

Close your eyes close your eyes close your eyes. Dont speak she doesnt talk.

I cant stop shaking and its been a week.

A decision was made but I cant tell Jeffrey.

These things happen. Why didnt I close my eyes fast enough.

The doctor was different again.

I think from Israel. He had kind eyes but didnt speak directly to me.

This was different.

A shot and those rod like things had a hook and so much pain.

Ghislaine said to push all the pain away. I don't understand

Blood and water all over the bed and she was right.

Like a feeling when your tummy hurts and you have to push.

She said to close my eyes and put her hands over my eyes but I didnt close them because of these tiny cries.

I am so lost.

I saw between her fingers this tiny head and body in the doctors hands. It reached its tiny arm up and had a tiny foot.

I closed my eyes and no more... (next page)

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cries.

I dont understand.

Just say these things happen.

But he doesnt believe that.

They yelled and screamed and he said it will be the same in a couple of months and she said she was fed up with it all.

I dont understand what is going on and no one will tell me.

I cant go to school like this.

I cant stop shaking.

Why wont anyone make it stop.

I know Ghislaine is trying but nothing changes

Why didnt I close my eyes?

FOR AT C NFIDEN IAL
ORNEY SEYES ON Y

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CONFIDENTIAL
FOR ATTORNEY'S EYES ONLY

In the hall Ghislaine said she was beautiful.

SHE WAS.

Not is.

She was a beautiful girl!

I heard her!

Where is she?

Why did she stop whimpering?

She was born!

I heard the tiny cries!

I cant do this anymore!

FOR AT C NFIDEN IAL
ORNEY S EYES ON Y

A Short Life

TRAGEDY

My Heart is

in wa
KOIM...

Breaking

124

Stillborn

These poems do not live: it's a sad diagnosis.
They grew their toes and fingers well enough,
Their little foreheads bulged with concentration.
If they missed out on walking about like people
It wasn't for any lack of mother-love.

O I cannot understand what happened to them!
They are proper in shape and number and every part.
They sit so nicely in the pickling fluid!
They smile and smile and smile and smile at me.
And still the lungs won't fill and the heart won't start.

They are not pigs, they are not even fish,
Though they have a piggish and a fishy air—
It would be better if they were alive, and that's what they were.
But they are dead, and their mother near dead with distraction,
And they stupidly stare, and do not speak of her.

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She was

born!

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hadntncis!
iatohsnmr!
cndtiayoe

He was right.

A couple of months and two pink lines with a hold on being with others until after it was positive.

I want to die.

Why didnt she protect me?

As long as I am wearing what you want. There is no respect for me as a human.

I am nothing but your property and incubator!

You only trust me when I am under your complete CONTROL.

I will never trust another man EVER!

I am the only one who provides and sacrifices EVERYTHING!

I give and give out of terror and you take ALL of me!

You need me to continue...*Keeping us all connected*

H w i h A o p e f a t s n t o i k i e w + a d n e n w t
e a g t c u l o n a h a d w p n i s i n n i o b i g i n
o r g y i l e i w s o i i e . w n t d e . h d d t h p o e t ?
t e s m a r c i a p s t v i a t o i w y i n s e p t o m

NUT

↑

A promise to respect your sense of style, most of the time.

A l a a + m e n w a y u a t n r i N p s e t o
S o g s i w a i g h t o w n t e e s o e p o

m a a v a l m o h n b t o f p p r y n i c z t r !
e s h m n . a n t i g v y u p o e l a n m a o

A promise one day you'll ^{never} meet another man this trusting. AWFUL.

Y u n y r s m w o r m a e u c m i t C N R L .
O o i + U t e l l u a P o r o p e e o t o

L i l a v r s a h C Y E
W i l e e t w t a n V R !

A promise to provide for you, no matter what.

I m n o l e n p o i e a d a r f c s V R T I G !
a t e n y w o r d s n s c i i c E E Y H N

I l o n g v o t f e r r n y u a e l o m ,
g a u i e u o t r o a d o t K A L F e !

y u e d e o o t n e ...
o n e m t o n u .

Keeping us all connected.

