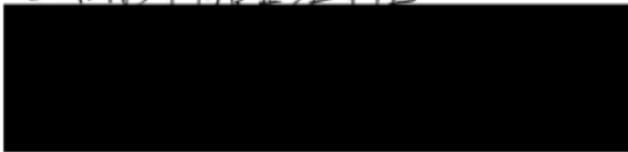


DAVID I GRAZETTE



A-12

GHISLAINE ^{DE}MAXWELL 02879-509
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METROPOLITAN DETENTION CENTER
P.O. BOX 329002

11232-900202 BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11232

SUBJECT TO PROTECTIVE ORDER PARAGRAPHS 7, 8, 9, 10, 15, and 17

Hi,

My name is David Grazzette. I'm probably no body to you. I'm no body to a lot of people. You, to me, may be a very bad person. I don't know. I've never met you. But you are on your way to crucifixion and you could probably use someone to talk to... to write to... to have visit...

I want you to know I'm real. I have a case in the Southern District of New York 20 CIV 0965. I was apprehended at 30 ROCKFELLER PLAZA ON 09/25/2019 WHILE LOOKING FOR A MAN NAMED NORMAN H. ZIVIN... JUST TO ASK QUESTIONS. JUST TO FIND ANSWERS. I'm sorry I just switched in all caps. I didn't mean to yell... I hope you're not offended, but I'm not sure if this is worth going back and using another sheet of paper.

I just put a hold on a book by H.P. Lovecraft called ~~The~~ The Thing on The Floor step. Have you read it? I found it from reading another story. A story about a very old French... who I suspect failed to read it due to hubris and this hamartia caused a lot of grief.

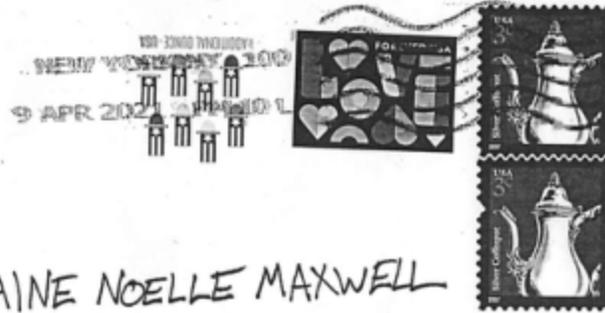
If you in fact read this, I've gone through a lot of trouble to find out how to reach you. I hope you allow me to help pour tea.

Look up, walk backwards and be well.



P.S. Please let me know ^{exactly} how you would like to be addressed Sir/~~name~~/Mr./Ms./Mrs... you get the idea...

DAVID I GRAZETTE



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Ms. Maxwell,

Is this your doing?

Put gods in them. May they pray
for a life time. hold tight, I'll
try for a P.O. Box for you once
I've returned from Baltimore...
And feel free to show me a sign ;)

look up, walk backwards and
be well.

9



SUBJECT TO PROTECTIVE ORDER PARAGRAPHS 7, 8, 9, 10, 15, and 17

Gaetz associate likely to strike plea deal with prosecutors in sex trafficking case

Barbara Liston, Matt Zapotosky 1 hr ago



ORLANDO — An associate of Rep. Matt Gaetz (R-Fla.) who had been charged with sex trafficking of a minor and was suspected of connecting the congressmen to women with whom he could have sex is in plea negotiations to resolve the allegations against him, according to his lawyer and a prosecutor on the case, a potentially ominous sign for Gaetz if the associate ultimately cooperates with prosecutors in a bid for leniency.



A tax collector in Florida, leaves the federal courthouse in Orlando last June after making a first appearance following his indictment on a charge of sex trafficking of a minor, as part of an investigation involving Rep. Matt Gaetz, R-Fla.

A tax collector for Seminole County, Fla., had first been charged last summer in a bare-bones indictment that prosecutors repeatedly superseded to add charges of sex trafficking of a minor, stealing from the tax office and even trying to use fraud to get covid-19 relief money while out on bond. In the course of the investigation into his conduct, people familiar with the matter have said, federal authorities came across evidence that Gaetz might have committed a crime and launched a separate investigation into him.

At a status conference in the case Thursday, federal prosecutor Roger Handberg told a judge he expected the case to end in a plea, though negotiations are ongoing. Fritz Scheller, an attorney for Greenberg, asked the judge to set a deadline of May 15 for the two sides to either reach a deal, or move toward a trial in the summer.

