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So sorry Jeffrey these things happen when your body had never been given time to properly heal!

So it came out in the toilet and I didnt know what to do so I just flushed the tiny little fetus.

You have made me numb and I hate you for this!

I hope I never have to see you again!

I am not your personal incubator!

where is the baby!

where is Ghislaine!!!

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SSRYEEETEEHNSAPNHNOR
OORJFRYHSTIGHPEWEYU

BDHSEEBEGVNI EORPRYEL!
OYANVREN I ETMTP OELHA

SICMOTNH TIEADD TNWHT
O+A E U I T E O L T N I K O W A

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OOJSFUH DLTTEEUVYU

HVM DMADHTVUOTLIOE
AEAEETOBNIAE OFRH S. HPI

NVR AEO E YUGI IMO YUPROA
EEHVTS EOAAN'ANTORESNL

ICBTR: HR1TEAVI HRIGILIE!!!
NUAOWEESSHBBWEESSHSA

DEATH

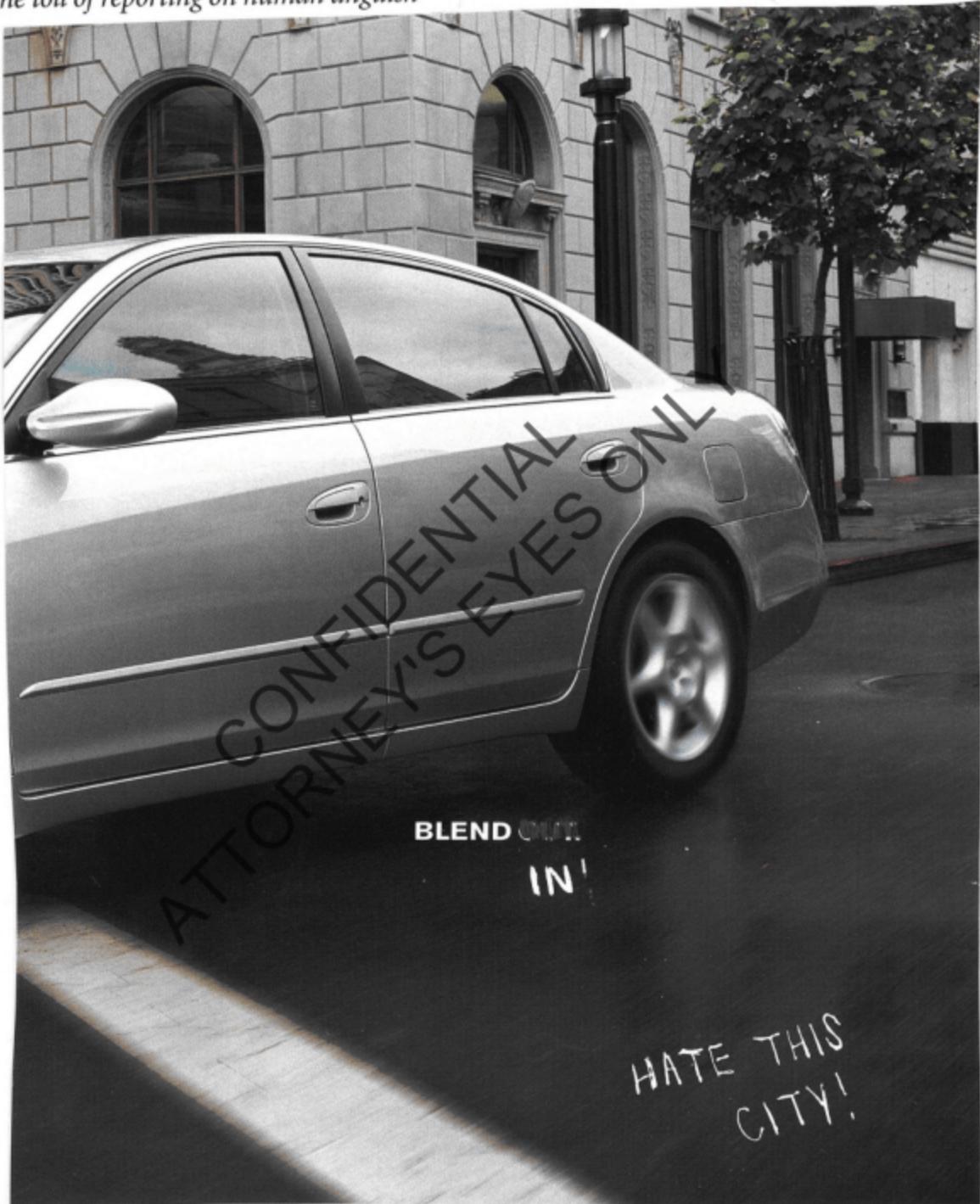
BLEND IN!

