

“Twitter Donald Trump and Kanye West for Help, Please!”

By Lawrence Yudowitz

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Firstly, let me apologize to the reader for writing with the skills of novice, please forgive me because writing about the traumas is very difficult to relive and so I have not gone through the trouble to edit again. I have put several writings together to save time. It is accurate and just as it happened. For a moment let me say something about the night my grandfather died, for him. My father ran to New York just before I had telephoned my grandfather and he was happy to hear from me, but someone took the phone from him and hung up, so I went to investigate at my parents' house where they left him. He was in a wheelchair leaving the house and being put into an ambulance, he was perfectly fine, but he couldn't talk to me because he wore an oxygen mask. I followed him to the hospital and spent four hours with him, and I still could not talk to him because his mask was on, so I just held his hand. Later my father said there was a no resuscitation order enforced so why was there an oxygen mask on him? My father said after that his father had told him he would die that weekend, so why had my father 'ran' to New York and not told me to stay with him? I believe he may have been euthanized.

No one expected me to survive the attempts on my life. Not only did my family admit and confirm exactly what the assassins knew at the times of my assassination but that during the attempts on my life I called my family for help and literally my mom said she'd only "think about it", and another attempt she said I "have nothing to do with that". And a different attempt or two my father said to me "you are very brave" with a snarl. The people who tried to kill me in Baguio at the hospital included the Americans in Cebu who came to the house at 26 C Imus Highway when I applied for the repatriation loan. My father had said about those people (The gray haired American agent with two local policemen) "that's what you get for writing the letter". That letter was one I wrote to the state department with my application for a loaned ticket back to D.C. saying that my life was being threatened and that my father was involved, so they told my father this, even without a privacy waiver signed. In it I accused my father of hiring two other men who threatened my life in Hong Kong.

My sister, during the month before the baby and I were almost simultaneously killed, told me "that month would be the last time I spent with my girlfriend", Mike, eight years older, my eldest sibling, said that I would be "locked up or put in a hospital if I said anything about past abuses". In fact, after a violent attempted breaking to my apartment just before the murder of my baby my father told me to "go to a hospital" for no reason, and not the police station. In fact when I tried to apply for the repatriation loan I told my father I was going to D.C to complain about the men harassing me and my father spoke as if he were disappointed in that plan; furthermore, he tried to stop me from going back to the states to complain about them,

he also increased his slander of me to the state department that his opinion of me was “severely psychotic and a master manipulator” which is pure boloney, something completely without bases, but this is exactly when those people positioned me with some very strong hallucinogen and it was no coincidence. Another of dozens of unbelievable coincidences that happen in my story was at that time of the poisoning my parents sent a letter to an old campmate whom I reached out to help because he owed me a favor. As a child he said he would do anything for me (that man five years my senior is Nathan Y. Gross and a real pedophile who asked me for a blow or “sick favor” at ten years old. My father referred to him over the phone to me while in Cebu as having taken everything away from me but in fact only my father had, and this escalated the people my father had hired to turn from stalkers to coconspirators to the murder for hire on me. My parents went on to invite him into our home but that’s history. I had asked him and my rabbi Richard Yellin of Brookline to help by calling the police for me, but they didn’t respond after speaking to my father, for unknown reason just as many others I had contacted. This story has much to explain which I hope the readers and I may form a group to discuss it and many will have a chance to formally interview me or ask for a lie detector or any test to help them believe me and act with me to stop my own assassination but also for the child murdered pain fully and the witnesses.