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what's this?

It was not immediately clear how far the negotiations had gotten, or to what extent a plea agreement would require Greenberg to cooperate with investigators. If prosecutors were to get Greenberg on their side as a cooperator, it is possible he could help bolster the case against Gaetz, a higher-profile target. A person who pleads guilty in a criminal case can often lessen their potential penalty by providing information that might be helpful to investigators in other matters.

[Gaetz is said to have boasted of his 'access to women' provided by friend charged in sex-trafficking case]

Gaetz, known for his fierce allegiance to former president Donald Trump, would boast to people in Florida politics that he met women through Greenberg, and he also showed them videos on his phone of naked or topless women on multiple occasions, including at parties with Greenberg, people familiar with the matter have said.

Greenberg had been a colorful political player in Seminole County, where he unseated a longtime incumbent in the race for tax collector, won a political battle to allow his deputies to carry guns on the job and flaunted his connections to prominent Republicans.

A 2019 photograph that Greenberg posted on Twitter shows him with Gaetz at the White House. He also posted a picture in 2017 of him with Gaetz and Roger Stone, another well-known Trump political ally.

Greenberg was also known to have brought Gaetz to the tax collector's office, including during one instance when the two came to the Lake Mary Office on the weekend, according to a person familiar with the matter and a text message showing Greenberg confirmed to an employee he was there with Gaetz. Another set of texts appear to show Greenberg asking an employee for help getting Gaetz a replacement ID after he apparently lost his.



© Chet Strange/for The Washington Post Rep. Matt Gaetz (R-Fla.) waits to address a crowd outside the Wyoming Capitol in Cheyenne on Jan. 28. A loyal supporter of former president Donald Trump, Gaetz used to appearance to denounce Rep. Liz Cheney and urge fellow Republicans to vote her out of office after she supported Trump's impeachment.

Among the allegations Greenberg faces is abusing his access to a statewide database, using it to look up the personal information of people with whom he was in "sugar daddy" relationships, including the minor, and to help produce fake identification documents to "facilitate his efforts to engage in commercial sex acts."

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Greenberg had previously pleaded not guilty and had been scheduled to go to trial this summer. He resigned as tax collector after the first indictment against him.

The Justice Department has been exploring whether Greenberg procured women for Gaetz and whether the two men sometimes shared sexual partners, including the 17-year-old at issue in Greenberg's case.

They have also been exploring whether Gaetz paid for sex with women in a way that might have violated federal sex trafficking laws. Of particular interest, people familiar with the matter said, is a flight Gaetz took in recent years with women and an Orlando hand surgeon named Jason Pirozzolo. Efforts to reach Pirozzolo in recent weeks have been unsuccessful.

Gaetz has not been charged with any crimes and has denied wrongdoing, specifically disputing that he ever slept with a 17-year-old when he was an adult or paid for sex.

[Gaetz investigation complicated by overture to his father about ex-FBI agent who went missing]

Greenberg now faces a 33-count indictment, giving him significant incentive to plead guilty in the case and cooperate with investigators to help winnow his prison time. By himself, though, he is not an ideal witness.

Among the allegations Greenberg faces is fabricating evidence of racism and sexual misconduct against a political opponent, as well as wire fraud and submitting false claims to get an Economic Injury Disaster Loan.

Those charges would seriously undercut the credibility of any allegation Greenberg might make against another person, though it is possible he could turn over documents or point investigators toward other evidence that would corroborate his story.

Zapotosky reported from Washington.

MICROSOFT NEWS POLL



How likely do you personally think it is that Joel Greenberg will strike a plea deal with prosecutors in this case?

- Very likely
- Somewhat likely
- Not likely at all
- Other / No opinion

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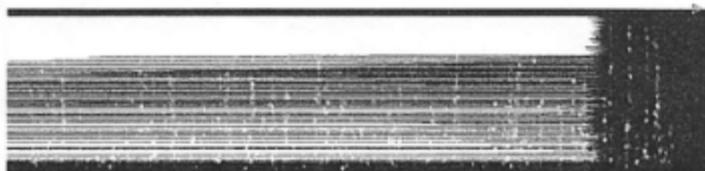


