

My name is Jeffrey Ohrt. I am in the last days of my life. I have waited until I met the spirit and the letter of a dying declaration under Canadian law to contact the Nova Scotia Serious Incident Team (SIRT), RCMP Major Crimes (or similar / appropriate division) and the media due the abhorrent treatment I have received from some members of the Liverpool Detachment of the RCMP between 2019 and 2022. None of my circumstances are related to COVID. It is only a small part of why I am dying from multiple homicides.

- My death is imminent.
- My medical circumstances are hopeless.
- My death is the result of multiple homicides and attempted homicides.

I am under the physical and emotional duress / distress of an imminent death. With COVID closing businesses (with free wifi) and no internet at home, I am forced to write my documents in a text editor without spell check and often without sleep. I never know which seizure I won't wake up from, which night I won't wake up from - that makes it very difficult to get sleep. Please excuse my grammar and spelling.

This is a SIRT document to be placed in my dying declaration - it is intended for the Nova Scotia Serious Incident Response Team (SIRT) investigators, RCMP Major Crimes (or similar / appropriate division) and the media. All documents and evidence (I have or can be produced before my death) are being stored in a github repository under my name.

Github is a fancy filing cabinet on the internet. Things are organized by folder. Names should be self-explanatory. You can download whatever you want or think relative here :

<https://github.com/jeffohrt> (click on repositories in the top center) or here

<https://github.com/jeffohrt?tab=repositories>

From April 22nd 2017 to April 22nd 2019 I was the victim of sex trafficking, kidnapping, physical and sexual assaults, physical and sexual torture, physical and sexual mutilations as well as brain damage resulting in injuries more severe than the David Reimer case ([https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/David\\_Reimer](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/David_Reimer)).

I was subjected to 5 concurrent homicide attempts during this time frame producing the 4th terminal medical issue I live with; the seizures and mini-strokes that are killing me in the days to come. The seizures first appeared on August 23rd 2018. Yes, there are 3 other things racing to put me in the ground, the seizures are in the pole position.

The homicide attempt that produced those seizures : I was starved for 10 months (July 2018 to April 2019) by the simple threat that my Uncle with Huntington's would be killed if I was seen with food, asked for food or asked for money. SIRT Document 1 briefly explains the brain damage and coping mechanisms from childhood that allow me to ignore my own safety even in the most extreme of circumstances.

It only took a few months to lose over 1/3 of my body weight, 75% of my muscle mass and 10-15% of my bone mass. I lost an inch in height. Every day of that 10 months I was given some food at night and was screamed at if I was seen with more, if I asked for more, if I asked for money, my Uncle with Huntington's would be killed. The starvation started in July 2018, the seizures August 23rd, by November I was so close to organ failure I began eating lobster bait from a local fisherman so I wouldn't touch my Uncle's food - which I got from the food bank. I got food for him but not myself. Each day I was screamed at, I couldn't have any food until I agreed to

starve my Uncle and tell people I had been lying about bringing him food. 3 women watched me starve to death and only attacked more violently because I wouldn't hurt my Uncle.

This is the SECOND time this has happened in my life - the starvation, the sexual torture, the sexual mutilations and murder. It was done both times by the same 3 women.

That's how they knew what to do the second time, that's why the violence was exponentially more targeted and effective the second time. That's why these 3 women attacked me through my family - they knew from having inflicted the injuries the first time - I couldn't be threatened directly. They knew I had to be threatened through my family. They knew I was dying, the victim of more rapes and murders than any TV show has ever thought up. That is why these 3 women started threatening to beat and kill my Uncles. That is why these 3 women, immediately, escalated to 3 active murders against me, threats to kill my Uncle with Huntington's and the daily, as often as 4 times a day, beatings of each of my Uncles.

Over 18 months, daily beatings escalated, as often as 10 in total, 4 for 1 Uncle, 5 for another and 1 for me. Beatings escalated from open hand (April 2017) to closed fist (July 2017). Beatings escalated from bruises being hidden under clothing, to openly striking the head and face, to striking my Uncles with silverware and similar metal objects. Beatings escalated to such severity my right shoulder was dislocated twice, once on Feb 23rd 2019 and once on March 19th 2019 - I was never allowed to go to a doctor.

Active murder attempts started at 3 (for me) on April 24th 2017 and escalated to 4 for me and 1 for my Uncle with Huntington's in July 2018. Active murder attempts escalated to 5 for me (August 23rd 2018) and 2 for my Uncle with Huntington's in late January 2019. My Uncle with Huntington's came so close to death in Feb 2019 that I went to the Bridgewater Courthouse (Feb 19th 2019) for help getting him to a hospital (Feb 22nd 2019). This is why I was beaten until my shoulder dislocated on Feb 23rd.

I was beaten until my shoulder dislocated again, on March 19th 2019, because I took 3 potatoes to cook lunch for my Uncle with Huntington's.