I sent an IP address which google security had notified me about on my Gmail dashboard as hacked or accessed from Davao city while I was in Cebu the week before my baby’s murder to Martin the computer expert brother. Martin had also adamantly told me to stay with Lesly and to ignore the threats. At the time she was apparently was paid money to kill the baby and help to kill me also; She insisted moving to a new city before telling me about that after I noticed something bothering her emotionally. A neighbor had emailed to me about seeing her sitting with a suspicious man during the week before killing the child within her, already a fully formed child. All my family did not visit as promised for the birth of the baby not one rsvp. And upon the death of my baby two checks together were sent late to me so that they could cancel the checks and not lose money upon my death. The child’s death would sufficiently erase my existence and any money or inheritances would go on to another family member, and so this motive became clearer as time went on. According to my bank statements for several years only that one month before my child’s birth there was no wire. Upon calling my father at the time my baby was killed he automatically answered the phone by saying he was terminally ill, so I called the Boston Globe to have them stop that article, that it was likely a diversion of attention from my situation. For some reason I was never given one dividend check in my name of a realty trust, and whenever I wanted to pay taxes they went ahead and did so without me without my permission. Over time my father lied to me literally hundreds of times since 2009, including the time he gave a certain gift in form of a house, to which I have found out that that deal was so full of lies.

During the two weeks before the child was killed, I begged the embassy to call my dad for money, so I could take the baby to the hospital, because I caught my girlfriend trying to kill the baby. We were literally starving because someone in that group of people trying to kill me went to the loan officer who regularly gave me monthly loan. He revoked our loan the last month of her pregnancy. This group offered my girlfriend money, and “anything she wanted” to help set me up and then kill me. My girlfriend reported this with a lawyer. More of those people came again to our house just before the killing, one of the three that time said he would not shoot me and the American one asked me if it was my baby and I said sure I she was. I carried my girl her five miles to the cemetery; she looked just like me and with long red hair. I hope the public takes me seriously when I tell you all that this was a very real situation in which lives were lost in a terrible way.

Martin set me up in Macao later upon my escape form the Philippines to Macao he used his credit card, that time he asked my exact address at which point two men came on their phone watching me closely, Martin was a part of this, so were my parents and Ann was with my parents much of the time taking what she could.

I had tried to stop the abuses against myself since I was a baby. These abuses, if stopped, would have, in the long run, prevented the deaths of my child, the one or more witnesses, and nearly my own assassination Stopping the abuse in my own childhood would have by affect also stopped me from losing my home worth a million dollars, my education, friendships, health, innocence and more, but no one would dare to challenge my father and often he paid money to help people which actually made people manipulate able by him. He had the power to help promote or demote people, and much more. During our first family therapy sessions when I was very young my father yelled at me during the session not to say anything about my parents, right in front of the therapist, Onesti, who later became my mother’s psychiatrist.

I discovered the 1979 report myself that Park school has initiated after seeing my having sex with female classmates in 1st grade; they insisted my whole family to see a doctor for abuses, my father instead switched my school thus I lost all my greatest friends in life. I called Onesti immediately after seeing this report my first time and he, looking at his notes from my mom’s sessions, told me that my mom told him “everything was fine at home” during which time the abuses took place. As young as child I asked my family at dinner to give me up for adoption to which my father laughed, and my three-attempt s to run away became futile Abuse became worse after my siblings left home. The reader should know I lived alone with my parents and our neighbors were far divided from our house. I stress to the reader that my wiring of these things is not for attention nor to complain but only as a fair way to explain the entire situation of the murder for hire. When I became older at about 26 years of age my mother wrote me a letter explaining that the “real reason we never went to family therapy was because things were so bad at home”.

The toll on my mother was very bad making her space out; I also spaced out in school in my fear of returning home, but we lived alone with my father as my solder siblings were all in college when I entered high school. My siblings were cowards and thought only of my father's money, so the abuses went on and my mother spaced out so badly that she hit cards head on up to a half mile ahead of her even with warnings from passengers in her car. I caught my father sitting my mother down in a chair and tell her she was imagining things. My father was deranged, every day with him was a new bad event. I once came home, and he would yell at me that a statue once which fell by his feet was my fault even though I was away from home; on a holiday trip with me he kicked the hotel door of its hinges and beat my head while I was in deep sleep he still thinks I was pretending to sleep. In fact, we pleaded with the doctor to give my father antipsychotics to which my father agreed to take lithium instead which he did until he said it made him worse. My brother Mike used the quote from Jon Lennon in our family therapy once about my father that "psychotics build a castle in which neurotics lived in" I pity my father, and I pity my whole family for not improving themselves. I also congratulate myself for not becoming like them, though I do blame my own mistakes in my early twenties on their influences; as I remember consciously making choices because they had done so. I had not been prepared to live on minimum wage after quitting college and I had no social nor street skills either.