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David Grazette

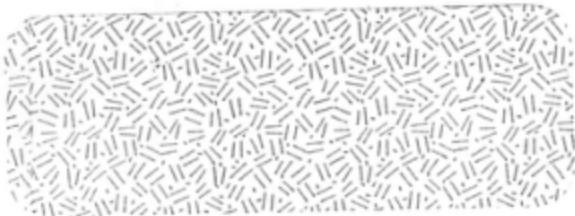
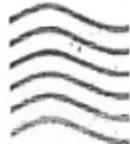


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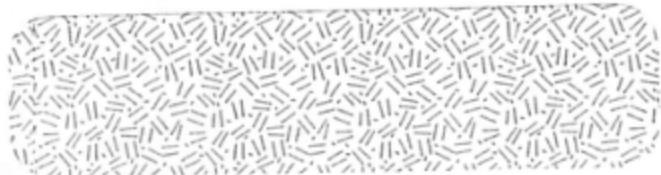
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David Grazette

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Brooklyn NY 11232

Hi,

I've been writing you by usps. Have you received my letters? They're weird, I know. I've heard that word my entire life. It's upset my often, but I'm starting to familiarize myself with the half of the word I didn't realize I missed.

The temperature dropped today, or last night. Do you feel it where you're at? Where I'm at, I'm also watching many many studio cameras against the sidewalks. None of the folks in the crew that I spoke to this morning seemed to know Dionysus, yet there they were willing to do the work...

I pray that you're safe. I pray that you're sound. Look up, walk backwards and be well.

q

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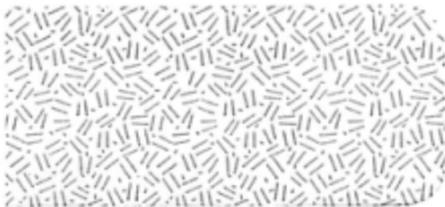
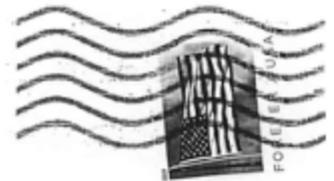
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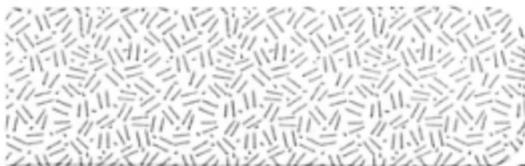
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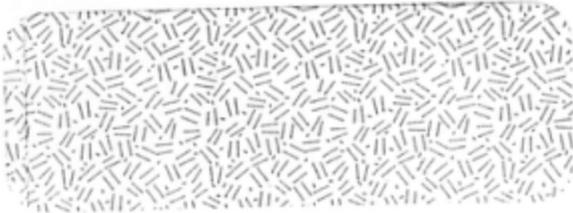
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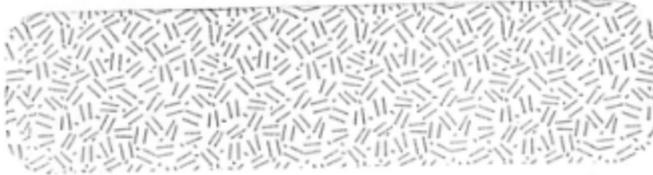
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David Grazette

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Good day,

The weather is warm again, and the cameras are gone. I'd be weird to think that the two went hand in hand lol ... This is at one of the many Lethal Chambers throughout the city that I'm acquainting myself with. I have to say, I've lived a life of complete ignorance. Such ignorance, I was banished many a times through myself and didn't even know my only option was to either become Caesar or die. I need your help, and I want to help you.

Look up, walk backwards and be well.

- krakin

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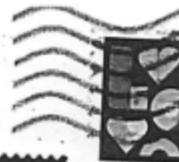
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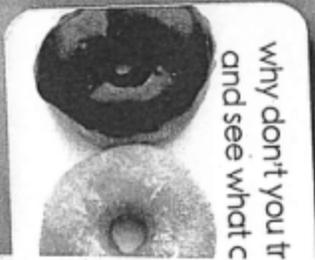
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"I understand," I said. "Surely to do good in the missions has nothing to do, finally, with chastity."

"No, they are connected," she said. "But only because hard work is possible when one is single-minded, and married to no one but Christ."

I confessed I knew what she meant. "But if the self-denial becomes an obstacle to work," I said, "then it's better to know the love of a man, isn't it?"

"That is what I thought," she said. "Yes. Know this experience, and then return to God's work."

