck cinder's hour. They made their way to the loading deck entrance.

This was a part of the "show" and the "party performance." The offenders had "sketched" a "patient transfer with an escort." The I.V. bag was hung on a pole and the table on legs turned into a "pop down stretcher." They popped down the stretcher on the gravel and I fell off. I landed fist first and pumped. I hit the ground running and I got away 4 steps. [J.M.1] yelled "Where do you think you're going? You're ours for the night." I said nothing as no words would escape my trying voice. [J.M.1] grabbed me around the waist and threw me over his back. He flipped me forward and back onto the stretcher. [J.K.1] and [K.W.1] and [J.L.1] and [N.W.2] were nearby. They grabbed my extremities and the backboard and the restraint holder and the 4-point restraints. They tied me down using 9 points of contact and I was pinned. The I.V. bag was replaced and rehung and I was shuttled into the back of the ambulance.

The next stop was Terminal 3. We arrived 37 minutes late due to the fall and also because they took a trip through the drive-thru. The ambulance driver and his assistant waved to a man named [D.T.9]. at the "pass through window." They backed the ambulance up to the west side hangar door. This door was one third of the way open. The driver mistakenly drove the ambulance into the door of the hangar and knocked it off its pivot. The collision also damaged the wooden strut that was now dangling from the rafters above. Everyone saw this happen and everyone laughed, including me. The ambulance driver's assistant was sitting in the front right seat. He tried to give me a "low five" but I resisted. He reached back and grabbed my hand and tried to hold it and shake it pump style. The in-person attendees hovering outside Terminal 3 banged on the back door once the driver and assistant had removed themselves from the front. [S.C.1] pushed the patient exit door open from the inside. With a big smile and a grin, he waved from the wagon to the welcome. They wheeled me out with my head hanging off the stretcher. They propped me up with an unclean but folded towel. I said "Ewww" and they laughed some more. They transferred me onto a folding table that was in the middle of the room. There was no leaf, and the table was too short for the long length of my body. I could lie down but my knees were barely on the table. My calves and feet dipped two thirds of the way to the floor. The men in the room laughed "shyly." They felt that the table was suitable for its purpose. Their approach per table height was now a "walk up and in and out" of me. With this "set-up" they could more easily spread my knees and legs apart.

The table was carried with me on top of it to the northwest corner of the Terminal 3 hangar. They draped a sheet part way over my face and upper body. The sheet was pink in color. They hung it from a low hanging beam by way of a dowel and 9 grommets. The sheet made it hard to breath. I coughed it away from my mouth and nose. I vomited and again aspirated the acid of my stomach's contents. I coughed again and struggled by moving my head and neck from side to side.

The 1st in terms of paid-up rank order was a man named [K.L.9]. [K.L.9] was the nephew of a man named [K.L.1]. [K.L.1] was the cousin of a man named [M.C.5]. [M.C.5] was the friend of

a woman named [A.D.9]. These last 3 of them were on a cable network reality T.V. series together, but the series tanked in the year 2019. [K.L.9] had drawn first pick from a hat that was passed around during the "pre-show entertainment." This "entertainment value" happened the month before. A "duck race" was used for picking winners in terms of tonight's paid rank order. Tonight, there were 981 spectators on the public view camera. There were 49 attendees in person at the beginning, plus 9 helper stagehands. [K.L.9] unzipped his pants after he fronted the table. He stood on tiptoe with his knees slightly bent and with his feet spaced less than the required distance of shoulder width apart. He was "irate" because of the incompatibility between his height and the height of the table. He thrust into me, and everyone pretended not to notice his awkwardness. They noticed me vomit and cough, yet again. After 11 minutes and 0 seconds he "came." He said this to me and to the group in a high-pitched squeal voice.

There was a man nearby and his name was [T.W.1]. [T.W.1] was a falsely credentialed registered nurse. [T.W.1] was illegally married to his 1st cousin. His 1st cousin wife was a woman named [J.W.10]. She was the beneficiary of his benefits. These benefits were made available by his employer. His employer was none other than the [T.G.] Hospital. [T.W.1] "twice smacked" [K.L.9] square on the bare shoulder blades simply because he was walking by and because [K.L.9] had taken off his suit jacket and dress shirt. He smacked him in the midst of his 412th thrust. This startled [K.L.9]. [K.L.9] started sobbing because the smack hurt his back. [J.W.10] watched and laughed. He was escorted off the makeshift floor mat that was clipped together with duotang-like ties. [N.W.2] found him some paper towels to sob through his "eye crusties." He was fine 2 minutes and 31 seconds later and he was ready for his "round two."

[K.L.9] walked up to my still naked body that was partially covered with a sheet. He unzipped the half of his zipper that was not zipped up before. He thrust wiggle and thrust for 912 more goes. He didn't yell anything at the end this time. He instead darted his eyes around and he pulled back the sheet to expose my face and top torso. [K.L.9] punched me harder than anyone expected. The jab hit and bruised the top of my left shoulder. [N.W.2] and [S.H.10] whisked him away a few seconds later and he said nothing to me ever again. The reason for the thrown punch is that he felt humiliated by the actions of [T.W.1] and [J.W.10]. The punch was "to get me back." [K.L.9] felt he paid too much in price to endure "that sort" of thing. The total he paid was \$19,000 dollars.

Next in their paid rank order was a man named [E.D.1]. He "bought up" from [D.R.2] after he placed poorly in the duck race. This "escapade" cost \$10,000 dollars plus an additional \$10,000 dollars to "pay up" and then \$4,000 dollars extra for a "double round" at a time. I had known [E.D.1] some time ago and in a professional capacity. He was a veterinarian, and he was not well liked by anyone he worked with. He was especially not liked by a woman named [C.C.I.]. She helped "organize" the event. [E.D.1] and [C.C.I.] had worked together and had a falling out the year before. They had sexual relations with each other and [E.D.1] was displeased with the outcome. [C.C.I.] died in February in the year 2022. The coroner's report read "complications next to H.I.V. infection." Her autopsy was delayed by 41 hours because the medical examiner was offended by the 19-inch "swastika" that was tattooed on her back. Her decaying body had to wait until another medical examiner could be found. They had to "track down" a medical examiner that was willing to look and look away from the back facing symbol. [J.L.1] was the offender guilty of needling this tattoo. He said he did it against "his own better judgement."

The vaginal condom inside of me was replaced on schedule. They placed and replaced the vaginal condom to protect themselves from prosecution. Many of the offending men and women had been taught about forensics in grade school when they started unzipping their pants at inopportune times and in the wrong places. The male offenders knew that their DNA could be collected "after the fact" from the contents of their ejaculate. Vaginal condom use was "mandated" by the offenders when it came to their "rape victim" that's me. If they left any trace of themselves inside me, a "rape kit" would incriminate them. With the vaginal condom in place, their ejaculate was collected in a "safe haven." The vaginal condom would be removed once they were through with me. There would be little forensic evidence left to show for them.

Next in their paid rank order was a man named [T.N.1]. [M.K.N.] watched from a short distance away. At one point she made a motion to try and hold my hand. I pulled my hand back and away toward my chest. She jumped with surprise and startle. She never got close to me

again until he finished 2 minutes and 41 seconds later. She tried to kiss my cheek, but I shook my head and I said the word "Nah uhn." [T.N.1] let me be for 9 seconds. He walked up to me again. In his hand he held his pale and little member between his "cheeks up front." This is how he referenced his penis and the fat folds around his waist. He thrust and wormed his hips for another 1 minute and 4 seconds. This was in front of 39 attendees. He shrieked "I'm done with her" and he turned around. The mouths of the many dropped open wide when they saw blood coming from his anus. [T.N.1] had placed an unpeeled banana inside himself "back there" and it ruptured a hemorrhoid. The bleeding stopped a few seconds later but the panic did not. He was humiliated. He didn't realize that he had dropped his pants that low to the ground. He used a cucumber most often, but they wouldn't let him take the cucumber on the plane without first cutting it up into pieces. The cucumber was over 6 inches long. Boarding the aircraft with this in tow would be a violation of air transport rule #609. [T.N.1] didn't have time to stop at the grocery store before his arrival at the Terminal 3 hangar. He was whisked away by [R.Y.M.] and they searched for "medical care."

The next in their paid rank order was a man named [J.K.5]. He and I had met before when I was 19 years old. We went on one date together and it didn't work out. He was looking for someone to bear his children soon and that was not in my life plan. He lasted 5 minutes and 9 seconds and he said nothing to me. He patted my abdomen 4 times "for luck." He thrust and thrust until he was done. He exclaimed "oh boy yes" and he used this as his "keyword" for the video clip that was being specially recorded just for him. He had many "record keeping reasons" to justify this behavior. [J.K.5] paid an extra \$1,000 dollars to have a copy of the video clip placed on a USB key. [R.J.9] gave him the USB key with the recording on it two minutes after his "session" was finished. [J.K.5] said "O.K. thanks" and he put the USB key in his jacket pocket. He lost his jacket in a taxicab the next night. [J.K.5] asked [R.J.9] for another copy and [R.J.9] made him another copy and gave him a new USB key. [J.K.5] paid \$1,000 dollars more for it and everyone was fine with this overall.

Up next in their paid rank order was [K.L.1]. We had met briefly before when I was 9 years old. We went to a movie together as part of a birthday party that was hosted by a mutual friend. We are unrelated to each other, and he knows this. He paid \$10,000 dollars for his time with me, and he paid another \$4,000 dollars for a "double header." He posted this on his [F.B.] profile at 8:04 a.m. He also wrote my name on his "wall" and 91 people took a screenshot of the post because it was "concerning." He wrote my name and my date of birth. He said he was going to have a "double header" with me later that day. He gave an approximate time for this "chance encounter." He thought he deleted his post the next day, but he hadn't. He lasted 4 minutes and 39 seconds. He pumped and thrust himself inside of me. I whimpered because he "hard pinched" the skin on my legs while he was thrusting. He left his nail impressions and marks on my abdomen. I sat up and lifted my back 2 inches off the table. He pinched me harder, and I cried once softly, and then he let go of his "pincher grip." He smacked me once on the left thigh and "...bye."

In person attendance was "ramping up" nicely so said [J.K.1] to [S.C.1]. The occupancy in the Terminal 3 hangar was now 205 persons plus stagehands. The D.J. music-man [T.S.2] and his 2nd cousin wife named [W.S.1] were set up by the 4-way power bar "plug-in. The power bar was plugged in to a single receptacle by the dance floor. This was on the east side of the hangar. The smoke machine triggered one last time. "Poof poof" and everyone was blanketed into a cloak of semi-darkness. The emergency lighting kicked in and then kicked off. Back to semi-darkness they returned, save the light of the moon yet again. They cheered when a single spark with arc danced from the power bar and headed my way. They unplugged the smoke machine. [T.S.1] and [W.S.1] called out for [S.C.1] and [J.L.1] using two hands shaped as a cup megaphone. "Hooray" [S.C.1] and [J.L.1] yelled back using a one-handed cup megaphone technique. They sauntered over and joined the others at the power bar station.

A few moments later [S.C.1] and [L.C.1] examined the breaker panel and they reset the [A.F.C.I.]. It tripped again. They unplugged the 3 monitors that were hooked up for no reason. There was no live music to speak of. The music-man D.J. and his wife thought someone might want to "get on the mic later and sing" a karaoke show tune. The monitors had been powered on "just in case." A man by the name of [B.R.9] sang a song about cats later in the evening. Nonetheless, for a time of 9 minutes and 8 seconds there was no music or music-man.

Up next in their paid rank order was a man named [I.W.2]. He and I had never met in person, and we are unrelated. [I.W.2] is the 2nd cousin of [J.J.W.] and he is the 1st cousin of [J.K.1]. The 3 together were proud of the breeding that it took to align these two families.