HATE THIS CITY!

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On Misery's Trail

The toll of reporting on human anguish



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SHIFT convention

EFTA02731398

1961

I blamed her for everything, but she didn't answer.
I couldn't understand her stupid behavior!
When I hit her she held still, like a true pacifist.
Then I realized what she wanted was for me to love her:
She began to warm up, and I saw her advantages.

Without me, she wouldn't exist, so of course she was grateful.
I gave her a soul, I bloomed out of her as a rose
Blooms out of a vase of not very valuable porcelain,
And it was I who attracted everybody's attention,
Not her whiteness and beauty, as I had at first supposed.
I patronized her a little, and she lapped it up—
You could tell almost at once she had a slave mentality.

I didn't mind her waiting on me, and she adored it.
In the morning she woke me early, reflecting the sun
From her amazingly white torso, and I couldn't help but notice
Her tidiness and her calmness and her patience.
She humored my weakness like the best of nurses,
Holding my bones in place so they would mend properly.
In time our relationship grew more intense.

She stopped fitting me so closely and seemed offish.
I felt her criticizing me in spite of herself,
As if my habits offended her in some way.
She let in the drafts and became more and more absent-minded.
And my skin itched and flaked away in soft pieces
Simply because she looked after me so badly.
Then I saw what the trouble was: she thought she was immortal.

She wanted to leave me, she thought she was superior,
And I'd been keeping her in the dark, and she was resentful—
Wasting her days waiting on a half-corps!
And secretly she began to hope I'd die.
Then she could cover my mouth and eyes, cover me entirely,
And wear my painted face the way a mummy-case
Wears the face of a pharaoh, though it's made of mud and water.

I wasn't in any position to get rid of her.
She'd supported me for so long I was quite limp—
I had even forgotten how to walk or sit,

Background photo of a courtroom with words "our stand you should never be here alone"

HE SHOULD!

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EFTA02731400

OUR STAND

YOU SHOULD NEVER BE HERE ALONE.



36USC220504
Proud Home & Auto Insurance Sponsor
of the 2004 U.S. Olympic Team

HE SHOULD!

EFTA02731401

Through a Child's Eyes

"What I wanted was . . .
a place where dreams
did not stop at dawn."

I won't let
pain keep me from

PROTECT THE
VANISHING CHILDREN

Flashback

In the Danger Zone

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Background photos of New York City and quote "Who could have predicted this?"
I should have!

So sad this city could be beautiful if it weren't filled with monsters.

The blood from Leon is no longer there.

[clipping: National Geographic June 2004]

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"WHO COULD HAVE PREDICTED THIS?"

Ihudee!
Sohv

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This is where Central Park halts the northward march of architectural giants. Setting his camera at 67th Street and Central Park West, the photographer made this view (above) looking to the southeast. In the same scene photographed at night (below), the park's night lights dance and tremble like balls of St. Elmo's Fire. Beyond the park, etched in fire against nocturnal skies, rises the great city, illuminated like a sultan's palace on a gala night.



ORREN R. LOUDEN (BOTH)

Tomorrow is the halfway ultrasound for Jeffrey.

This one stuck.

After they took the first baby who survived and the early miscarriage I think it was called I no longer feel like a person but a vessel.

Will they take this one too?

Who has the first one?

Where did Ghislaine go.

She is never around.

I cant let myself get attached.

I am not old or mature enough or even in the place to have a baby that I would be responsible for.

I am not even able to focus on anything other than hiding this again.

I had to go to eating disorder treatment prior to being in this situation again and missed the entire fall semester of school.

I am so very exhausted.

My body feels so tired.

Will I ever be free?

Tmro itea f a u t a o n f r e f e T i o e t c A t r h y
o o r w s h h i w y i r s u d o j f r y . h s n s u k . f e t e

t o t e i s b b w o u v v d n t e a l m s a r a e t i k t a c l e i o
o K h f r t a y h s p r i e a d h e r y i c r i g i h n i w s a i d n

l n e f e ! k a e s n u a e s l i l n y a e h s n t o ? h h s h f r t
o g r e i i e p r o b t v s e w i t e + k t i o e o w o a t e i s

o e n r d d h s a n g s e s e e a o n l a t e m s l g t t a h d
n w e e i G i l i e o . h i n v r r u d . c n t y e f e a t e

l m o o d r a u e n u h r v n n b a e a b b t a l o l b
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e p n i l f r . a n t b e o o u o a y h n o h r h n i n g

t i a a n . h d o o a i g i o d r r a m n p i r o e n i t i
h s g i i a t g t e t n d s r e f e t e t r o t b i g n n s

s t a i n g i a d i s d h e t r f i s m s e o s h o l . a s y
j u t o o a h n m s e t e n i e a l e e t r f c o o i m s y

e h u t d . y o y e i s t r d . w l l v r r e ?
x a s e M b d f e s o i e j i e e b f e

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SEXES ONLY

I am such a...**monster**.

