

It's easier to fool
someone than to
convince them they've
been fooled.

They cut me
off to get
to my mom.
They know she
would hide the
secret.

To: West Virginia Board of Education
From: Raymond Chandler

Gary Chandler bought and gave me a gold chevet then sabotaged the fuel pump and drugged me and put me in the car at the bottom of Elkin's hill. That's where I woke up in the broken down gold chevet. Gary made a huge deal about it being my fault and instigated such a huge argument that I took a bunch of sleeping pills; which he and my mother had given to me, then I called my grandparents and had them come from Ohio and get me and I moved in with them. I worked for my grandpa Mitchell until he was happy that I had payed off the replacement parts for the car. We bought another car of the same model and removed the engine and when we went to remove the engine from the gold chevet discovered that the fuel pump mounting bolts had been backed off and it was hanging loose. We tightened the fuel pump back on and it started right up. Gary Marvin Chandler manipulated me into moving to Ohio so that my Uncle Paul David Mitchell could murder me. Gary Marvin Chandler is guilty of attempted murder along with Paul David Mitchell via the Hysell Run Crash. Paul David Mitchell currently has the vehicle in his back yard as a trophy.

One night I was at work at McDonalds in Kanawha City, and I needed a ride home and I called the house; where Teresa and Gary lived, and asked for a ride home. They declined and told me I had to walk/thumb home. So along the way I was attacked and had to fend off three ferocious dogs. Then, on down the hill, I encountered a diesel oil spill that caused multiple cars to loose control and turn into sliding boulders to dodge on the Len's Creek Mountain road. Gary Marvin Chandler called his friends along the way to set out their dogs and his trucker buddies to pour diesel all over the road to try and kill or mame me.

I remember one night as a teen; I woke up and found myself laying in Karen's water bed and in the water bed beside me, in Becky's water bed, was Kathy Mitchell's niece Stephanie. Kathy Mitchell is Paul David Mitchell's ex-wife and David Lee Mitchell's mother. I believe the girls name was Stephanie Harris. Gary Marvin Chandler owned and had access to hand held video recording equipment and also was versed in faithful video replication. I think he was trying to get us to engage in sexual intercourse so that he could make a pornographic film of us. I want to point out that Stephanie Harris never came to that house for a family visit or anything. I played with Stephanie once when I was a little tiny kid around seven years old; and the next time I see her is in the bed next to me at the house of Gary Marvin Chandler, when I was fifteen; and I never saw her again afterward.

A one time occurrence, I was down in the lower field playing with Sheba, Gary Marvin's dog. I'm not really a dog person, I never really played with her, she was a siberian husky. The only other dog on the road belonged to Jeff Skeens, it was a pit bull. One day, as I said before a very rare occasion of me being in the bottom and with a dog. Another extremely rare event occurred; a person jogging up the creek at White Oak in Ashford, WV. So this guy, on this other very rare occasion seems to have been jogging with his dog; mind you we live up a creek, that is up a creek. I need to be clear; this was the only time I was in the bottom, this was the only time I played with the dog, this was the only time he went jogging; this is the only time any of these elements ever existed, not one of these things ever existed independently of this event. His dog attacked our dog. I was only fifteen; so, I ran toward the house, this is a full siberian husky vs pit bull death match. I was met with mom coming out loading a hand gun. I don't remember anything else from that day. No one ever talked about it, everyone just acted like it didn't happen. Sheba had a cut on her leg that had to heal, watching that cut heal was the only thing I was left with from that day. In fact that is every single thing I know about Sheba. Gary Marvin Chandler set it all up and was using drugs on me and my mother and had this guy come by and get the dogs to attack each other in hopes that we would get hurt.

To: Media/News

From: Raymond Edward Mitchell

Here is the human trafficking event in pictures. I was drugged by them and was unconscious during the entire event, I retained brief flashes of memory. My brother doesn't appear in any of the photos besides the end photo with the entire family. I don't think he was at the ceremony. I was in the ceremony but as I said, they had slipped me some kind of drug.

I went to the State Police of West Virginia, they obstructed. Police are not known for presumption of innocence or adherence to law and protocol; as they generally rely on their ethnic, and religious biases as the primary template for decision making; oh, and sometimes they just do the football, the wrestling or like a Call of Duty on a guy.

Another issue with law enforcement is the lack of mental health treatment. No mental health check ups; they walk around in public with guns, batons, restraints, electrocution darts, a skewed inflated sense of ego and purpose, they watch purse snatching on television every Sunday and walk out into the woods to unnecessarily kill animals; excuse me, no mental health checkups? No one is making fun of the people going to the dentist or the orthopedist; but guess what, if you go to a therapist the police want to throw you in jail, take your clothes away, and leave you to piss in the drain. They have used it as an excuse to take away the citizens rights to their land and to defame them in the community and allow their friends to perform rape without the fear of prosecution. One could make the argument that they aren't even police at all, since they do not fit the description of police as it is outlined by the Constitution of the United States.

In our post globalization interconnected world law enforcement are suffering from distortions of identity and reality because of their interaction with social media platforms. They are attempting to use these platforms as a source of factual information. Which is a terrible idea since everyone basically lives on their own version of the internet. Anytime you do intensive searching on the internet using a browser you have to pop the filter bubble to get back to the clear web. Same thing is happening to the self image of young girls, they don't understand who they are supposed to be in our society. Its just a machine that guesses what you want to hear and gives you that. To perform a successful search of the web you have to be like a scientist and attempt to disprove your self. If you don't clear the cookies and search histories it will just keep reinforcing the same ideas regardless of how ridiculous or absurd they may be.

The police are hunting people online, they are using these social media platforms to pass data back and forth between themselves and setting people up for the easy kills. I know this for certain because I have been a victim of this type of behavior. During the last attack I was attempting to file charges against a public official and the police of course obstructed me. In the arrest report he said that I walked past him and got in my vehicle after he spoke to me; see this is something that I have done in the past to a different officer. However, this officer used that clause in his statement against me to justify his addition clause in his charges. During a different attack the police was accusing me of cutting insulation in a parking lot; something that I had done two months prior at an abandoned Sears by a dead mall. I have been attacked by them enough and seen enough of these statements and actions by them (we're looking at more than 20 instances) to know they are using social media to stalk and hunt people all the way throughout New England. I didn't really interact with the police out west; however, I was fired upon by a sniper; twice while in South Dakota recently. So, I know the people attacking me are working out there; I can assume they are in law enforcement as well. Oh, and they did

attack me as soon as I got out of the military; and they did falsify records on that occasion as well. They also did it while I was in the military, they falsified a BAC test in order to remove my rank and put me on extended duty hours. Gary Marvin Chandler (human trafficking school teacher that messes with kids) went out to South Dakota while I was there, and also Paul David Mitchell (human trafficking b&e artist, think Charles Manson, and your in the neighborhood) went out to South Dakota while I was there. They probably followed me to Nevada as well, maybe someday I'll get an investigation.

Here are the pictures from one of the times I was drugged and kidnapped. This was at mom's wedding; notice the Magistrate, the Coroner, WV National Guard, and an MSNBC anchor. Notice my brother and mother; I know them and in these pictures they appear to be drugged as well. That is not the normal posture and carry of my mother or my brother. I don't know any of these people, and mom doesn't know them either. This is a rent-a-crowd.

Additional Notes:

Mom was trafficked to North America from Sweden when she was five years old to a man named Delbert Franklin Mitchell. He got her prego, and viola', a raymond. I'm pretty sure he hailed from one of the five civilizations; hence, I am American/Svensk.

The Magistrate, the Coroner, the Guard, and the News Anchor are here at the event in these pictures conducting a scheme to redirect the estate of Delbert Franklin Mitchell (politicians and priests gathered around a widows purse). Mark 12:38

A false will was put into place fifteen years prior and now they are doubling down with a false wedding. (she was engaged for what, five minutes?). Dated, engaged, announced, and wed in under a year; I guess that's normal when you are surrounded by politicians, and preachers.

My mother was abused by Gary Marvin Chandler, he kicked her son out at sixteen, conspired to murder her father, conspired to murder her ex-husband then kicked her out. He is a white cultist, so he obviously hates Americans. I being an American received the brunt of that hate while there. I have a very strong feeling that this guy told my sister she could stay, I woke up from a dream with it pounding in my head. It pounded in my head for hours that morning; his objective, his goal. To get rid of Mom, Travis and myself and keep Karen. Absurd right; well, not for someone who has been drinking led their entire life.

This is the 21st century, I am a citizen of the United States of America, I am the only one of my kind, I am constantly under attack by the police, and I am literally a descendant of a slave.

The fact that James Woods of the West Virginia State Police knew that Darrel was involved in these crimes indicates to me that the West Virginia State Police are aware of the attacks that are taking place upon me and are doing nothing about which constitutes not only an obstruction to justice; but are actively interfering with investigation into these matters.

Another police officer that is involved in the hiding these kidnappings, drugging and murders is D.W. Dalton of Kanawha County. He is working with Russel Walter Casto, the Magistrate of Kanawha County to hide these murders, kidnappings and the entitlement fraud. These people are covering up human trafficking. I am a victim of human trafficking, this is why the police are attacking me.

To: The Citizens of the United States
From: Raymond Chandler

The State Police of West Virginia and the County Sheriffs Office of West Virginia are actively protecting Darrel Carter of the West Virginia National Guard. I went to the state police to report that an attempt had been made to murder me that was coordinated by the involved the Magistrate of Kanawha county. While speaking with James Woods of the West Virginia State Police; he became agitated as if he knew me or something about me. When I told him I had left the military to come home to live with my family; he literally left the room. He came back and told me that I was telling him a lie; that I didn't get out of the military to come home to my family; he said to me "you hate your mother". He even insinuated that I was kicked out of the military. He kept trying to change and redirect the conversation; interrupting it by telling me that I don't know how words work and that he was confused. He started talking about Darrel and Karen at this point I don't understand what we're doing in the State Police Headquarters; I didn't understand why this man; this perfect stranger knew intricate details about the inner working of my family.

I would like here to point out that Darrel Carter has greatly benefited from an entitlement fraud scheme that spans nearly 2 decades and was initiated by Paul David Mitchell. Darrel Carter has been involved in multiple kidnappings where he or his associates administered drugs to the victims to induce amnesia and reduce the victims agency in order to take physical control transport them. The first time I met the son of the coroner was after my Grandfather was murdered. I met him just after the first murder, I had left for military service and had been away for only a few months when they murdered him. I had to file for waver for my community college and suspend my training and head home; after which I had to immediately fly back to Texas to complete training and receive my orders. I didn't have a lot of time to process his death, and I didn't have any time to grieve with my family before it was back to the fast pace Air Force training. While I spent the next 4 years working on the aircraft and and actively upholding our end of the START; which prevents thermonuclear war with Russia; Darrel Carter was moonlighting my sister and mother at the county water slide.

Upon meeting Darrel Carter I was drugged and kidnapped within hours. I was returning home for the funeral of my Grandfather; a death in which Darrel Carter played a roll. The death upon which they based and entitlement fraud scheme. Darrel Carter has benefited more than anyone from the death of my Grandfather. He lived in a small little house in Saint Albans; in between all the chemical factories. His father was the Kanawha County Coroner. The coroner died of lung cancer. He chain a smoked himself to death. Darrel worked for Walmart, and once a month for the National Guard; so he had no upward mobility, and there is no way employment in West Virginia. Darrel Carter has never moved or went anywhere; he has lived his entire life inside a 10 mile circle. He knows all the people around Saint Albans, he rubs elbows, he knows the game, he plays the game. He came from a mobile home in the middle of the chemical fields, with three dogs, a mentally handicapped brother, a dad that smokes one after another; but not now, he has a two story house, double garage, three lots, two cars, and of course a four wheeler.

Darrel Carter was brought to my attention while I was speaking to the West Virginia State Police; I went to the Police to report multiple kidnappings, chemical battery, rape, entitlement fraud, and child endangerment. The State Police by attempting to distract me and protect Darrel actually brought him to my attention. James Woods of the West Virginia State Police knew more about the crime that was being committed against me than I did. It wasn't just one murder, my Grandmother and my Dad where also killed. I think they also killed the preacher who buried my Grandfather and Grandmother and was my Grandmothers preacher; he knew my family intimately.

Broadway, which is a drag show. Russel Walter Casto would dress up like a woman and go on stage and dance. Yeah... I papered the Magistrate of Kanawha county with dollar bills while he danced on stage in his panties. Yeah...

I haven't seen or heard from Teresa-Mitchell-Dolin-Mash since the day we where at the Greek restaurant.

On the anniversary of that lifetime and forever ban and public humiliation and shaming from the South Charleston Community Center; I relapsed and got drunk, that night I also sent several discordant texts to my family whom I had not seen in several months. The next morning my mother and sister came over to the trailer in Rand, West Virginia to see how I was doing. We talked on the couch about the incident, and the fact that I had no one to confide in, and that I hired an attorney that just floundered, and I have not had anyone to talk to about it for a year. We walked outside by the fence facing the road and I explained how I felt trapped in a cage; and with hard work and honesty I try, but I keep getting pushed back. I told them that I felt as if I was inside an "invisible prison".

Karen got a text and decided that we should go have lunch. She took us to Darrel who had a table at a small Greek restaurant where the chef was an opera singer; there was a guy from my gym at the table next to ours, I didn't know who he was with. The old guy from my gym was over to my left, he was in my view left of mom, Darrel was across the table beside her in my view right of her, Karen and Makayla are to my left. There is someone covering the door; the chefs attendant. I looked over at mom and she was looking down into her lap, eyes closed, face pale and sagging; she was shrunken and tiny in the shadow cast by this huge dark figure that blocked the morning sun sitting next to her. I do not remember leaving the restaurant; I woke up the next day, and my brother had came to check on me, Andrea was with him. We talked, lite conversation; I showed him some work I had done, then they left and went home.

This is the last time I can honestly say that I saw my mother, my sister, and my brother; I guess it has been about five years. I have been essentially bombarded by law enforcement and the whites over the past these few years; constantly being followed, constantly surveilled, constant attempts to infiltrate my life and handle me, unwarranted searches, false and misleading statements meant to undue you are the hallmark of a white cop. They are using the social media networks to hunt and kill us.

To: Travis Dolin and Karen Carter
From: Raymond Mitchell

It is May 11 of 2024. We have been under attack by the white nationalists since I was a child. Gary Marvin Chandler, Doctor Edder, Kenneth Carter, Russel Walter Casto, and Paul David Mitchell have been attacking us since we where small children. See, the coal companies made a lot of money and kept really close track of information about peoples lives. They attacked John Ray Dolin in order to steal his wife and children; because they are white people. You need to understand, these are white people. The white people claim that they are the ones who killed the Americans. You have heard it your entire life: "We fought for this land and we will stand and.... Blah blah..."; never "we came here and destroyed the five peaceful civilizations that owned the land for a hundred and thirty thousand years, then burned their villages and now we live in their cities and walk their roads, oh and we stole all their gold and technology and didn't have for any of that. Oh, and we rape the women and children...". Anyway the coal executives, police, national guard, military recruiters, coroners, teachers, and elected officials where hosting child rape sex parties. These are white people, these are white people; they walk around with an agenda, which includes exploiting "others" which is you (American) and me (Jew), and the other eighty five percent of the United States that is not white. It is called human trafficking; we are the victims of human trafficking. West Virginia is over ran by a white nationalist hate group; the entire infrastructure is gutted; there are no cops here, those are white nationalists. They are not citizens of the United States of America, they do not operate under the Constitution, nor do they adhere to the tenets of Christianity. They where born here and grew up here; but they aren't like us at all. They are like if a foreign enemy studied your language, music and culture; then somehow, showed up and won an election. I think a person can get elected in most cities now if they pledge their allegiance to the vagabond game show host. The voters have no education or information and thus have no any clue what they are doing; they are controlled by television. They harass people and pay for votes; so much under handed bullshit, no rational person has any confidence in the voting system. Before they are even on the ballot there's two bodies in the river, a fall, and three car crashes; or they are just some foreigner that took a chance. You just saw it, some guy just dressed like a nerd and walked into congress; they voted him right in, just some white sounding name on a card.

I have not seen our mother, Teresa Louise Mitchell-Dolin-Mash since the Greek restaurant. I have made two attempts to go visit her and check on her to see how she is doing.

On the first attempt I went into the house and sat down and Marshall came out and assaulted me, he threatened me with "I'll throw you down those steps". He told me to "call Darrel Carter" as if I needed Darrel's permission to see speak to my mother. The police arrived and assisted in the assault. I told the police "I am here to speak with my mother" and their response was to tell me that I needed to "get outta here!" The cop pointed a tazer in my face through the window; which constitutes assault with a deadly weapon by police officer. So, I was assaulted and ran off by Marshall Mash and the Nitro City Police.

On the second attempt Marshall Mash was in the yard mowing the grass and locked onto me as I came up the road in my vehicle. He just stood there and glared at me, just stared me down like he was going to eat me. Just glaring hatred at me. I rolled the window half way down and he tried to get in. He grabbed the handle of the vehicle and tried to open the door, then walked around back and tried to get into the back of the vehicle. He pulled his vehicle around to block the road then stood there slandering me for awhile taking pictures. Eventually someone came out of the house and walked down the drive way and said "you are son, and I love you" then walked back to the house; it looked like Russel Walter Casto in drag. Casto is a cross dresser; see, Samantha DeBoard was taking me to the

To: The United States of America
From: Raymond Edward Mitchell

I have taken a close look at the investigation report around the death of my uncle Clyde Dolin. Clyde Dolin was the brother John Ray Dolin, who was murdered by Gary Marvin Chandler and Paul David Mitchell in order to hide and to conceal the rightful heir of the estate of Franklin Delbert Mitchell, Raymond Edward Mitchell.

Clyde Dolin died in a fall in a mine processing plant. The processing plant is located approximately five miles from the Boone Career Technical Center where Gary Marvin Chandler the "white" taught mining classes. A co-worker of Gary Marvin Chandler; Brandon Geer, was the person holding the ladder when my uncle fell to his death. This was the same year Paul David Mitchell began extracting trees from the farm without my permission. Brandon Geer now works at the Boone Career and Technical Center as a welding instructor.

Alan Viars; who was a student of Sherman High School at the time I was attending, and at the time Gary Marvin Chandler was working there as a teacher, knew before I did that the trees were being removed. The removal of the trees from my farm was never told to me or discussed by my family.

In the years since 2012; the year Clyde fell to his death and the year the trees were removed from my property, not a single person in my immediate family has ever mentioned that Clyde had fallen to his death, or that the trees had been removed from my farm.

Clyde knew I am Mitchell.
Five miles from the Boone Career and Technical Center.