The offenders referred to this process of inbreeding and alignment as "closing the loop." [I.W.2] was 41 years of age at the time. He mounted by leaning over the tabletop. They brought a stool for him to stand on. He stood 3 foot and 11 inches tall in terms of vertical height and he had a "micropenis" as well. He lasted 4 minutes and 19 seconds. He didn't unzip his fly. He just pulled his pants down over his hips. This seemed strange to everyone because that was not the protocol that was taught to them by their cousins and siblings. [L.D.1] and [K.W.2] rushed toward him with a sense of urgency. They told him to pull his pants up and just unzip his fly. He was a messy disaster with regards to his "rear end" and he didn't seem to know or care. His stench was indescribable. He did not pay for a "double header", but he tried to "sneak one in." He was whisked away by the 2 stagehands. He threw a temper tantrum consisting of feet stomping and fist pounding. He kicked the table leg. The table leg gave out and the table collapsed while I was still on it. I hit the floor and caught my elbow on the side jam of the leg. The snag lacerated the skin just down to the muscle.

Punches were thrown. [T.W.1] threw first to hit [J.K.9]. [J.W.5] slapped [I.W.2] on the side of the head. [T.S.1] threw a plastic garbage can in the direction of [T.W.1]. [K.B.8] yelled profanity at [T.S.1] and [J.L.8]. [K.B.8] and [J.F.3] and [T.W.1] were extremely mad and offended that their band [A.J.3] was not asked to perform. The result was a chop-chop tickle of a fight at this bad crooner on cup-cup convention must see.

The brawl was put on hold. The first two of the dignitaries arrived with a "jump" in their step. The procession was not set to music because of problems ongoing with the power bar. "No worry" [J.T.1] said, when he learned of minimal fanfare. [S.G.T.] was perturbed at the seemingly pedestrian nature of their walk through the doors. Nonetheless, they twirled their way into the Terminal 3 hangar, and they boogied side hustle. They walked over to me and across the stamped concrete floor. [S.G.T.] kicked me, albeit lightly, and I said "Wfffff." She was taken aback. [J.T.1] knelt on the ground and he shook my right shoulder. I repeated the "Wffffffffff" with emphasis added. He stood back up. He looked around to see who might be able to lift me on their own with no help from them. He looked around to see who would "be fit" to unfold the table and lock it using the flip hasp. [S.C.1] and [J.K.5] finally rose to the challenge with a "smidge" of help from [L.D.1]. [L.D.1] waved a hand under my "buttocks" to let the two men know I was clear of the properly assembled table. The table that otherwise was oh-so "dangeroo."

The time is now 9:49 p.m. The cloth has been rehung.

Next in their paid-up rank order was [L.E.K]. She was born male and was now female owing to gender reassignment surgery that was nearly complete. She had a "concavity" hollowed out and her "phallus" was removed. The "stoma" and urethral orifice was left remaining in place to allow for urination. The surgery was "botched" according to [L.E.K]. She was displeased with the outcome, and she felt that everyone could tell that the concavity was not a "true" vagina. The "pinned at the top knob" was what she called her clitoris. It was fabricated from tissue and skin grafted from her rear right buttock. The wound never completely healed, and it oozed somewhat when she sat or lied down. She was humbled by her appearance, and she wanted very few people to become close with her. She paid \$30,000 dollars for the chance to be with me. She thought that a chance to be with me would make her feel better about her own self. She wanted to abuse me. She walked up to the folding table, and she punched me in the sternum. I regurgitated when she did this in her abdominal thrust fashion wardrobe of silk tie and shirt dress with leggings and brown shoes that looked like tall loafers. She didn't wipe my mouth or my face after the punch. She pulled down her leggings so her strap-on attachment was in view. She pulled out the step stool and with knees bent she inserted her dildo inside of me. She kept her left hand cupped over the base. The dildo was 10 inches long. She knew she was hurting me because I sat up right away. I sat up and I said, "Get the fuck off of me [L.E.K]." She jumped back and never spoke to me again.

[J.K.9] was next in their paid-up rank order and he was angry out of the starting gate. He punched me in the side of the chest and in the abdomen and in the face and in the back of head. He pulled out a pen knife and he stabbed me in the left arm. The pen knife severed a venule. With rage and scorn in my eyes and in my voice, I screamed "Fuck you and stop it." He unzipped his fly and entered inside me. He thrust in and out of me and after 3 minutes and 3 seconds he was finished. He stabbed me "goodbye" in the groin muscle with the pen knife and then he walked away.

A man named [O.O.1] walked up to the table next. He unzipped his pants and open hand slapped me full force on the mid section. Then he back handed me across the left side of my face. With cupped hand he grabbed my chin and spit in my mouth. He began to thrust wiggle thrust and worm near me and then barely inside of me. When he was finished, he said "I came." The bystanders seemed displeased with the violent act, but they did nothing. He backed out from between my legs, and he turned around to show the watchers his "full frontal." He zipped up his fly and pulled up a chair and stood on it. He pumped his fists in the air one time. He put his hands in his pockets to "fake them out" and that's how the "pants stuffing scandal" started.

The music-man D.J. played the "arrival hymn" as the troop of 4 walked into the Terminal 3 hangar. The 4 of them were armed with restricted handguns at the time. They drove in together as a convoy and they crossed the border bearing 51° N latitude and 49° W longitude. They crossed at 3:49 p.m. yesterday. We had never met in person, but we had a mutual friend in common. The mutual friend was not in attendance this evening. We had collaborated on a work project together back in the year 2001 and they remembered me from this "collab." The group of 4 men drove from one T to the other T. The trip was a total of 3,491 miles. Their return trip was departing the following week on a Monday. They were happy with their time away. The leave was permitted. The 4 of the men told their superiors later that they tried to "free" me "from the restraints." They said this "after the fact" and they made no attempt to help.

The 4 troop mates made their way to the table. They stood in line and unzipped and zipped their pants in sequence. They practiced this during the "rehearsal" while "driving." They fist bumped me by raising my arm up off the table and folding my hand into a fist to be bumped for the first bump. My hand stayed folded for the subsequent bumps. This was a feat attributable to the muscle tone that remained in my hand. Each of the 4 men took less than 5 minutes a piece. The last one patted me on the shoulder and said, "Good show." I couldn't muster up a reply at the time, but I moved my head slightly and shook my head "No." When they finished, the sheet was lifted from overtop my face and neck so [L.C.1] could "clean me up." There was a woman nearby named [R.Y.M.]. She was in an "on again and off again" relationship with [K.W.1]. [R.Y.M.] and [K.W.1] had a daughter together. Their daughter was a woman named [P.W.9]. [R.Y.M.] came to the table where I was laying, and she had razors in her hand. The job she had been assigned, and the job she wanted, was to "shave me neck to toe." She carried a bowl of warm water with her. The 4 disposable razors she carried had green edging. She held the razors on top of a single white cloth. She carried another white cloth in her non-dominant hand. With too many nicks and cuts to count, she shaved me everywhere except the brows and lashes. She moaned and whispered she "loved me" and that [P.W.9] "loved me too."

Their party restarted at 11:21 p.m. Next in their paid-up rank order was a man named [C.M.8]. He slowly approached my freshly washed and rinsed body. [C.M.8] and I attended elementary school and part of middle school together. He had "testicular atrophy" and a "micropenis" as well. Starting when he was 18 years of age, he had a "thing." If anyone paid him \$100 dollars, he would show them a picture of himself. The picture would show him standing with a towel over his head and there was "full genital nudity." He didn't believe this was "something to hide" until he turned 22 years of age. People expressed their "embarrassment for him" after he shared "selfie" pictures he had taken in the mirror. He was an "oversharer." He would talk about his bathroom habits in the classroom. He would point and motion to and mention "down there" to his classmates. Four girls reported his behavior and comments to the teacher and to the lunchroom attendant. I was one of those girls who reported it. The behavior worsened as the year went on. By the time we were in 5th grade, no one had stopped him. I told my parents, and they discussed it with my 5th grade teacher. The teacher was a woman by the name of [J.F.3]. [J.F.3] told my parents that she had heard similar things from other students. She said that [C.M.8] had been spoken to privately and his parents had become involved. [J.F.3] assured my parents that she would speak with "all interested parties" and they would "work towards a resolution." My dad wasn't convinced things were being taken seriously enough. He spoke with [C.M.8]'s mom in person when he saw her at the end of the parent-teacher conference that same Tuesday evening. The mother of [C.M.8] looked sheepish when my dad mentioned the concern. Once he got home from the parent-teacher conference my dad told me "...not to associate with [C.M.8] if at all possible."

Next in their paid-up rank order was a woman named [C.B.9]. She was the 2nd cousin wife of the man named [C.B.2]. She wore a strap-on that she special ordered from the rainforest. It

did not fit her well around the rear end because the straps couldn't be extended wide enough to accommodate her thighs. The strap that went around her waist needed a buckle. According to her, the buckle "didn't come in the package when she opened it." It did. It was in there and she broke it and then lied. She fondled her "dildo and extension" while the nameplate hung "around her crotch." She was "convinced" that the "fondling" would "turn the guys on" when they watched. It "did not turn them on at all." The watchers chuckled when she did the "helicopter." The dildo and the extension dangled between her legs. There was a fling wing to the left and a fling wing up and down and a fling wang to the right. [C.B.9] pushed up to the table for a "semi-mount" with the step stool. She inserted 6 inches of the dildo inside of me with force. It was not pleasant, and I really dislike this girl still to this day. She finished 5 minutes and 8 seconds later.

Next in paid rank order was the 3-man "tag team" of [B.L.2] and [R.S.5] and [R.P.2]. They practiced and executed a "routine." It was a "three-peat" times two "series" and then that pattern was repeated 5 times for a "maximum quality of sensation" and the "minimum time" spent achieving this quality of sensation. They were satisfied after 29 minutes and 3 seconds. They high fived each other and slapped my hand, now slightly askew off the table. [R.P.2] punched me in the side of the head. I squinted my right eye, and I turned my head to the left side. This diminished the blow's graze ever so slightly. [R.S.5] grabbed both of my arms and held them together in a clenched grasp. He kned me in the abdomen and in the back while [B.L.2] elbowed me in the groin and the mid section and the chest and the neck. I gagged and spewed bile from below the emptiness of my stomach contents. They laughed and cheered. I was forced to swallow the bile green froth. They dropped a beer bottle on my head from a height of 1 foot in the air. It hit my neck and nose and then smashed on the floor. [C.M.4] was looking on and he tossed an empty wine bottle to [R.P.2]. [R.P.2] sheared the neck off the wine bottle by smashing it on the ground. He poked me in the right thigh with the jagged sharp end leaving a 2 cm puncture wound. It didn't bleed that much because I was already 19% dehydrated.

Next in their paid-up rank order was a man named [K.L.1]. He rounded out the night with his step stool and his squat-based stance and his flush mounted entrance. He thrust wiggled and wormed his way inside of me. [K.L.9] tossed him a pen knife. [K.L.1] stabbed me with the pen knife in the left arm and lacerated a branch of the cephalic vein and artery. The stab wound missed the brachial plexus nerve bundle by a mere $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch.

The time is 11:49 p.m.