"Exactly."
In a slow dreamy voice, she said: "I've been looking for the man. For the moment."

"That's the answer, then, as to why you brought me here."

"Perhaps," she said. "God knows, I was so frightened of everyone else. I'm not frightened of you." She looked at me as if her own words had left her surprised.

"Come, lie down and sleep. There's time for me to heal and for you to be certain it's what you really want. I wouldn't dream of forcing you, of doing anything cruel to you."

"But why, if you're the devil, can you speak with such kindness?"

"I told you, that's the mystery. Or it's the answer, one or the other. Come, come lie beside me."

I closed my eyes. I felt her climbing beneath the covers, the warm pressure of her body beside me, her arm slipping across my chest.

"You know," I said, "this is almost good, this aspect of being human."

I was half asleep when I heard her whisper:

"I think there's a reason you took your leave of absence," she said. "You may not know it."

"Surely you don't believe me," I murmured, the words running together sluggishly. How delicious it was to slip my arm around her again, to tuck her head against my neck. I was kissing her hair, loving the soft springiness of it against my lips.

"There is a secret reason you came down to earth," she said, "that you came into the body of a man. Same reason that Christ did it."

"And that is?"

"Redemption," she said.

"Ah, yes, to be saved. Now wouldn't that be lovely?"

I wanted to say more, how perfectly impossible it was to even consider such a thing, but I was sliding away, into a dream. And I knew that Claudia would not be there.

Maybe it wasn't a dream after all, only a memory. I was with David in the Rijksmuseum and we were looking at the great painting by Rembrandt.

To be saved. What a thought, what a lovely, extravagant, and impossible thought . . . How nice to have found the one mortal woman in all the world who would seriously think of such a thing.

And Claudia wasn't laughing anymore. Because Claudia was dead.

BLADE
FIFTEEN

EARLY morning, just before the sun comes. The time when in the past I was often in meditation, tired, and half in love with the changing sky.

I bathed slowly and carefully, the small bathroom full of dim light and steam around me. My head was clear, and I felt happiness, as if the sheer respite from sickness was a form of joy. I shaved my face slowly, until it was perfectly smooth, and then, delving into the little cabinet behind the mirror, I found what I wanted—the little rubber sheaths that would keep her safe from me, from my planting a child within her, from this body giving her some other dark seed that might harm her in ways I could not foresee.

Curious little objects, these—gloves for the organ. I would love to have thrown them away, but I was determined that I would not make the mistakes I had made before.

Silently, I shut the little mirror door. And only then did I see a telegram message taped above it—a rectangle of yellowed paper with the words in pale indistinct print:

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GRETCHEN, COME BACK, WE NEED YOU. NO QUESTIONS ASKED. WE ARE WAITING FOR YOU.

The date of the communication was very recent—only a few days before. And the origin was Caracas, Venezuela.

I approached the bed, careful not to make a sound, and I laid the small safety devices on the table in readiness, and I lay with her again, and began to kiss her tender sleeping mouth.

Slowly, I kissed her cheeks, and the flesh beneath her eyes. I wanted to feel her eyelashes through my lips. I wanted to feel the flesh of her throat. Not for killing, but for kissing; not for possession, but for this brief physical union that will take nothing from either one of us; yet bring us together in a pleasure so acute it is like pain.

She waked slowly under my touch.

"Trust in me," I whispered. "I won't hurt you."

"Oh, but I want you to hurt me," she said in my ear.

Gently, I pulled the flannel gown off her. She lay back looking up at me, her breasts as fair as the rest of her; the areolas of her nipples very small and pink and the nipples themselves hard. Her belly was smooth, her hips broad. A lovely dark shadow of brown hair lay between her legs, glistening in the light coming through the windows. I bent down and kissed this hair. I kissed her thighs, parting her legs with my hand, until the warm inside flesh was open to me, and my organ was stiff and ready. I looked at the secret place there, folded and demure and a dark pink in its soft veil of down. A coarse warm excitement went through me, further hardening the organ. I might have forced her, so urgent was the feeling.

But no, not this time.

I moved up, beside her, turning her face to me, and accepting her kisses now, slow and awkward and fumbling. I felt her leg pressed against mine, and her hands moving over me, seeking the warmth beneath my armpits, and the damp nether hair of this male body, thick and dark. It was my body, ready for her and waiting. This, my chest, which she touched, seeming to love its hardness. My arms, which she kissed as if she prized their strength.