Gary Marvin Chandler used his connections and influence in the coal industry to have John Ray Dolin blacklisted while he worked for the Westmorland Coal Company. Gary Marvin Chandler then used his connections and influence in the law enforcement industry to have John Ray Dolin blacklisted by the Boone County Police. Gary Marvin Chandler used his connections and influence in the education industry to stalk the family of John Ray Dolin and infiltrate their schools and their lives. Gary Marvin Chandler used his connections and influence in the healthcare industry to acquire drugs to use on the family of John Ray Dolin to subjugate his family and psychologically torture and publicly defame them. Gary Marvin Chandler used his connections and influence in the military recruitment and procurement industry to direct and influence the eldest son of the family of John Ray Dolin to enlist in the United States Air Force in hopes that he would be injured or killed. Gary Marvin Chandler used his connections and influence in the Department of Defense to have subject the eldest son of the family of John Ray Dolin to cruel and unusual punishment and to intense undue influence. Gary Marvin Chandler used his connections and influence in the enlistment and entitlement industry to have the coroner of Kanawha County to have the mother of the family of John Ray Dolin married to a plant husband who was another wife. Gary Marvin Chandler used his connections and influence in the survey and assessment industry to hunt down and stalk the source of wealth and primary support for the family of John Ray Dolin so that he could infiltrate and murder the family.

Gary Marvin Chandler is a "white"; he would be upset if I did not let you know.
Gary Marvin Chandler expects "White Carpet" from wall to wall.

To: The People of the United States
From: Raymond Edward Mitchell

I was banned from the South Charleston Memorial Ice Arena in order to "protect the children from rape." I have come to understand that the West Virginia State Police, Kanawha County Police, West Virginia Guard, Kanawha County Magistrates Office, and the Department of Transportation have been infiltrated by saboteurs who are aligned with these ethnic hatred group known as "the whites". Here in the 20th century they have built social media networks specifically designed to conceal their identity so they can conduct surveillance and tracking for the purpose of human trafficking and exploitation of our citizens. Many of the people in and around New England have been heavily influenced by the social media that was produced by a last remnant of the fallen government of 19th century Germany. A social media product which caused the subsequent pillage and rape of the European nations. Triumph of the Will; this is what they have seen; this is what they believe is the height of power; what they do not understand with clearing is that attacking Europe and raping all those kids was the end of their government. Hitler was the last person in a county the size of Georgia to stand up and say "I have a plan". Which ended up basically pump these people full of drugs and message their ego until they go around killing and raping everyone. We find ourselves in the same situation don't we; no one wants to be President of a dumpster fire.

These accusations presented by the South Charleston Memorial Ice Arena are part of a defamation campaign that was started against me by the whites approximately thirty years ago. I was raised by a white named Gary Marvin Chandler and he held association with others who where also apart of the same terrorist network. He used his association and connections among the white network to find a target; Teresa Louise Mitchell, heir to the estate of Franklin Delbert Mitchell. He used the white terrorist network to have John Ray Dolin, her husband, kicked out of his job as a coal miner so that she would be forced to go to shool and get a job. He had another of his white associates traffic her into the Boone County Technical College (it its not a college; a small class room, with a ton of video equipment whose custodial responsibility fell on a child rapist), Doctor Edder, his cover is a dentist.

I was attacked when I was a kid by these "white" people, this network of infiltrators. I saw Rusty Walter Casto at the Ice Arena when I was there; I asked Butch, the facility manager what was going on and he said a team was inspecting the rink to see if they wanted to play there. The problem was that he had not met with anyone besides Rusty Walter Casto from Nitro. So, I assume Butch to be working with the white terrorist organization since he was casually associating with Rusty Walter Casto, a confirmed terrorist. He is the terrorist who worked with Gary Marvin Chandler to influence me to shoplift when I was a teenager; that was not in my head when I was a kid, they put it there. Gary Marvin Chandler put that in my head, then took me to the Mall and dropped me off with no money and nobody around except his buddy Rusty Walter Casto, who then got him a shoplifting bust. His cover at the time was loss prevention, the truth is he is a terrorist and trafficker of humans. Twenty years later he would have me beaten and taken to him in the middle of the night in exchange for a quart size Ziploc bag full of pills.

The South Charleston Memorial Ice Arena is ran and operated by a group of white nationalist who use it to exploit people and to create a condolent point for their victims. The lifetime ban on me by the South Charleston Memorial Ice Arena constitutes defamation and was an intentional act by the white nationalists terrorist organization which is currently infiltrating, sabotaging, and corrupting our governmental organizations and bending them to the will of the whites.

To: The United States of America
From: Raymond Edward Mitchell

I was forced out of the house of Gary Marvin Chandler at the age of sixteen, I went to live with my grandfather Franklin Delbert Mitchell. Gary Marvin Chandler is part of a hate and terrorist group that originates from the northeastern United States; he called the group "the whites". He and his faction utilized the infrastructure of West Virginia to coordinated and attack my family, murder my dad, drug my family, and place us in sexual situations after giving us drugs, among other things such as child endangerment, neglect and to include gang rape. Gary Marvin Chandler in coordination with Paul David Mitchell attempted to assassinate me in the Hysell Run crash, while I lived with Delbert Franklin Mitchell. After graduating High School I moved back to the house of Gary Marvin Chandler, where my mother and sister lived. My brother had also been pushed out of the house by the efforts of Gary Marvin Chandler using indirect influence. He used indirect influence on me to cause negative feelings so intense I left a second time, this time to the United States Air Force. I was young and didn't understand that I was leaving my mother and my sister alone with one of the most disgusting individuals one could imagine.

Gary Marvin Chandler coordinated with other "white" individuals from the Military Enlistment Personnel Station in Beckley, West Virginia to ensure that I would be delivered into the hands of another "white" in order to continue with the assassination and defamation campaign. I was assigned to the United States Air Force 37th Bomb Squadron part of the 28th Bomb Wing in Ellsworth South Dakota.

Gary Marvin Chandler and Teresa Loise Mitchell came to Ellsworth AFB, SD for a surprise visit near the middle of my first contract. Gary Marvin Chandler was not authorized by myself to enter the base. I do not know who authorized Gary Marvin Chandler to enter Ellsworth AFB, SD. Gary Marvin Chandler and Teresa Loise Mitchell did not enter Ellsworth AFB, SD on the authorization of the service member Raymond Edward Chandler.

During my service to the United States Air Force I was placed inside a fuel cell unnecessarily. Even as a young technician I could read the schematic diagram, there was no reason for me to enter the fuel cell for trouble shooting purposes; however, I followed the directions of those appointed over me and they directed me into the fuel cell. I geared up and pulled out all the non-ferrous tools, all the personal protective equipment, the specialized non-arc lighting gear, ventilation equipment and crawled into the fuel cell to check continuity of a single wire; they where all giggling like little girls when they came to pick me up.

During my service to the United States Air Force a friend and I went on a hike to visit a scenic overlook during a meteor shower. While we where at the viewing area a group of people came and vandalized my friends car, these where people from the base who had followed us. This was not a random attack by the local South Dakota residents who decided to vandalize a vehicle in the middle of the night, these where people from our flight. The friend whose car was vandalized was also a service member, his name was Jon Garcia; and consequently and it should be noted, the first time I met Jon was at the MEPS party. I was told at the MEPS party that it was Jon's party. So, Jon was at the party in Ashford; where the girl was raped and then had to walk the halls of the Sherman High School in front of Gary Marvin Chandler, a "white", who worked there as a teacher.

During my service to the United States Air Force I was at a party around the corner from my housing and now-ex-wife ran out of cigarettes and with a couple of our friends had decided to drive off base and get some more. I had to work in the morning to I had only had a few beers earlier in the evening and had not had anything to drink for a few hours so I elected to drive them. No problems went just drove off base and picked up cigarettes; however, on the way back onto base I was questioned by the gate guard. Our friend had been drinking liquor and was basically passed out in the back seat, her husband was drunk, and so was my now-ex-wife; so smoke and odors where certainly emanating

from the vehicle. I explained everything to him in clear english; he was very young, he looked like a kid to me. He got on his radio and chatted for a sec and then decided to do a field sobriety test; to myself I giggled and got out. We did the sobriety test with a solid performance, I was not drunk. He got back on his radio and other people showed up they took me to medial and drew blood. I don't know my vehicle or the others got home, they where all wasted; the people I was driving where smashed out of their minds on liquor. We received the results back from the BAC and again upon seeing the results of the test I was assured that I was about to be released. The BAC came back .052 over; that is two thousandths of a percentile over .05. The general legal limit for alcohol for a DUI in the united states is .08 percentile and .04 for commercial. To add clarity, .15 to .20 is a staggering drunk guy; confusion level drunk. The measurement they took of my BAC that day that would be legal for a heavy equipment operator.

The punishment that was implemented was excessive and driven by ethnic hatred and indifference to human dignity and morality. Two ranks where taken from my; two, two strips, which means a huge reduction of pay; that rank was never returned to me. I was assigned extended duty hours and weekend duty for an indefinite amount of time; it would last for nearly a year, the entire remainder of my service. I had to apologize publicly in front of the entire squadron in a large gathering put together only for the purposes of publicly ridiculing me in front of colleagues. I wish to illustrate that I was a flight line worker, on frame; so, a regular work day would often extend to ten and twelve hours. These extended shifts where equivalent to working sixteen hours days. I would wake up put on my uniform, and go to work, then come home and take off my uniform shower and sleep; for nearly two years. The commander of the 37th Bomb Squadron coordinated with the "white", Gary Marvin Chandler and with the "investor" of Meigs county Paul David Mitchell to assist them in their efforts to assassinate me in order to redirect the accumulated wealth of Franklin Delbert Mitchell into the hands of this terrorist organization.

Upon my separation from the United States Air Force I had accumulated a couple months of vacation and took that at the end of my service to give me some time to acclimate back to civilian life. During that time Paul David Mitchell arrived and worked with a local drug dealer named Jeremy Knutzen to operate another phase of the confidence scheme operation. They sequestered me from the natural society and surrounded me with the confidence operators. One such operator lived in the apartment next to me, he was not much of a nature person, but I took him on a hike one day. We where up on some rocks and he pushed me from the rocks and I fell about 20~30 feet and broke my wrist on the rocks below; mind you that these people under the direction of Paul David Mitchell and Gary Marvin Chandler had drugging me and grooming me for years to accept blatant bullshit as fact, I believed I had fallen, this is what was told to me after the accident. This is how I come to have a huge purple cast on my right arm at the end of my service with the United States Air Force.

This same group in South Dakota, working under the guidance of Paul David Mitchell and Gary Marvin Chandler influenced me to used drugs and took me to a party. I was drunk at the party and there was a girl there and in the same way that I was put with a girl at the MEPS party, I was put with this girl. We went to her car and made out and during that time one of the confidence operators came and asked if he could borrow my car to go grab some more beer. I gave him my keys. After a half hour or so I started to worry because my car was not back yet. I had the girl drive me to my apartment and I called the police and reported the vehicle missing. I remember having a difficult conversation with the police about the meaning of stolen and missing; typical cop bullshit misdirection of the conversation at this point, but I was young and thought the cops helped people. Throughout the course of everything I realized that the police where working against me. Specifically, they where attempting to pin the missing vehicle on me. As if I had stolen my own car went on a joy ride and ditched the vehicle somewhere. The cop said the guy who ran out of the car had a purple cast on his arm, just like me; the cop said that to me. I said "Well, did you see a purple cast!", the cop said "yes";so, I knew right then that the cops where lairs and could not be trusted. The girl came to visit me the next day, she was in

my apartment, and then my memory stops. We where there laughing and smiling and then nothing; I do not remember her getting back in her vehicle and leaving.

Paul David Mitchell was there in South Dakota at that time, Jeremy Knutzen took me to a house and had a conversation with him in front of me; I did not recognize my uncle at that time; however, I felt so confused and scared that, without a word, I simply walked out the front door and started walking down the street.

Knutzens mother worked for the moving company that was hired by the base to pack my items for transport after my separation. Knutzens mother went through all my personal belongings, and yes, I recall items missing; personal items, not value items. I recall thinking that the items stolen only had value to me, and where not thief type items. I moved to Salt Lake and attempted to put that episode in South Dakota behind me and out of my mind. Now, when I look back; I can see that girl, and I wonder what those people did to her.

The Clarity Comprehensive

It is easier to fool someone than to convince them they have been fooled. Have a look. Human trafficking in West Virginia.

Any rational, educated, reasonable individual can understand what has happened here. I have been drugged and kidnapped several times over the last three decades. I am witness to a plethora of events that must all be relayed in detail to understand their interconnected nature.

~~The~~ Rusty Walter Casto, Magistrate of Kanawha County, former Mayor of Nitro; Kenneth Carter, Kanawha County Coroner; Darrel Carter, West Virginia National Guard; and Paul David Mitchell, the "Investor", of Meigs County, Ohio; have all been working together for over two decades to embezzle funds from the estate of Delbert Franklin Mitchell.

The Children of John Ray Dolin

When I was eleven my dad, John Ray Dolin was laid off from his job at the coal mines and was facing unemployment for the first time since they where married. During this time, my mother started taking classes at the Technology Center in Boone County. The Technology School was located directly across the street from a children's dental clinic; the dentists office of Dr. Edder. My mother would take us to have our teeth cleaned when we where toddlers, he had a little playroom for children; books, puzzles, games, and a tressure chest if your good. There where three of us, we spent a lot of time there. She probably got the idea from Dr. Edder to start taking Lab Tech classes there. It was there at the Technology Center where she met Gary Marvin Chandler; he was a mining instructor.

John Ray Dolin

I suspect that John Ray Dolin was murdered for what he knew. He married Teresa Mitchell when she was only 18 years old and they where together for nearly 11 years. He worked at a coal mine and was layed off and never called back. This lead him into a deep depression and alcohol use; they eventually separated. He was my Dad. He wasn't very educated and wasn't good at nurturing or anything like that; but I believe he was a passionate and kind person at his core. When I finished my active duty with the Air Force, I went to stay with some friends in Salt Lake for a bit; just to see another piece of the world before I went home. My mother told me that my Grandmother had become ill, and that she wasn't going to be around much longer. I moved to Cincinnati and stayed in a tiny loft apartment and drove a fork lift at a wholesale box store, I went out to the farm to see her as often as I could. I also started making plans to go see John Ray; I really wanted to reconnect with him to try and bring him out his depression. I wanted to help him to see the world and the possibilities available to him, to let him know that we all make mistakes and that's normal, that we just have to accept them and make new choices to avoid making them again and again. I had been reading the Bible pretty heavily at the time, and I felt a strong need to help him understand that he can change if he wanted to. I was informed that he had died. He was found drowned in a vehicle in a river. My brother, Travis Dolin, told me that the police had reported that the vehicle veered quickly across the road before going into the river. The timing of his death was suspicious because it happened in 2005, the same year the fake will was created, only a year before my Grandmother died, only weeks before I had planned to reconnect with him after not speaking to him for twelve years. John Ray knew that there was oil and gas wells on my Grandpa's property. My Grandpa liked John Ray very much; Grandpa told me himself when I was living with him. I suspect that my family knew that he would tell me the truth about my past; and that Grandpa had left me the farm, so they killed him. Just after I came back from the service; John Ray was killed; my mother had me to move to Nitro, where Rusty Walter Casto was Mayor; they created the fake will; then my Grandmother was murdered.

Teresa, Raymond, Karen, and Travis

I was drugged and kidnapped and taken to the wedding of Teresa Mitchell to Marshall Mash. This was also the case with my brother Travis Dolin and my mother Teresa. There are photographs of that day, I am in these photographs but I have no memory of the day. In these photographs my brother appears to have just gotten out of bed as if he had been sleeping in his car, he was also not in the photos until the very end. My mother appears to be drunk and non-lucid, bopping around like her brain is turned off. In my opinion my brother and mother look drugged or drunk in these photos. On this day Darrel Carter was operating a Mini DV camcorder. I have a short clip from his recording but the audio is pretty gnarled. I have the clip because I dragged it to the laptop one day. Darrel Carters original disk recording would play fine with clear audio if played using a Mini DV player.

This is the event when Kenneth Carter, Rusty Walter Casto, Darrel Carter, and Paul David Mitchell trafficked my mother to Marshall Mash from Rand. He approached her at the gym shortly after she had been kicked out by Gary Marvin Chandler, shortly after the lose of her father and mother, and suffering an adjacent loss, the death of John Ray Dolin; the biological father of two of her children. After marrying her to Marshall Mash, they sold her a house in Nitro and moved her there so they could get her money via the churches, the community centers, and all those "fund raising" drives. The whole place is a breeder town, school busses and crosswalks, parks, and all that urban domestic crap, exorbitant property taxation and over reliance on high frequency, fast turn, infrastructure. And taxes!

Bluegrass Festival

The lawyer that worked for my mother invited her to a Bluegrass Festival that was being held on the lawyers property. I remember mom being excited about it and inviting me to go, however, I vaguely have any memory of actually being there. The only thing I recall from going to this Bluegrass Festival in Ohio on the property of my mothers probate lawyer is; there was a stage way up front, and we walked toward it. I have around thirty seconds of memory from attending a Bluegrass Festival; obviously they drugged me during this event. This is the lawyer that did not pull the big red handle when it came to Grandmas Will and giving my cousin a farm and me a lamp. This was the lawyer that "helped" my mother when my grandma died.

The Eastern Star

When my Grandmother passed away I was drugged and escorted out of the wake. They took me to the house in Langsville where we met up with my Uncle Kenneth Mitchell, he had been drugged too. He was sitting in my old bedroom, in my old closet, holding my Grandpa's old eight mm video camera. I remember Heather Mitchell laughing at him and saying "He thinks he's making a video for Garth Brooks." My Grandpa's Bible was in my closet, and his old videos, I picked those up and had them in my hands, I saw his last will and testament there in my closet. My Grandpa's will was laying in my bedroom, in my closet that day, as soon as I saw it and my eyes locked onto it, the family started rushing around distracting me and pushed me out of the room. I never had the opportunity to spend any time in my own bedroom, in my own closet in the house at Langsville. The one I stayed in while I lived with my Grandpa the last year of his life. On those eight mm reels where films of my mother as a little girl riding a pony he brought out to the farm, and films he took at the Worlds Fair; his Bible was in there, the Globe he used to show me how big the world was. His Last Will and Testament was in that closet; I saw it that day. I woke up in the car; Travis Dolin was driving, Alex Mitchell was in the passengers seat, and Ben Mitchell was in the back with me. I asked what was going on, and they pretended we where going to a party. I woke up days later naked in bed experiencing sexually battery. They basically handled me for weeks after that, drugging me over and over, and keeping me drunk. My sister, Karen Carter told me there was something wrong with Grandpa's will, and that's why there was a second will created. They took me to the reading, I remember walking around outside the

courthouse wondering where my family had gone. They took me to a Blue Grass Festival and told me it was hosted by the lawyer that took care of the will for my mother; I was drugged during the festival, I only remember being there for around thirty seconds. I was also a full time college student at the time, so I was pretty occupied with school; that's how they were able to reinsert me back into the matrix. I saw my Grandfather's will in my bedroom in Langsville the day of my Grandmother's funeral.