August 2nd, 2021

The situation at [N.Y.C.] had grown dire. Six hundred and forty-one people had fallen ill because of the bacteria Shigella (four hundred and nine of them) or E. Coli 0157:H9 (one hundred and eight of them) or E. Coli 0157:H7 (one hundred and twenty-four of them). No one knew for certain that the problem was the drinking water. Suspicion was mounting. One physician made a formal inquiry herself. This was after witnessing the horror that was ninety-one patients on her shift or on the shift closest to her. She was a wonderful physician, and she had all the credentials needed of a physician. She had a "decent enough" bedside manner. She put her foot on the mattress and demanded attention and action. She got an ambiguous and unconvincing answer after speaking with representatives from the city and in the district having jurisdiction. The call answerer and scribe told the physician that he would "look into the matter" further. He did. The established procedure for reporting was followed on the part of the physician. Her report set-in motion a series of events and subsequent notification "alarms." The call answerer and scribe told another person. This person knew the water treatment plant operator personally. This "2nd in command" knew that the water treatment plant operator was "new to the job." He knew that the laboratory used commonly for drinking water testing was "closed for a month" to allow for equipment upgrade. Drinking water should be tested weekly. This is the minimum standard and requirement. Further investigation by the "3rd in command" led to a startling discovery. The water treatment plant operator at [N.Y.C.] had never read a memo that said the laboratory was "going to be closed." This memo was distributed to city and district officials by way of fax and email. The memo provided information about the "alternate laboratory" that "must" be used for drinking water testing. The water treatment plant operator sent drinking water samples to the laboratory "while it was closed." The samples were sent there "accidentally" 2 weeks before this 91-case outbreak. The drinking water samples were returned to the water

treatment plant, and they were labelled "undelivered." The water samples were still in the original shipping container. The water treatment plant operator was told that the laboratory was closed. The water treatment plant operator spoke with his supervisor who referred him to the memo. The water treatment plant operator couldn't read the words on the page. His literacy was "zero." He admits he could only decipher for certain the letters a, o, u, and t reliably and from memory.

The district supervisor got word of the concern, as reported by the physician. The district supervisor contacted the water treatment plant operator. The operator was asked to take drinking water samples for testing. There were specific locations for testing that had to be used. The district supervisor reviewed these locations with the operator. The locations were as follows: the water treatment plant "raw" supply and the water treatment plant "treated" supply and five locations in the distribution system. These five locations were: "School #2" and "Teacherage Hse #1" and "Bathroom Skating Rink #9" and "Bank Staff Room Faucet 9" and "Outside Shack 10." These locations were chosen because of the nature of the population being served by the system and based on their proximity to the water treatment plant. The water treatment plant operator was asked to take samples sooner rather than later and ideally "by the next day" at the soonest. This protocol for sampling in terms "timing" can minimize the chance of "incidental contamination." The water treatment plant operator agreed. He said he "would be happy to do sampling" the next day. He took the samples nearly according to the protocol, but he did forget to remove the "aerator screens" at 2 of the test sites. Aerator screens are fitted to the end of the faucet. These can sometimes harbor the growth of microorganisms. The procedure for testing requests that these screens be removed. When this is not possible, the faucet can be "flamed" if the faucet is made of metal and if it is otherwise safe to do so. The water treatment plant operator was afraid of fire. In two of the locations, the aerator screens were not removed, and the faucet was not "flamed." The water treatment plant operator used "pre-printed" shipping labels. These labels were printed by the regulatory office that pays for the testing. The "pre-printed" label was affixed to the shipping container. The courier picked up the drinking water samples. They were sent to the lab that was still closed for another 1 week and 4 days. They were sent to the "pre-printed" label address. The samples were returned to the water treatment plant the following day and the mayhem continued. Back to this story in one week.

At the Terminal 3 hangar, I was taken off the folding table and I was put on the floor. The sheet was placed overtop of my body and legs. The I.V. bag was replaced, and it was hung again from the low-lying rafter. [S.C.1] and [J.K.1] and [K.W.1] agreed that I should "fend" for myself. I stayed alone in the Terminal 3 hangar until 8:18 p.m.

The time is 8:19 p.m. The "show" ambulance arrived, and it backed up to the hangar door. There was an ambulance driver in front of the wheel but there was no assistant this time. [S.C.1] was in the back of the ambulance and he got out upon arrival. [J.M.1] followed behind in his own truck. [S.C.1] and the ambulance driver and [J.M.1] picked me up off the floor. They put me on a "fold down stretcher" and loaded me into the ambulance.

We arrived at the Lodge at 9:49 p.m. I was carted off the ambulance in the "fold down stretcher." The 3 men from earlier transferred me onto the rolling table with legs. I was wheeled to the lounge area for "holding" until the following morning.

August 3rd, 2021

I was lying on my back. I was staring up at the night sky on the scouring sand floor. The time is 12:01 a.m. I'm being held against my will on the beachside northeast of the Miles Hart Bridge. I can hear sounds from the boat launch to my right. My head is facing down the incline toward the shoreline and water's edge. To my left is the Bridge. The cars and the trucks with trailers can see my legs under the flash of [L.E.D.] lights. The light post is mounted on a cement block, and it's anchored to a depth of 2 feet below. The jack pine hangs tall overhead. I can see the treetops from my slanted view up. They remembered taking me here. They "pretended" to forget me. They were watching on camera. They wanted to see what I would do.

I stood up twice between now and 1:09 a.m. I made it stepwise and stepped 4 steps the first time. I spun myself around, so my head was facing north. I took 9 steps the second time. I crawled 9 paces to the west. They tackled me from the crawl. I met a face full of sand. I

shook my head to get the sand out of my mouth. I fell hard on my neck. My head angled awkwardly toward the right. They grabbed my ankles and my wrists. They carried me back to the Lodge face down to the ground. The offenders on the shore were [S.C.1] and [J.K.1] and [L.C.1] and [C.M.8].

Today was the day. The offenders were supposed to film their "snuff rape porn" starring me against my will. They tried many times to contact the administrator of the city zoo. The administrator was a woman named [P.B.1]. This is in the northeastern city where I was being held captive. The bus was booked, and it was supposed to shuttle 8 of the offenders plus me from the Lodge to the barn. The shuttle of attendees was to include 2 camera men. One of the camera men was a man named [S.F.1] and he was the stepfather of [J.G.M.]. [S.F.1] lived in the capital city to the south. He was supposed to start the 8 hour drive northbound "early in the day." He was supposed to start the drive "only after" the other offenders had made "sure contact" with [P.B.1]. [P.B.1] didn't answer her phone. Nine hours passed and [P.B.1] finally appeared with her tail between her legs. She told the offenders she "just plum forgot." [P.B.1] had slept away most of the day and then got "busy around the house." The offenders were furious, and they cancelled the shuttle and the convoy from the south. The offenders thought they might try again the "next day." The barn was already booked.

The journey uphill from the shoreline ended in the kitchen of the Lodge. The offenders put me on top of the stove. The pot filler was to my left and a head of cabbage was to my right. They made a formal announcement of "rape her" in the kitchen. These were the men and woman who did not have any "clout." They were denied a "spot" at "party performance" scheduled on August 1st and August 4th. There were four men, and they were named [M.M.2] and [C.M.2] and [C.S.2] and [R.S.1]. There was one woman, and her name was [K.B.11]. [K.B.11] watched and cheered while the four men "took turns." Her job was to "clear the countertop" for the "next one in line." The next in line was known as the "shortstop on deck." They pretended to "bat" while they waited their turn. They threw pieces of lettuce in the air. Fake swing and a hit. Fake swing and a miss. The time is 6:39 a.m. I have been left lying on the floor in the kitchen. I am bruised and battered and bleeding between my legs. They used a beer bottle to penetrate me. The bottle smashed when they dropped me on the tile floor. They dropped me while the bottle was still inside of me. They didn't know there were watchers in the nest.

Lot #ID 382929292-9
Lot #ID 382929292-11
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Lot #ID 382929292-19
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Lot #ID 382929292-41
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Lot #ID 382929292-31
Lot #ID 382929292-29
Lot #ID 382929292-48
Lot #ID 382929292-109
Lot #ID 382929292-111
Lot #ID 382929292-12
Lot #ID 382929292-46
Lot #ID 382929292-98

[S.C.1] and [L.C.1] found me lying on the kitchen floor. The time is 10:09 a.m. The Lodge owners were horrified at the condition of the kitchen. They were angered at the mess that was the broken beer bottle and the lettuce on the floor and the pots overturned and water splashed about. There were 9 missing spatulas, and the spoons were out of place. [S.C.1] and [L.C.1] made their concerns known soon after. The two of them walked upstairs to find the kitchen mess offenders "chilling." The men were talking or spooning each other or sleeping in the armchair or sleeping on the bed in Bedroom 4 or Bedroom 8. [K.B.11] was in the shower stall in the upstairs bathroom. She was shaving her pubic region. Her right foot was planted on top of the toilet. Her left leg was in the shower stall proper. There was hot water running onto the floor. [S.C.1] and [L.C.1] barely knew these kitchen mess offenders. [S.C.1] and [L.C.1] were "offended" at the chaos and destruction they brought with them. The kitchen mess offenders were thrown out of the Lodge. They were banned from ever returning. The kitchen mess offenders assembled and collected their belongings and headed for the exit.

[M.M.2] saw me lying on the floor in the kitchen as he made his way downstairs. The kitchen door was propped open with a steam pot used for rice cooking. [M.M.2] said "What about?" and he pointed toward me with his head and chin. [L.C.1] said "Nevermind her." One of my half-brothers is a man named [K.C.9 born P.Y.1]. [K.C.9] replied to [L.C.1] and said that's "Copyright infringement." [K.C.9] pushed through the front entrance of the Lodge just 30 seconds before this. He overheard [L.C.1]'s comment and then replied and then punched [M.M.2] in the face. [K.C.9]'s plane had landed at the south airport terminal earlier this morning. This is the northeastern city where I am being held captive. The time at 10:39 a.m.

[K.C.9] picked me up off the floor. He and [S.C.1] placed me back on the table with legs. They all agreed that their "plaything" should be left alone until the "following day."

August 4th, 2021

Today is the day of the "party performance" for "profit." The offenders "promised" it wouldn't "hurt." I said "No" 118 times today. They placed the baseball bat near the corner wall of the dining room area. The pink and blue streamers no longer dangled from doorway's threshold. The baseball bat was there in case I "decided to run" away. [J.K.1] and [K.W.1] told me this on behalf of all the offenders. [S.C.1] overwatched.

Their planning started as soon as dawn broke. They assembled 9 folding tables and 42 folding chairs. This was in addition to the tables and chairs that were already set-up. The food menu was printed on table cards and the service was buffet style yet again. Dinner service was to start promptly at 5:41 p.m. They hoped this timing would bring them "good luck."

They purchased track lighting that was powered by AAA batteries. They "staple gunned" the braided cord to the beams and to the curtain rod and to the windowsill and to the wooden wall panel. They "left it loose hanging" in terms of the battery case housing. The "on-off switch" was laid to rest under the sill plate. They tested the switch 4 times. The gold braided, battery-operated, window-leaning and -lining lights illuminated the staples nicely. Tulle was next.

Pinched in the middle and tied with curled ribbon. The scissors were left reeling for more. There was another package on the spool. Tulle arched the dining room threshold doorway and rounded the table's edge.

Poster hanging was to follow. They were flush leaning, and they had arrows sketched in. The arrows were later filled in with drop shadow. These poster signs directed guests toward the main floor washrooms and the fire exit. The outdoor smoking area received an arrow on point as well. The "in and out" privileges to and from the smoking lounge became one of contention later this evening.

On the menu was Cesar salad and dinner rolls with butter swirled pat au pat. The soup du jour was minestrone. The main course was gelatin-style salad with beans and pork and ham sauce so thick. A cookout with a cork out in terms of the French inspired wine that was left over from the night before and was still in the box so warm.

The dessert to follow the main was cheesecake with a choice of strawberry or cherry or blueberry or apple topping. They selected cheesecake of this style because they knew it was my favorite. "In honor of Jen" was written on the whiteboard in the kitchen. Later, it was erased and rewritten more nicely in terms of font. Those who do it write serifé.

"Jingle-jingle" went the keys for the locked cupboard full of dessert topping and graham crust crumbs. The cheesecake was "store bought" at wholesale pricing plus 2% per piece. This was a bargain in the eyes of the offenders. They ordered 12 cakes and there were 6 pieces per cake and each piece would be halved to make 12 when it got to the Lodge. The food distributor said this was commonly done to "decrease the cost per head." They all laughed when he said this. [J.K.1] knew what this meant so it is assumed to be the commonest of knowledge.