On March 22nd 2019 my Uncle with Huntington's, still under 2 murder attempts, was violently, physically, attacked by the woman who said she'd kill him if I left or told anyone. My Uncle was left with bruises on his hips and cuts and bleeding on his hands and face. My Uncle's housekeepers witnessed much of this attack as they were being verbally attacked at that time by the same woman because of the potato incident. I couldn't help anyone - my shoulder was dislocated.

On March 29th 2019, the most aggressive murder attempted against my Uncle with Huntington's was stopped completely - because of what the housekeepers had seen; the other murder attempt against that Uncle was scaled back, because of what the housekeepers had seen, but I was still being screamed at, nightly, the goal was to kill my Uncle and frame me for it.

On April 1st, 2019 the physically most violent of the 3 women doing all of this, moved in - because of what the housekeepers had seen. I was sleeping on the floor for personal / medical reasons in a room as close to my Uncle with Huntington's as possible - as I had for 18 months. He needed assistance in the night (sometimes) and I didn't dare risk him falling down the stairs while I slept. The woman worse than raping, mutilating and killing me and trying to kill my Uncle and frame me for it, slept in the next closest room to my Uncle. There was only a door between us.

Out of concern for my safety, I slept with a splitting wedge jamming my door shut each night from April 1st to the 22nd. Out of concern for my Uncle's safety, I slept with a rifle and ammunition on the floor close by for that 3 week period. I had to hide it during the day.

On April 22nd 2019, 2 years exactly to the day of my kidnapping, I was told I could leave. I had never unpacked. My possessions were still in the garage. Untouched for 2 years. It took me an hour to gather my belongings and leave.

The woman who had done all this, the physically most violent of the 3, learned on April 22nd 2019, that I had been sneaking to the foodbank to feed my Uncle for 10 months. I hadn't worked or been paid in years. She was keeping \$10,000 a month in salary and my Uncle's pensions to herself. She gave us nothing for almost a year. She watched, bragged and screamed about my rape, murder and torture while I got food for my Uncle but took none for myself - for 10 months. On that last day, as she stood screaming at me "Where did the food come from ?" ... I said one word "Foodbank". Her last comment to me :

"I don't care if you die, I don't care if you kill yourself, if you EVER tell anyone what you just said (foodbank), I will find you and do it myself."

And then I was let go.

Part of my captivity, I was not given money and not allowed to complete paperwork or tax returns (threats to kill my Uncle). This was to keep me from getting healthcare and going to a doctor (my medical issues instantly trace to child abuse and sexual child abuse).

I was released from my kidnapping on April 22nd 2019. It took several months to complete paperwork, tax returns and activate my healthcare.

I then went to the local hospital for help with my injuries. Yes, there is a monumental amount I have not included in this SIRT document.

In September 2019, due to the nature and source of my injuries, at the request and requirement of medical professionals at Queens General Hospital (Liverpool NS), I walked into the Liverpool Detachment of the RCMP to report what had happened to me just between 2017 and 2019. I was never given the chance. I was treated like human garbage.

- I was repeatedly cut-off, humiliated, embarrassed. Ignorance, belligerence and contempt were clear. My narrative was constantly re-written as I was told that I hadn't done enough, hadn't tried hard enough, hadn't done enough violence to get away, therefore I wasn't kidnapped. I was repeatedly told I had not been kidnapped.
- I was repeatedly cut-off, humiliated and embarrassed. My narrative was constantly re-written as I was repeatedly told that my Uncles were simply the victims of elder abuse (both over 60) and that elder abuse wasn't a matter for the RCMP.

In September 2019, the Constable, after only minutes, began repeatedly telling me :

- "this isn't an RCMP matter"

- “I (RCMP) have other things, more important, I have to attend”
- “You weren’t kidnapped - you didn’t do enough to get away”
- “Your Uncles’ are the victims of elder abuse, that is not an RCMP matter”

The Constable ended the interview by shutting off the recorder, repeatedly telling me what didn’t happen to me, what didn’t happen to my Uncles. I was forced out of that detachment, while I was telling the Constable “I’m not done, there’s a lot more, it’s a lot worse.”

The Constable walked me out of that detachment, telling me I could return the next day and speak to another Constable if I wanted but that that would be a waste of time because no-one would help me.

This was a long document that only briefly explains my captivity, sexual mutilations and murders as well as the attempts on my Uncles and their beatings.

One RCMP Constable and 15 minutes - that’s all it took - to re-victimize me to the point I will never speak to the Liverpool RCMP about my worse than rape and murder.

I leave it to SIRT and the media to put my situation in the hands of law enforcement that are trained and accustomed to the levels of violence I have endured.

There are several more SIRT specific documents coming. Those documents describe the RCMP conduct and misconduct, the good and the bad, from April 2021 to July 2021, that lead to another attempt on my life in August 2021.