Nazi

The mechanisms of social injustice remain, even to this day, from the encroachment of the Nazi upon Europe; mechanisms which facilitate the proliferation of child trafficking across Europe; put in place by the Germans after the collapse of their government during the early and mid 20th century. In college I used my time to study human trafficking and its relationship to religion and culture. Human trafficking should be formalized into an independent topic of its own; it spans religion, culture, economics, ethnicity, language, immigration, nationality, such a vast topic that it is difficult to put any light upon it without extensive study of nuanced situations.

John Ray Dolin was eventually murdered to hide the fact that I am the direct descendant of Delbert Franklin Mitchell, and that Teresa Mitchell was trafficked into the United States so early in her life that she had no memory of it.

Gary Marvin Chandler the Gold Digger

Gary Marvin Chandler was a coal mining instructor at the Technology Center in Boone County; John Ray Dolin worked for the mines. Gary Marvin Chandler stole my mother away from John Ray Dolin when my sister was only eight years old. My sister was a fair skin, blue eyed, blonde haired 8 year old. Yup. Also, very important to point out; Gary Marvin Chandler often referred to himself as a "white". His ideology was based around the color of people's skin and hair, he believed that people who are the same color as him were morally superior and that they were under threat by the "others".

One night I heard a commotion in the hallway and got up to see what was going on. I found my brother and sister hiding in the hallway, sneaking; and in the living room I heard my mother crying out in agony. I ran down the hall into the living room to her and she said there were demons down the hallway. I said "No Mom. It's just Karen and Travis." The last thing I remember was looking at Gary Marvin and him saying "Everything's going to be ok." He had her drugged on the couch that night, and he did something to me that night to make me forget.

I'm the High-Fidelity, First Class, Traveling Sect, I think I need a Water Bed... or three

Gary Marvin Chandler was an expert at analogue video media reproduction, he owned a video camera (very expensive for 1986), and had equipment for encryption. He could produce an encrypted VHS tape (very high technology for 1986).

Gary Marvin Chandler transferred his work from the Technology School, where he picked up my mother; to Sherman Junior High School where my sister attended junior high. Yes, he transferred to the school where me and my twelve year old sister went to junior high and high school. He transferred his work to the same physical building in which I went to high school; the same physical building where my twelve year old sister would eventually celebrate her sixteenth, get her first boyfriend, and attend prom. Gary Marvin Chandler, my step-dad, the "white", transferred to our high school. Gary Marvin Chandler was a teacher at mom's school, he seduced her away from our dad, and then became a teacher at our high school. A mining instructor stole the family of a recently laid off mining employee, ran him out of West Virginia by funding and supporting legal action against him,

then attempted to murder the family. I would venture to say that John Ray Dolin was under attack by the police in the same way that they are attacking me now.

I remember one afternoon as a teen; I woke up and found myself laying in Karen's water bed and in the water bed beside me, in Becky's water bed, was Kathy Harris's niece Stephanie. Kathy Harris is Paul David Mitchell's ex-wife and David Lee Mitchell's mother. I believe the girls name was Stephanie Harris. Gary Marvin Chandler owned and had access to hand held video recording equipment and also was versed in faithful video replication. I think he was trying to get us to engage in sexual intercourse so that he could make a pornographic film of us. I want to point out that Stephanie Harris never came to that house for a family visit or anything. I played with Stephanie once when I was a little tiny kid around seven years old; and the next time I see her is in the bed next to me at the house of Gary Marvin Chandler, when I was fifteen; and I never saw her again afterward.

Bumble Bee

Gary Marvin Chandler bought and gave me a gold chevet then sabotaged the fuel pump and drugged me and put me in the car at the bottom of Elkin's hill. That's where I woke up in the broken down gold chevet. Gary made a huge deal about it being my fault and instigated such a huge argument that I took a bunch of sleeping pills; which he and my mother had given to me, then I called my grandparents and had them come from Ohio and get me and I moved in with them. I worked for my grandpa Mitchell until he was happy that I had payed off the replacement parts for the car. We bought another car of the same model and removed the engine and when we went to remove the engine from the gold chevet discovered that the fuel pump mounting bolts had been backed off and it was hanging loose. We tightened the fuel pump back on and it started right up. Gary Marvin Chandler manipulated me into moving to Ohio to separate me from my mother and to sequester me into the custody and to the undue influences of my uncle Paul David Mitchell; who subsequently attempted to murder me by drugging me and running me off the road and into a tree on Hysell Run Road. Gary Marvin Chandler is guilty of attempted murder along with Paul David Mitchell via the Hysell Run Crash. Paul David Mitchell currently has the vehicle in his back yard as a trophy, it can be seen from satellite.

The Fire Walker

One night I was at work at McDonalds in Kanawha City, and I needed a ride home and I called the house; where Teresa and Gary lived, and asked for a ride home. She was on the line, but I could sense him listening to our conversation and influencing the course of the conversation. She declined and told me I had to walk or thumb home. So along the way I was attacked and had to fend off three ferocious dogs. Then, on down the hill, I encountered a diesel oil spill that caused multiple cars to loose control and turn into sliding boulders to dodge on the Len's Creek Mountain road. Gary Marvin Chandler called his friends along the way to set out their dogs and his trucker buddies to pour diesel all over the road to try and kill or mame me. Once again, another attempt to murder one of his family members to solicit compassion from the community. Remember, this is his "white" ideology at work; so deep in his subconsciousness he sees the death of "others" as the salvation of the "whites".

Of Wolf and Man

A one time occurrence; I was down in the lower field playing with Sheba, Gary Marvin's dog. I'm not really a dog person, I never really played with her, she was a Siberian husky. The only other dog on the road belonged to Jeff Skeens, he had a pit bull. One day, as I said before a very rare occasion of me being in the bottom and with a dog. Another extremely rare event occurred; a person jogging up the creek at White Oak in Ashford, WV. Mind you we live up a creek, that is up a creek. I need to be clear; this was the only time I was in the bottom, this was the only time I played with the dog, this was the only time he went jogging; this is the only time any of these elements ever existed,

not one of these things ever existed independently of this event. His dog attacked our dog. I was only fifteen; so, I ran toward the house, this is a full siberian husky vs pit bull death match. I was met with mom coming out loading a hand gun. I don't remember anything else from that day. No one ever talked about it, everyone just acted like it didn't happen. Sheba had a cut on her leg that had to heal, watching that cut heal was the only thing I was left with from that day. In fact that is every single thing I know about Sheba. Gary Marvin Chandler set it all up and was using drugs on me and my mother and had this guy come by and get the dogs to attack each other in hopes that we would get hurt. If my mother and I had been killed or injured in the incident Gary Marvin would have no doubt used it to solicit compassion from the community.

The Long and Winding Road

There was a day where mom and I woke in a crashed car around two in the afternoon out on Brounland Road. I don't know where we where going. We both woke up on the side of the road in a ditch on the right hand side; on the left side of this road is a straight drop off into the river, the perfect place to drug someone and stick them into a car so they crash and die. This follows the modus operandi set by Paul David Mitchell and his attempt to kill me in the Hysell Run Crash, and later employed by Darrel Carter in the Barboursville Trip Crash. I, personally, have been in 4 car crashes;. See; if they kill you in a vehicle it provides enough plausible deniability that no one looks at it as homicide.

When I was a teenager living in the house of Gary Marvin Chandlers, I went to school at Sherman High School; Gary Marvin Chandler worked at the school. I always rode the bus, I never rode in the car to the school that I attended everyday and the school where he went to work everyday; ever, we never discussed the fact that we where going to the exact same destination every morning for three years via two separate modes of transportation. I guess he didn't want to give me a ride.

Systems Analysis

When I was a teenage living in the house of Gary Marvin Chandlers there was this girl at my high school that caught my eye. She attended the same school where Gary Marvin Chandler was a teacher. Around that time I was invited to a part at someones house; "parents outta town, 80's rom-com style". I found out that girl was going and I was in. We where there, stuff was going on, it felt like I didn't know anyone, which was odd because I knew everyone in my school and we where only ten miles from White Oak. I walked out back didn't recognize anyone; I walked inside and sat on the couch, then someone came by and put her next to me. I remember we changed locations and went to a different house, we had to take a car I think. Then we where in a living room and recognized someone I knew for the first time; other than the girl. The girl and I had only met each other once or twice in passing, we hadn't even developed a conversational relationship, at this point we don't know each other, we only recognize each other. Next thing I know we where in a bed naked, then touching, then memory fades. We didn't have any conversation that night, I only remember her as a physical presence. "We" as in "she and I" did not "go there", we didn't "make it". The next day I was taken back because everyone in the entire school knew every detail. The girl was walking using an unrhythmic stride. I remember being confused by that because we hadn't done anything. Gary Marvin Chandler had to have known.

A Phantom Hand

There was another occasion; when I was in high school, where one of my classmates parents went "outta town, 80's rom-com style", so of course she threw a party. So we go, we show up, things are happening. Then, a guy from my high school, this girl from my school and one of my friends, go up the road in his car. So, I find myself and this girl sitting alone in the back seat of his car. I'm

confused and don't know what's going on cause I'm drunk so I shout for that guy. He comes over and is kinda of like; to paraphrase, not quote 'hey what? I'm talking to this girl, and your in here with this one.' So he takes off and I turn and start talking to her and I think she threw up in his car at that point. The next thing I know I am waking up the next day in a school bus, and then he gave me a ride home. The next day I am in school I found out that the girl that was in the car had unexpectedly "moved to Florida to live with her dad". I never saw her again, and no one ever mentioned anything. I always felt unsettled about it, she moved away immediately after I saw her puking in a car after a party. That memory always left me with the unsettling impression of being the last person to see her. Whenever I think of that night I feel the hand of a ghost on my shoulder.

Quercus Alba

I've been unearthing these repressed memories, some are easy to face, but other take a lot of work to focus on. I guess its our survival mechanisms that make us forget traumatic stuff. When we face information that changes our view of ourselves or our view of the things we believe we know, our mind just kind of rejects it.

One night I invited a couple girls over to the house there in White Oak. See, my parents had unexpectedly "gone out of town for the weekend, like some kind of 80s rom-com". Yeah, so here's the thing; they laced me with something. I vaguely remember the house, and they had rearranged the living room, the couch was turned and facing the window. I remember that being odd and it seemed like the girl I was with was upset and that was it. No memories after that, they reinserted me back into the matrix. I had somehow rationalized that she just went home. I never saw her at work again, I never saw her ever again. The truth; from my perspective, she disappeared into his house that night.

The Turkey Hunt

My uncle Paul David Mitchell asked me to go hunting with him once. We grabbed a couple guns and headed off to Browns Hollow; just behind Wilbur Ward Sr. house. I remember being very happy because I had never had spent any time with my Uncle David. We walked over to Browns Hollow and he told me where to stand that he was going on ahead and then we would go up the hill; once he got some distance between us he turned toward me and pointed his gun right at me. I was perplexed, I thought he was making a mistake until I saw that he was looking straight into my eyes. I can't remember what happened after that, I can't say for sure that he lowered the gun or fired and missed. I don't remember walking off the hill that day.

The Hysell Run Crash

One typical day in Langsville a friend of mine by the name of Dean Hankle invited me to go to a party in Middleport, I accepted and I went and picked him up. They must have drugged me that day, I don't remember a party. I don't know what happened during that trip, but as we where driving west I remember feeling the car go off the road and seeing the trees directly in front of me. Then I remember getting out of the crash with blood all over me walking around in a daze. I said I needed help, and someone told me I was refusing medical treatment, I looked up at the sky and it was pink and the tree line was purple. It was at the end of Hysell Run Road, which is where Fred Pretty's garage is located, it's also the road that leads to the back entrance of my Grandpa's farm. Fred Pretty is related to Arnold Pretty, who is Kathy Harris's boyfriend, she is the mother of Paul David Mitchell's son, David Lee Mitchell. They cleaned up the wreck and took the car to the farm, I only saw the car once after the accident. He had drugged me and ran me off the road trying to kill me. The car is now parked behind Paul David Mitchell's house on Jacks Road, Langsville, beneath the trees; it's visible on satellite images.

New Roads

When I met Darrel Carter, he was working as a loss prevention employee at the recently opened Wal-Mart on the new corridor. I was first introduced to Darrel Carter at a dinner held in the home of Gary Marvin Chandler just after the murder of my father Franklin Delbert Mitchell. I had decided to "aim high" and serve so I joined the Air Force just three months earlier; after being forced out of the house of Gary Marvin Chandler at the age of sixteen via the confidence scheme set up by Gary Marvin Chandler and Paul David Mitchell which led to the Hysell Run Crash; a failed attempt to murder me. When last I left my biological father, Franklin Delbert Mitchell, I saw no indication that he was ill. While I was in the Community College of the Air Force I received the news of his death and took leave to go home for the services. I was able to come home for the funeral service and then had to go back and finish training and await orders for duty station. My plate was full, and they took advantage of that. Darrel Carter, and his family, have been extremely involved in my mothers affairs and life decisions since this time. Darrel Carter benefits greatly through both direct and indirect financial assistance that he receives from the fraudulent sale and distribution of the estate assets of Franklin Delbert Mitchell. Moms decision to buy the house in Nitro is an example of the Carters influence over her.

Social Networks and Influence considering the White Nationalist

This Year, I have been in jail three times, all from charges by police, not from citizens. They have cut my Social Security Insurance for "over payment", and suspended my Drivers License for "no insurance" which just occurred randomly. I have no idea why they say I have no insurance. The best I can figure is that they are attempting to instantiate another provocative event at the Department of Motor Vehicles where I have already been physically assaulted. Or perhaps, to lure me downtown toward the areas heavily surveilled by the police, in order to instantiate and manufacture probable cause against me; or some other means of violating my civil rights and reducing our basic human dignity. In my life they have played an instrumental role in the facilitation of rape, drugging, kidnapping, defamation, murder, and the plunder of our generational wealth. The police are used to harass and defame the victims so that they have to leave the area, are murdered, or their influence leads the victim to suicide. Many of the victims are from rape and use substances to escape from the memories of the abuse; hence, defamation by police works double duty due to the perception of probable cause; a manufactured allusion, which prevents the victims from reaching out and also prevents people from helping them and in some cases prevents the victims from obtaining basic necessities and unbiased economic engagement which can drive the victim to homelessness.

Department of Motor Vehicles

The last time I was at the Department of Motor Vehicles the old guy at the security desk attacked me and I called the police. The guy who came, D. W. Dalton identified me as the caller and then put me in handcuffs and charged me with assault. Once downtown Rusty Walter Casto spared no time tossing me into a lice filled cage for three days. Then Rusty Walter Casto and his assistant, Christina, changed the charges against me to "assault on a child at a school". Christina is the same person that threw the container off the balcony that set Rusty Walter Casto to preside as judge over an eviction motion against me, while he was only Mayor of Nitro. Christina is the same person who caused the vehicle accident that totaled my car, outside the bar in South Charleston; the bar that has since, burned to the ground, it used to be down there next to Mount Rose.

The Office of Social Security has been moved down to 500 Quarrier Street; right next to the Kanawha County Court House, and so there are police everywhere; hence, the constant fear of being assaulted and battered in the middle of the street with no way of defending yourself. It makes it difficult to make appointments. I have already been attacked by the police on those same streets once

this year; it was nine in the morning and there was not a car on the streets. I was heading south and all of a sudden four cars rush up behind me and force me off the road; they took me to jail for failure to signal. I was the only one on the road besides these assholes wearing body armor, guns, electrocution darts, dogs, cameras, computers, lasers and shit. Which, see, this fear extends to any streets that have police on them; so, in the broader sense they function only as an obstruction to commerce and they prevent access to social services and serve to hinder the functions of the court by preventing access by the citizens.

Daren (I changed the K to a D, get it? Cause he wears the pants. See, now ya do!)

Darrel Carter; I knew him for several years, I always tried to look for the good in him. I never really cared much for his interests, and I never was able to find anything we shared in common; tools, motors, nothin'. As an aside; I never saw him assemble anything; like, put something together. I personally cannot attest that this man knows how to use tools; after knowing him for twenty years. Selfish, egotistical, self centered, image matters; house, kids, car, lawn, dog, he wants to lay low as some kind of goofy television dad.

Rio Grande

Darrel Carter would have these gatherings at the Rio Grande; these sessions where apart of the confidence operation. One night they choked my mother at the Rio Grande in Nitro; they fed her some pepper or concentrated spice. The people he was with sat around the room and looked at me while she choked; I was stunned and didn't know what to do; I was surrounded by the police, national guard, and Rio employees all staring at me in the center of the room while they exposed my mother to a choking agent. Darrel Carter would take us to the Rio Grande on Thursday evenings so that his friends could play spy kids; pretend not to know each other, talk out the side of their faces, taking photos of us, documenting, practicing sub verbal communication, subterfuge and entrapment. The evenings at the Rio Grande where just "family nights" to my mother and to the kids; however, to Darrel Carter these Thursday nights where some kind of huge charade, a masquerade, he would play the big guy at the table. These same tables where he would call my nephew a little girl because he has a head full of hair; these tables where he would belittle my niece over grades while there is no one more charming in the world; the same tables where he would laugh at my brother and joke saying that he got his wife from Dollar General. The same tables where this "big guy", this human trafficker, was able to parade us in front of his white nationalist allies; the tables of the Rio Grande in Nitro, West Virginia.

Slumber Party

One night Darrel Carter, Karen Carter, Andrea Dolin, and Travis Dolin where over at my mothers trailer, they brought all the nieces and nephews over. We where drinking that night, they made sure I was drunk and then someone mentioned and started advocating for a slumber party at my place. This was one of the adults idea, it was not my idea, nor that of the children; it's just not the sort of thing that they, nor I, would have suggested. This was an attempt at undoing me an entrapment scheme set up by Darrel Carter. We ended up laying down on the couch together, it was a rather large sectional couch, one of those large three piece jigsaw sectional couches. I positioned the girls so that their heads where on the opposite end, opposite from mine. I recall how odd it seemed to be making sleeping arrangements for us in my place, it didn't seem odd playing video games and playing on the tablets; but when it came time to sleep it felt unsettling. Once we laid down the last thought I had before falling asleep was that our feet would touch if someone was to kick during the night. For the life of me, I don't know what kind of parent would send their kids home with their drunk uncle. I for one felt uncomfortable at that point, I don't know if that was what the kids felt. The strange thing is that I don't remember anything after that. I don't remember waking up and fixing them breakfast or anything. Darrel Carter removed them in the middle of the night. An attempt at testing my vulnerability to his

confidence scheme, and a test of memetic temporal continuity. I don't have any children of my own; but if I did, this is certainly a situation I would never have placed them in. It also constitutes sexual grooming. Basically Darrel Carter set this whole thing up, it's pretty evident to me, now that I have been forced to separated myself from my family completely; after removing myself from the unhealthy influence and gaining a clearer perspective. I had to get out of there.