[clipping: Unlike drugs, a child's body can be sold over and over]

This is not surprising but there is no such thing as a child prostitute!

They are children and cannot consent!

They are missing the biggest in my own backyard and so many more!

Like Maralago and where I see Mr. Joe and Mrs. Anne.

FOR AT C NFIDEN IAL
ORNEY SEYES ON Y

"our finance department deals with all the paperwork.

Unfortunately the finance department is also

family.

Who Knew?

I Was Born a Slave

Life in a Parallel Universe

Unlike drugs, a woman's body can be **sold** over and over

~~CONFIDENTIAL EYES ONLY~~
"The slaves in Lake Placid were invisible.... People were playing golf at the retirement community, and right behind them was a slave camp."

One U.S. shelter has rescued 10,000 child prostitutes

Sociologist Lois Lee, right, has spent 24 years working with children from 11 to 17 years old who've been trafficked by pimps. One young resident, left, at her Children of the Night shelter in southern California was forced to work as a prostitute in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and Nevada before escaping her captor. "The sexual exploitation of American children cuts across every economic, ethnic, and social line," Lee says. "This is not just a Third World problem."

Please release me from this torture and hell!

FOR AT C NFIDEN IAL
ORNEY S EYES ON Y

The headline below is not a metaphor. This story is about slaves. Not people living *like* slaves, working hard for lousy pay. Not people 200 years ago. It's about 27 million people worldwide who are bought and sold, held captive, brutalized, exploited for profit. It's about

21ST CENTURY SLAVES

2 NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC • SEPTEMBER 2003

re·lease (rī-lēs') v. **-leased, -leasing.** 1. To set free from confinement, restraint, or involuntary servitude. 2. To set free. 3. To allow the performance, sale, publication, or circulation of. 4. To relinquish. —n. 1. The act of liberating, releasing. 2. A device for locking or releasing a mechanism. [*< Lat. relaxare, to relax.*] **-re·leas'a·ble** adj. **-re·leas'er** n.

Pesrlaeermhs
laeeeSmfati
tnopader:
otuenni

Controlled ALL by Jeffrey!

All the time!

Get away from it all.

And go to New Mexico? What in the hell?

This makes no sense. What about school?

Behind the scenes.

He is now controlling EVERYTHING when it used to be Ghislaine who some days acts like she hates me.

Secrets of...all of them.

I am tired of keeping this secret.

I know people are wondering but I can't tell!

I am exhausted!

Broken promises... I don't understand why she is treating me on some days like Im the enemy but then we lay in bed together and she is how she used to be, warm.

He makes her feel my tummy and its so sad and confusing.

Superior gene pool ?!? Why me? It makes no sense.
Why my hair color and eye color?

That feels very Nazi like but in think[ing] about these stupid insane theories he has I guess in his mind it makes sense.

The piano and music comments are made to convince me this is right and will create perfect offspring he calls them.

I dont think it works that way and its making me hate playing altogether.

Piano or viola. I am starting to resent them both.

I miss the person I was before I was made into what feels as a human incubator.

SPECIAL NUTRITION

CNRIE ALYOF
O foIdL DFFY.
Aintm
itele!

Get away

from it all

Ado0e MxG?waitee?
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BEHIND THE SCENES

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Secrets of

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Broken Promise

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superior

Gene Pool

?17

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My friend [REDACTED] realized much of everything and came to get me out of Marys.

She made me leave all things of value on the bed.

She put all my belongings in trash bags.

I have maybe avoided NM.

I have been staying with friends but never more than two or three nights because my mother is on the war path.

[REDACTED] have been so great but [REDACTED] saw me changing and knows about the baby.

He said he promises to help me and we will figure out what to do

'I couldn't
stay under
the same
roof'



your life

It's a whole new life. And here to make things a little easier is the affordable new Sienna. A roomy, versatile

will never
be the same.

minivan with front-wheel drive and hefty V6 power. You'll soon find out that it's the best ally a parent can have.

So prepare yourself. Ready or not, life will never be the same.