I DIDNT CONSOLE HER!

I CANT UNHEAR HER SCREAMS!

THEY HAUNT ME!

I couldnt even bring myself to look at her.

I am a monster.

I deserve to be haunted by her screams.

I AM SO SORRY

I AM S[] BROKEN.

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imuh
asca...

Monster

IINCNOEE IATNERESRAS' HYANN,
DDTOSLHR! CNUHAHRCENTEHUTE!

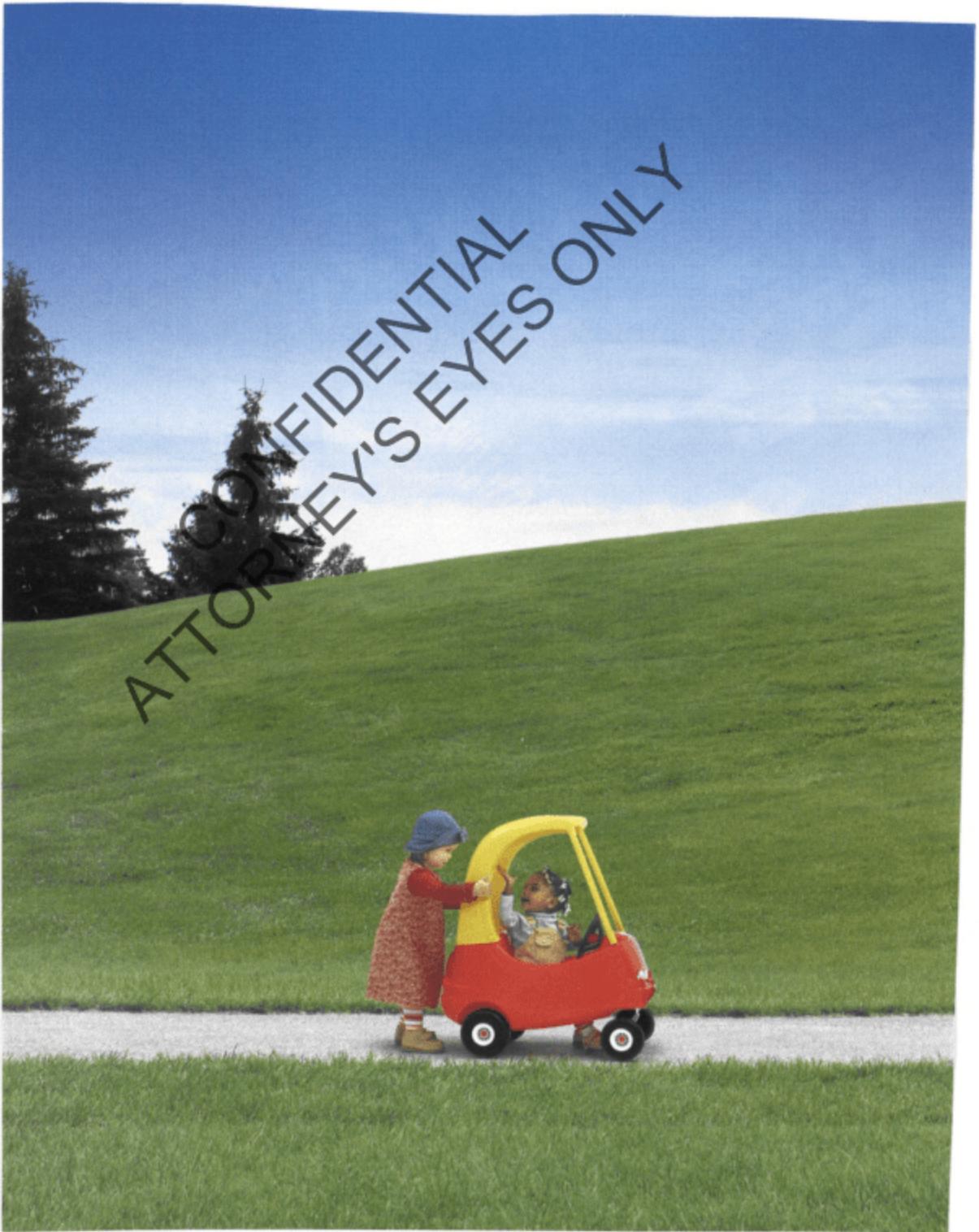
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