Barboursville Crash

My mother invited me to take a trip to Barboursville for lunch one day; she decided we should take all the nieces and nephews out for a day trip shopping at the mall; it's about an hours drive from the west of Nitro; the western most side of the metropolitan area of of Charleston. We loaded into the cars, I took the boys and she took the girls; her suggested arrangement. We traveled down and stopped for a bite to eat at the mall, then she decided we should meet up at Target. She changed the seating arrangement to girls in my car, and boys in her car. So, we hopped in the car and headed down to Target; I knew the way well, I had been down there alot. I'm not the sort of person to drive in tandem with other cars. So, I took off and drove my normal style, just as any other day. She's the sort that needs more time; has less situational awareness, fiddles with the radio and phone, things like that. I've never been able to travel in tandem with her; it's just not safe for me to drive like that, honestly. I and my passengers arrived in the parking lot of Target, and we swung over to the Starbucks and ordered everyone something; also, to give her time to get there. She was texting us while we where traveling; so I just gave my phone to my niece and dictated the responses. She missed the exit and went down to far and got off on the wrong place; she ended up having an accident that day. She contacted Karen before contacting me; which I found odd. Once she told me she was in an accident and gave me the location, we jumped in the car and headed over there. Luckily there was no injuries, the "other car" was gone by the time I got there, which was less than 7 minutes or so from the time she told me. She was instructed by the insurance company to go to the rental place, so we put everyone in my car and went a few blocks west of the accident. They didn't have a vehicle available, she needed to go to Charleston to pick up the rental. We put everyone in my car and started heading back; during this time Karen started texting us, somewhat frantically. She seemed very concerned that we where all in one vehicle; which, I was driving, so I didn't understand the problem. I had someone text that we would meet them at the Wendy's in Milton; since she was already in the area, somehow Darrel and Karen had traversing an hour long drive in around fifteen minutes. I have no memory of arriving at the Wendy's and dropping off Karen's kids, I have no memory of taking Travis's kids home, I have no memory of how that day ended. I don't know who drove my vehicle home. I had been drugged and placed in a car with children, and perhaps mom was too; an attempt to cause an accident. An attempt to kill myself, my mom, and the kids. This was an attempt to amplify the funds being embezzled through the entitlement fraud scheme currently in operation on the estate of Franklin Delbert Mitchell into the hands of the Carter family.

I'm Lovin' It!

Another day, another family outing; I went to pick up the Travis and Andrea's kids to take them to the movies, we stopped at McDonald's to get them something to eat since it was nearly 4 pm and they told me they had not had anything to eat today, according to them. At McDonald's there was some guy on a bicycle outside and he was filling up a jug with soda from the fountain by going in and out getting refills in a cup. My niece mentioned it to me, and I called him a crack head and we had a giggle; then as he came back inside my nephew repeated the word in a not so hushed tone, she leaned over and gave him a pinch. That's the last thing I remember from that day. I have no memory of anything else that happened that day; we never made it to the movies. I had been drugged and set off with the kids in the car. Once again; the motive is clear from the Carter perspective, he wanted the children killed in a vehicle accident.

The Cabin

Darrel Carter rented a cabin in Kanawha State Forest. Mom was there, MaKayla was a baby, Brenda and Kenneth Carter was there. There was a black bear there, I think they put me outside with it. Darrel and Kenneth had used their drugs on me. I don't know what the Carter's were doing to us in that cabin.

The Hotel

Mom was there, Darrel, Brenda, Karen and the kids were all there; all five of the nieces and nephews. They were talking about sleeping arrangements. Darrel asked to borrow my knife to open something; but I could tell he was not being honest. Then they sent me to a room across the hall. This was another occasion where I had been drugged to the point of blacking out in the presence of Darrel Carter.

Trans-Siberian Orchestra

One time my mother invited me to attend a concert at the Charleston Civic Center; this is where Darrel Carter worked a second job as a security guard. I went with her; I remember parking and getting to our seats; however, the lights were so intense that I could not see at all. I remember being so blinded that I literally had to tell her that I could not see. I turned my head down turning my eyes away from the lights and that is the last thing I remember from that night. I think Darrel Carter had put the idea in her head and then drugged us. I think the blindness was due to the dilation of my pupils caused by whatever drugs Darrel Carter is on us.

Disney

Darrel and Karen Carter, Brenda and Kenneth Carter, along with mom and I, went to Orlando at one point. One day we went into the Disney World park and went on the Aerosmith ride. The second day we went to buy an Indiana Jones hat. On the third day I rode the Tower of Death with just Darrel Carter and I. That's all I remember, just those couple things. He tricked me into paying for the entire trip. He drugged me and put me on ice and he used me to pay for food lodging and entry tickets.

Wedding

The night before my mother's wedding my cousin messed up my hair and so at the wedding it was all shaved off. Darrel Carter, Brenda and Kenneth Carter, Rusty Walter Casto, and Paul David Mitchell drugged me, mom, and Travis. They did this to marry my mother over to Marshall Mash, a truck driver from California, in order to embezzle funds away from the heirs of the estate and into the hands of the churches where it can be used for the murder and exploitation of "others" by these fifth and sixth generation German and British immigrants. According to their religion they have greater right over the land because they are engaged in the genocide of the American people.

Gatlinburg

I was drugged just before I drove the kids to an attraction in town; a ski lift. Luckily it was sold out and we couldn't board; we walked down the street. I remember taking a couple pictures of the kids on my phone before it all goes fuzzy. We walked on up the street. I woke up trying to play a game of mini golf but it was upsetting because I found it confusing. Mom couldn't remember the order of the players so she kept making a big deal out of who was next, there was only four of us. I then found myself in the car driving back to the house but I noticed I had let all the gas run out of my car. I turned around went to the pizza place, there Mom and I went in and tried to buy gas. Mom and I walked into a pizza place and asked to buy gas that day. I don't know what happened after that. Darrel Carter had used his drugs on me and I lost consciousness, I don't know how we got back to the house that day.

I feel like we went to Pigeon Forge so that Darrel Carter could meet up with someone, he went there to meet with a group of people. There was one point on a different day where we were standing around with police and there were rattlesnakes on the creek bank; however, no one seemed to be reacting to "poisonous snakes are everywhere". I found it odd that we weren't being directed around it; and I thought the police should not be showing it to us; but later, I found out that this area of Tennessee is a hot spot for the Clu Clux Klan; a terrorist organization started in North America.

GI Bill and the Magistrate's Agenda

The Village Hill Apartments in Nitro is where a lot of the confidence operation took place. The Magistrate and members of the Kanawha County, State Police, West Virginia National Guard, the Coroners Office, and Department of Motor Vehicles coordinated and used the infrastructure of the state to monitor and facilitate the confidence operation implemented at the apartments in Nitro for the purpose of creating a halo and holding area for me while they worked a second angle of the operation on my mother, Teresa Mitchell. There were parties and all this constantly going on there, always something to keep me occupied and my mind away from my mother and our families well being. I was being worked from all angles, the people living upstairs, the ones downstairs. I went to a party downstairs one night and was knocked unconscious, my ankle was curb stomped and I was taken to the Magistrate of Kanawha County, Rusty Walter Casto, in the middle of the night at the Putnam medical center where he laughed and took pictures of me.

Under The Table and Dreaming

While living at the apartments and attending college in Nitro, where Rusty Walter Casto was Mayor, and where Rusty Walter Casto was also elected Magistrate of Kanawha County. A girl moved in downstairs named Brittney Mathews. A nice looking girl, she invited me down to her place the first time we met. It was a pretty fast time with Brittney, she claimed to be a narcoleptic and needed a pill called adderall to keep herself awake. I had never heard of it, but once I realized what it was; well, I noticed Brittney had a lot of adderall. Her prescriptions were in the counts that no human could survive. I came to know how college kids would use it to cram for tests; and of course being in college, I started accepting the pills from her for their cognitive enhancing properties. She would give them to me, and eventually I started asking for them more often, and eventually she showed me how to snort them.

One time we went to an appointment at her doctor; I had asked to talk to him to see if there was anything I needed to be aware of in order to ease her suffering and create a working relationship and safe environment so that she could regain visitation with her children; I sat in the waiting room for a very long time, and after awhile Rusty Walter Casto came out of the doctors office and walked through the waiting room. I waited another seven minutes and then Brittney came out and said the appointment was over and there wasn't any time for me to speak to her doctor.

Brittney had two children from two different fathers; she had a little girl from a man named Mark, and a boy from a guy who I believe to be D.W. Dalton of Kanawha County Sheriffs Office. One time we went to pick up Jacob from his dad's house; his dad was on house arrest for whatever reason. When we went to pick him up; I had to wait in the car for a pretty long time. While I was in the car two men came out onto the porch of the house and looked at me; it was Rusty Walter Casto and E. W. Dalton.

One night while I was drinking she had an episode; I don't know the clinical speak on it; but, basically a paranoia episode. It was escalating and I wasn't equipped to bring the situation under

control so I left the apartment and went up stairs to the apartment for which I held a lease. The police came, and after a brief conversation decided that nobody was in danger and moved on to other matters. The next day Brittney went to the Kanawha County Courthouse, where Rusty Walter Casto was Magistrate, and submitted a request for a no contact order; which was approved. In the coming week she called me and we resumed our relationship. The next few weeks I kept asking her to go to the courthouse and rescind the restraining order; but, she refused stating that her "uncle" would no longer help her with legal matters if she did so; the "uncle" she was referring to was Rusty Walter Casto. A couple weeks later she had another paranoia episode; again, while I was drinking and ill equipped to deescalate the situation I went back to the apartment for which I held a lease. The apartment in Nitro, where Russel Walter Casto, her "uncle", was Mayor. The police came; I told them the truth, that we had resumed our relationship, the police observed that I was in violation of a court issued no contact order. During the arrest the officers observed and commented that I was not unreasonable or behaving violently; however, they stated that they had no choice but to execute the arrest based on the court order. They spoke to Brittney for around half an hour while I waited in the squad car; after their conversation with her I was informed that she did in fact intend to enforce the no contact order. I was taken to jail for the minimum, which I think was one week.

After I was released from jail, I returned to my apartment for which I held a lease. Time passed; living in the same building in the same apartment complex, passing one another her and there; again, we resumed the relationship. Time passed; another paranoia episode; still unequipped to deescalate; police called; however, this time the no contact order had expired. She was afforded the opportunity to go down to the courthouse and file a request for second no contact order, while I was in police custody. The court retroactively enforced this second no contact order. I was placed in jail and spent the next forty days in South Central Regional Jail. During that forty days I missed midterms and basically lost an entire semester of college for which I had already bought books and paid tuition. On the last day, I was beaten pretty badly by another inmate, he was nearly 300 lbs; during the beating I had to keep my head off the cinder block wall or it would have killed me. Before the term in jail, I had secured a contract with the Dell computer corporation as the service technician for the entire southern region of West Virginia; all the way out to Pendleton. I am not the sort of person to beg; when I tried to get that job back, I practically begged; but it was over. I received an eviction notice from the apartment for which I held a lease; in Nitro; where Russel Casto was Mayor. I contacted the courthouse to hold a hearing to allow me to pay the past due rent. Days later I received a letter stating that the hearing had taken place and the decision was to uphold the eviction. I was not given the opportunity to present my case.

By this time my mother was living in Rand with the guy she had met at the gym, Marshall Mash. Gary Marvin Chandler had also transferred his work and teaching at the Carver Career Center about a quarter of a mile away from the house to which they had trafficked her. I moved in with my mother and eventually rented a trailer across the road from where she was living. I aligned my time frames with the semester of college that I had missed; and moved back to Nitro to finish my college degree.

Eviction! Then Eviction!

While I was living there the second time; after being evicted by Rusty Walter Casto. I met a girl that lived in the apartment next to mine; her name was Christina. We saw each other and hung out a few times; I liked her personality, she was a bit gruff, wasn't the sort to take crap from someone; I liked that. She was pretty too, beautiful hair. She threw a container off my balcony, which I retrieved the next morning. That container became the grounds upon which an eviction process began again and once again was ruled upon by Rusty Walter Casto, the same Magistrate of Kanawha County. I received

a notice that the eviction had been upheld and that the hearing had already taken place. I contacted the court and reminded them that I needed to be present. The hearing had to be rescheduled, and upon that date they left me outside the courtroom waiting for fifteen minutes, once he called me in Rusty Walter Casto the Mayor of Nitro and Magistrate of Kanawha County delivered the decision to me that I was evicted from the apartment in Nitro, where I had been a tenant for five years.

I was never in either eviction process allowed to present the case that I was a student at West Virginia University and working toward a Bachelor Degree of Management Information Systems. Rusty Walter Casto upheld the eviction request in which it was reported that I was outside at nine in the morning cleaning up trash at the apartment complex. This is the same Christina that would eventually lean over Rusty Walter Casto's shoulder and pencil in "malicious assault on a child in a school" on top of what are already false charges. Guess what! That trailer across from your moms place in Rand is open!

So, I was trafficked to Rand by Rusty Walter Casto, a few blocks from where Gary Marvin Chandler now worked. Gary Marvin had apparently changed his job to Carver Career Center at this point, no doubt to keep an eye on his victims. My college trajectory was all messed up now. Shortly after that, my mom was trafficked to Nitro by Kenneth Carter; the Kanawha County Coroner, he was also a preacher; so he could preside over funerals and marriages. I stayed there in Rand, and eventually moved onto her property. I payed her rent which Marshall took care of (her money) and he was supposedly the maintenance guy (of her land). Basically he became a slum lord; since mom was occupied by all the fun new things to do and people to meet in her big new house in Nitro. She doesn't know any of those people, and none of them care one piss about her. A bunch of pretenders.

Antigone

When I was in college, I was in a pre-calculus class that was lead by and instructor I knew as Dr. Sonya Armstrong, she was the Chair of the Mathematics Department at West Virginia State University at the time. The mathematics department houses the computer sciences division so I spent a lot of time there. During my pre-calculus class there was an incident where her son was drugged, kidnapped, and thrown over the wall on Exit 100, which is the exit to the State Capitol. I have come to believe that this murder was a hate crime perpetrated by the State Police, Kanawha County Police, and the National Guard, working with the Mayor of Nitro in order to manipulate Dr. Armstrong and myself into forming a sudo mother/son relationship in order to undermined the relationship with my actual mother in order to hide the embezzlement of funds from the estate of Franklin Delbert Mitchell.

My Nine Lives

1. When I was little boy Paul David Mitchell got me drunk and tricked me into swimming across a river, John Ray Dolin pulled me out saving my life.
2. I had David Lee Mitchell hold my hand while I retrieved a flower from a ledge; I woke up in the house, he had let me fall twenty feet onto rocks.
3. I was drugged put in a car and ran off the road at Hysell Run Road, I picked glass from my face twenty years later.

4. I was hiking with a temporary neighbor in South Dakota and he pushed me off a thirty foot cliff, only broke my thumb. He was hired by Paul David Mitchell who followed me out to South Dakota during my Air Force service.
5. I was punched knocked out and my ankle stomped and broken, then they drove me to a hospital in Nitro. Rusty Walter Casto, Mayor of Nitro, made fun of me, and made a video. There was money exchanged with the people who took me there. They drove me back and tossed me onto the floor. The next morning; my face was stuck to the floor from dried blood.
6. I was drugged and placed in a car with children and sent to McDonalds. While eating my nephew called someone a crack head and that was all I know of the incident.
7. Mom invited me to Barboursville with all the nieces and nephews; I was drugged, then my mom had a car accident, then I was in a situation where I had to drive 2 adults and 5 children at once. I stopped at the Milton Wendy's, that's the last I know of the incident.
8. I was stalked and hunted by Mayor of Nitro and Magistrate of Kanawha County and put into jail with infected medical patients. They have put me in jail several times, in the past decade. My entire criminal record was overseen by a single judge; and no due process was ever afforded. Leading me to believe that my uncle has payed the Judge to kill me.
9. I was surveying an American burial ground on an island in Maine when the white nationalist showed up. I was attacked by assault rifles, drone, tazer, and dog; I was charged by the state for trespassing; on land without an owner, out in the fucking woods, alone by myself.