Now in 2018 there is still a question of where dividend checks never given but never asked for by me went to, and, if my name was forged on documents or not, and why they never sent my tax forms or account information upon my request. As small children my parents lined us up to sign documents like we were a tax saving machines for them.

My father posed a s civil rights activist while delivering cases of illegal firecrackers in college, technically I think this made him a terrorist. As a child working in one of his father's three managed stores, he claimed hitmen waited with a bomb to kill the executioner leaving the prison across the street, and that his mother would get mad when the lights dimmed during the executions. My father was and still is like a bully. His secret would have been kept if it wasn't for his involvement is the simultaneous execution style murder of my child, the witness and nearly I too. He is the biggest liar and manipulator I've ever encountered. My other wonderful grandparents on my mother's side were not allowed to visit us in Brookline which kept us even more secluded. He was a Harvard preminent psychiatrist and prominent in the establishment. His position as director of psychiatry for the department of corrections gave him much more power to intimidate with. He had a long-time interest in the myths or occult and kept a witch's book form the 1700s near my room, and I was there nearby when he invited a with friend of his from a Salem's coven to read it over with him. A clip of his hair is entombed with the master occultist, the Jewish kabbalist Rabbi Schneerson. He and my mother are suspicious types and my mother an atheist.

The 1979 report which I have attached to this writing at the bottom was covered up until I was 18 and I still was not allowed to see it. My mother censored it down to two sentences once to show it to me. I discovered it in 2009 along with its cover letter that stated that my mother and I had an incestuous relationship. I believe that our relationship made my father and siblings all jealous. My father switched my school rather than admit there was abuse or let anyone else know it existed. I believe my father was motivated only to keep his career on track at any cost. The school knew I had to have been abused which is why they insisted my whole family go to therapy and be evaluated but my father would say it must be a pathological problem, my problem and not his. Though my father said he never knew of the report, they still drove me to the testing site, and my mother confided in me that she did know, but my father continued his lie. I was particularly hurt by reading in the report my mother's comments that she complained that I didn't want to play alone. In fact, she locked me in my room for two years on and off, during one such time I burned this photo of me used on this book's cover I wanted to remind myself of the horrible time I was put through as a child when I later became an adult

The second school I was switched from after five years' there; my father went to my very best friend's house to tell him and his whole family not to be my friends anymore, and by that time my father yelled at my mother for letting me skip school and she used an anal thermometer on me against my will, though I never struggled to get away, I just did as she told me. This is important for the reader to know because it is this event that my mother accused me of lying about while I escaped death in the Philippines (and other countries between 2009 and 2018).

After that Dexter school for boys my father switched me to public which was two years below my level, as one can see according the 1979 report I was also a few years ahead in my level of learning. One holiday my brother mike hit my back from behind and my flailing arms opened his cheek, so I was punished two years' school holidays all my birthday and Christmas gifts were taken and my mom with my siblings opened all my gifts to play while they told me to stay in my room; I remember them all laughing while playing with my gifts those years.

I didn't pay attention in public school because it was a review of the material and I also feared returning home after school and a teacher called my house about my non-attention, and my father used that to blame me for having seizures or some boloney story and he even took me to go get eeg testing. In fact, just after he beat me while sleeping he also took me for a test at which time I was severely traumatized yet as usual my parents said everything was fine at home to others. In high school while I experimented drugs one week with my friend Kevin my father rushed me to take written tests which he may refer to as valid. Personally, I think my father is like a crooked politician of sorts when it comes to psychiatry.