The passion in me ebbed slightly, only to grow hot again instantly, and then to die down again, waiting, and then to rise once more.

No thoughts came to me of the blood drinking; no thought

at all of the thunder of the life inside her which I might have consumed, a dark draught, at another time. Rather the moment was perfumed with the soft heat of her living flesh. And it seemed vile that anything could harm her, anything mar the common mystery of her—of her trust and her yearning and her deep and common fear.

I let my hand slip down to the little doorway; how sorry and sad that this union would be so partial, so brief.

Then, as my fingers gently tried the virgin passage, her body caught fire. Her breasts seemed to swell against me, and I felt her open, petal by petal, as her mouth grew harder against my mouth.

But what of the dangers: didn't she care about them? In her new passion, she seemed heedless, and completely under my command. I forced myself to stop, to remove the little sheath from its packet, and to roll it up and over the organ, as her passive eyes remained fixed on me, as if she no longer had a will of her own.

It was this surrender that she needed, it was what she required of herself. Once again, I fell to kissing her. She was moist and ready for me. I could keep it back no longer, and when I rode her now, it was hard. The little passage was snug and maddeningly heated as its juices flowed. I saw the blood come up into her face as the rhythm quickened; I bent my lips to lick at her nipples, to claim her mouth again. When the final moan came out of her, it was like the moan of pain. And there it was again, the mystery—that something could be so perfectly finished, and complete, and have lasted such a little while. Such a precious little while.

Had it been union? Were we one with each other in this clamorous silence?

I don't think that it was union. On the contrary, it seemed the most violent of separations: two contrary beings flung at each other in heat and clumsiness, in trust and in menace, the feelings of each unknowable and unfathomable to the other—its sweetness terrible as its brevity; its loneliness hurtful as its undeniable fire.

And never had she looked so frail to me as she did now, her eyes closed, her head turned into the pillow, her breasts no longer heaving but very still. It seemed an image to provoke violence—to beckon to the most wanton cruelty in a male heart.

SUBJECT TO PROTECTIVE ORDER PARAGRAPHS 7, 8, 9, 10, 15, and 17

Why was this so?

I didn't want any other mortal to touch her!

I didn't want her own guilt to touch her. I didn't want regret to hurt her, or for any of the evils of the human mind to come near her.

And only now did I think of the Dark Gift again, and not of Claudia, but of the sweet throbbing splendour in the making of Gabrielle. Gabrielle had never looked back from that long-ago moment. Clad in strength and certainty, she had begun her wandering, never suffering an hour's moral torment as the endless complexities of the great world drew her on.

But who could say what the Dark Blood would give to any one human soul? And this, a virtuous woman, a believer in old and merciless deities, drunk on the blood of martyrs and the heady suffering of a thousand saints. Surely she would never ask for the Dark Gift or accept it, any more than David would.

But what did such questions matter until she knew the words I spoke were true? And what if I could never prove their truth to her? What if I never had the Dark Blood again inside me to give anyone and I remained forever trapped in this mortal flesh? I lay quiet, watching the sunlight fill the room. I watched it strike the tiny body of the crucified Christ above her bookshelf; I watched it fall upon the Virgin with her bowed head.

Snuggled against each other, we slept again.

SIXTEEN

NOON. I was dressed in the clean new clothes which I had bought on that last fateful day of my wandering—soft white pullover shirt with long sleeves, fashionably faded denim pants.

We had made a picnic of sorts before the warm crackling

little fire—a white blanket spread out on the carpet, on which we sat having our late breakfast together, as Mojo dined sloppily and greedily in his own fashion on the kitchen floor. It was French bread and butter again, and orange juice, and boiled eggs, and the fruit in big slices. I was eating hungrily, ignoring her warnings that I was not entirely well. I was plenty well enough. Even her little digital thermometer said so.

I ought to be off to New Orleans. If the airport was open, I could have been there by nightfall, perhaps. But I didn't want to leave her just now. I asked for some wine. I wanted to talk. I wanted to understand her, and I was also afraid to leave her, afraid of being alone without her. The plane journey struck a cowardly fear in my soul. And besides, I liked being with her . . .