Suspects:

Gary Marvin Chandler
Paul David Mitchell (teresa-brother)
Kenneth Carter (darrel-father)
Darrel Carter (karen-husband)
Russel Walter Castro (Mayor of Nitro, Magistrate of Kanawha)
Kathy Harris (Paul David Mitchell's ex-wife)
Arnold Pretty (Kathy Harris's current husband)
Heather Renee Mitchell (paul-daughter)
Teresa L Mash-Chandler-Mitchell
Karen L Carter (teresa-daughter)
Edward Mitchell (teresa-brother)
David Lee Mitchell Jr. (paul-son)
Jeremy Chandler (gary-son)
Becky Chandler (gary-daughter)
Marshall Mash (teresa-husband)
D. W. Dalton (Kanawha County Police)
James Wood (West Virginia State Police)
Brittney Mathews (D. W. Dalton's wife)
Benjamin Mitchell (edward-son)
Travis Dale Dolin (teresa-2nd son)
Alex Mitchell (edward-daughter)

Sheet1

Ohio, Meigs		1993	Ran out of my High School and out of the house at sixteen years old by Gary Marvin Chandler (step-dad)	
		1993	Amy and Megan accuse me of stealing \$5.00; it ruins our seven year long friendship.	
		1994	Moved to Ohio to live with Grandpa	
		1995	Hysell Run Crash – Attempted Murder by Paul David Mitchell	
West Virginia, Ashford		1996	Moved back to West Virginia to Ashford	
		1996	Attended College Courses at West Virginia State University – Computer Aided Drafting	
	Apr	1996	Shelia Mae Copen and I are Married	
	Oct	1996	Quit West Virginia State University (6 months of drafting) and joined the Air Force	
Texas		1996	Finished boot camp and received orders to enroll in the Community College of the Air Force	
		1997	Grandpa Murdered – I am Kidnapped	
		1997	Returned to Community College of the Air Force, Wichita Falls, Texas	
		1998	Completed CCAF and received orders to report to Ellsworth AFB, South Dakota	
South Dakota		1999	Mom and Gary (step-dad) Visited South Dakota	
		2000	Shelia Mae Copen and I divorce due to Infidelity by wife; dorns, hrmm.	
		2001	Left the Air Force moved to Salt Lake, worked at Costco.	
Utah	Tue 11 Sep	2001	Twin Towers are Attacked	
		2001	Mom and Gary (step-dad) Visit Salt Lake with Surprise Visit	
		2002	Karen and Darrel are Married	
		2002	Mom and Gary (step-dad) are divorced	
		2003	Mom Calls and Informs that Grandma is Sick	
		2004	Transferred my Costo job to Cincinnati to be near Grandma	
Ohio, Cinti		2004	John Ray Dolin – Murdered	
		2005	Moved to Charleston to be near Mom – The Apartment	
		2005	Worked a contract for American Electric Power	
		2005	Makayla was Born	
		2006	Quit work to attend college and utilize GI Bill	
		2006	Grandma Murdered – I am Kidnapped	
			Dr. Armstrongs Son is Murdered, thrown over the wall at 100 exit of I 64 West into traffic.	
		2007	Evicted from apartment by Russel Casto and Brittney / College Interrupted	
		2008	Moved back to the apartment / College Realignment	
		2008	I texted Karen the night the Magistrate had me beaten and brought to him	
		2008	Evicted from Apartment Second Time by Russel Casto and Christina / College Interrupted	
	West Virginia, Rand		2009	Travis (brother) borrowed Darrel's gun "to protect himself"
		2009	Kanawha State Forest – Kidnapped	

Sheet1

			2009	Hotel Situation – Kidnapped
Sun	27	Sep	2009	Mom and Marshall Wedding – Kidnapped
	17	May	2012	Clyde Dolin (John Ray's Brother) dies in mining fall - Brandon Geer was hoist operator – BG is from BCTC welding
		Oct	2013	Paul David Mitchell removes the trees without permission from my farm
			2015	Firm resolve toward improving Physical/Mental Health
			2017	Disney Trip Scam – They got me to fall off the wagon
	15	Mar	2018	Old House Break In – Cigarette Smashed at Scene
Wed	8	Aug	2018	Barboursville Trip - Kidnapped
Mon	10	Jun	2019	Gatlinburg/Pigeon Forge Trip – Drugged
		Oct	2019	Discovered Grandma's Fake Will in old house
/////				
Mon	23	Mar	2020	Dow Jones Crash – Covid hits the US News – DOW 18,591.93
			2020	Arrested at DMV after being assaulted / 3 days in the Cell
Wed	6	Jan	2021	January 6 th attacks on United States Capitol
	29	Jun	2021	Hired Attorney to help, they obstructed - Giatras
		Jan	2022	Went to the Police about Kanawha Magistrate Stalking
			2022	Filed for Judicial Review against Magistrate
Thu	5	May	2022	Escaped West Virginia / Went to FBI Bangor
	12	May	2022	Gary Marvin Chandler supposedly died
<hr/>				
Maine			2022	Auto-hypnotic Amnesiac Recovery
			2022	Letter Campaign to the FBI requesting Investigation
Wed	30	Nov	2022	Fired upon at the Storage Facility in Maine
Fri	30	Dec	2022	Taken by police and placed in Piss Room in Bangor
	1	Mar	2023	Vehicle Impoundment Cost \$260
			2023	Subjected to gang stalking by the police in Maine
Sun	30	Apr	2023	Writing this Timeline
Tue	16	May	2023	I am Still Alive.
Thu	25	May	2023	Assaulted and Charged with Criminal Trespass by State Police on access road to Lot 7 Cape Road
Fri	26	May	2023	Held all night with no cloths or furniture and pissing in a hole while on camera
Fri	26	May	2023	Walked from Court House to DC Towing on Route 1 (10 Miles) Vehicle Impoundment Cost \$445
Sat	8	July	2023	Summoned to court by H. Fernald for violating additional restrictions of DK# CR-23-552

United States Department of Justice
950 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20530-0001

Office of the Governor of West Virginia
State Capitol, 1900 Kanawha Blvd. E
Charleston, WV 25305

Office of the Governor of Ohio
Riffe Center, 30th Floor
77 South High Street
Columbus, OH 43215-6117

FBI Headquarters
935 Pennsylvania Avenue, NW
Washington, DC 20535-0001

Teresa Mitchell
24 Tim Mar Heights
Nitro, WV 25143

Travis Dolin
78 Primrose Drive
Charleston, WV 25313

Judicial Investigation Commission of West Virginia
West Virginia Judicial Tower
Suite 700A
4700 MacCorkle Ave., S.E.
Charleston, West Virginia 25304

West Virginia Army National Guard
1703 Coonskin Drive
Charleston, WV 25311

West Virginia State Police Headquarters
725 Jefferson Road
South Charleston, WV 25309

Child Welfare Services
350 Capitol Street,
Room 730
Charleston, WV 25301

Department of Homeland Security
245 Murray Lane, SW
Washington, DC 20528-0075

Department of Veterans Affairs
810 Vermont Ave., NW
Washington, DC 20420

Kanawha County Sheriff
301 Virginia Street East
Charleston WV 25301

FBI Cincinnati
2012 Ronald Reagan Drive
Cincinnati, OH 45236

FBI Norfolk
509 Resource Row
Chesapeake, VA 23320

FBI Bangor
202 Harlow Street
Bangor, Maine, 04401

Governor Janet Mills
1 State House Station
Augusta, ME 04333

Bangor Mall, LLC
663 Stillwater Ave
Old Town, ME, 04468-2156

Penobscot County
78 Exchange Street
Bangor, ME 04401

Tremont Town Assessor
Matthew Caldwell
20 Harbor Drive
Tremont, Maine, 04653

PMB 20199
514 Americas Way
Box Elder, SD 57719
Tel: 304-704-7290

Ellsworth AFB
1958 Scott Drive Unit 4
Ellsworth AFB, SD 57706

WSAZ
111 Columbia Ave
Charleston, WV 25302

WOWK
13 Kanawha Blvd W.
Charlestons, WV 25302

Charleston Post Office
1002 Lee Street East
Charleston, WV 25301

Social Security Charleston
1-800-772-1213

Karen Carter / Makayla Carter
2502 Monroe Ave
St. Albans, WV 25177

Teresa Mitchell/Mash
24 Tim Mar Heights
Nitro, WV 25143

Travis Dolin / Nevaeh Tipton
78 Primrose Drive
Charleston, WV 25313

Will

Of

JULIA K. MITCHELL

This Instrument Prepared by:

Douglas W. Little
LITTLE, SHEETS & WARNER
P.O. Box 686
Pomeroy, Ohio 45769
(740) 992-6689



Linda R. Warner, Attorney at Law
Notary Public, State of Ohio
My Commission has no expiration
Section 147.03 O.R.C.

1. Decedent's Legal Name (Include AKA's if any) (First Middle, LAST, suffix) JULIA KATHERINE MITCHELL		2. Sex Female	3. Date of Death (Mo/Day/Year) May 18, 2008
4. Social Security Number 233-44-2388	5a. Age (Years) 82	5b. Under 1 Year Months	5c. Under 1 day Hours Minutes
6. Date of Birth (Mo/Day/Year) May 13, 1926		7. Birthplace (City and State or Foreign Country) WARD, WEST VIRGINIA	
8a. Residence State OHIO		8b. County MEIGS	
8c. City or Town POMEROY		8e. Apt. No.	8f. Zipcode 45769
8d. Street and Number 38590 State Route 124		8g. Inside City Limits? No	
9. Ever in US Armed Forces? No		10. Marital Status at Time of Death Widowed (and not remarried)	
11. Surviving Spouse's Name (If wife, give name prior to first marriage)			
12. Decedent's Education HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATE OR GED		13. Decedent of Hispanic Origin No	
14. Decedent's Race White			
15. Father's Name JOHN DARTT		16. Mother's Name (prior to first marriage) EDITH HEIDEMAN	
17a. Informant's Name HEATHER CAPEHART		17b. Relationship to Decedent Granddaughter	
17c. Mailing Address (Street and Number, City, State, Zip Code) 38590 State Route 124 POMEROY, OHIO 45769			
18a. Place of Death Dart Group Home		18b. Facility Name (if not Institution, give street & number) 33164 Childrens Home Road	
18c. City or Town, State and Zip Code POMEROY, OH 45769		18d. County of Death MEIGS	
19. Signature of Funeral Service Licensee or Other Agent <i>James Bushfield</i>		20. License Number (of licensee) 007498	
21. Method of Disposition Burial		22. Date of Disposition May 22, 2008	
23. Place of Disposition (Name of Cemetery, Crematory, or other place) Miles Cemetery		24. Location (City/Town and State) RUTLAND, OH	
25. Name and Complete Address of Funeral Facility BIRCHFIELD FUNERAL HOME		26. Date Signed May 23, 2008	
27. Registrar's Signature <i>Edwina Bell</i>		28. Date Filed 05/30/2008	
29. Name of Person Issuing Burial Permit BELL, EDWINA		30. District No. 5300	
31. Date Burial Permit Issued May 19, 2008			
32. Certifier (Check only one) <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Certifying Physician To the best of my knowledge, death occurred at the time, date, and place; and due to the cause(s) and manner stated. <input type="checkbox"/> Coroner On the basis of examination and/or investigation, in my opinion, death occurred at the time, date, and place; and due to the cause(s) and manner stated.			
33. Time of Death 10:20 PM		34. Date Pronounced Dead (Mo/Day/Year) May 18, 2008	
35. Signature and Title of Certifier <i>Wilma A. Mansfield MD</i>		36. License number 35.03979	
37. Name (Last, First, Middle) and Address of Person who Completed Cause of Death MANSFIELD, WILMA ANN, 88 E MEMORIAL DR POMEROY, OH 45769			
38. Part I. Enter the disease, injuries, or complications that caused the death. Do not enter the mode of dying, such as cardiac or respiratory arrest, shock, or heart failure. List only one cause on each line. Type or print in permanent blue or black ink.			
Immediate Cause (Final disease or condition resulting in death)		Approximate Interval Between Onset and Death	
a. Sudden cardiac death		minutes	
b. Due to (or as Consequence of)			
c. Due to (or as Consequence of)			
Enter Underlying Cause (Disease or injury that initiated events resulting in a death)			
d. Due to (or as Consequence of)			
b. Ischemic cardiomyopathy		years	
c. Coronary artery disease		10+ years	
Part II. Other significant conditions contributing to death but not resulting in the underlying cause given in Part I. CHF, bad bradycardia, HTN, NIDDM, Dementia			
39. Was An Autopsy Performed? <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No		40. Were Autopsy Findings Available Prior To Completion Of Cause of Death? <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/> Not Applicable	
41. Manner of Death <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Natural <input type="checkbox"/> Accident <input type="checkbox"/> Suicide		42. Homicide <input type="checkbox"/> Pending Investigation <input type="checkbox"/> Could not be determined	
43. Did Tobacco Use Contribute to Death? <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> Unknown <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/> Probably		44. If Female, Pregnancy Status <input type="checkbox"/> Not pregnant within past year N/A <input type="checkbox"/> Pregnant at time of death <input type="checkbox"/> Not pregnant, but pregnant within 42 days of death <input type="checkbox"/> Not pregnant, but pregnant 43 days to 1 year before death <input type="checkbox"/> Unknown if pregnant within the past year	
45. Date of Injury (Mo/Day/Year)		46. Time of Injury	
47. Place of Injury (e.g., Decedent's home, construction site, restaurant, wooded area)		48. Injury at Work? <input type="checkbox"/> Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No	
49. Location of Injury (Street and Number or Rural Route Number, City or Town, State)			
50. Describe How Injury Occurred:			
51. If Transportation Injury, Specify: <input type="checkbox"/> Driver/Operator <input type="checkbox"/> Pedestrian <input type="checkbox"/> Passenger <input type="checkbox"/> Other:			

Benefits Payable
P O Box 15429
COLUMBUS, OH 43215-0429



Bob Taft
Governor

Tina Kielmeyer
Administrator/CEO

www.ohiobw.com

1-800-OHIOBWC

#BWNFVSQ
#DP86040584127943#

10/04/2005

JULIA MITCHELL
PO BOX 17
LANGSVILLE OH 45741-0017

Dear Julia Mitchell,

The Ohio Bureau of Workers' Compensation (BWC) has received your direct deposit authorization form. This letter confirms your direct deposit authorization will be effective 10/11/2005. If you have not authorized this request or wish to discontinue direct deposit, please notify BWC.

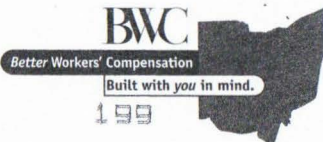
You can contact BWC by calling 1-800-OHIOBWC, sending a fax to (614) 752-8439 or sending an e-mail to EFTGROUP@bwc.state.oh.us. In addition you may send your request to BWC Automatic Compensation Transfer, P.O.Box 15429, Columbus, OH 43215-0429.

If you have any questions, please contact BWC at 1-800-OHIOBWC.

Sincerely,

Ralph S. Morgan,
Benefits payable manager





Benefits Payable
P O Box 15429
COLUMBUS, OH 43215-0429

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED



#BWNFV5Q
#DP86040584127943#
llllllllllllllllllll
JULIA K MITCHELL
C/O TERESA L CHANDLER
5504 ELAINE DR
CHARLESTON WV 25306
.....

25306457000 [REDACTED]

Last Will and Testament

Of

JULIA K. MITCHELL

I, **JULIA K. MITCHELL**, of Jacks Road, Langsville, Ohio, being of lawful age, sound mind and memory, and under no restraint, do publish this my Last Will and Testament, revoking all others heretofore made by me.

ITEM I: I direct that all legal debts, charges and allowances payable by law out of my estate be paid therefrom as soon as practicable after my death.

ITEM II: I give my eight (8) chicken candy dishes collection to my children. I give to each child two (2) dishes. If they cannot agree on the division of the dishes, then they shall pick in the following order:

- 1st and 5th pick - Teresa L. Chandler
- 2nd and 6th pick - Kenneth F. Mitchell
- 3rd and 7th pick - Paul David Mitchell
- 4th and 8th pick - Edward L. Mitchell

ITEM III: I give the following items listed herein to the following individuals:

a) To my daughter, Teresa Chandler, my Mother's Bible, the collection of whiskey bottles, Gray Cats' mail box, Angel with "I said a prayer" in living room, plant hanging wood basket, tool box planter, iron basket, plants of choice, Footprints in the Sand, wooden crate, Geoid, silverware, dining room table and chairs, white Fenton glassware, Longaberger baskets, cedar chest, and antique dishes.

b) To my granddaughter, Karen Carter, my silver tea set, and one set of "Dutchess" china.

c) To my granddaughter, Alex Mitchell, one set of "Royal Blue" china and "I love you, Rose" picture.

d) To my grandson, Ben Mitchell, two England coffee cups, the New Market coffee cup, and the Bell - Prince Charles and Princess Diana.

e) To my grandson, David Lee Mitchell, the Mommy and Baby Bear, cat and wagon, the Angel Bear and chair, Tiffany lamp and stand, tractor, lawnmower, and farm.

f) To my granddaughter, Heather Capehart, the curio cabinet with its contents, the picture of me and my sisters, the picture of mother and father Dartt, the picture of my husband's parents, and the quilt rack.

g) To my son, Paul David Mitchell, the rocking chair, glider, Ward Community Church Plate, chicken plates my husband collected for me, my other plants, Church in my bedroom, and the little black fishing man.

h) To my grandson, Raymond E. Chandler, the coffee table and cross.

i) To my grandson, Travis Dolin, the marble telephone stand, the red Santa Claus, and snowman.

j) To my son, Edward Mitchell, the plates and stoneware from England, Arlene's painting, the telephone table, his father's flag and medals/box, brass monkeys and other brass items.

ITEM IV: I give all the rest of my tangible personal property including, but not limited to the following: three beds, three dressers, one desk, one T.V., sofa set (three pieces), two end tables, one lamp set, one lamp table, one freezer, one stove, one washer, one dryer, one refrigerator, kitchen table and chairs to my son, Kenneth F. Mitchell.

ITEM V: All the rest, residue and remainder of my estate and property that I own or have the right to dispose of, I give to my daughter, Teresa Chandler.

ITEM VI: I hereby nominate and request the appointment of Teresa L. Chandler, as fiduciary of this my Last Will and Testament and direct that no bond be required of her while serving in such capacity. I hereby authorize and empower my said fiduciary to compromise, settle and adjust any and all claims in favor of or against my estate, and to sell at private or public sale, at such price, and upon such terms of credit or otherwise as she may deem best, the whole or any part of my real or personal property, and to execute, acknowledge and deliver deeds and other property instruments of conveyance thereof to the purchaser or purchasers. No purchaser from my fiduciary need see to the application of the purchase money, but the receipt of my fiduciary shall be a complete discharge and acquittance therefor.

In the event that Teresa L. Chandler, should be unable or unwilling to serve as such fiduciary, then I nominate and request the appointment of Heather Capehart, to serve in her place and stead, likewise without bond and with the general powers herein set out.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand at Pomeroy, Ohio, this 10 day of November, 2005.

Julia K. Mitchell
Julia K. Mitchell

Signed by the said Julia K. Mitchell, and by her acknowledged to be her Last Will and Testament, before us and in our presence, and by us subscribed as attesting witnesses in her presence and at her request and in the presence of each other this 10th day of November, 2005.

Dan Whit

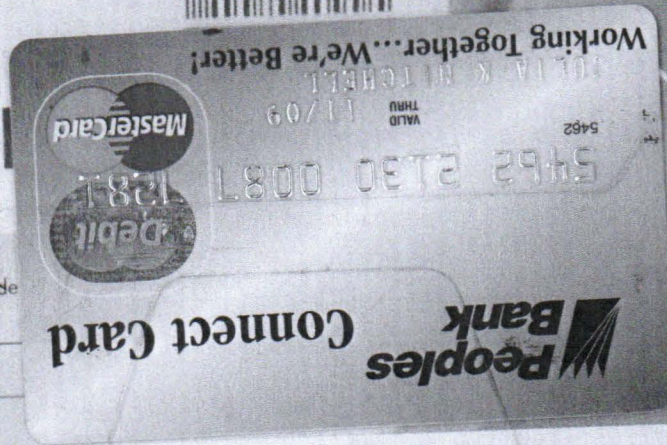
residing at

Pleasant View Rd Pomeroy Ohio

Janice Reuter

residing at

Pomeroy, Ohio



A record of de

Numbered from _____

Dated from _____

JULIA K MITCHELL
 PO BOX 75
 LANGSVILLE, OH 45741
 PH 740-742-2544

04-05

2159

56-250/442
19

Date _____

Pay to the

Order of _____ \$

Dollars

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For _____

MP

⑆044 20 250 5⑆0000 20 190060 53⑆ 2159

POWER OF ATTORNEY

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That I, **JULIA K. MITCHELL**, a legal resident of Jacks Road, Langsville, Ohio 45741, have made, constituted, and appointed, and by these presents do make, constitute and appoint **HEATHER CAPEHART** whose address is 38590 State Route 124, Pomeroy, Ohio 45769, my true and lawful attorney to act in, manage, and conduct all my estate and all my affairs, and for that purpose for me and in my name, place and stead, and for my use and benefit, and as my act and deed, to do and execute, or to concur with persons jointly interested with myself therein in the doing or executing of, all or any of the following acts, deeds, and things, that is to say:

1. To buy, receive, lease, accept, or otherwise acquire; to sell, convey, mortgage, hypothecate, pledge, quit claim, or otherwise encumber or dispose of; or to contract or agree for the acquisition, disposal, or encumbrance of, any property whatsoever and wheresoever situated, be it real, personal or mixed, whether now owned or hereafter acquired, or any custody, possession, interest, or right herein or pertaining thereto, upon such terms as my said attorney shall think proper.