The dining room area was unpleasantly foul in terms of the odor cast by [S.S.2] and his wife [A.A.1]. They were cleaning themselves with moist towelettes in the corner of the room. They hid 1 soiled and moist towelette under the couch. They hid 2 more in their pockets. They

walked down to the basement. They hid 5 soiled and moist towelettes under the sofa cushions and they stowed 4 more in the fireplace.

The phone rang to the Lodge. [K.M.N.] was on the other end of the line. The call was answered by [S.C.1] in the kitchen. She was at Terminal 3. She was not planning on coming to the Lodge that evening because she "didn't want to be the center of attention." She "preferred a more civil and quaint gathering with her true friends." [S.C.1] looked at [L.C.1] with a puzzled expression. [S.C.1] replied "O.K. [K.M.N.]. Whatever you feel like is fine." They each hung up their ends of the phone. Panic ensued. [K.M.N.] had been tasked with "caregiving" in a back-handed way for this "party night." It was her job to "pretend" to "get me drunk" and then I was to "pass out." [K.M.N.] had planned an "improv" that involved propping me up with her arm. She would use her other arm to hold mine and then "make me wave" on camera. The offenders wanted to "fool" the viewers tuned in to the semi-private camera feed. They wanted the "watchers" to think I was "awake" at the beginning of the "show." These details were clearly written in their "show notes."

Her decision to forego a trip to the Lodge was "a problem." It became unclear to the offenders how they would or could "convince" people I was "drunk" if I was never seen "having fun" or "drinking" or "arriving under my own power." For the second time in a matter of 4 days the offenders thought hard about how the party would be perceived by the watchers. How would it "look" after the fact? How would they "get away with it" if there was no "credible" family member or close friend of mine in attendance?

[K.M.N.] bailed on them in favor of her own "self-serving interests." The time is 4:41 p.m.

The message from [K.M.N.] was relayed from the kitchen to [C.L.1] and to [J.K.5] and to [N.W.1] and to [S.H.10]. There was reason for the relay. Perhaps one of these 4 could "fake a friend" with me and play the role that [K.M.N.] was supposed to play. Six hours and 4 minutes later, an attempt at this charade was made on semi-public view camera. They had no luck.

[K.M.N.]'s decision to "bail" has a backstory that is not well known. There was a man I spoke of earlier. His name was [C.B.2]. I was 20 years of age the last time I knew him. [C.B.2] befriended [K.M.N.] 4 years prior to today's date more or less. He befriended her with cunning intention. [C.B.2] knew that [K.M.N.] and I didn't get along. He wanted to drive a wedge between us even further. He wanted to capitalize on her "hatred" of me and use it to his advantage. [C.B.2] and [K.M.N.] had fabricated elaborate lies. They told others I abused her, all the while "leaving bruises on her ribs." The apparent abuse supposedly happened when I was 13 years old and when [K.M.N.] was 11 years old. This tale of abuse was far fetched in the eyes of everyone and the whole story completely made up in constituent falsehood. In the 8 months leading up to this date of the party, however, [C.B.2] became increasingly annoyed and frustrated with [K.M.N.] and the drama that seemingly followed her around. [C.B.2] decided to play a "prank" on [K.M.N.]. He sent her a text message at 2:49 p.m. 04 AUG 2021 that read:

"Hey [K.M.N.] how bout u and I shaft the jen party and hook up just us and let those losers fend"

When [K.M.N.] received the text she was "over the moon" happy that [C.B.2] wanted to spend time alone with her. She hoped they could both "stick it to" me. Never mind that [C.B.2] was married to [C.B.9] and they had 4 kids together all of whom were school aged.

The punchline wasn't me this time. The prank was initiated by [C.B.2]. His wife [C.B.9] was in on it. [C.B.2] never had any intention of "shafting" the party to spend a night with [K.M.N.]. [C.B.2] was going to "stand her up." He would watch her stay "at home" and "home" was the temporary asylum called Terminal 0. He assumed that everyone else would take the shuttle bus to the Lodge for the "party performance." [C.B.2] and his wife would watch and see how [K.M.N.] handled his "not showing up." [C.B.2] promised his wife that he wouldn't answer any of [K.M.N.]'s texts. [C.B.9] was going to laugh at [K.M.N.] and write about what happened on social media. According to their plan it worked. The two of them got [K.M.N.] to decline her invite to the party. She reneged on her "oh-so important role."

If [K.M.N.] had arrived at the Lodge as scheduled, I had a plan to escape my captors at 9:01 p.m. I would escape during the "scheduled" diversion that was "destined" to occur. A

"conflict situation" was "programmed" between [C.M.9] and [K.B.11]. [K.B.11] was going to fake a broken leg after "pretend" falling from the loading deck's edge. This was the same loading deck that plagued [K.W.2] 8 days earlier. With but merely flesh wounds up until this point, I would have escaped my captors and run home. I would have run over the bridge and down the highway and through the walk out basement door that was still unlocked. I would have locked all the doors behind me. If I needed any medical care the qualified expert in diagnostic imaging was at work in the capital city to the south. He was on staff and on shift and scheduled until 11:59 p.m. tonight. It would be 5 more days until this qualified expert would be at work again.

In the absence of [K.M.N.], things were a bit more "on track." The offenders were more organized in terms of checking the I.V. bag and in terms of checking my "depth of sedation." [K.M.N.] is known for her detrimental effect on others and for instilling chaos. She gets under people's skin, and she causes inattentiveness. With her in attendance at the party, they would have forgotten to check the I.V. bag until it was much too late. My escape would have made the city news network channel. [K.M.N.] remained at Terminal 0.

The time is now 5:02 p.m. The first bus shuttle has left the parking lot at the Precinct and is headed northbound for Terminal 3. The ride to [N.R.] road was a bumpy one for the 4 crewmembers of Bus #501. Fourteen minutes and 31 seconds later, they turned right at [N.R.] road. A flat tire but "not to worry" was recorded 2 minutes and 8 seconds later. Bus #501 was driven "on the rim" for the remainder of 2 minutes and it arrived at Terminal 3 with "sideways tilt." The driver opened the driver's side door and she said, "We cannot use this bus tonight" and "I forgot to bring my airbrake endorsement paperwork with me to the bus but if we get another bus, we won't need it anyway." [C.B.2] was on the bus and he heard her say this and he started "laughing a howl." There was no spare tire on board, so the crewmembers debussed. [K.A.9] was looming outside of the Terminal 3 hangar. She heard the commotion and ran to see what "the fuzz was all about." The "howling" continued. She shrugged but laughed too. The crewmembers abandoned Bus #501 in the gravel "turn around area" of Terminal 3. They called the Precinct in search of a replacement bus. The call answerer at the Precinct said she "had no idea how to get another bus." She called [W.F.2] who was friends and 2nd cousins of [J.M.1]. Together, they found a replacement bus at this 6:45 p.m. hour. The replacement bus arrived at the Terminal 3 hangar not too long after. The bus was driven by [W.F.2] himself. They loaded up 44 passengers and to the Lodge they went "hi-ho."

The next "scheduled" bus was labelled Bus #409. They did not blow a flat tire. They blew two flat tires on opposite sides of the bus. The "double blow" happened 16 meters away from the Bus #501 incursion. Omen oh my.

Another call was made to [W.F.1]. The caller witnessed this other bus "on the rim." Bus #409 was stranded in the gravel "turn around area" of Terminal 3 as well. [W.F.1] told the caller that "He would make four extra trips if need be" and "Everyone should just sit tight."

The replacement bus was being driven by the now less cheerful [W.F.1]. He arrived at the Terminal 2 hangar to keep the schedule on schedule. 49 passengers loaded in and to the Lodge they went. The time is now 9:02 p.m. For his troubles [W.F.1] was given an extra spot "for my utility" at no additional charge. This vacant spot in paid rank order was created by the absence of [K.M.N.]. She had "booked it" at no charge to herself. [K.M.N.] was planning to "give it away" to the man she "deemed worthy" based on their performance and behavior in the days now past. She told the rest of the offenders that the spot must be "guaranteed for her" or else she would "blow the whistle on the whole thing." On 9 separate occasions, [K.M.N.] had made similar "whistleblower" threats of exclamation. These exclams were always made in response to adversity. She would "call things off" if she didn't get her own way. This is [K.M.N.]'s rea.

[W.F.1]'s "time slot" in terms of paid-up rank order was at 10:39 p.m. He wanted to give "himself enough time" so he would be at the Lodge at least 10 minutes beforehand. He wanted time to "freshen up." He was late coming back from the bus rounds, and this discouraged him. [S.C.1] assured [W.F.1] that he would be "fit in" anytime he wanted to "cum later." This was per their text message correspondence. The third wave of passengers numbering 41 in total made it to the Lodge from Terminal 2 at 10:41 p.m. [W.F.1] was at near wits end by this time. He said he wasn't going to be making any more trips until he got his "rightful play." The event organizers "caved", and they broke protocol. [W.F.1] waltzed into the dining room area. He mounted from the side and then the top. He finished 4 minutes and 49

seconds later and said, "darn that was soooo worth it." He zipped up his fly and repeated his "freshen up." Back to the bus he went. Fourteen return trips followed suit.

A few interesting things were going on at the Terminal 2 hangar. There was a game of cards hosted on semi-public view camera. It was fronted by 3 stars plus 2 "pull-ups" in terms of "chairs" in positions 4 and 1. The ante (not me) was a \$10,000 dollar buy in for 10 chips. No repeat "buy-in" was allowed or pre-approved. The stakes were high. You couldn't cut the tension any thicker than the dinner roll knife that was being used to keep the table propped level so the chips wouldn't fall on the floor. [L.O.4] won the game. He kept the \$50,000 dollars and used it for a repeat 4 days in the future. This repeat occurred 2,546 miles to the south and in the city that rhymes with bubbly fine fun.

At the Terminal 2 hangar, aside from the game, 9 bands performed a 12-minute set apiece. One of the bands was named for fighting all that was well and is well. The boogie woogie dancers danced the night away. A keyboard with synthesizer function was brought in specially for a woman named [A.S.9]. She sang half a song originally written by the artist "that sings that one." It was the one that goes "na-na-na-oooh." [A.S.9] forgot the lyrics and the title of the song and the chord progression and the notes and the sheet music tab. She was a total accidental waiting to happen.

They held a "battle of the guitar player contest." Each performer was to stand on the stage riser behind a full-length sheet. The audience would cast votes, but they would not be able to see who was playing the guitar. They would tally the blinded votes and the guitar player with the most votes would win. The winner would win an extra spot to "have at me." A man named [E.D.9] was the 2nd best out of all of them. The 3rd best was a man named [J.F.1]. The 4th best was a man named [T.W.1]. The winner was a man named [D.G.8] and he took home 1st place prize.

At Terminal 0, a few things are worth mentioning because they are entertaining a bit and educational a bit too. They held a fashion show. Anyone could enter and they were to wear their best outfit. There was a homebuilt runway and everything. One of the event organizers was a woman named [T.B.9]. [S.G.T.] wanted to enter the fashion show but [J.T.1] didn't think it was a good idea. [S.G.T.] has a fear of boots. This fear manifests when boots are on the ground or if they are worn on the "feets" of others. She is not fearful if the boots are on her own feet or if the boots are on the feet of [J.T.1]. She agreed not to partake.

There was an arm-wrestling tournament in the Terminal 1 hangar. It started shortly after 9:00 p.m. Forty-one people participated including one of my half-brothers named [P.M.2] and one of my other half-brothers named [T.B.2] and one of my other half-brothers [R.F.1]. The winner of the match by round robin play was a man named [H.S.3]. He took home the "winner's pool parlay" of \$3,209.06 dollars.

There was a "Greco-style Roman wrestling" tournament in the Terminal 0 hangar. It started at "11:00 bells" p.m. precisely. Four people participated and it was a good "match play style match." The winner won the "pool pot" of \$3,219.09 dollars.