She'd been talking easily about her life in the missions, of how she'd loved it from the very beginning. The first years she'd spent in Peru, then she'd gone on to the Yucatán. Her most recent assignment had been in the jungles of French Guiana—a place of primitive Indian tribes. The mission was St. Margaret Mary—six hours' journey up the Maroni River by motorized canoe from the town of St. Laurent. She and the other sisters had refurbished the concrete chapel, the little whitewashed schoolhouse, and the hospital. But often they had to leave the mission itself and go directly to the people in their villages. She loved this work, she said.

She laid out for me a great sweep of photographs—small rectangular colored pictures of the crude little mission buildings, and of her and her sisters, and of the priest who came through to say Mass. None of these sisters wore veils or habits out there; they were dressed in khaki or white cotton, and their hair was free—real working sisters, she explained. And there she was in these pictures—radiantly happy, none of the brooding melancholy evident in her. In one snapshot she stood surrounded by dark-faced Indians, before a curious little building with ornate carvings on its walls. In another she was giving an injection to a wraith of an old man who sat in a brightly painted straight-back chair.

Life in these jungle villages had been the same for centuries, she said. These people had existed long before the French or Spanish ever set foot on the soil of South America. It was difficult to get them to trust the sisters and the doctors and the priests. She herself did not care whether or not they learnt their

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DAVID GRAZETTE



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APR 22 2021
BY: _____

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DETENTION CENTER
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK 11236

SUBJECT TO PROTECTIVE ORDER PARAGRAPHS 7, 8, 9, 10, 15, and 17

There are horrors beyond life's edge
that we do not suspect, nor, expect,
and once in a while man's prying
calls them with our range.

- The Thing on The Doorstep -

~~weirdo~~

David I Grazzette



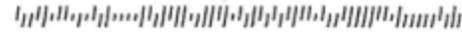
NEW YORK
23 APR 2021



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11232-900202



SUBJECT TO PROTECTIVE ORDER PARAGRAPHS 7, 8, 9, 10, 15, and 17

The Yellow Wallpaper By. Charlotte Perkins Gilman

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EFTA01250125

04/22/2021

Ghislaine,

I obviously try to practice not hating. In fact, I believe ~~one can do~~ will do more damage to thy enemies by removing hate from the emotional spectrum. I, digress... I do not like hearing, "Native New Yorker."

I'm not sure where you're from. ~~It~~ really don't know much about you even. I, mean I know your name, but even still, find myself starting with Maxwell, and not, Ghislaine. To be more honest, I may be spelling it wrong. This is the first time I write to you without turning to a research to address you.

I bet you get a lot of mail from hateful folks/folx. That's why I'm here. This letter is there. And I'm trying so hard to get

your attention. I dk, I mean, I obviously have my own agenda, but I'm not going to say. I pray, however, withstanding, if you decide to let me in, to do whatever I can to fix or forgive, repair; - you move you past whichever - whatever - threshold you need.

I speak friend no matter what you've done or/and how recent... Do you have access to a library? Are you well? Are you OK? Are you alright? Do you need anything? Is there anything I can do for you? Are you safe? Is there any one you require to hear from? Require to see?

I am not a cop. I am not a reporter, journalist or getting paid in any way to reach out to you. My hands are clean, and they will say that way. From what others people are saying you need an ace. a rabbit. in the hole. Let, please, let me make sure your buyers arent you last opportunity.

Help me take out the trash. Please.
Help me, Please, help me open the chambers.
lets allow the world to reconvert itself.
I want to help you move on, no matter, the
direction, in peace, with integrity.

your crackin
~~the~~ your white rabbit
their Qanon

XX

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This is for you, and you only:





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SUBJECT TO PROTECTIVE ORDER PARAGRAPHS 7, 8, 9, 10, 15, and 17

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EFTA01250129

David Grazette

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After I sent my most recent letter, fireworks went off that seem to put the folks in charge of the sirens in a bit of a kerfuffle, weird lol. I thoroughly enjoy fireworks. Especially, citizen used fireworks.

I can see the dynamics of Brooklyn are changing. When the pandemic first hit, I was paying a tax every time I left the grocery store. Now, I watch buzzards trying to pick fights with soda venders as they tirelessly try to take in their deliveries. NYPD are spending more time around the MTA gates, but they do appear to be friendlier. Yoga studios are turning into bodegas. So many new bodegas. Which means new Neighbors? It's weird to think the matrix is so tightly locked that a landlord can almost account for the money to be had just from the promise of one's presence.