2. To take, hold, possess, invest, sell, convey, lease, or let, dispose of with or without considerations, or otherwise manage any or all of my real, personal or mixed property, whether now owned or hereafter acquired, or any right or interest therein or pertaining thereto; to eject, remove, or relieve tenants or other persons from, and recover possession of, such property by all lawful means, and to maintain, protect, preserve, insure, remove, store, transport, repair, rebuild, modify, or improve the same or any part thereof.

3. To make, do, and transact business of whatever kind or nature, including the receipt, recovery, collection, payment, compromise, settlement and adjustment of all accounts, legacies, bequests, interests, dividends, annuities, claims, demands, debts, taxes, and obligations, which may now or hereafter be due, owing, or payable by me or to me.

4. To make, endorse, cash, accept, receive, sign, seal, execute, acknowledge, and deliver deeds, assignments, agreements, certificates, hypothecations, checks, notes, bonds, vouchers, receipts, releases, and such other instruments in writing of whatsoever kind and nature, as may be necessary, convenient, or proper in the premises.

5. To make deposits or investments in, or withdrawals from, any account, holding, or interest which I may own or hereafter have or be entitled to, in any banking, trust, or investment institution, including postal savings depository offices, credit unions, savings and loan associations, and similar institutions; to exercise any right, option, or privilege pertaining thereto, and to open or establish accounts, holdings or interests of whatever kind or nature, with any such institution, in my name, the name of others, or in any trusts I may create or have previously created.

6. To institute, prosecute, defend, compromise, arbitrate, settle, and dispose of legal, equitable, or administrative hearings, actions, suits, or other proceedings.

7. To act as my attorney or proxy in respect to any stocks, shares, bonds, or other investments, rights, or interest, I may now or hereafter hold, including, but not limited to, buying, selling or transferring of same.

8. To engage and dismiss agents, counsel, and employees, and to appoint and remove at pleasure any substitute for, or agent of, my said attorney, in respect to all or any of the matters or things herein mentioned and upon such terms as my attorney shall think fit.

9. To prepare, execute, and file income, gift, and other tax returns, or filing requirements, and other governmental reports, declarations, applications, requests and documents; and further to authorize the Internal Revenue Service and any other federal, state, or local governmental agency to release any information concerning me to my attorney in fact.

10. To represent me and act on my behalf as the holder of this power deems necessary and appropriate before the Internal Revenue Service or any other local, state or federal agencies.

11. To have access to and power of depositing in and removing from any safe deposit box standing in my name in any state and to transact any and all business for me with any bank in any state.

12. On my behalf to give or withdraw medical consent for any type of treatment, subject to any Health Care Power of Attorney or Living Will I may have executed; to obtain my admission to or discharge from any hospital, clinic, rest home, nursing home or similar facility; to expend funds for my support, maintenance, care, comfort, and welfare; and to anticipate and make arrangements for Hospice Care should the same become necessary in my attorney's opinion.

13. To assign title to, encumber, sell, transfer, or make application for registration or transfer or registration for any vehicle, boat, camper, motorcycle, mobile home, or other titled personal property I may own.

14. To add my property to Trusts I have created and may create, and to exercise, with the consent of the Trustee of such Trust, rights that I may have to withdraw property from such Trust (hereby releasing the Trustee from any liability for giving such consent in the exercise of its best judgment). To create trusts or other estate planning vehicles for the benefit of myself or my children, grandchildren or a charity. Granting also the power to revoke a revocable living trust or inter-vivos trust, regardless of whether or not said trust was established prior to execution of Powers of Attorney or subsequent to execution of Powers of Attorney. Upon the revocation, the Attorney-in-Fact must provide an alternative method of distribution of assets achieving the goals and following the intent of the Grantor, and must accomplish that distribution while avoiding a probate proceeding on this estate as much as possible.

15. To exercise any rights to elect options and change beneficiaries under insurance and annuity policies, and to surrender the policies for their cash value; to insure my tangible, intangible, personal or real property, and to pay premiums for and cancel policies of insurance.

16. To borrow money, including the power to open charge accounts, and to renew existing loans for any purpose (including the purchase of securities and other property) at prevailing interest rates, to sign and deliver notes therefor, and to secure lenders by pledges or mortgages of my property.

17. To disclaim, in whole or in part, and to exercise any right or rights I have to disclaim any property under Section 1339.68 of the Ohio Revised Code or under the Internal Revenue Section 2518 or any law of similar effect.

18. To act on my behalf with respect to any and all pensions or other benefits received by me from Social Security Administration and Medicare or otherwise and to sign my name to, execute, seal, acknowledge and deliver any and all applications and forms required and to make application for any increase in benefits that I might be entitled to from time to time and to handle all affairs requiring my attention in this respect.

19. To create trusts or other estate planning vehicles for the benefit of myself, or my children, grandchildren or a charity. To sign my name for Probate Court documents, including but not limited to Waivers and other authorizations needed by Estate Probation.

20. To take whatever legal steps may be necessary to initiate or continue any public-assistance program for which I may become eligible. To bring such action in any court or regulatory agency having jurisdiction over the matter, to secure a ruling or order clarifying or defending my eligibility for said benefits. Any expense, including reasonable fees for my attorney-in-fact and attorney fees, in connection with matters relating to determination of my eligibility for public support, is a property charge against my assets or income.

21. To transfer, hypothecate, borrow, pledge, assign or gift assets or income in such a method or manner so as to increase the amount of any public benefits or services available to me.

22. To lend money and/or assets to others with or without interest as deemed appropriate by my attorney-in-fact, in order to implement an effective estate plan whereby my assets are preserved, and my intentions as expressed in my will and/or my trust shall be the guide for these actions.

23. To change beneficiaries and/or ownership of, or to partially or totally, surrender, cash or modify any life insurance policies, qualified pension plans, IRA'S, 401K's, or other employee pension and or retirement plans which I may own or in which I have an interest.

24. To engage legal counsel and to request and demand that all of my prior records or information held or known by any other attorney at law, be released or disclosed to my attorney-in-fact.

25. To demand that any hospitals, nursing homes, skilled nursing facilities, assisted living homes with special care, or any other emergency recuperative or rehabilitative medical residence and doctors or any other allied medical professional personnel having medical records and/or knowledge of my medical history, release said records and/or information to my attorney-in-fact.

26. To invest in insurance, including but not limited to, life, annuity, accident, sickness, disability, long term care, irrevocable burial contracts, pre-need contracts, and medical insurance and to exercise all rights of ownership granted to such policies for my benefit.

27. To act as my agent before the Ohio Bureau of Motor Vehicles to execute an application or applications for renewal of any motor vehicle registrations for me and in my name.

28. I also hereby nominate **Heather Capehart**, to be the Guardian of my person and estate, if proceedings for the appointment of a Guardian of my person, estate or both are commenced. I also hereby authorize **Heather Capehart**, to nominate a successor Guardian for consideration by the Court. I direct that bond be waived for such person nominated as Guardian or successor Guardian.

My attorney-in-fact is specifically exonerated from any and all liability that might result from the exercise of the powers herein granted.

GIVING AND GRANTING unto my said attorney full power and authority to do and perform all and every act, deed, matter, and thing whatsoever in and about my estate, property, and affairs as fully and effectually to all intents and purposes as I might or could do in my own proper person if personally present, with full power of substitution and revocation, the above specifically enumerated powers being in aid and exemplification of the full, complete, and general power herein granted and not in limitation or definition thereof; and hereby ratifying all that my said attorney shall lawfully do or cause to be done by virtue of these presents. I further specifically grant the right to my attorney to substitute others for himself/herself and in his/her place granting unto those substitutes all the powers herein before set out in this instrument.

And I hereby declare that any act or thing lawfully done hereunder by my said attorney shall be binding on myself, and my heirs, legal and personal representatives, and assigns; whether the same shall have been done before or after my death, or other revocation of this instrument, unless and until reliable intelligence or notice thereof shall have been received by my said attorney.

This power of attorney shall not be affected by disability of the principal or by lapse of time.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal at Pomeroy, Ohio, this
9th day of November, 2005.

Signed and Acknowledged
in the Presence of:

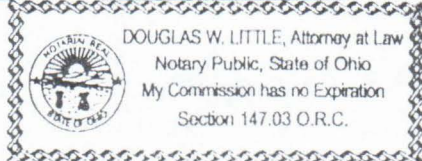
Douglas W. Little
Janice Reuter

Julia K. Mitchell
Julia K. Mitchell

State of Ohio,
County of Meigs, ss:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for said County and State, personally appeared the
aforenamed principal, Julia K. Mitchell, who acknowledged that she did sign and seal the
foregoing instrument and that the same is her free act and deed.

9th In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and official seal at Pomeroy, Ohio, this
day of November, 2005.



Douglas W. Little
Notary Public

This instrument prepared by:

Douglas W. Little
LITTLE, SHEETS & WARNER
P.O. Box 686
Pomeroy, Ohio 45769

POWER OF ATTORNEY

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS: That I, **JULIA K. MITCHELL**, a legal resident of Jacks Road, Langsville, Ohio 45741 have made, constituted, and appointed, and by these presents do make, constitute and appoint **TERESA L. CHANDLER** whose address is 5504 Elaine Drive, Charleston, WV 25306, my true and lawful attorney to act in, manage, and conduct all my estate and all my affairs, and for that purpose for me and in my name, place and stead, and for my use and benefit, and as my act and deed, to do and execute, or to concur with persons jointly interested with myself therein in the doing or executing of, all or any of the following acts, deeds, and things, that is to say:

1. To buy, receive, lease, accept, or otherwise acquire; to sell, convey, mortgage, hypothecate, pledge, quit claim, or otherwise encumber or dispose of; or to contract or agree for the acquisition, disposal, or encumbrance of, any property whatsoever and wheresoever situated, be it real, personal or mixed, whether now owned or hereafter acquired, or any custody, possession, interest, or right herein or pertaining thereto, upon such terms as my said attorney shall think proper.
2. To take, hold, possess, invest, sell, convey, lease, or let, dispose of with or without considerations, or otherwise manage any or all of my real, personal or mixed property, whether now owned or hereafter acquired, or any right or interest therein or pertaining thereto; to eject, remove, or relieve tenants or other persons from, and recover possession of, such property by all lawful means, and to maintain, protect, preserve, insure, remove, store, transport, repair, rebuild, modify, or improve the same or any part thereof.
3. To make, do, and transact business of whatever kind or nature, including the receipt, recovery, collection, payment, compromise, settlement and adjustment of all accounts, legacies, bequests, interests, dividends, annuities, claims, demands, debts, taxes, and obligations, which may now or hereafter be due, owing, or payable by me or to me.
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5. To make deposits or investments in, or withdrawals from, any account, holding, or interest which I may own or hereafter have or be entitled to, in any banking, trust, or investment institution, including postal savings depository offices, credit unions, savings and loan associations, and similar institutions; to exercise any right, option, or privilege pertaining thereto, and to open or establish accounts, holdings or interests of whatever kind or nature, with any such institution, in my name, the name of others, or in any trusts I may create or have previously created.
6. To institute, prosecute, defend, compromise, arbitrate, settle, and dispose of legal, equitable, or administrative hearings, actions, suits, or other proceedings.
7. To act as my attorney or proxy in respect to any stocks, shares, bonds, or other investments, rights, or interest, I may now or hereafter hold, including, but not limited to, buying, selling or transferring of same.
8. To engage and dismiss agents, counsel, and employees, and to appoint and remove at pleasure any substitute for, or agent of, my said attorney, in respect to all or any of the matters or things herein mentioned and upon such terms as my attorney shall think fit.
9. To prepare, execute, and file income, gift, and other tax returns, or filing requirements, and other governmental reports, declarations, applications, requests and documents; and further to authorize the Internal Revenue Service and any other federal, state, or local governmental agency to release any information concerning me to my attorney in fact.

10. To represent me and act on my behalf as the holder of this power deems necessary and appropriate before the Internal Revenue Service or any other local, state or federal agencies.

11. To have access to and power of depositing in and removing from any safe deposit box standing in my name in any state and to transact any and all business for me with any bank in any state.

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15. To exercise any rights to elect options and change beneficiaries under insurance and annuity policies, and to surrender the policies for their cash value; to insure my tangible, intangible, personal or real property, and to pay premiums for and cancel policies of insurance.

16. To borrow money, including the power to open charge accounts, and to renew existing loans for any purpose (including the purchase of securities and other property) at prevailing interest rates, to sign and deliver notes therefor, and to secure lenders by pledges or mortgages of my property.

17. To disclaim, in whole or in part, and to exercise any right or rights I have to disclaim any property under Section 1339.68 of the Ohio Revised Code or under the Internal Revenue Section 2518 or any law of similar effect.

18. To act on my behalf with respect to any and all pensions or other benefits received by me from Social Security Administration and Medicare or otherwise and to sign my name to, execute, seal, acknowledge and deliver any and all applications and forms required and to make application for any increase in benefits that I might be entitled to from time to time and to handle all affairs requiring my attention in this respect.

19. To create trusts or other estate planning vehicles for the benefit of myself, or my children, grandchildren or a charity. To sign my name for Probate Court documents, including but not limited to Waivers and other authorizations needed by Estate Probation.

20. To take whatever legal steps may be necessary to initiate or continue any public-assistance program for which I may become eligible. To bring such action in any court or regulatory agency having jurisdiction over the matter, to secure a ruling or order clarifying or defending my eligibility for said benefits. Any expense, including reasonable fees for my attorney-in-fact and attorney fees, in connection with matters relating to determination of my eligibility for public support, is a property charge against my assets or income.

21. To transfer, hypothecate, borrow, pledge, assign or gift assets or income in such a method or manner so as to increase the amount of any public benefits or services available to me.

22. To lend money and/or assets to others with or without interest as deemed appropriate by my attorney-in-fact, in order to implement an effective estate plan whereby my assets are preserved, and my intentions as expressed in my will and/or my trust shall be the guide for these actions.

23. To change beneficiaries and/or ownership of, or to partially or totally, surrender, cash or modify any life insurance policies, qualified pension plans, IRA'S, 401K's, or other employee pension and or retirement plans which I may own or in which I have an interest.

24. To engage legal counsel and to request and demand that all of my prior records or information held or known by any other attorney at law, be released or disclosed to my attorney-in-fact.

25. To demand that any hospitals, nursing homes, skilled nursing facilities, assisted living homes with special care, or any other emergency recuperative or rehabilitative medical residence and doctors or any other allied medical professional personnel having medical records and/or knowledge of my medical history, release said records and/or information to my attorney-in-fact.

26. To invest in insurance, including but not limited to, life, annuity, accident, sickness, disability, long term care, irrevocable burial contracts, pre-need contracts, and medical insurance and to exercise all rights of ownership granted to such policies for my benefit.

27. To act as my agent before the Ohio Bureau of Motor Vehicles to execute an application or applications for renewal of any motor vehicle registrations for me and in my name.

28. I also hereby nominate **Teresa L. Chandler**, to be the Guardian of my person and estate, if proceedings for the appointment of a Guardian of my person, estate or both are commenced. I also hereby authorize **Teresa L. Chandler**, to nominate a successor Guardian for consideration by the Court. I direct that bond be waived for such person nominated as Guardian or successor Guardian.

My attorney-in-fact is specifically exonerated from any and all liability that might result from the exercise of the powers herein granted.

GIVING AND GRANTING unto my said attorney full power and authority to do and perform all and every act, deed, matter, and thing whatsoever in and about my estate, property, and affairs as fully and effectually to all intents and purposes as I might or could do in my own proper person if personally present, with full power of substitution and revocation, the above specifically enumerated powers being in aid and exemplification of the full, complete, and general power herein granted and not in limitation or definition thereof; and hereby ratifying all that my said attorney shall lawfully do or cause to be done by virtue of these presents. I further specifically grant the right to my attorney to substitute others for himself/herself and in his/her place granting unto those substitutes all the powers herein before set out in this instrument.

And I hereby declare that any act or thing lawfully done hereunder by my said attorney shall be binding on myself, and my heirs, legal and personal representatives, and assigns; whether the same shall have been done before or after my death, or other revocation of this instrument, unless and until reliable intelligence or notice thereof shall have been received by my said attorney.

This power of attorney shall not be affected by disability of the principal or by lapse of time.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal at Pomeroy, Ohio, this
9th day of November, 2005.

Signed and Acknowledged
in the Presence of:

Douglas W. Little

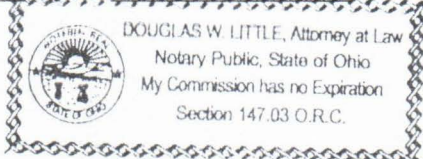
Janice Reuter

Julia K. Mitchell
Julia K. Mitchell

State of Ohio,
County of Meigs, ss:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for said County and State, personally appeared the
aforenamed principal, Julia K. Mitchell, who acknowledged that she did sign and seal the
foregoing instrument and that the same is her free act and deed.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and official seal at Pomeroy, Ohio, this
9th day of November, 2005.



Douglas W. Little
Notary Public

This instrument prepared by:

Douglas W. Little
LITTLE, SHEETS & WARNER
P.O. Box 686
Pomeroy, Ohio 45769

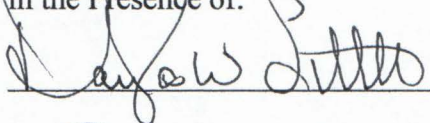
REVOCATION OF POWER OF ATTORNEY

KNOWN ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, that, whereas, in and by my power of attorney, I, **JULIA KATHERINE MITCHELL**, may have made, constituted and appointed, **TERESA L. CHANDLER**, my true and lawful attorney.

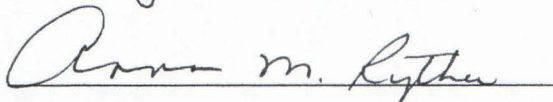
Now therefore, I, **JULIA KATHERINE MITCHELL**, do hereby revoke, countermand, annul, and make void any said Power of Attorney, above mentioned, appointing the said Teresa L. Chandler as agent, and all power and authority thereby given, or intended to be given in the said Teresa L. Chandler of 5504 Elaine Drive, Charleston, West Virginia, which Power of Attorney is dated November 9, 2005, hereby withdrawing from her all powers and authority therein contained, given or intended.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 22nd day of June, 2006.