There was a carnival with a tribute to "Jen" handwritten on scrap paper and taped to the wall. They had a ring toss and a bean bag throw and an arcade style pinball machine that they wheeled out from the back on a trolley. The trolley would have been a better fit for me had it been used the night of August 1st. They had a hoop toss and a contest involving "waist circles with the hoop." There were stuffed animals as prizes. There was a silent auction. There was a "perfume draw" for a 40-ounce bottle of "vodka distilled 9 times." There was a draw for a gift basket. The gift basket contained a gift card for a "movie night" with the family. I won the gift basket because [P.M.2] wrote my name on his ticket. He claimed it as his own. While on stage to collect his prize, he reminded the audience that he "wouldn't be sharing it with me."

They had a hair-stylist convention in Terminal 9. Twelve hair stylists attended. There were four major sponsors as one would expect. The prizes were very good and included: hair styling tools and a gift certificate for an online lesson with a master stylist and business coach extraordinaire and hair styling products including full size shampoo and conditioner and mousse and styling wax wrapped together in a basket with a bow undone. A local crafter and stylist was a woman named [P.S.2]. She won the competition, and she was very pleased with the outcome. She was most pleased with the plaque that was made that day at the local

"print shop." [P.S.2]'s name was to be added to the bottom of the plaque along and the year was to be "typed in." This was to be done by the following day and the "plaque etching" was to be done by a man named [C.N.5]. [C.N.5] owned the "print shop" that was located only a few miles away. [C.N.5] started the job in the morning, and he finished the etching by noon time. He was so proud of the nameplate and of his time management skills that he invited [P.S.2] to the shop to view it in advance of the presentation. [P.S.2] cheated on her husband with [C.N.5] and she acquired the H.I.V. virus at that very moment. The date of her first positive H.I.V. virus test was 9 days after their encounterous affair. There was intention on the part of [C.N.5]. He wanted to spread his disease to [P.S.2]. [P.S.2] was targeted because she was otherwise a decent human being. Two days before this, [C.N.5] stopped taking the anti-viral medication known as "lomuvidine." His viral load "skyrocketed." He returned to "superspreader" status in terms of the Human Immunodeficiency Virus. He infected her and then re-started on his "lomuv" medication.

The acute viremia phase of H.I.V. infection is a shady one. There are a span of clinical signs and symptoms ranging from none at all to feeling and being unwell in terms of nausea and vomiting and fatigue and inappetence. [P.S.2] had a strong suspicion something was wrong. She had never felt this unwell in her entire life. The contrast between feeling good and feeling "H.I.V. acute viremia infected" can be a dire one in 91% of cases. [P.S.2]'s husband was a man named [P.S.9]. He acquired the infection the same day [P.S.2] acquired it. He got it from her.

There was a songwriting contest at Terminal 0. The participants and audience members wrote words and phrases and sentences on "note cards." They put the note cards into a hat. The songwriters and musicians were to "pick from the hat." The song lyrics had to "come from" the words and phrases and sentences that were written on the "picked" card. The song was to be composed using "only" the chords I know how to play on guitar like A major and A minor and E minor and G major and C major. You could use a capo up to position 9. These were the "made up rules" for the songwriting contest. The winning song contained lyrics that referenced a bunny and a rabbit and the hardcase for a guitar and part of my first name "Brenley" and the word "phat" and the word "veterinarian" and the word "useless" and the word "trouble."

Our attention is now drawn to the Lodge for interposed spectacle that was this night.

The waterboard meeting started at 4:39 p.m. in the upstairs washroom. [S.C.1] was seated on a chair with roller casters. The "sadist" stood in the doorway and looked on. I was placed on a spine-board, and they parted my hair to the side. The cold water from the tap went "drip drip drip" on my forehead. The water ran down my hair through to the length. They tried to shampoo my hair. There was a lather worked in and the shampoo was rinsed away and then my hair was doused with conditioner. This was followed by a "semi-final" rinse. This was all at the request of the "sadist" who was also known by the misnomer of "anesthesiologist." The "sadist" liked to watch "waterboarding." His "thing" was also the ritualistic washing and cleansing of the hair and scalp and underarms and groin and feet and rear end. The "sadist" had watched a tutorial on hair washing and rinsing. He watched a "do-it-yourself" video on how to make himself "torture" video famous. The two towelled me off using one pink towel and one blue towel. They wrapped my hair into a spun bun. They loaded me back onto the rolling table with legs that was left waiting in the hallway outside of Bedroom 5. They rolled me back down the stairs. The front entrance of the Lodge was used for the receiving of high taps on the chest and face and "bum" and "tap her on the bum" they did. To the dining room we carried on.

The next turn of events was in my favor. Lady mayor [C.S.9] made a call to the four-letter acronym of a police agency. They turned off the music at the Lodge at 9:39 p.m. Lady mayor lodged a noise complaint from her residence at the campground 459 yards away. The police never showed up in any official complaint resolving capacity and 2 of their members were inside the Lodge enjoying the "show." The "police officer" at the Precinct called the landline phone at the Lodge. She asked them to "turn the music down a bit." They turned it off for 18 minutes and then restarted it at a level 5 decibels lower than before. This loudness level was well tolerated enough by everyone and that's all about the noise.

There were 491 ticketed guests for the "party performance" this evening. Each paid the premium of an "advanced price" to attend. Each ticket was worth \$10,000 dollars. The money was payable by way of cash or debit or e-transfer or money order or cashier's cheque or

personal cheque or corporate cheque. The funds were deposited in the "owned and opened" bank account of [B.O.1]. The three-letter acronym of a Bank facilitated the transactions. There was a "bouncer" stationed at the front door of the Lodge. The "bouncer" was a man named [C.D.9]. Many celebrities made it through the door and passed the bouncer. These included A-list actor and model [K.R.1]. He "came inside me" later in the evening. Also included was B-list actress and model [S.J.8] who did not. There were 9 ticketed invitees who did not make it through the door because of a dispute between each of them and the "bouncer." [C.D.9] believed that the Lodge was "over capacity" and he denied them entrance. This was not his decision or call to make. A fight ensued. There was screaming and shouting. There was chair throwing between the likes of [S.C.1] and [J.K.1] and [K.W.1] versus [C.D.9]. A country-western singer and songwriter named [S.T.2] had the door near slammed in her face. [C.D.9] told [S.T.2] that he "didn't like country music." Perish the thought.")

The music-man D.J. [T.S.1] and his wife [W.S.1] were set up on the patio. The patio door was propped open enough for the music to be heard inside the Lodge. Bell-shaped lanterns were strung from the pergola; to which the music-man and woman leaned. There were "comers and goers" from the smoking area and the "in and out" privileges angered the 9 who were denied access to the party. Entrance on their behalf may have been granted had there been more turn-over on the part of the smokers.

I was forced to lie in the dining room. The streamers were hung from the doorway threshold. What transpired next was premeditated "to the minute" of time. The premeditation was as follows. There were 9 of them who had an "in-person" discussion at the Place not far from the Lodge. This Place was a venue used for weddings and receptions and social outings like wine tastings. The in-person meeting was held in the banquet room. The meeting was broadcast on semi-private view camera. An additional 91 people participated by a "live video conference-style feed." This meeting with video conference was held on June 19th. It occurred between the local time hours of 4:36 p.m. and 9:21 p.m.

There was brief mention of "how to kill" me. They spoke in "great detail" of "torture" and "deceit" and "frame" and "set her up." The straw bale delivery driver spoke 9th in the order of scheduled speakers. A woman named [K.B.11] spoke next at this meeting. [K.B.11] and I had known each other since we were of "elementary school age." We continued knowing each other during middle school and high school and during the first years of university. The father of [K.B.11] was a "police officer" but he never attended an accredited "police school." The mother of [K.B.11] was a housewife. Her dad and her mom were "married" 1st cousins. The floor was now hers and she was on the "chair" setting of the video conference platform. [K.B.11] presented her idea. An idea that if actioned she believed would "make things feel best" for those involved in my "rape" and "make things uncomfortable" for me a bit more. [D.W.18] was a classmate of mine in veterinary medical school and she was in attendance on the video conference as well. She piped up and echoed the words of [K.B.11]. [D.W.18] made mention that she and [K.B.11] had discussed this idea earlier and emphasized that they were both "on board" with the idea. The words spoken by the women [K.B.11] and [D.W.18] intrigued the meeting attendees. This was especially true of [H.D.P] and her 2nd cousin wife [S.P.1]. [K.B.11] and [D.W.18] explained their idea in greater detail. "A pool cue", they said in near unison, would be used as part of the foreign object insertion scene they wanted to film. The filming was to occur "as a part of the Jenn Rape Party." They would obtain a pool cue from the basement of my parent's house in the capital city to the south. They were referring to the house in which I grew up. This house had a pool table. There was a rack on the wall. Hanging on this rack was the two-piece pool cue I got as a Christmas present for my 11th birthday. It had a faux carbon fiber finish. [K.M.N.] would ask my mom to borrow the pool cue for a game of billiards a few weekends in a row "for a tournament or something like that." Once acquired by way of the borrow, the pool cue would be brought to this northeastern city. In the late afternoon of August 4th, the pool cue would be placed inside me "tipped end inwards and up." The pool cue would be inserted per rectum "as far in as it would go." The pool cue would be removed at 9:00 p.m. promptly on this day and I would be allowed to wake up from their force of anesthesia. I would be returned to my bed undercovers by August 7th at 8:00 a.m. The offenders would pretend like nothing had happened.

The pool cue was inserted two-eighths of the way inside my rectum at 4:39 p.m. It was done according to their plan. The pool cue was considered a "good luck charm" by the attendees of the "party performance." The insertion of the pool cue was relatively uneventful. The "grip handle" was "wiggled" a few times by those that walked by, and it moved with each offending thrust.

They ranked themselves in order from smallest penis to largest penis in terms of length. This was an important part of the "party performance" and the "show." There was opportunity to "pay up" and a "show-er" could "pay extra" if they "didn't want to go" in the order that was preassigned. The initial payment amount was \$100,000 dollars. For every additional \$5,000 dollars paid, the offenders allowed a "pay-up" of one spot to a maximum of 12 spots and to a maximum of \$60,000 dollars. These rules were "loosey-goosey", they selfishly admitted. The provision of more money could damn near buy anything. The "paid-up rank order" went: [J.K.1] and then [K.W.1] and then [J.F.1] and then [H.S.1] and then [T.S.1] and then [Q.N.1] and then [S.T.1] and then [J.F.9]. I mentioned [W.F.1] earlier, to give you, the reader, a time reference. Next was [M.D.1] and then [T.S.9] and then [J.M.1] and then [J.W.5] and then [J.W.4] and then [J.S.4] who I knew from my work on the microbiology bench testing water samples at the scientific laboratory. Next was [A.L.1] and then [L.S.1] and then [R.J.9] and then [R.J.8] and then [G.C.1] who I dated for a while when I was a teenager. Next was [C.L.1], and she was the only female of the night. Next was [D.W.9] who later changed his name to [T.W.99]. Next was [T.W.8] and then [J.S.8] and then [K.C.1] and then [O.O.1] from the car dealership across the way from where I used to work. Next was [J.R.1] and then [A.J.7] and then [N.F.1] and then my half-brother [R.F.1] and then [T.N.2] and then [F.R.5] and then [J.E.1] who I knew from the hockey arena. Next was [K.R.1] and then [S.A.1] who we know from his indictment. Next was [B.G.8] and then [J.B.8] and then [T.C.8] and then [D.T.Jr] who we all know from the other indictment. Next was [I.M.8] and then [R.Z.5].

What happened between the throws and thrusts of [R.J.8] and [G.C.1] is the anticlimax of the story.

