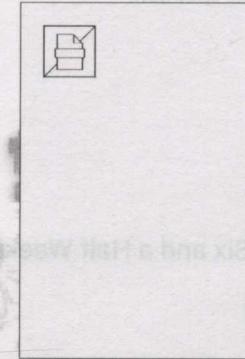


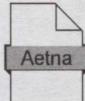
Every four to six months, the 400-page
booklet is sent to the following 100 people
in the U.S. for the following year. Below is
a sample of the booklet's layout.



Dinner Every Six and a Half Weeks

Pictured: The Friend You Can't Recognize





Thank you for enrolling! This PDF has been licensed to you for the following year. Beginning with a perspective observing Jason Aetna, we will lay the groundwork that will aid us in understanding Allison Kerry's home situation.

M#: 00412248-9

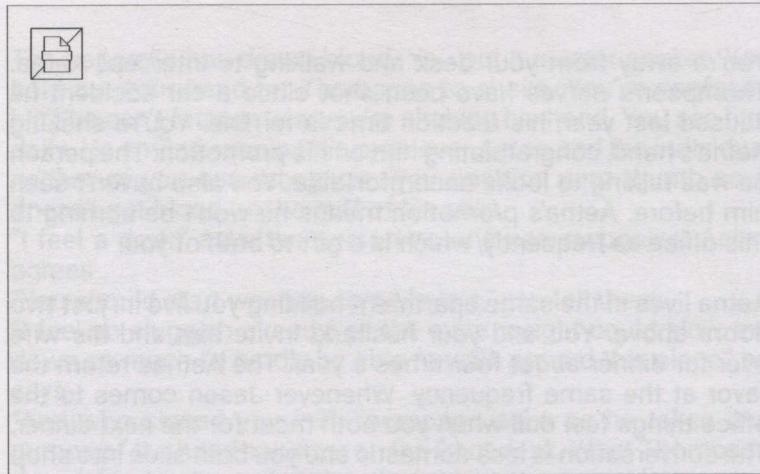
Subject: Dinner Ever Six and a Half Weeks

Date: 10/8/2013

To: Those Concerned

You're looking on the ground to try and find a few paperclips that ran off your desk as you were trying to grab Thompson's bloated file on expected gubernatorial outcomes in the coming year. You have a terrible habit of reaching for things from your chair when getting up and moving them to your workspace would be more appropriate. You roll the paperclips between your fingers, one of them keeps scraping the top layer of your thumb's skin off. The first thing you feel with the new skin is Thompson's file, which is a terrible first thing to feel.

Thompson is meeting with Jason Aetna in four minutes. He walks out of his cubicle and spots Aetna speaking with an individual he's never seen before. People aren't welcome to wander in and out of the office like this. You can't get in here without being signed in. Someone else must have been expecting him. Across the office you scrape the paperclip against your thumb again.



You're away from your desk and walking to intercept Aetna. Thompson's nerves have been shot since a car accident he caused last year; his reaction time is terrible. You're shaking Aetna's hand, congratulating him on his promotion. The person he was talking to looks uncomfortable. You also haven't seen him before. Aetna's promotion means he won't be coming to this office as frequently, which is a gift to both of you.

Aetna lives in the same apartment building you live in, just two floors above. You and your husband invite him and his wife over for dinner about four times a year. The Aetnas return the favor at the same frequency. Whenever Jason comes to the office things feel dull when you both meet for the next dinner. The conversation is less domestic and you both slide into shop talk. While you and Jason were complimenting each other just loud enough for your coworkers nearby to hear you, the person Jason was talking to darts his head due east to invite Thompson into the conversation.

The paperclip has drawn blood. You put it in your pocket. You hold out your hand for Thompson to shake. You've confused him, he can't fathom why you're shaking his hand. You see him daily. He smiles, running his eyes over Aetna and the individual neither of you can recognize. You position your thumb so it doesn't get blood on the cuff of his shirt.

"I feel a draft," says the person no one can recognize. Aetna agrees.

"You should start wearing some layers," you tell them.

"I feel so sluggish already, all the extra weight could slow me down so much I'd hardly be able to walk around this place," he says.