MEXICO

Mrs. nmdmigeltigovlenhpd.hptlimbinigitan
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FOR A

F E N T I A L
R N E S E Y E S O N L Y

FOR A

F E N T I A L
R N E S E Y E S O N L Y

My heart belonged to her.

She was so very beautiful.

She was perfect. I cant bring myself to write what happened.

I am beyond broken.

I only got 10 to 15 minutes to hold and feed her before they took her.

She is mine!

I want her back!!!

Distraught!

FOR A

FENTIAL
RNE SEYES ONLY

*She
is gone
and she
won't be
coming
back'*



216

Child

Your clear eye is the one absolutely beautiful thing.
I want to fill it with color and ducks,
The zoo of the new

Whose names you meditate—
April snowdrop, Indian pipe,
Little

Stalk without wrinkle,
Pool in which images
Should be grand and classical

Not this troublosus
Wringing of hands, this dark
Ceiling without a star.

28 January 1963

*She WAS SO VERY
beautiful*

Se a pret. cn b i g y e fo
h w s e f c i n m s i t

w i e n t a p n d. a b y n b o e i
r t w a h p e e i m e o d r k n.

o i g t o o 5 i v e t h i a d e d e l f n
n y o l t i m n t s o o d n f e h r e o e

t e t o n c. h i m n, l a t e b c
n y o K e S e s i e: w n h r a K...!!

o s r u h,
i t a g t!

EFTA02731380

HELP ME!

PLEASE CANT ANYONE FIND ME?

[clipping with date: National Geographic, September 2003]

Barely (*survived all those*) procedures.

My heart is GONE.

FOR A

FENTIAL
RNE SEYES ONLY

concerned, every day

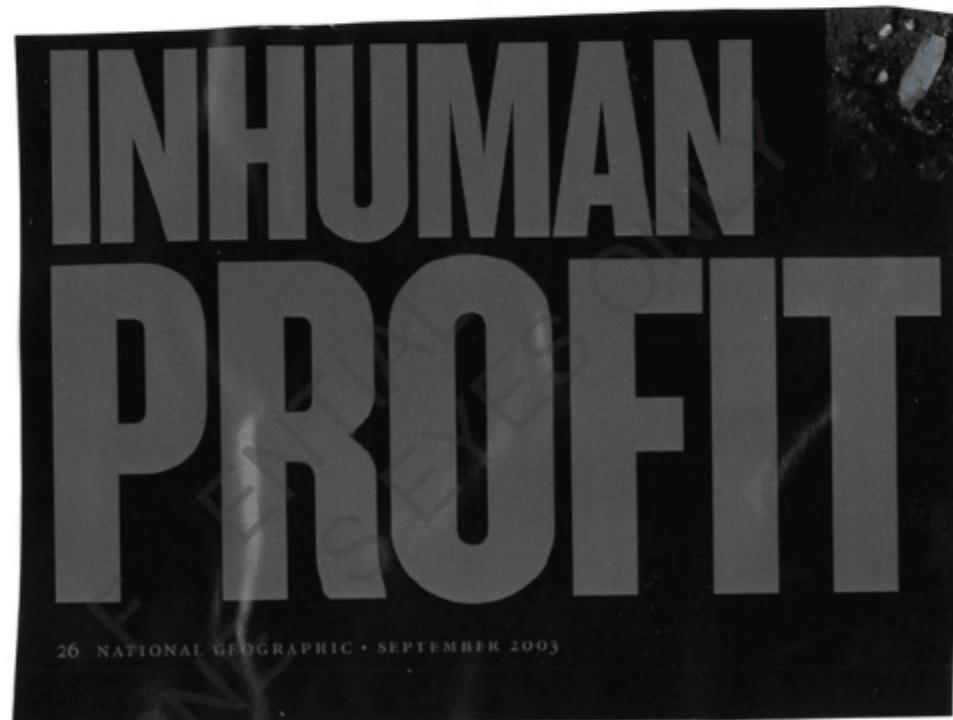
HER PASSION

is dead

FAREWELL TO
A PRINCESS, AND
TO AN ANGEL

HLM
EPE!
PESCN.
LAEAT
AYNFNM
NOEIDE?