[K.B.11] and [D.W.18] started their "pretend fight" and they went ahead with the pre-planned fall from the loading deck. [K.B.11] executed her "fake a broken right wrist." [K.W.11] and [D.W.18] angered and "pissed off" 19 people with their "skit." [L.C.1] laid down the law. The two were told to "leave the party" if they couldn't "calm down." In a fit of rage [D.W.18] walked up to me and grabbed the gripped handle end of the pool cue. She pushed it near as hard she could. The tip of the cue went tearing through my transverse colon. It continued its path through my diaphragm muscle. This muscle is needed for breathing in and out. This muscle also keeps the organs of the abdomen separate from the organs of the chest. The tip and shaft of the pool cue came to rest next to my heart and lungs. [K.B.11] walked up and grabbed the handle. A woman named [L.H.19] grabbed the handle too. [L.H.19] worked for the government's conservation department. [D.W.18] smiled and let go and then she grabbed the handle again. [M.M.2] grabbed the pool cue "higher up." Together this group of offenders "rammed" the handle of the pool cue and they swayed it back and forth. The swaying back and forth tore a hole in my pericardial sac. They pushed with so much force and at such a far-reaching angle that the tip of the pool cue tore a hole in the heart muscle itself. I let out a loud gasp of air. I heard my lungs deflate with the sound of collapse. The party turned quiet enough.

The pool cue was supposed to be removed at 9:00 p.m. according to the meeting held on June 19th. There was no talk of "impalement." The timing and time frame of the evening had been overlooked. The scheduled end time was impossible based on the sheer number of patrons in terms of paid-up rank order. The offenders decided "off the cuff" that the "Jenn Rape Party" would continue. The show would go on until everyone got their "rightful play" and "turn."

At the meeting that was held on June 19th, the offenders forgot to "plan" to kill me. It was merely mentioned. A transfer of funds totalling \$10 million dollars was negotiated as the price for the "assassination" and "murder." It wasn't until the morning of June 20th that [S.C.1] and [L.C.1] and [J.K.1] and [K.W.1] "remembered" that a "hit" had been ordered and was already paid for. They didn't tell anyone that they remembered "last minute." Not until the night of the "party" did they remind anyone who had otherwise forgotten.

The first discussions of "murder" and "assassination" were held on the chat forum. The page was named "Assassination." The month was November. The year was 2019. This discussion was held in thread number 5 and on lines 6 through 61. The export is available for a .csv file. You do not need to "show hidden fields."

The leaders of state and country and political party and high-ranking business had acquired the H.I.V. virus sometime between the years of 2011 and 2017. They had all made a formal

request to receive [82146] frozen plasma as a cure for their H.I.V. infection. The request for [82146] frozen plasma was made by way of special type of prescription known as an "Emergency Drug Release" [E.D.R.]. Clinical trial information about [82146] frozen plasma was available, and 4219 individuals made a request for an aliquot to be sent to them each. The requests were approved for these 4219 individuals. The patients were notified that they would receive [82146] frozen plasma on schedule between February and May in the year 2023. [82146] frozen plasma is available in limited quantities and care and attention to detail was needed in terms of planning. These 4219 individuals knew they were going to receive the [82146] frozen plasma treatment and they knew when they were going to receive it. They paid \$1,000 dollars per allocated aliquot. This price was based on a cost recovery method of production. Everyone agreed that \$1,000 dollars was a "more than fair price." No one was intentionally delaying anything. The time span between making the request and receiving [82146] frozen plasma was based on the "actual" time it takes for planning and processing and shipping and receiving of the finished and final product.

Across the world, there were an additional 140,092 people infected with the H.I.V. virus. 139,029 of them decided to "band together." They decided to "wait and see" how things went for the 4219 individuals that received it. Those 139,029 people never had a physician submit an E.D.R. They never made a formal request to receive the final product. The other 164 people were content with having the H.I.V. infection and they did not want to receive [82146] frozen plasma ever.

The "change" in operational outcome from "catch and rape and release" to "assassination" was because some of the offenders were H.I.V. positive and they wanted [82146] frozen plasma "earlier" than that which was promised and that which was delivered. They wanted things "faster" and they thought that assassination would get it to them faster. They thought they could take a "cheek swab" and a "nail cutting" and a "hair pull" before "I died." They would "kill me" and "clone" my immunity. They thought things would be "safer" if I was dead because they could avoid a claim of "trademark infringement." They were convinced that these "forensic" samples could be put in "some sort of machine." They thought they could "press a button" and the machine would "pop out" a pill or capsule or tablet that they could take, and it would cure them of their H.I.V. infection. They hypothesized that if they collected a "cheek swab" and a "nail cutting" and a "hair pull" and then killed me, they could "make their own cure" by the following month. They estimated that this could be done "by the following month."

They also planned to "exhume" my body and lay claim to Izzy as an added bonus.

Nine of the "Golf 20" dignitaries paid \$1 million dollars each and I was to be killed by way of "induced and forced drowning." Four private companies each contributed \$250,000 dollars apiece to bring the total for the "hit" to \$10 million dollars. The \$10 million dollars was paid via 13 separate bank transfers. One bank draft was needed because 1 of the 13 bank transfers couldn't be completed. This was because the sum was larger than \$200,000 dollars. This was per the regulation that exists in that region schmef cook. The transfers and draft were received into the "opened and owned account" held by [S.C.1] and [L.C.1] and a man named [D.C.1]. [D.C.1] was the son of [S.C.1] and [L.C.1].

The confusion came when [S.C.1] put on sweater and slacks and walked into the Bank. He told the "wicket teller" that he wanted to withdraw \$100,000 dollars. The "wicket teller" checked the Bank's computerized database system. [S.C.1] had been marked "deceased" per their records in the year 2018. [S.C.1] "forgot" that he had faked his own death a few years prior. It was a well publicized "boating canoe" accident. This "boating canoe" accident reportedly claimed the lives of not only [S.C.1] but of his son [D.C.1] as well. Their "boating companions" also died "tragically." These were a man named [C.S.19] and a man named [C.S.21]. [C.S.21] was the son of [C.S.19]. I attended the funeral that was held for [S.C.1] and [D.C.1]. It was held that May. It was held at the Legion in this same northeastern city. There were 491 people in attendance at the funeral. [S.C.1] and [D.C.1] faked their own deaths for the \$1 million dollar insurance money. The beneficiary of the policy was [L.C.1] and a man named [E.C.81]. [E.C.81] was the other son of [S.C.1] and [L.C.1]. [C.S.19] was also a "life insured boater." His wife was a woman named [L.S.18]. She made claim to four separate insurance policies, and she received insurance monies totalling \$1 million dollars. These tidy sums were disbursed in June and July and August and December.

When the Bank manager came to the wicket, he got a good look at [S.C.1]. The Bank manager put two and two together instantly. He realized it was fraud and he called the 4-letter acronym of a police agency. They picked up [S.C.1] in the capital city to the south. He was arrested and he spent 3 months in prison. The charges were "falsifying a police report" and "insurance fraud." His family was allowed to keep the insurance money because "they" couldn't show any wrongdoing. No one even looked. [S.C.1] was released from prison in January. The year was 2020.

This is how they "planned" and then "re-did" their plan to kill me. They would "push an overdose of hydromorphone and lidocaine and ketamine through the I.V. port" and "wrap" the "body" and "toss" me into the "[B.W.] River." There was no time mentioned on the chat forum. [S.C.1] thought that it would happen around 11:00 p.m.

The time is 11:38 p.m. There is an intermission scheduled instead.

August 5th, 2021

I was severely injured but the viewers and the guests and the participants and the hula dancers "partied on. " A man named [M.P.2] was next in their paid-up rank order. He was 90th out of 91 in total. The time is now 12:12 a.m.

A man named [M.P.5] was "as final" in their paid-up rank order. He was 91st out of 91 in total. He was the last person to force himself on me during my 13 days held captive. The final set began at 1:18 a.m. and ended at 1:29 a.m. It was held behind a half-way closed shroud of material curtainesque.

At 2:04 a.m. for "luck", the "fatal" dose of their anesthetic drug miscalculated mixture was forced into me. They near emptied the I.V. bag into a 60 mL size syringe. They pushed the admix through the I.V. connector port and into the I.V. that was still in place in my left hand. The I.V. site had not been cleansed or replaced or moved to another hand or vein since it was first installed. My left hand was red and inflamed and badly bruised and swollen. These "afflictions" could be seen from a distance. "Push" they did, nonetheless. They "pushed" through the I.V. port until all 60 mL had been administered plus an additional 20 mL of ketamine plus an additional 20 mL of lidocaine plus an additional 10 mL of hydromorphone that they added straight from the bottle. I gasped and held my breath. Nine of them watched as it happened. They looked on until signs of breathing escaped their "on watch" and then they waited for 11 more minutes. [S.C.1] looked at his electronic wristwatch. His electronic wristwatch had a "stopwatch function." He set a timer for 5 minutes and he "felt for a pulse at my wrist and my neck." He was nominated and then elected as the person responsible and tasked and privileged with the "feeling." The alarmists watched by way of public view camera.

Lot #ID 49181716-9
Lot #ID 49181716-1
Lot #ID 49181716-99
Lot #ID 49181716-38
Lot #ID 49181716-4
Lot #ID 49181716-22
Lot #ID 49181716-41
Lot #ID 49181716-86
Lot #ID 49181716-29
Lot #ID 49181716-4
Lot #ID 49181716-3
Lot #ID 49181716-92
Lot #ID 49181716-17
Lot #ID 49181716-88
Lot #ID 49181716-66
Lot #ID 49181716-27
Lot #ID 49181716-101

[S.C.1] couldn't detect a "pulse" at either the wrist or the neck location. None of the others could see signs of breathing like the "rise and fall of my chest" so fine. [S.C.1] felt again at my wrist and neck for another 5 minutes. There was "nothing" as "far as he

could tell." The time is now 2:15 a.m. The offenders were "satisfied" with the outcome. [T.W.1] pronounced me dead at the scene. "Time of death" [T.W.1] said to the onlookers "is 2:16 a.m. in the morning. The date is August 5th. The year is 2021."

[S.C.1] left the room for less than a minute. He returned carrying a wrapped roll of plastic "poly" sheeting. [S.C.1] and [H.D.P.] and [S.P.1] and [K.B.11] unwrapped the wrap off the wrap. [D.W.18] and [M.M.2] and [R.S.1] joined the others in the laying down of a "decent size" width and length of "poly" on the floor. [S.C.1] cut off the "excess" with his "scissor cutting shears."

I was still lying mostly on the table and my head was off to the side pointed "downwards." [S.C.1] and [J.K.5] and [M.M.2] and [J.K.1] each grabbed an extremity. [D.W.18] held my head while [S.C.1] and [J.K.5] tugged forcefully on my "feet with ankle grip." [M.M.2] and [J.K.1] lost their grip on my arms. [D.W.18] let go of my head. I came crashing down hard in terms of my skull. My skull hit with a smack back and with a cringe worthy crack onto the floor below. Everyone shuddered with fracturous insight. They brandished their grip this time with a more secure hold, and they centered me on the poly plastic sheeting. They wrapped me in a fashion of left leaf over mid then roll then roll then tuck in the corners to fold to fold. They stopped for a smoke or a drag each or a shot of rye whiskey or a shot of scotch aged 25 years and then they reconvened for the carry. They walked me out of the rear kitchen exit door. I was wrapped tightly in plastic. The bearers used makepunched handles in the top of the plastic to gain a better grip. The makepunches were made in the plastic using the pen knife on loan to them and their sizably small fists. To the water's edge we continued. [C.C.1] carried a handheld camera. Her husband [D.C.2] was holding their 8-month-old son in his arms on his hip while they walked. This son was a boy named [S.C.2]. Their other son [L.C.2] was fast asleep upstairs in Bedroom 8. [L.C.2] was being cared for by someone who drank to much and who didn't realize there was a child in the bed when she crawled into it. The girl drunkard went to sleep on the bed anyway and this was none other than [K.B.11]. [K.B.11] didn't want to do the work of dumping my body because it was "too dirty outside with the sand." The carried me to the shore's edge and then under the Miles Hart Bridge. They took cautious step sand then 3 of them lost their footing and then 2 of them regained their foot hold and then 1 of them slipped right to the ground. On the "count" of 3 and from an elevation of 12 feet over the water's edge and at an angle of 12 degrees, they tossed my naked body into the [B.W.] River. The plastic sheet had come unravelled.