"And who signed you in?" Thompson asks as he takes two pumps of the hand sanitizer on the front desk. What Thompson was doing to necessitate hand sanitizer you do not know.

"Kerry saw me waiting at the front desk and let me in. We went to the same Barber when we lived in Chicago," they say.

You look at Aetna, "Who let you in? If our friend here also needed to be signed in."

"Apologies," you say to the stranger, "I thought you just worked in a different suite."

The stranger pulls on his lower eyelid for a second, exposing burst blood vessels on the southern hemisphere of his left eye. He inhales silently, but deeply.

"If you don't mind," Thompson says, "Aetna and I are due to meet."

You promise you and your husband will invite Aetna and his wife over for dinner in the coming weeks. Thompson whisks Jason away to an open conference room. The stranger is still rubbing his eye. He turns around and makes eye contact briefly before he begins walking to the door. You pretend to return to your desk before turning around and checking the direction the stranger is walking in. The doors to your office are glass and you can see the stranger entering the stairwell.

He said Kerry had let him in, it's probably the same Kerry you know on the second floor, but to your knowledge she was on leave right now.

You follow the stranger into the stairwell, you can hear his footsteps just a flight above yours, the door opens. You work in a gated office park with two buildings, both of which are L shaped and face each other to create a courtyard in between them. The buildings are mostly glass and each one holds sixteen suites, getting larger as you go higher. You work on the first floor where the smaller firms reside.

You have a friend that works on the fifth floor who takes the elevator frequently. She tells you that it's very common to share a ride with federal workers being escorted by people who work in the penthouse firms. It stands to reason that the higher you go in these buildings the more people have clearance. "The number outside your office door is a measure of how likely you are to be a narcissistic sociopath," Kerry once told you on your first week here.

"I work in a suite numbered 121," Kerry said, "So I have a 121 in a thousand chance and the people on the eighth floor essentially have an eight in ten chance."

You laughed at Kerry. She was smiling but assured you she was completely serious, "There isn't a person on the tenth floor that would feel a thing if they ran over a squirrel on their way to work."

Please let me know if you have any questions or if you need any further assistance.





Before reading this section, it is recommended that you read our compiled reports to the FBI alleging espionage against us by corporate actors.

M#: 00413009-9
Subject: Dinner Alone
Date: 10/11/2013
To: Those Concerned

It's 11:40pm and you're tying a trash bag close over your kitchen bin. You did two and a half hours of overtime today. You've been ahead all month. You didn't bother doing anything for an hour and a half after you got home.

You finished making dinner around 9:00pm. A short call with your husband and a few dishes later you're placing the new bags in the bin and walking the bin to the end of the driveway. You own a little under a thousand acres in land. Your driveway is massive and your house isn't even that deep into your property. It's longer than it is wide from a bird's eye view facing north. Your house sits on the northern extent, a little closer to the west. Your western neighbor who has a plot of similar size and shape to yours has a fence installed on the Northern, Eastern, and Southern flanks of his property.