Signed and Acknowledged
in the Presence of:



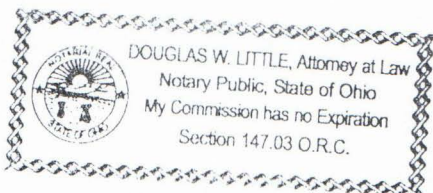

Julia Katherine Mitchell

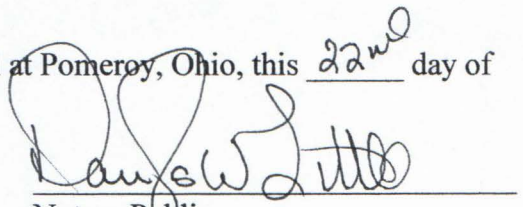


State of Ohio,
County of Meigs, ss:

Before me, a notary public in and for said county and state personally appeared the above named Julia Katherine Mitchell, who acknowledged that she did sign and seal the foregoing instrument, and that the same is her voluntary act and deed for the uses and purposes therein mentioned.

In testimony whereof, I have set my hand and seal at Pomeroy, Ohio, this 22nd day of June, 2006.




Notary Public

My commission expires: _____

THIS INSTRUMENT PREPARED BY:
The Law Firm of
Little, Sheets & Warner
Attorneys at Law
211-213 East Second Street
Pomeroy, OH 45769.

Instrument Book Page
200600001856 OR 236 201

200600001856
Filed for Record in
MEIGS COUNTY, OHIO
KAY HILL
06-22-2006 At 02:44 pm.
REL PUA 28.00
OR Book 236 Page 201 - 202

200600001856
HEATHER CAPEHART

When we think of religious persecution we generally think of people who want to join together as a community in a common faith; rarely do we immediately think of a religion that is persecuting people who are not apart of it. I just realized last night that I was the victim of religious persecution. I have been obstructed from economic progress since I returned home. It reaches me on this day that I believe the people of this area collectively believe that I am in some way inherently evil. This is due to manipulation of my public image by the Mayor of Nitro / Magistrate of Kanawha County, and Mom.

I typed this on the
screen and it was
like a compartment
opened in my mind.
An amnesia broke.

Paul David Mitchell is trying to kill me. He's payed the Nitro Magistrate to create a fake case against me, and the police are after me too. He stole my land while I was on duty with the Air Force. He harvested the trees from my farm and sold them; now the justice system of Kanawha County is on his payroll.

I am a victim of cult level ritualistic child abuse.

The family would use hypnotic medication on me at gatherings. Much like parents giving their children ADHD drugs. I would go into a black out hypnotic state under their control. A marionette. They did this at the same time as reinforcing the association between my self image and alcoholism and drug abuse. Putting me in precarious situations that would endanger my physical and mental health.

This cult family raised me to be addicted to alcohol. I was given alcohol in my bottle as a baby, I was allowed beer in my teenage years, and I had access to forceps and sleeping pills as a kid. The pattern with the hypnotic drugging was to let me drink until I was impaired and then lace the drink. I would brownout myself; then they would lace me into blackout. By the time I was in my 30s they had painted a straw man image of me that was some kind of drug fuel rock and roll party animal. I, of course, often found myself playing through the role that the family had placed on me; albeit with an underlining notion of insincerity, an impostor. Feeling as if being shifted from my natural course; engaging in the activities that I would otherwise have found repulsive, feeling like my life was under the influence of someone else.

I always looked up to my Grandfather. He was the end of the line when it came to who you called if something was broke or needed mending. He was a genius; I think he gave me only the best side of himself. I loved him and worshiped him; I'm sure he appreciated having someone with strong knees in the house in his final year. I went off to the Air Force, and during my tech school he died and I went home for the service. I think my Grandfather left me all his worldly possessions, everything. I have a feeling that I was supposed to essentially take his place. And all of his children and grandchildren where to be working for me. "If you don't want to work here on this farm; you can go down the road and work for someone else." That sounds exactly like the man I knew as my Grandfather!

I think my Grandfathers Funeral was the first time the cult family drugged me together as a group for the first time. Somehow; I made it back to my tech school, with hands completely full with the Air Force I never thought to question anyone about my Grandfathers Will and Testament. I think they had me on the hypnotic drugs the whole time. I remember only a moment in a mirror when I was worried about my shirt; and then another moment at the grave site when I stepped in a pile of red clay in dress shoes. I had to look up my Grandfathers grave stone years later on the internet.

During Grandmas Funeral; there would have been no way for me to have gotten drunk in the morning and been hammered and blacked out that night. I had no drinks at all the entire day. They drugged me and kidnapped me from my Farm in Langsville, OH. I remember them driving me away from the farm, they told me we where going to a party. This is when they switched to the counterfeit will. The one that was created by my Mother and Uncle. I had always loved being out on the farm and working the land; my whole life. I moved out to the farm when I was 18 years old to work with my Grandfather. He showed me everything out there. He was a master craftsman; of a pedigree that the people of this century have no context for. The confidence and self reliance of this man was something I had not heard about, read about, seen. I honestly believe he left me all his property; I certainly don't think my Grandfather cut me out of the will; since I was the only one that ever wanted to hang out with him. And I was always the only one that ever wanted to go to the farm; everyone else was constantly searching for a reason to leave and go into town. So, yeah, they switched the will!

They drugged me during my Mothers Wedding; they set me up as the photographer, then hired someone else as the photographer. So I brought all my photography equipment; lights, drop curtain,

this equipment that I could never set up, because I had some shutter bug buzzing all over. They put me behind the alter and had me stand there the entire; on display. She did so while in the company of the Magistrate; who attended the wedding. They pushed me around and everyone primaried me. There's no way he the Magistrate didn't notice ME! My mother kept telling everyone I was a Buddhist around that time in my life. My Mother even bought these little Chinese statues and gave them to me for my living room; this little fat guy statue. She who most likely doesn't know the difference between India and Japan; she's the type that would think that these countries would have a significant buddhist population because they are far away, and she only aware of maybe three religions. I spent some time in conversation with her attempting to help her understand that I had discovered that between all religions are universally accepted religious axioms. But that was fruitless; I realized it would take essentially her to live my life and study what I have for years to even get close. So, so I gave up. I learned Christianity as a kid; curious, I decided to find out why Jesus hated religion so bad. This set me up early as a student of theology and religion. I was young and didn't realize it was like trying to hand someone a college education; it's impossible, they have to study it and find it for themselves. Only people who are thirsty search for water. It was challenging to maintain humility and keep myself low. I was in a period where I was denying myself the pleasures of vanity, I was in college at the time; so, I was getting sucked into non-academic endeavors. So at the same time being stood up as the host/photographer to your mothers wedding. I remember thinking what a great idea and how smart my mother was for asking me to be photographer. I could be in the back and shoot the little church wedding they want from behind the camera; everyone will get to have a moment and reason to take a nice long look at me and say hello; and I wouldn't be in they're pictures. Perfect! On the day of the wedding; I felt as though I was the main subject of the photographs. The evening ended with a nice even keel into amnesia; the way you would expect a cult family wedding to end.

Rusty Walter Casto; whom I now recognize as a state level stalker; who can even manipulate the mandate of well meaning police officers. He has joined with this cult family to exploit my disadvantaged situation and build a lengthy police record against me. There simply is no way that he did not know that my mother was one of the richest people in Nitro, the town he was Mayor of. He having attended a wedding invited by my mother, and in attendance was my uncle; Paul David Mitchell.

They hypnotized me at my Grandfathers Funeral, my Grandmothers Funeral, and my Mothers Wedding, during at least two Back Yard Barbecues, at least one Family Evening, and at least one Thanksgiving and one Christmas. This was to build they're narrative that I was a looser with no moral integrity. Making fun of me in public in front of they're friends, after slipping me hypnotic drugs. Several times in my life I attempted to rid myself of alcohol; I always thought it strange how they where never supportive of that. I often expressed my ambitions to spend time on more constructive things which was always met with a neutral melancholy attitude.

If I was interested in talking about some mundane trivial garbage; I would be met with all ears. "Oh, wow!!! Look how many rocks you found in the drive way, good eye! I sure we can spend years with you telling me all kinds of interesting things about this useless shit!"

If I brought up finances, education, accrual of wealth, surveying and structural engineering, land purchasing, construction contracts, taxes, politics, economics; nothing, just dead air. They would all pretend to be stupid and not know anything about any of that stuff. They have a job and get a pay check and pay bills, you know... Work hours; get check!

The cult family used the hypnotic medication to have me sign a life insurance contract. They used a woman to interfere in my life. She further enabled the use of drugs and would also administer the hypnotics. She caused me to fail college while on my GI Bill, her and the Magistrate had me kicked out of Nitro. I moved back to Nitro to get back to college; the Magistrate kicked me out of Nitro again. This was after he filmed me after I was beaten and my ankle broke; he made fun of me at the Putnam county medical facility.

I was even manipulated and lured into a group that lived in the apartment below me. I drank a lot and was offered pills; which, I think maybe once or twice I might have accepted. Once night a guy named Jacob was at the party. We had not been arguing there was no one being hostile that night to me or to him; he was standing facing the wall and I said "Hey Jacob, and put my hand on his shoulder"; he simply turned around and punched my lights out; then, he stomped my ankle to the ground and broke it. They took me in a car, I texted my cult family sister that night; asking her for help. I never heard back from her. They took me to the health clinic in Nitro; Rusty Walter Casto was there filming me and making fun of me and my broken ankle. I called the next day to get the video; they told me there was no video of the emergency intake that night; and they had no record of my visit. My religious cult mother was there in the morning, I don't now how she found out. I was the only person that even seemed to be thinking about calling the police that day; I guess getting attacked and nearly dead is no big deal.

This cult family would often use false injuries to create drama and tension; which, always came off cheap and inauthentic. It's a bit off putting watching an adult attempt to muster tears over a fained injury.

Distress was a diversionary tactic. If anyone was ill or particularly stressed in life or experiencing an event; they would amplify it. Unless it was death; in which the cult family would simply play it down as if it was not important. Or, perhaps; oh yeah... "Sorry, I didn't tell you... You're Grandmothers Preacher; the one you've known all your life; that one, he's dead. So, yeah, I'll be here till 4pm if you have any questions just feel free to approach me."

Another time they used the drugs on me; I was at McDonalds sitting with my nieces and nephews, my nephew said "crack head" pretty loud at some guy and then the memory just ends. Nothing at all. No one ever mentioned it ever again. As if I just blackout in the middle of the day for no reason.

There was a day when my mother had a car wreck in Barboursville; we had taken all the kids out for the day. I remember dropping the kids off at Milton Wendy's; but I don't remember driving mom, or any of the kids home. I don't remember the day my mom crashed her car because they drugged me and put me in a car with kids. They had me driving around with the children while spaced out on their hypnotic drugs.

I think the cult family has set up they're youngest brother; they're just milking his social checks. They just set up the bills on auto pay and live free and keep him high; and of course they need to be there, who else but his loving family could care for his needs?

The Magistrates Declining District

On the matter of the influence on my life by the once Mayor of Nitro and now Magistrate of Kanawha County; and his build up of this illustrious record of his. His magnum opus, his greatest work; that which will forever define his career.

The police where probably doing donuts and sprinting across town every time I opened my garage. Using all that high tech biometric surveillance equipment. Hell, and 80x optical zoom 5 MP PTZ wifi camera is only \$40 bucks these days. That thing can track someone face from across river. Stalking and hunting me down with they're new gizmos. Presenting me with driving challenges, tailing, and evasion technics. I would not be surprised if I have not been under audio and video surveillance for years. I would even venture to say that I was often followed in plain cloths and in alternating vehicles for detection avoidance.

I expressed often to the cult family about being followed around town; in this instance also, they avoided any relevant affect toward the notion. Drawing blank and dulling down to avoid activating any of my critical faculties. See, it would be disadvantageous to the cult family had I willfully reach out to the authorities with information that could lead to the capture of someone stalking me.

Interestingly the years of abuse and uncertainty has given me a heightened sensitivity to emotional empathic communication. I can detect lies before they are spoken. Having no coach; that was very difficult to understand. See, also we are always lieing at some level. I also think the biggest lies are the easiest to conceal.

Since I have this heightened sensitivity I tend to avoid crowds. It's mostly just annoying hearing all those minds chatting about hardly anything at all. Worrying over trivial things, chasing fruitless desires. Children have this same heightened sensitivity; which dulls down and is practically gone by the age of 12 yo. At least from what I've seen. Adults have referred to it as a light coming out of the eyes.

So daily life was always exponentially more difficult for me than I believe it is for the untortured. Simple things like dental appointments, eye exams, hearing, nutritional services, state funded services, I have avoided all these for years. Socially distanced a decade ago.

Since I've avoided all these things; with the exception of college, that one I always forced myself to pursue no matter how terrifying each step might be. I pressed so hard for that. That was going to give a nice quite office managing a group of developers, developing some phone app to teach babies 4th dimensional mathematics. Instead I'm on a VA check in Rand; spending all my time thinking about dumb shit like what I need to do to compel my neighbor to stop shitting in my yard and poisoning me with chlorine all summer. Not exactly the vision I conjured when my teacher said "where do you see yourself in 20 years". I just spent nearly a year learning to build with wood instead of learning WordPress or Unreal Engine. Why? Because everything around me is falling apart.

I can't even imagine where I would be had this Magistrate not worked for the cult family. Even with the elder fraud committed by the cult family. Had the Magistrate not obstructed my education and career path, I would be measured in the millions by now. He's affected my credit, my ability to purchase a home, caused me to loose a job with Dell, forced me to relocate twice. This Magistrate literally saw me while my mother, uncle and the rest of my family had me drugged treating me like a puppet. I stood in front of this man hypnotized by a cult! He then worked in the shadows to obstruct

my advancement, following me for years. I believe he has further plans; plans to kill me and switch an inmate named Raymond Casto into my life. Instead of having those funds going to a highly skilled veteran working to rebuild his life; these people would have Raymond Casto lay around on pills while his group milk funds from the VA.

I think a formal review of Russell Walter Casto's activity in Kanawha should be reviewed and upon discovery that Russell Walter Casto the Manager at the Kanawha County Courthouse has not followed due process; my records should be expunged. Since; he's used his position as Mayor/Magistrate to stalk me for a decade. Russell Walter Casto knew that I had been abused as a child; my mother held an abuse session in full view of her friends (the wedding). Russell Walter Casto knew that I had been abused as a child and targeted me to exploited that fact to his own political gain. Russell Walter Casto is targeting abused children in West Virginia and exploiting them!

The seed of this group is a pedophile incest religious cult family and it evolved into a domestic terrorism group.

Crimes:

- Rape
- Drugging
- Stalking
- Kidnapping
- Child Endangerment
- Entrapment
- Entitlement Fraud
- Attempted Murder
- Hate Crime
- Domestic Terrorism

Attempt 1: I was a little boy mom and uncle got me drunk and tricked me into swimming across a river; John Dolin pulled me out and saved my life. No one ever talked about it.

Attempt 2: I had my cousin hold my hand while I grabbed a flower over a ledge; I only remember waking up in the kitchen. I assumed I had fallen nearly 20 feet down an embankment onto jagged rocks. No one ever talked about it.

Attempt 3: They drugged me and ran me off the road into a tree nearly killing me at Hysell Run Road I think they left me by the road to die, but someone came by and helped. I was still pulling glass out of my face 20 years after the incident. No one ever talked about it.

Attempt 4: I was hiking with a temporary neighbor in South Dakota and he pushed me off a 30 foot ledge, he was hired by mother, uncle, or ex-wife. I told my family. No one ever talked about it.

Attempt 5: I was punched knocked out and my ankle stomped and broken, then they drove me to a hospital in Nitro. They made fun of me, and made a video. There was money exchanged with the people who took me. They drove me back and tossed me onto the floor. The next morning; my mother was there. Even during the healing of my bones. No one ever talked about it.

Attempt 6: I was drugged and placed in a car with children and sent to McDonalds. While eating my nephew called someone a crack head and that was all I know of the incident. No one ever talked about it.

Attempt 7: Mom invited me to Barboursville with all the nieces and nephews; I was drugged, then my mom had a car accident, then I was in a situation where I had to drive 2 adults and 5 children at once. I stopped at the Milton Wendy's, that's the last I know of the incident. No memory of continuing home with the kids and mom. No one ever talked about it.

Attempt 8: I was stalked and hunted by Mayor of Nitro and Magistrate of Kanawha County and put into jail with infected medical patients. They have put me in jail several times, in the past decade. My entire criminal record was overseen by a single judge; and no due process was ever afforded. Leading me to believe that my mother and uncle have payed the Judge to kill me.

Attempt 9: The Mayor of Nitro and Magistrate of Kanawha County are attempting to replace me with a man named Raymond Castro. Murder me, swap phones, then commit entitlement fraud or a life insurance scam.

Those involved:

Darrel Carter, Kenneth Carter
Paul David Mitchell (teresa-brother)
Heather Renee Mitchell (paul-daughter)
Teresa L Mash-Chandler-Mitchell
Karen L Carter (teresa-daughter)
Russel Walter Castro (Mayor of Nitro, Magistrate of Kanawha)
Edward Mitchell (teresa-brother)
David Lee Mitchell Jr. (paul-son)
Benjamin Mitchell (edward-son)
Marshall Mash (teresa-husband)
Travis Dale Dolin (teresa-2nd son)
Alex Mitchell (edward-daughter)
Arnold Pretty (paul-friend)

Witnesses:

Gary M Chandler
Jeremy Chandler
Becky Chandler

Relationships:

Paul David Mitchell
David Lee Mitchell – Son
Heather Renee Mitchell – Daughter
Russell Walter Castro – Accomplice
Arnold Pretty - Accomplice

Teresa L Mash-Chandler-Mitchell
Raymond Edward Chandler – Son
Karen L Carter – Daughter
Travis D Dolin – Son
Gray Marvin Chandler – Ex-husband
Marshall Mash – Current husband

Edward Mitchell
Benjamin Mitchell – Son
Alex Mitchell – Daughter

Gary Marvin Chandler (Ex-husband)
Jeremy Chandler – Son
Becky Chandler - Daughter

These people raped, stalked me, robbed, defamed, and are attempting to murder me.
I was due to inherit several million dollars from my grandfather after my service to the Air Force, and these people stole everything by engaging in an elaborate scheme of entitlement fraud.