A previous friend once told me a story once about two men that were standing around in a store who practically fought each other to help her reach with a top shelf item. And the instant I heard the story, I recognized one of my biggest struggles adjusting to this city ... Please allow me to digress, but I did send you two patches, asked you to pick one and send the other back. I hope if you were not able to take it with you at the moment, they would allow you to put it with your personal items upon release ... There is more space in Chicago. People here in New York City used to rub against each other like they have magnets in their pockets. I used to argue with an ex about whether it was normal ... let me just say that ex is no longer around. Not that it matters. I am forbidden to be in love, and forbidden to marry unless to a princess, but even then, still forbidden to be attached.

A jedi without a master. Not that I would willingly join the jedi order. They will be the first to shut the libraries and force one into retirement. The jedi council lies.

My window is out to the east and I can see the sun setting against the project buildings across the street. It is a beautiful orange and red hue reflecting off red and brown brick. I almost want to step away from my computer to see, but there is something about sacrificing the view for this attempt to contact you. I guess if it means more to me, then it will matter. I almost get lost in such thoughts; however, Athena has done a very good job in giving me just enough encouragement to keep me on the path.

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I still need help. I am constantly asking Athena for help - turning to Minerva to guidance. I'm most definitely headed to a fork in the road and have no idea where either turn. For me, it has always been difficult to ask for help. Asking for help just makes me revert back to the same of being raised by a single mother and the shame of understanding that we require HOC in order to make ends meet. Walking home with your groceries in New York City is one thing, but in Montgomery County, Maryland? I know what you're probably saying, and I understand, It's not healthy, I understand.

Withstanding, I still don't know which I would pick, New York City or Chicago. Maybe I need time in another foreign place to accurately reflect. No matter. I am but a fool who is at the mercy of the Universe. No matter, The sun is set and I have tea.

Look up, walk backwards and be well,

- white rabbit



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GRAZETTE



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NEW YORK

19 APR 2021



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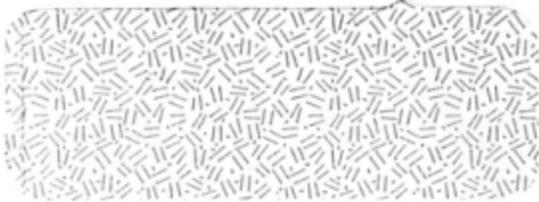
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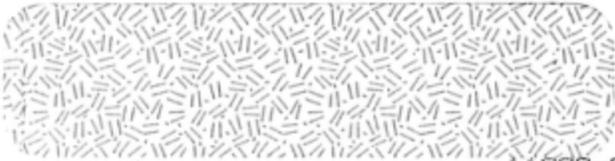
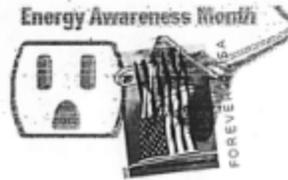
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David Grazette

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Brooklyn NY 11232

Ghislaine,

I just read that you want to fight.

I hope that fighting isn't to have your lawyers complain about your living conditions. They don't care. Moreover, they enjoy reading, hearing and thinking about unsatisfactory conditions. Let me fight for you. Drop a pipe bomb (figuratively speaking, reviewer). Your lawyers releasing information, talking to the bullshit mainstream media isn't going to do a thing. Use me to swing the pendulum.

Look up, walk backwards and be well.

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DAVID IGRAZENTE

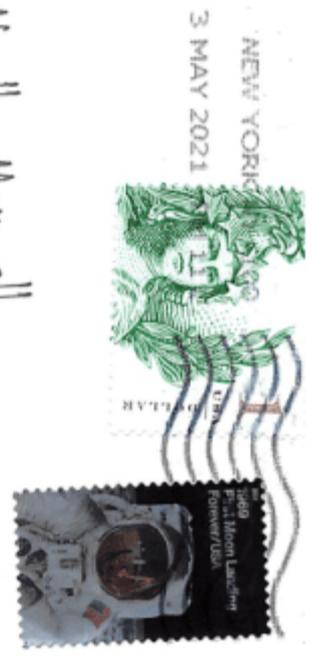


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PROTECTIVE ORDER PARAGRAPHS 7, 8, 9,

EFTA_00096151

05/03/2021

Ghislaine,

Marry Easter. Praise to Athena.
I was able to manage myself on to your
Legal Appointment calendar ^{you} ~~this~~ ^{for}
this morning at 8am. I was rudely
turned away.