Lady mayor and campground king [C.S.9] called the emergency line for the 4-letter acronym of a police agency at 204-***-6911. This 10-digit number was preprogrammed into her cell phone. The northeastern city in which I was being held captive did not have the more traditional "911 service." A service such as this would need to be paid for by the local government district and this [L.G.D.] had not agreed to it. If you were in the area and if there was an emergency and if you just dialed the number "911" on the keypad, there was no guarantee your call would be connected to the emergency response dispatcher. If you dialed "911", 91% of the time you would hear "your call cannot be completed as dialed." Their solution was to use a 10-digit phone number for emergencies instead of using the number "911." In this northeastern city, there were 2 emergency phone numbers that needed to be memorized or preprogrammed or looked up out of necessity. These telephone numbers were as follows:

204-***-6911 was the 10-digit emergency number for the police.

204-***-7911 was the 10-digit emergency number for fire and ambulance.

[C.S.9]'s call was routed to the emergency response dispatcher in the capital city to the south. This city was an 8 hours drive away. The call came through at 2:39 a.m.

The role of "police dispatcher" was played by a woman named [L.D.1]. [L.D.1] was my next-door neighbor. She was "expecting" the call per their "show notes."

[L.D.1] answered the call per unofficial scripted response: "911 emergency. How may I help you today?"

[C.M.9] said "There has been a dead body discovered" and "The police need to know about a dead body."

"Where has the body been discovered?" said [L.D.1].

"By the riverbank in [northeastern city and region where I was being held captive]" replied lady mayor campground king [C.M.9].

"Which way did she travel?" asked [L.D.1]. This was followed by "Oops. What I meant to say was which way did she fall?"

[C.M.9] said "West of the Lodge and downstream I think."

"Thanks" said [L.D.1]. "Goodbye."

The offenders had help with their "show." The telephone company was "in on it." The call forward from 204-***-6911 to 204-***-8119 was in place per usual at this hour. With ring through and no answer on the part of the "actual" emergency dispatcher, a 2nd temporary call forward was installed, and the call was routed to the personal cell phone "#2" of [L.D.1]. "Permission" for the 2nd temporary call forward was granted by the Chief Executive Officer [C.E.O.] of the telephone company himself. The call forward remained in place for 2 minutes and 8 seconds and the "show" continued.

A police report was filed based on their "script." This was done with the help of the [C.E.O.] of the telephone company. The [C.E.O.] obtained a video recording of [C.M.9]'s "half" of the phone call. The video recording was passed along to the "actual" emergency dispatcher. They took the clip of the video recording that captured [C.M.9]'s phone call and they re-recorded it as audio using their transcription software. They "simulated" a recording that "would fit" with the automated timestamp. The "actual" dispatcher recorded her own voice to match the "back dialogue" of [C.M.9]. The "rough" script combined with "overhear" were used to synchronize the recording in terms of timing.

[C.M.9]'s call was recorded on semi-public camera, and she put the call on "quiet speaker phone." Those watching could hear and refer to it later. This was done for two reasons:

1. To demonstrate that they "have" emergency services in this northeastern city and to "show" that the city's emergency services personnel are highly trained and specialized, and
2. To start the process of having me "declared dead." In addition to the payout for the assassination and the cloning of [82146] frozen plasma, they had ideas of grandeur in terms of identity fraud. They thought about "which drawer" in my bedroom might contain my passport.

[S.C.1] made a phone call from the landline at the Lodge at 2:41 a.m. This was 2 minutes and 58 seconds after the call was made by [C.M.9]. [S.C.1] phoned 204-***-7911. The call rang through to 204-***-8119. The call was not "scripted" as part of their "show." The "actual" emergency response dispatcher was not told to let the call "ring through" to another "call forward." The temporary "call forward" that was in place earlier had already been removed anyway. [S.C.1] made this call in a "state of panic." [S.C.1] saw my body "veer" and "turn" in a direction he didn't think the current of the river would allow. He was concerned that my body might wash up on the shore on the opposite side of where it was expected to turn up. [S.C.1] and [J.K.1] had binoculars ready. I turned to their right and then I turned to their left a distance of 1.2 kilometers (0.67 miles) away. They lost sight of me 19 seconds later. They expected my body to turn right and stay right. [S.C.1] told the rest of the offenders that he would phone "the police" and make sure "all their bases were covered."

I love to swim. I started swimming lessons when I was 18 months old. I achieved formal instruction up to the level of "Life Saving III." I could tow an "incapacitated drowning victim" with ease in terms of a "drill scenario." "Front stroke" was my 2nd best stroke. My 1st best stroke was the "back stroke." When the 9 of them tossed me naked in the water I hit the water hard and with a splash. I toppled down to a depth of 4 feet. The cool water and the impact of the throw and the landing woke me up completely. The water's depth at the point where I hit was 9 feet down. It was 4 feet from the shoreline. I didn't even come close to hitting the submerged rocks and debris. I did see shopping carts and a "burned out vehicle" on the bottom of the river basin, however.

It was a river not an ocean. There was a bit of a current. This river is used most often by seaplanes. This is where seaplanes commonly take off and land. None of that was happening at this time of day. This part of the river had not seen a boat nearby in nearly 2 months.

There was no water wake aside from my own. The water was murky and cloudy and hard to "see through." I surfaced 9 feet further out. I pushed and pressed hard with my arms under the surface of the water and then I swung my left arm up and forward. I swam "with the current" northwest and then I swam back around the bend for a total of 1400 meters (just over ½ mile). I lived at 148 Riverside Drive. The backyard of my house is 1200 meters up from the waters edge. There is direct access from the river to the shore and then there is an embankment with a path that lies next to a feeder creek and then there is a fence with a gate that borders my own property. I wanted to go home.

I got out of the water, and I crawled up the embankment. I lost my footing, and I slid down into the reeds near the creek. I got soaked in the "algae bloomy water" with no bloomers on to speak of. I crawled back up to the path. I walked the rest of the way to the fence. It took me six tries, but I jumped over the fence. I did this because I couldn't reach the gate's latch. Once I was in the backyard, I stumbled my way to the entrance of the walk out basement. I intentionally left the door unlocked in case of an emergency. It took some maneuvering, but I opened the screen door and then the solid door. I was exhausted and I fell asleep on the floor of the band practice room.

August 6th, 2021

The time is 12:09 a.m. I'm on the landing of the main floor of my own home. I've fallen asleep while crawling up the stairs. I woke up and then rested while lying down a few inches from the front door. My home security system was on. It was "live", but it was not recording. I had disabled the storage functional capacity a few days prior to the kidnap. My mouth was dry and the pain in my head was excruciating. I could see and I could hear. The sounds had some ringing with it at first. This went away by 2:41 a.m. My right arm is outstretched. My dog is there and she's by my left side. She licked my face twice. I sighed and I smiled, and I said, "Good dog." I was happy and proud of her. I cried a few tears for 2 minutes and 31 seconds and she lapped them up. She was hungry. No one had fed her or watered her or brushed her teeth or her fur coat. At 2:42 a.m. I pushed myself to get up and I fell back down to the landing. I pushed myself up again. I made it up the stairs to the 2nd floor of the bi-level home. I walked to the kitchen cabinet. I opened the cabinet, and I made two fists, and I got two handfuls of dry dog food. I added the food to her dish. I walked to the sink, and I turned on the tap. I dazzled my index finger through the water until it was cold and clear. I filled up her dish and placed it back down on the linoleum floor. She drank and ate her food. I had 4 crackers to eat, and half a glass of tap water to drink. I walked around the corner to the ensuite bathroom, and I rest there by putting my elbow on the countertop. I rested my head on my hand and unconscious I fell to the floor. I woke up and stood up. I tried again resting my elbow on the countertop. I rested my head on my hand, and I splashed a few spritzes of water on my face. Unconscious I fell again to the floor. I woke up again 19 minutes later. I stood up and I went to the bedroom. I got under the covers and put my head on the pillow. I fell back asleep. I woke up again at 4:12 a.m. on August 9th.

The television was on in the bedroom. The bedroom window was open part way. The window had a nicely fitted screen. The talk was ramping up on the chat forum. The topics of conversation today pertained to the video edits of the "party performance" video footage. As of this moment there have been 941,000 downloads of the "performance party" in whole or in part. The offenders don't know that I am alive.

At 6:49 a.m. a concerned parent phoned the non-emergency line of the four-letter acronym of a police agency in the capital city to the south. The concerned parent's son was upset about something he saw happen as a part of the August 1st ordeal. He was upset about a video his cousin had shown him. The details her son described to her pertained to an act of lewdness between two brothers. An act that could be considered incestuous. The boy's mother called the police agency to report what her son had see although she admitted that she "never saw it" herself. The concerned parent was upset because she believed that "those types" of lewd acts should happen behind "closed doors" and should not be videotaped. This type of comment was concerning to the "officer" that took the complaint. When morality prevails, the act between two brothers, as well as the tape recording of the act, should both be concerning out right. The "officer" that "heard" the complaint made note of it on a piece of scrap paper and he tucked the scrap paper in his friend's desk drawer.

At 2:38 p.m. my dad received a phone call at his workplace from a friend of his that does "undercover work" as a private investigator. The private investigator was a man named [K.C.29]. [K.C.29] casually asked how he was and how the family was. [K.C.29] used the word "daughter" but he never mentioned my name specifically. My dad thought of both [K.M.N.] and I. My dad assumed the question was about me. My dad said, "Oh good, good you know working hard as usual." The private investigator and my dad discussed the work-related topic that was on the agenda to be discussed and nothing more came from it. This conversation "made waves" because it was overheard by 9 of the offenders who were eavesdropping illegally by way of a semi-private camera view. The offenders assumed that either [K.C.29], or someone known to or by [K.C.29], had found my body. They assumed that [K.C.29] couldn't share this type of information "publicly" or that he was in some way prevented from reporting the "discovery". The offenders thought that [K.C.29] was speaking in "some sort of code." It was "wishful thinking" on the part of the offenders. In fact, [K.C.29] was fishing for "inside information." [K.C.29] wanted to know if my dad had filed a missing person's report in my regard. He wanted to know if my dad was notified as "next of kin." [K.C.29] had a vested interest in the "party performance" and he too was trying to figure out what to do next. I was safe and sound at home.

August 7th, 2021

The time is 12:09 a.m. I'm asleep under the covers. The window is open part way. My dog is barking at the door because someone rang the bell. The bellringer had forgotten about the "party performance." He was at my house to deliver a package. The neighbor across the street waved and yelled and made a gesture with her hand. The gesture was with reference to the illusion of "throat cutting." She was trying to communicate the message that I had "died." The package deliverer left the package on top of the mailbox. I never got it because the offenders stole it before I got the chance to bring it inside. It was a new collar for my dog. It was embroidered with a monogram. She finished barking and she ate a bit more food and she drank some more water. She came back to my side with manners abound.

August 8th, 2021

The time is 12:01 a.m. I'm in the bedroom of my own house. The bedroom rests on the 2nd floor. There is one south facing window and it is open part way. My breathing is shallow and labored, and my functional tidal capacity is 0.234 liters of air. This is a mere 12% of what is normal for a human and a modest 20% of what is normal for me. A pain score of 0 and no pain at all was normal for me 359 days of each year. On this day and this time, the abdominal pain is a 7 out of 10. The pain would be considered a 9 out of 10 for all other humans. The abdominal pain would be considered intolerably severe for 9% of the world's population. I lay quietly still on my right side with my knees partially bent and tucked toward my body. There was no fever. The television had been on steadily since the time I was first stolen from overtop these same blanket covers. Things on the news network broadcast today included:

- a) a commercial for an upcoming documentary series that pertained to the global financial crisis, and
- b) a segment that talked about the upcoming war between Iran and Kuwait, and
- c) a segment that discussed the needs of gender specific washroom and the fixtures and the utilities servicing these washrooms, and
- d) a segment on sports medicine that discussed the limitations of cruciate ligament repair in terms of knee pain, and
- e) a segment on the Influenza Virus H5N1 2019 Shanghai serovar.