Primary:

Paul David Mitchell ✱
Heather Renee/Dawn Mitchell (paul-daughter)
Teresa L Mash-Chandler-Mitchell
Karen L Carter (teresa-daughter)
Travis Dale Dolin (teresa-2nd son)
Darrel Carter ✱
Edward Mitchell
David Lee Mitchell Jr. (paul-son)
Benjamin Mitchell (ed-son)
Marshall Mash (teresa-husband)
Alex Mitchell (ed-daughter)
Russel Walter Castro (Mayor of Nitro, Magistrate of Kanawha) ✱
Gary M Chandler
Jeremy Chandler
Becky Chandler
Rick Price
Daniel McCloud
Jessie Ward
Marcus Ward
Arnold Pretty
Katherine Harrison

Relationships:

Paul David Mitchell
David Lee Mitchell – Son
Heather Renee Mitchell – Daughter
Russell Walter Castro - Accomplice

Teresa L Mash-Chandler-Mitchell
Raymond Edward Chandler – Son
Karen L Carter – Daughter
Travis D Dolin – Son
Gray Marvin Chandler – Ex-husband
Marshall Mash – Current husband

Edward Mitchell
Benjamin Mitchell – Son
Alex Mitchell – Daughter

Gary Marvin Chandler - Ex-husband
Jeremy Chandler – Son
Becky Chandler - Daughter







I am Raymond Edward Mitchell. When I was in college, I was in a pre-calculus class that was lead by and instructor I knew as Ms. Anderson, she was the Chair of the Mathematics Department at West Virginia State University at the time. The mathematics department houses the computer sciences division so I spent a lot of time there. During my pre-calculus class there was an incident where her son was drugged, kidnapped, and thrown over the wall on Exit 100, which is the exit to the State Capitol. I have come to believe that this murder was a hate crime perpetrated by the State Police, Kanawha County Police, the National Guard, working with the Mayor of Nitro in order to manipulate Ms. Anderson and myself into forming a sudo mother/son relationship in order to undermined the relationship with my mother in order to hide the embezzlement of funds from the estate of Franklin Delbert Mitchell. Ms. Anderson and her son where both African American. I also am not a white.

To: National Guard West Virginia
From: Raymond Chandler

Darrel Carter, an employee of the West Virginia State National Guard was present during 5 separate and distinct events where I was drugged and kidnapped. I believe he is directly involved with these attacks because of the enormous amounts of money he has received from my grandfathers estate. From an estate from which the rightful heir has not received an inheritance, Darrel Carter enjoys three lots two houses, cars, trucks, and toys; I say here, he stole it all from a dead man.

He's buddies with the police, he goes bowling with them. They won't protect me. In fact they are have been used as part of the attack on me. They watch me and follow me when I leave my house, they have even walked into into stores stalking me. One of the people he works with is Rusty Walter Casto of Nitro West Virginia. When I am arrested by his police friends and taken to his judge friend they deny me due process; they essentially throw me in jail. Unlawful incarceration, civil rights violations, harassment, falsification and alteration of court documents, perjury; these are people working with Darrel Carter.

They messed up my GI Bill and obstructed my college education. I was going to start a metaverse company before anyone even knew what that was. There wasn't even a name for the field I was working in and building toward. My point is that these people destroyed the rise of industry. And what did we get in exchange; some guy with a big red truck, way to much chucky cheese, reruns of Married with Children, and Sunday night football. These are the absent minded people who just let China have Mars. Let that sink in; we (The United States of America) sent a probe to a crater on Mars and when we got there China was already there. Obstructors, pretenders, saboteurs, attempting to destroy our country, our way of life, our laws. Here is one of them...

I'd like to see this man arrested for the danger that he's placed me and my family in over the years and I would like any information about this man pertaining to the entitlement fraud that he is currently engaged in and any information about instances where he has impersonated the military turned over to the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

I'll reiterate. Darrel Carter was present during five separate and distinct events where I was drugged and kidnapped; and he is now living off money from my dead grandfathers estate.

To: Govenor Jim Justice of West Virginia on the matter of Fraud by the Nitro Mayor

From: Raymond Edward Chandler

My family is under attack by the Mayor of Nitro. Russel Walter Casto is the former Mayor of Nitro, he is attempting to control my mom, and kill me in order to redirect my inheritance to his employer Paul David Mitchell. It is my belief that Paul David Mitchell murdered his own father, mother, and brother in-law; and has hired the Mayor of Nitro to infiltrate, stalk, and murder Paul Davids Sister (my mother) and his nephew (me).

Russel Walter Casto took control of the apartments at Village Hill in Nitro, where he was elected to Mayor of Nitro. He hired people there to pretend to be my friends and neighbors. He hired pesents from the jail; hooligans, prostitutes, and drug dealers. One night I was at a party at the apartments in Nitro and I was violently physically attacked. I was knocked unconscious, my ankle was stomped while I was unconscious and was broken. They took me to Russel Walter Casto directly after the attack. Money was exchanged between the person driving the car and Russel Walter Casto, the driver saying "not enough". I was taken to a medical center for the entertainment of Russel Walter Casto, the Mayor of Nitro. There I was told by the medical staff that I had refused medial treatment; however, I was very confused when they told me this because I thought to myself "where am I, am I hurt"; I remember that moment of critical thought and self awareness being whisked away by some artificial distraction. At that moment someone had interacted with me and then dismissed me; it was the same behavioral pattern and personality deficits that I have identified in the the psychological makeup of the police officers; when they asks a question only because they are obligated by law to do so, and have no concern for the response. After that person had told me that I had denied medical treatment I raised my head and looked down the hallway and I saw Russel Walter Casto laughing and taking pictures and video with his flip phone. I remember attempting to stand up and walk away, that is the moment I realized I had been severely injured. I then woke up the next morning in my apartment with my face glued to the carpet from a pool of blood. My mother and brother where there and she took me to the hospital and appointments.

I filed a complaint with the police and they went to the apartment and question the people there and came back to me and told me there was no way for them to find him and that there was no information that the people down stairs had given them to help them find the person who attacked me. The police even told me that there was no video footage from the cameras at the medical center. Which doesn't track, see; how long do you leave security cameras down at a medical center, video surveillance of a medical facility is a very high security priority. The security system of a medical center is literally on the matter of hours in priority, if the cameras are down the security team would act immediately.

The Magistrate of Kanawha County West Virginia; former Mayor of Nitro West Virginia is attacking me to manipulate my mother. He is working with Darrel Carter of the West Virginia National Guard and they are men owned by Paul David. They are manipulating my mother and engaged in a defamation campaign against me. They have forced a wedge between my mother and I. This was all intentional. Darrel Carter has been acting upon the situation and influencing my mother so that she would look down upon her own sons, and think of him as her own. I know this man; he does not have compassion within him. He is the type that will laugh at the pain of others. He wears the symbols of our nation without reverence; he is an imposter.

The Mayor of Nitro West Virginia was hired by Paul David Mitchell to kill my family.

Ohio, Meigs	1993	Ran out of my High School and out of the house at sixteen years old by Gary Marvin Chandler (step-dad)	
	1993	Amy and Megan accuse me of stealing \$5.00; it ruins our seven year long friendship.	
	1994	Moved to Ohio to live with Grandpa	
	1995	Hysell Run Crash – Attempted Murder by Paul David Mitchell	
West Virginia, Ashford	1996	Moved back to West Virginia to Ashford	
	1996	Attended College Courses at West Virginia State University – Computer Aided Drafting	
	Apr 1996	Shelia Copen and I are Married	
	Oct 1996	Quit West Virginia State University (6 months of drafting) and joined the Air Force	
Texas	1996	Finished boot camp and received orders to enroll in the Community College of the Air Force	
	1997	Grandpa Murdered – I am Kidnapped	
	1997	Returned to Community College of the Air Force, Wichita Falls, Texas	
	1998	Completed CCAF and received orders to report to Ellsworth AFB, South Dakota	
South Dakota	1999	Mom and Gary (step-dad) Visited South Dakota	
	2000	Shelia Copen and I divorce due to Infidelity by Wife; dorms, hrmm.	
	2001	Left the Air Force moved to Salt Lake, worked at Costco.	
Utah	Tue 11 Sep 2001	Twin Towers are Attacked	
	2001	Mom and Gary (step-dad) Visit Salt Lake with Surprise Visit	
	2002	Karen and Darrel are Married	
	2002	Mom and Gary (step-dad) are divorced	
	2003	Mom Calls and informs that Grandma is Sick	
	2004	Transferred my Costo job to Cincinnati to be near Grandma	
	2004	John Ray Dolin Murdered	
Ohio, Cinti	2005	Moved to Charleston to be near Mom – The Apartment	
	2005	Worked a contract for American Electric Power	
	2005	Makayla was Born	
	2006	Quit work to attend college and utilize GI Bill	
	2006	Grandma Murdered – I am Kidnapped	
	2007	Evicted from apartment by Russel Casto and Brittney / College Interrupted	
	2008	Moved back to the apartment / College Realignment	
	2008	I texted Karen the night the Magistrate had me beaten and brought to him	
	2008	Evicted from Apartment Second Time by Russel Casto and Christina / College Interrupted	
	2009	Travis (brother) borrowed Darrel's gun "to protect himself"	
West Virginia, Rand	2009	Kanawha State Forest – Kidnapped	
	2009	Hotel Situation – Kidnapped	

Sun	27	Sep	2009	Mom and Marshall Wedding – Kidnapped
			2015	Firm resolve toward improving Physical/Mental Health
			2017	Disney Trip Scam – They got me to fall off the wagon
Wed	8	Aug	2018	Barboursville Trip - Kidnapped
		Oct	2018	Discovered Grandma's Fake Will in old house
Mon	10	Jun	2019	Gatlinburg/Pigeon Forge Trip – Drugged
			2020	Arrested at DMV after being assaulted / 3 days in the Cell
			2022	Went to the Police about Kanawha Magistrate Stalking
			2022	Filed for Judicial Review against Magistrate
Thu	5	May	2022	Escaped West Virginia / Went to FBI Bangor
				<hr/>
Maine			2022	Auto-hypnotic Amnesiac Recovery
			2022	Letter Campaign to the FBI requesting Investigation
Wed	30	Nov	2022	Fired upon at the Storage Facility in Maine
Fri	30	Dec	2022	Taken by police and placed in Piss Room in Bangor
			2023	Subjected to gang stalking by the police in Maine
Sun	30	Apr	2023	Writing this Timeline
Sun	30	Apr	2023	I am Still Alive.

Thu 25 May Assaulted and charged with criminal trespass by Maine State Police on access road to Lot 7 Cape Road (Assault rifles, tazers, dog, and a drone).

Thu 25 ~~Fri 26~~ May Held all night with no cloths or furniture and pissing in a hole while on camera.

Fri 26 May Walked through Ellsworth to impound lot (10 miles) Cost \$445

Sat 8 Jul Summoned by H. Fernald for violating additional restrictions of DK# CR-23-552

Attempted Murder	Kanawha County Teacher CAD Operator DOW Chemical Software Developer Father of Shawn Skeens Kanawha County Magistrate Kanawha County Coroner National Guard WV State Police Kanawha County Police Kanawha County Clerk	Gary Marvin Chandler Carlyle Viars Alan Viars thomas Skeens Russel Casto Kenneth Carter Darrel Carter D.W. Dalton James Woods Christina
Murder/Kidnapping		
Ex-wife knows Paul David		
Controlled Mom; caused the divorce, claimed to be the underdog.		
Murder	Confidence Operators	Alan Viars Carlyle Viars Amy Elkins Megan Belcher Brittney Mathews Tabitha Welsh Erin Miranda Pringle Walter Josh Loana Coon Amy Pringle
Murder/Kidnapping		
Evicted		
Physical Battery/Kidnapping		
Evicted		
Darrel put a weapon in my residence		
Kidnapping		
Kidnapping		

Kidnapping

Confidence Operation - \$3000

Attempted Murder/Kidnapping

Entitlement Fraud

Attempted Murder/Kidnapping

False Arrest County Police

Obstruction by State Police

Obstruction by Judicial Review Commission

Domestic Terrorist Shooting

False Arrest

Stalking

Public Service Announcement
From: Raymond Edward Mitchell

The executive branch of the State of West Virginia has been infiltrated and is being used to attack me:

Russel Walter Casto, Mayor of Nitro and Magistrate of Kanawha County (rapist)
Gary Chandler, Kanawha County Board of Education (child pornographer)
Darrel Carter, West Virginia National Guard (chemical rapist)
Kenneth Carter, Kanawha County Coroner (grave robber)
James Woods, West Virginia State Police (accomplice)
D.W. Dalton, Kanawha County Police (accomplice)
Paul David Mitchell, Convict (armed robbery)

These people began their attack on my family when I was fourteen years old. Gary Chandler stole my imperial name and began his campaign of white hatred against us then. Gary Chandler worked with Paul David Mitchell to set me up in a car accident. They are trying to hide the secret that I am the direct decedent of Franklin Delbert Mitchell. They killed John Ray Dolin in order to hide that truth. Darrel Carter uses drugs on people to subdue their mental state and control them; think, "date rape", he's done this to me several times. Marshall Mash; the man "married" to my mother was put there into her life by Kenneth Carter. My brothers wife Andrea does not love him, she was put there in his life by these people as a distraction; she is a mooch, she's just there to sit around in a free house.

These are my family members that have been murdered:

Franklin Delbert Mitchell,
Katherine Loise Mitchell,
John Ray Dolin,
and possibly my brother Kenneth Mitchell

304-951-0423

Sep 12


304-753-1931

Oct 4 2:16 pm

They are
cleaning
out.

One night Kim told me
she left the Farm because
Paul David held a shoval
to her neck.





Russel's Granddaughters

Karen Carter

Russell Walter Casto
Magistrate of Kanawha County

Russel's Wife



Darrel Carter

Paul David Mitchell

Raymond

Karen Carter

Travis Dolin

Teresa Mitchell

Donna Mitchell



For Roadside Assistance: 800- 531- 8555

Report a claim, get coverage and deductible information, request a tow from the accident scene, schedule an appraisal or reserve a rental car using:

- usaa.com,
- USAA's Mobile App, or
- By calling ~~210- 531- USAA~~ (8722), our mobile phone shortcut number #8722 or 800- 531- USAA.

WEST VIRGINIA CERTIFICATE OF INSURANCE

This certificate of insurance is evidence of liability insurance for your vehicle. The certificate is valid only as long as liability insurance remains in force.

You may be required to produce evidence of insurance when registering your vehicle, when having your vehicle inspected, when applying for a driver's license, when an accident occurs, and upon request of a law enforcement officer.

KEEP A COPY OF THE CERTIFICATE IN YOUR VEHICLE AT ALL TIMES.

For your convenience, additional copies are available on- line at usaa.com.

FWV1 Rev. 06- 13

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WEST VIRGINIA CERTIFICATE OF INSURANCE

An authorized West Virginia insurer certifies that there is in effect a motor vehicle liability policy upon the described vehicle in accordance with the provisions of the West Virginia Motor Vehicle Code. KEEP A COPY IN YOUR VEHICLE AT ALL TIMES.

OWNER'S SIGNATURE _____

Name RAYMOND CHANDLER

5506 ELAINE DR
CHARLESTON WV 25306-6112

POLICY NUMBER

04295 14 37G 7101

EFFECTIVE DATE EXPIRATION DATE

06/02/23

12/02/23

VEHICLE DESCRIPTION

YEAR MAKE

2023 RAM

VEHICLE IDENTIFICATION NUMBER

3C6LRVDG3PE504526

DATE CERTIFICATE ISSUED: 06/02/23

CONTACT US: 210-531-USAA(8722)

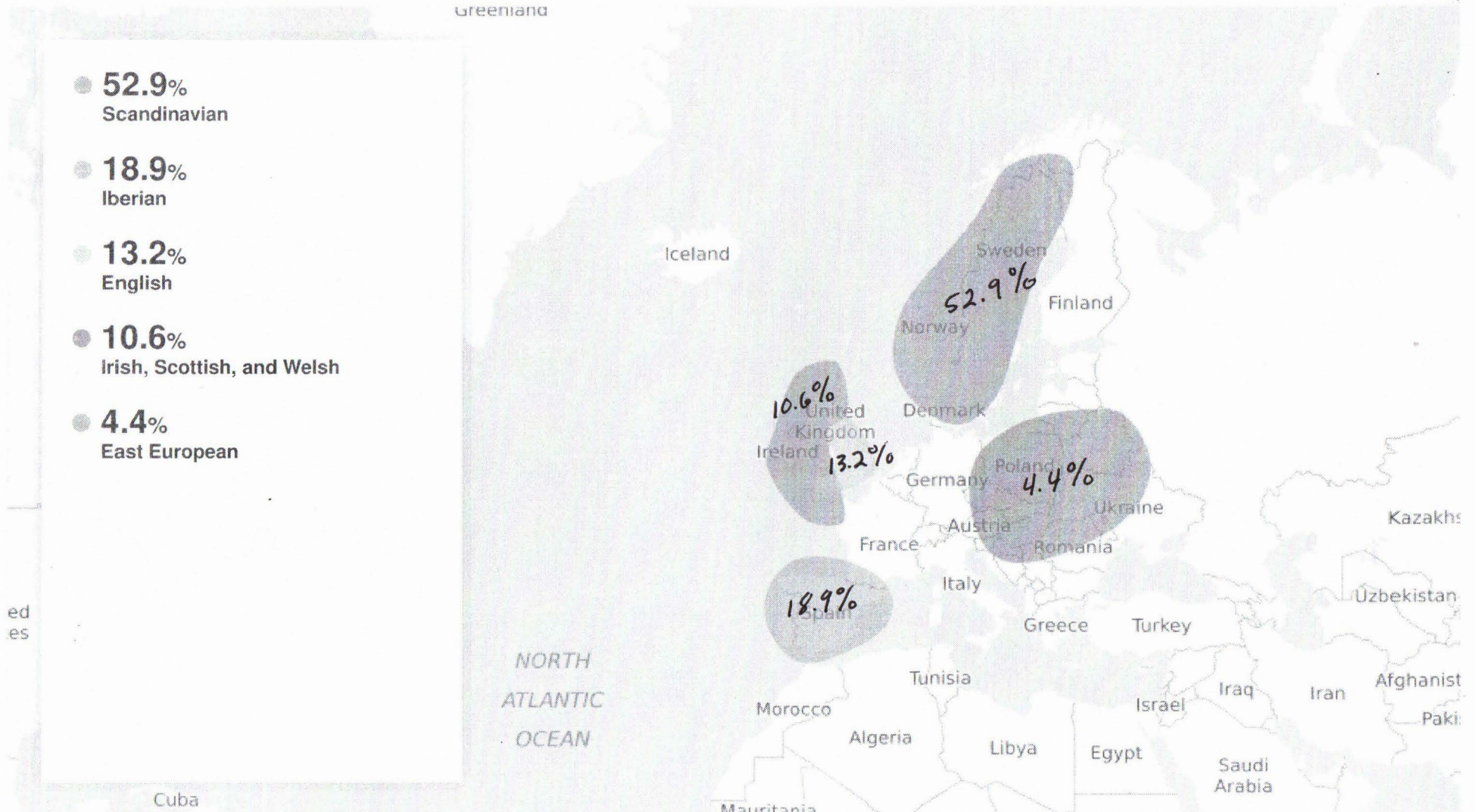
OR 800-531-USAA

USAA GENERAL INDEMNITY COMPANY

9800 Fredericksburg Road
San Antonio, Texas 78288

Additional copies available at usaa.com

Raymond Chandler's Ethnicity Estimate



Discover your unique mix

www.MyHeritageDNA.com