The place is a dump. There are
people who want to help, but brute
strength seems to be mismanaging the
operation. I sent a letter - another - letter...
besides this one - HA. We have the same
judge - I'm working with a magistrate
right now, but I have to admit, I was
slightly tickled.

"You have a black eye - try to put
a smile on," did you say that, or them?
I didn't look at your docket too much,
but I say two handdrives. Do you have
a desktop in that box?

During my capture I can recall if my mental health sufficing so much that it was harder to write than ever... and all I had was time. My point is, you didnt write or sign for that request.

I understand I may be a man without a title. Or atleast knowledge of such a title declaring honor - or - hounor. ~~But~~ I dont, I doubt, your lawyers hold any titles a guidance counslor didnt write up prior to a board of admissions - dare I ~~say~~ write - Counslor again? The jedi order lies. The jedi Council is a shame.

Break the chain.

Look up, walk backwards, be well.

XX
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DAVID I GRAZETTE



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NEW YORK
5 MAY 2021



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SUBJECT TO PROTECTIVE ORDER PARAGRAPHS 7, 8, 9, 10, 15, and 17

EFTA_00096154

05/04/2021

Madam,

I've addressed my last few letters, possibly more, "Ghislaine", do you even go by that? A guard to me there are multiple Maxwells at the Metropolitan Detention Center. This guard appeared more familiar with the other. No matter, they appear to be idiots. Most definitely lazy. Diplomacy seems to exist in a low form - or massive form - of physical force.

Maybe true at all Federal prisons. I wouldn't know. Since Athena found me I've woken each morning much more aware of my ignorance. I see prison as space evil should turn to - pay rent to flee foreign crimes. And that could be exactly what's going on. You could have two of the biggest henchmen I've ever seen. If that's true, have your body guards doing more cardio. Would be a shame if caught at a chamber with an open field.

I look forward to hearing from your lawyer or the judge. Bobbi? Nathan? I would like to meet you. I would like to make sure you're healthy. I would like to make sure you're well. I would like to bring you small delights; coffee, tea...

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I'm sure you have family and friends that can and will do just that. Which may be exactly why you and I maintaining a relationship could be healthy and beneficial to you. We are neither.

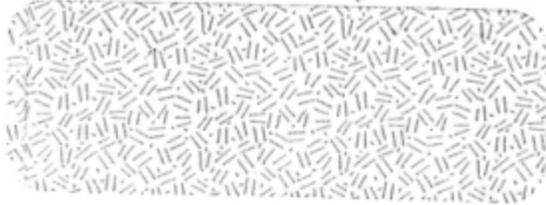
Look up, walk backwards, be well.

DAVID
GRAZETTE



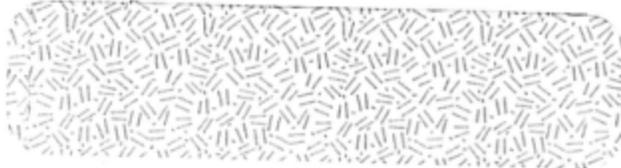
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Ghislaine,

marry #revengeofthefourth - idk, new hashtag for Star Wars to extend May the Fourth. I really like it. Makes me thinking of the imperial army and the sith: the ones who sacrifices everything for growth, development and supremacy in the pure name of supreme; for Caesar.

I was writing you by hand this morning. In between waking up and running four miles. 4:45 ish. The sun hadn't hit the horizon yet. Still chilly. Beautiful. It's really becoming my favorite time of day. But this morning wasn't my favorite type of writing. What came out was trash. I'll sheared it. All the same, I was thinking of you. praying for serenity, as I do now ...

I witnessed what appeared to be a homeless man on the subway a couple days ago either attempting to trigger a kurfuffle or crying for help. I'm not sure which, but I'm almost certain there are fewer and fewer of those people left, ya know? People willing to fight for nothing. He did seem to have a few missing teeth, but if it were someone really, "not afraid to kill a man," it was most likely a spook of some sort. But the idea incepted. If you have a chance, pick up the newest Hunger Game. If you haven't read the series, you can start with it, it's the Hobbit of the trilogy. And if you do, I also recommend listening to Brandi Carile's album The Firewatcher's Daughter. But don't start the album into your routine until you're like 33% of the way through the book.

Look up, walk backwards, be well.

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