



Lawrence Grimes

3 reviews

Anti human creations, poisoning the water and sky yet never faces accountability



Thelyn Knowntxter

Local Guide: 27 reviews · 8 photos

Pure Excitement....Science, Research, Medical , US Army

Dear _____,

My name is Sabine Oswaldovich, I am a current student at John Hopkins pursuing a BS in Chemistry, and a former graduate of the UMBC Film program. I am extremely interested in the opportunity to study with practitioners in the field, and the opportunity to learn more about the craft. My studies have led me to formulate a documentary film project on the way the COVID-19 virus has affected the field of epidemiology. I hope to be someone who can perform valuable research towards the ends of public information, either in the creation of public directories that can be used for research, or in generating accessible material which can stand to challenge the assumed narratives that rule the past.

Your work came to my attention through my Professor and I would like to reach out to ask if you'd allow me the opportunity to conduct an informational interview as I prepare my research. Your participation would greatly benefit my studies, and the general interested public. Thank you for your time and consideration, Sabine Oswaldovich

That week I got a call from an unknown number. I didn't pick it up and I didn't listen to the voicemail. Then another from the same number. I listened to the voicemail. "Hi, this is Scott Cleer from the Department of Defence Counterintelligence and Security Agency, I'm trying to reach a uh Sabine Ady, give me a call back, thanks." When I called back he was asking me about some ex I was on bad terms with apparently because she had disclosed as part of her background check for an upgraded security clearance that I had given her amyl once and that was the only time she had ever done drugs which I don't even remember. I should've sabotaged her stupid career thing and said she loved enemies of the state and consorting with them when he asked but I didn't. scott hung up and I felt retarded.

"yeah, I actually did an interview, recently."

"Oh?"

"yeah. Do you guys wanna um, do something with me?"

"What's up? Now?"

"whenever, I guess. I gotta do, uh, I don't know what you wanna call it, like, field research, but even saying that just feels weird but there's a place I wanna check out." They look at me like i'm a kid and they're both very knowledgeable and very patient parents.

We drive to the Crownsville Veterans cemetery. I figure through some semi-synchromystic miracle that what I want will be here. It hardly matters what because if I found it it would only be another item on my big list.

The now divorced O'neill family lived behind this cemetery. The swinger police detective and his dumb kid lived here too. Group 731 soldiers were ratlined to work nearby. I walked through this neighborhood barefoot twice and parked here for car sex twice.

They trail me, chattering. At first I read the name of every grave, left to right, front to back. It's night and my cars parked at the soccer field. When my eyes start to blur I trust my intuition to see through, to dowse. It's all unassuming and it's all always unassuming.

One day I'd like to go somewhere and see only things I already know the significance of.

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