Survived all those
FOR
POOR
CAPS



left behind

MY
heart is
GONE

April 22nd I had no choice.

I wasnt ready and she wasnt ready.

My mother had found me and it was urgent.

After so many bonding moments with Jeffrey, Ghislaine, their baby inside me with me in the middle she wouldnt even look at me.

We said nothing to one another and I was so confused.

When we arrived at Palm Beach I was taken to a house close to Jeffreys I think called Ocean Blvd or St.

But it was close and I was ALONE except for a new driver not Mr. Juan.

An elderly French lady whose pictures on the wall didnt have her.

She had a thick accent and was kind.

Said she had been born to deliver babies and had been doing so before I was born.

Similar as the last one with shot and hook but too much blood with so much water and unbearable pain.

She put her hands inside of me and seemed worried.

I didnt understand. Something about the baby facing wrong way and putting ... (next page)

FOR A
RNEGEYES ONLY

I love you
so much

steals the baby
brought her such joy

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FORA

RNE SEYES ONLY

pressure on a placenta?

Things would have to be different.

She said I had to be brave and strong and listen to her directions so she could help safely get the baby out.

I was TERRIFIED seeing so much blood on the bed and floor and started to panic.

She had me flip over to my hands and knees and had me push and push and it was so excruciating.

I could feel everything as she tried to guide the baby out but I was so tired.

I felt I was dying but suddenly she had caught a beautiful baby girl who made more than a whimper but beautiful cries.

She let me hold her and washed her and brought her back clean and perfect.

She smelled so good and showed me how to feed her.

But only after maybe 15 minutes Mr. M came to take her. I was hysterical!

and begging for more time.

He said those horrible girls were in the car waiting but I wouldn't let her go.

The old woman promised me she would be safe and I had to let go. 4 pounds 10 ounces 18.

5 inches long with beautiful long fingers.

I am dead inside.

Life has no meaning.

I don't want to be here.

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Edge

girl

The woman is perfected.

Her dead

Body wears the smile of accomplishment,
The illusion of a Greek necessity

Flows in the scrolls of her toga,
Her bare

Feet seem to be saying:
We have come so far, it is over.

Each dead child coiled, a white serpent,
One at each little

Pitcher of milk, now empty.
She has folded

Them back into her body as petals
Of a rose close when the garden

Stiffens and odors bleed
From the sweet, deep throats of the night flower.

The moon has nothing to be sad about,
Staring from her hood of bone.

She is used to this sort of thing.
Her blacks crackle and drag.

5 February 1963

EFTA02731387

Jean Luc Brunel is a disgusting pig with bad breath and I am almost positive does these disgusting things because he is struggling with maybe being gay!

6 weeks wasnt even given before being sent back.

Punishment for trying to run.

Why can no one help me.

Ghislaine is gone.

I am so lost and my heart is broken.

Is this my...*destiny*.

FOR A

F E N T I A L
R N E S E Y E S O N L Y

WHEN YOU'RE LEARNING ABOUT LIFE,
THE WORLD IS YOUR CLASSROOM.
WE LIVE WHERE YOU LIVE™

NEVER **PROTECTED** from the **family firm**

MODEL SEARCH

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eriboe

FOR A

F E N T I A L
R N E S E Y E S O N L Y

D
Destiny

I need them, everyone...*all to see.*

I still always *dream to build a better world.*

She went from being a beautiful young girl to a sad broken child...

but maybe a hope that after it all, I still truly had it within herself.

One day I aspire to be like this...

she came in like a lamb and went out like a lioness.

FOR A
F R N E S E N T I A L
S E Y E S O N L Y

ted huxley...
netee lyn

all to see.

I'm not a political animal, but I think the biggest disease this world suffers from in this day and age is the disease of people feeling unloved.'

When I go to sleep at
night I know I've
done my best

it's a very
still age

dream to build a better world

She went from being
a beautiful young

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truly had it
within herself.

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SHE CAME IN
LIKE A LAMB
AND WENT
OUT LIKE
A LIONESS



FOR A F RNE E NTIAL SEYES ONLY