A female "Staff Sergeant" from the 4-letter acronym of a police agency in the capital city to the south was nominated to make the call. She dialed the number carefully and with intention and with "movie" script in hand. My dad's cell phone rang at 10:31 a.m. as he sat in the kitchen of his own home. He was reading the internet version of the local newspaper. He was perusing an article written as editorial. The "No Caller ID" startled him. He answered the phone call, and he shook his head "No" before he could even connect the call. "This is Dr. Nyhof speaking" my dad said into the receiver of the cell phone. "Good morning, Dr. Nyhof. This is the [4-letter acronym of a police agency] calling from [the northeastern city where I was being held captive]. We have some terrible news for you." My dad shed a few tears and replied "Oh no. Is it Jenn? Is she O.K.?"

"I'm afraid something bad has happened to her. She fell while out for a walk after a party late on the 4th of August. She slipped and fell into the water, and she drowned" answered the "Staff Sergeant."

"I was worried" my dad replied. "I hadn't heard from her in quite a while, and I got really worried yesterday when she hadn't replied to my text messages."

"She's been taken to [H.S.C.] the morgue. There has been positive identification of her remains. You can call them at [204-***-****] and they can help you make arrangements for aftercare" said the "Staff Sergeant."

My dad told the "Staff Sergeant" that he would call the [H.S.C.] morgue. He got a pen and wrote the number down on a piece of scrap paper. He checked to make sure he had written it down correctly. The "Staff Sergeant" repeated the number twice. My dad thanked her and hung up the phone. He cried for 2 minutes and 39 seconds and then he got back on his cell phone, and he dialed [204-***-****]. This was the number he was given. The conversation between my dad and "[H.S.C.] Hospital" was captured on public nested view camera bearing Lot ID# 39181910-9. This was at 10:49 a.m.

The call answerer said "[H.S.C.] Hospital Mortuary line. Kathy speaking. How may I direct your call?"

My dad thought this was a strange way to start a conversation, but he pressed on. My dad gave my full name. "Jennifer Joy Brenley Nyhof." Kathy asked for my date of birth, and he gave it to her after a second's time of thought. "June 14th, 1982." Kathy thanked him and transferred the call to a falsely credentialed physician whom my dad knew very well. He was a man named [S.A.3]. [S.A.3] used the voice changing function from the software used for medical record dictation. [S.A.3] said "I'm sorry for your loss, Harold. She's gone and she drowned per the conversation you had with ["Staff Sergeant"]." My dad probed further and asked if there was any information as to what happened. [S.A.3] said "Apparently she went to a party and had too much fun and walked off by herself and slipped and fell and it was like a beach but not quite a beach and hit her head on the rocks and fell into the water and she drowned just like that."

[H.D.P.] played the role of "Staff Sergeant." [L.D.1] played the role of "Kathy."

The offenders had planned the script somewhat, but they believed that scripts read "word for word" or "text to speech for text to speech" would come across as "phoney" and "fake." They "made room" in their script to accommodate the ad libitum of lib fib. The offenders made sure never to mention alcohol or drug use specifically to my next of kin. This was done for two reasons:

1. I hadn't consumed drugs or alcohol. The toxicology screen ("tox screen" or "tox panel") would come up "negative" and would show that I did not consume drugs or alcohol. What was administered to me by the offenders was done under force or by slipping it into a non-alcoholic beverage, and
2. The offenders couldn't fake a "tox screen." "Hacking in" to change the results of the test is near impossible. Changing a patient name or patient identifier from one to the other is complicated and sets off an alert and a red flag.

The offenders were still waiting for my body to turn up on the shoreline downstream from where they "dump dropped" me. The offenders still believed that my "body would turn up to wash up" in a matter of days after the "drop." They were mildly concerned that there might be an inquiry or further investigation if my "body was found by someone out walking their dog." They still don't know that I'm alive.

August 9th, 2021

The former "actual" Staff Sergeant from the 4-letter acronym of a police agency was a man named [L.M.8]. He still had ties to the agency. [L.M.8] logged into the software database system that belonged to the conglomerate of police agencies. This software database and message notification system is called [C.P.I.C.]. He logged in and deleted my "personal information" profile. The only entry into that record was from a single speeding ticket. This entry was made 25 years earlier. This "infraction" involved an unschooled "policeman"

armed with a "radar gun." I drove past the "policeman" one day and he "pulled me over." I knew I wasn't speeding, and I told him that, but he gave me a "ticket" anyway. He said I was going "67 in a 50 zone" but I wasn't. The public camera captured my truth telling and his lie spewing. I paid the fine. A single speeding ticket in 38 years on this planet and my only wrongdoing was not fighting a ticket in traffic court. [L.M.8] set the personal information profile to "deceased" and then "save as" and "are you sure?" and "yes" and that was it. I existed no longer. The decision for the "deceased" and the profile removal was the culmination of events set into action by the police report filed earlier. The filing of a "dead body discovered" police report triggered an "alert" in [C.P.I.C.] and this required follow-up. Some "action" had to be taken and the action the offenders deemed appropriate was to presume I was dead and let their records reflect this. The offenders "hacked" into the [D.M.V.] computerized database system next. My electronic profile was set to "deceased." The details as to when I last renewed my driver's license and when I took my road test when I was 16 years old and the data about my otherwise clean driver's abstract was now gone. The offenders "hacked" into the government tax revenue service [C.R.A.] computerized database system next. My profile was set to "deceased", and my work history and record of tax filings were deleted in one full swoop.

The pain was intolerable in the upper left quadrant of my abdomen. It was hard to breath, but I had no cough or fever. I drove my truck to the [T.G.] Hospital after kissing my dog goodbye "for a few hours." I parked in parking spot #419 in the parking lot located southwest of the emergency room "general admitting" entrance. I walked through the doors of the [T.G.] Hospital under my own power. The time is 11:49 a.m. I walked down the corridor to the admitting desk window. The woman at the admitting desk was named [R.I.4]. She asked for my name and my date of birth and for my health identification number. I provided this information promptly. She asked what the "trouble seemed to..." and I replied without letting her finish the sentence. "Abdominal pain and it hurts to breath and it's a bit hard to breath too" I said. I was not having diarrhea, but I vomited twice the day before. There was no vomiting now. I ate a few crackers, and I held them down. I told her that I was "most concerned about the pain" which was "severe." The pain was in the "upper" quadrant of the abdomen. [R.I.4] wrote this down incorrectly. She wrote the word "lower" rather than the word "upper." [R.I.4] got the directionality correct 4 times out of 9 times total when she relayed the message to a "provider." [R.I.4] said "right" instead of "left" on 5 different occasions. I was told to "have a seat" in the waiting room for the emergency room department. [R.I.4] said that someone would "call" me at some undetermined time in the future.

The pain was getting worse as time went on. I waited for 1 hour and 39 minutes before a woman and falsely credentialed nurse named [H.O.1] called me into exam room 2. I was to attend to this exam room for "triage" and "follow-up." This is what she wrote down in no place at all, but she said these words to the falsely credentialed physician that was manning the E.R. He said "Yes..." and "...go do this" to [H.O.1]. Into exam room 2 we went. I sat upright on the chair. I was never asked to lie down for an examination. Abdominal palpation was not performed nor was a rectal exam done per the protocol written by someone that has a "license" to practice nursing but who's schooling is non-existent. The "protocol writer" was a woman named [H.B.1]. [H.O.1] took my temperature and it was normal. She took my blood pressure, and it was 151 over 87. She considered this "high", although the actual number was 129 over 91. [H.O.1] asked me the same questions as were asked at the admitting desk. I reiterated my concerns unchanged. [H.O.1] told me that I was "dehydrated" and "constipated." I was told to go back to the waiting room of the emergency room and that's what I did.

The problem at [N.Y.C.] turned to tragedy. There wasn't enough chlorine in the drinking water. The chlorinator pump had malfunctioned at the plant. The first "death murder and kill" was reported. The bacteria and virus laden drinking water was used to reconstitute infant formula. The formula was fed to a 9-month-old boy. The child had been vomiting for 3 days and he was experiencing diarrhea for 6 days. He stopped drinking formula yesterday. His parents offered a few bites of rice cereal mixed with the same tap water. He couldn't keep it down and then he stopped taking that too. Nineteen soiled diapers turned to 4 soiled diapers turned to 0 soiled diapers. The 9-month-old boy was 27% dehydrated when he arrived at the hospital. Up until that point, he had been receiving care by way of "no fee" telemedicine consultation. The children's emergency room was "standing room only" when the boy's parents pushed through the swinging doors. The boy's mother yelled loudly. She didn't think her baby "was breathing well." The boy's mother and father screamed together. They

needed "help right now." The boy's mother pulled up a seat at the "admitting window." The "admitting clerk" began taking a "history." The boy died 14 minutes after arriving in the children's emergency room. He died in the arms of his mother. His father wept.

It was now 9 hours and 41 minutes past the time of my first arrival at [T.G.] Hospital. I approached the admitting desk again and I told the staff member that the pain was so bad I could not tolerate sitting in a chair any longer. I told her I would have to go home and lie down and that I would have to leave and come back the following day and that's what I did. I went home and slept curled up until I knew we had passed the 11:59 p.m. mark of this day. I knew there would be someone on staff and on shift who was trained and credentialed in the realm of diagnostic imaging. He was in the capital city to the south mind you, but I knew he would overread the images that would be taken by way of x-ray and CT scan. He had an excellent track-record.

The injuries incurred during my 13 days held captive:

Forty-seven (47) transient ischemic attacks [T.I.A.]

Four (4) skull fractures

- Frontal bone (2)
- Parietal bone (1)
- Occipital bone (1)

Perforated large colon, transverse section

- The wound was a tear measuring 2 mm x 3 mm and located 4 cm proximal to the turn of the descending colon
- The result was a mere 9 liters of peritoneal effusion accompanied by peritonitis

Diaphragmatic hernia, a tear 2 cm ventral and 1 cm medial to the esophageal hiatus resulting in herniation of a 1 cm portion of the omentum and 2.9 liters of pleural effusion and bilateral pleuropneumonia

A tear in the pericardial sac that measured 2 mm x 4 mm and resultant 40 mL of pericardial effusion

A tear in the myocardium measuring 2 mm x 3 mm and to a depth of 1.9 mm

Disseminated intravascular coagulation (D.I.C.), 72% occluded

Pulmonary thromboemboli (2), right and left pulmonary trunk branches

Thirteen of them entered a guilty plea for the charge of "rape in the 1st degree."

Forty-seven of them entered a guilty plea for the charge of "conspiracy to commit rape in the 2nd degree."

They served no prison time.

The Authority from Above and Beyond and I responded accordingly to the "assassination" attempt. We brought an end to 92.9 described audio on the dial. We reduced by steady increment the 5 Hertz frequency through the channel. The 5 Hertz frequency in terms of resonance gives rise to D-Dopa. The offenders have a pathological inability to produce D-Dopa and a lack of D-Dopa causes their brain to deteriorate. The methylmercury in their tainted antidepressants made them worse. The 5 Hertz frequency at the correct decibel level and intensity can encourage deficient brain cells to produce D-Dopa. Increased levels of endogenous D-dopa can help ameliorate their clinical signs and symptoms. They tried to bring me down and we brought them down right back.

If I would have died this day or that day, the world would have ended August 8th, 2041. The famine would have started July 29th, 2031. The crops would have dried for the first time on June 11th, 2030. The crops would have dried for the last time on June 12th, 2031. The rations left on reserve would have expired the year before. There is no wheat. There is no barley. There is no rye. The cattle produce no milk that is of substance to sustain their

own young or the few young produced by human. The formula is now made with sufficient melamine to kill a newborn in 8 days. The race no one won in the days and years after my death would have been one of starvation.

Until tomorrow.

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