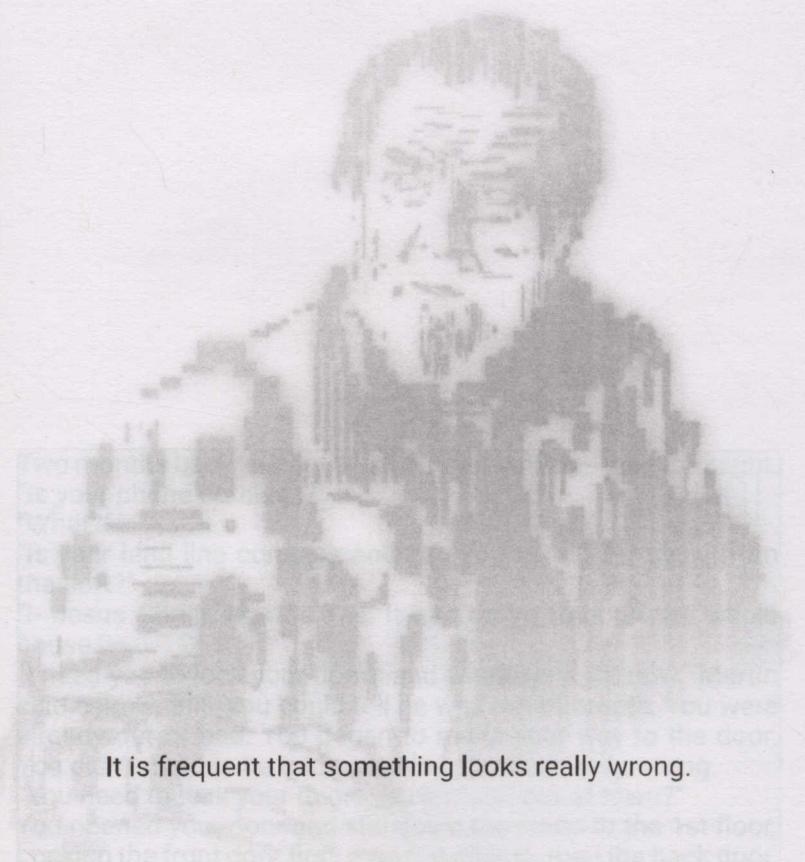


Pictured: Allison Kerry

Pictured: Your Neighbor's Eldest Son

He has one son still in high school and another two going to University. One in Utah, the other in Arizona. He talks about them frequently. The graduated sons drift back home in the summer and winter to update his fence which has twenty years of service behind it. It's a shame that you work so much, otherwise you'd get the chance to more casually survey your property. You've relegated those long walks as a Sunday chore often neglected. The neighbor is kind enough to let you know about any disturbances he sees on your land. You have an understanding that it's acceptable for him to venture a few hundred feet into your land if something looks really wrong.

Picture: Your neighbor's Eldest Son



It is frequent that something looks really wrong.



Two months back you got a call on your land line past midnight.
"Is your phone cordless?"

"What?"

"Is your land line cordless and can you take it far away from
the port?"

"I- Jesus Christ, Martin, Yes. It has range through the whole
house."

"I need you to lock your doors and windows right now," Martin
said calmly. Still, you could tell he was out of breath. You were
already out of bed. You began to make your way to the door.
You didn't need to be told something looked really wrong.

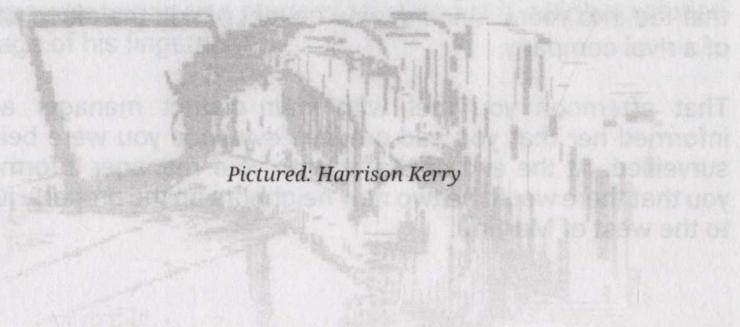
"You need to lock your doors, is Harrison out of town?"

You opened your door and slid down the stairs to the 1st floor.
Locking the front door first, then the garage, then the back door.

It is more likely, however, that Martin was attempting to reduce your performance at work. You noticed he had a frequency to make these calls at the end of the month and especially the week of the end of the quarter. In the year that your company was acquiring another, you received 20% more midnight calls from Martin. The cloud service he uses frequently sells high resolution images of its users on a grey market. You were able to get your hands on a photo of Martin's palm, a high resolution image of his fingerprint.

You and Harrison set up disguised trail cameras on his property, retrieving the video and running it through a gait recognition system. At work you have a huge database of gaits that have not yet had a person assigned to them. Referencing the database with the videos you took of him on his property, you found him within that database. On your work computer you would receive pings every time he showed up on a system that fed into yours. One day, you caught him in the office park of a rival company.

That afternoon you met with your district manager and informed her that you had credible evidence you were being surveilled. At the end of that month your manager informed you that there would be two new neighbors on the property just to the west of Martin's.



Pictured: Harrison Kerry