My siblings were all at college or then west coast to get away from my father; they would not know what was going on and they would remain just as abusive as my father had been to me. My mother also abused her dog in dealing with the relations at home, which she kicked to the point her head grew like a basketball. My mother also spaced out much that even with warning from me and my friend Rosman she drove into a car 1.2 mile ahead of us until she crashed. When I needed sleep on the weekend Dad asked how I slept so I said I had a nice dream and hoped to have more nice dreams. After that time, he woke me up extra early every weekend so that I wouldn't have nice dreams; he made that his point.

Martin and Anne while they attended college called me to move their stashes, Ann had weed in her jewelry case and vodka in her bathroom, Martin had beer in his closet, but I was caught doing so and so they took revenge by holding an intervention even though I had only smoked 1.2 ounce of weed I high school. Previously they had encouraged me to get weed from Mike, but I kept my mouth closed. I confronted my sister about this instead in a therapy session and she complained that she could get high because she did homework. I never had done my homework. I mostly sat at my desk just waiting in fear for being checked on.

My mother said she wanted us all to do homework together, but my father insisted we stay in our rooms separately; it was like he was running some controlled psychological experiments on us. He used reverse psychology against me personally daily. Interesting was that he had made some sort of television when he was early on in his career which he kept in the attic. He even kept an xxx-orgy film in a canister labeled "mother" amongst our family albums, something he says was a film reel from one of his first law cases, I think it was something he used to blackmail those people in it. He kept something of mine also in his safe, he literally told me when I was about 11, that he would use it against me later as an adult.

When the first attempts on my life began, I made a special trip to Boston and spoke with my father and Paul Mcsweeny, his best friend and white-collar crime detective who stands at about 6 feet four inches and weighed about 400 pounds. They both lied to my face inside my father office. On that trip home my mother called my father a liar to his face when he lied about how he found out I took out a home mortgage. Francesco the son of panama president was on his answerer machine, so were the peoples relaying information to him about what I had been doing. Benny the diplomatic security agent whom I met during the 2008b Olympics had also been on his machine; my father sponsored my visit to Taiwan to meet him. Then my father's folder had a Cayman island account named stressed assets fund in which I took a copy of and that I did only out of my own investigation as to why he would lie after someone tried killing me.

I loved my family as much as I could, really, through all the abuse, but their abomination was real, their coldness never dissipated, until finally they took the thing

I hoped all my life for, a child to start a new family. My poor child was literally tortured with a prison while squeezed to death in a few different attempts by my girlfriend while I was there. There also was a group of killers outside, and I could not take her to the hospital without money, and then I was also limited what I could do without marital rights. I whistled to my baby when she was one month away from her own birth, she responded to my voice and every month we went to a loan company to help care for her. The loan company was across the street from a nurse who gave us our first sonogram and massaged the womb. It was this same loan company that had told me that they were notified of the trust account which is why they dropped the loan the last month of our pregnancy, and, having already that same day paid back our loan in full, while expecting the regular loan again, we were left without any money for that last month but about 100 dollars for everything because our promised check from Boston to help us was late again, and so we had to leave our apartment and use the deposit money to eat for a week, which left us starving for 3 weeks. During those three weeks I called the embassy from Lapu Lapu police station, the same station they had told me to go to about the men trying to kill me. My father responded to my call that I had disrespected him, so I later also called my father's office, sent a fax and every phone I could think of to save the baby's life, He and my family had already ignored my own pleas for my own life. Martin and I talked also. Ann sent me an email telling me that it would be my last time with my girlfriend. I did everything I could with my time to seek help to survive this ordeal for me and my child.

The time I was poisoned the strongest was while standing in line at the immigration bureau for my exit visa and I ran into the embassy claiming an emergency, and to see some law enforcement officer on duty, but they refused me twice, I went back there after realizing that this poisoning was so powerful that it could lead to my death. Coincidentally it was that same Friday that the duty officer I called told me that I could come in that Friday, he even said there was always a federal officer there on duty. Desperately I asked the woman behind the services window to call him and she did dial but said he was unavailable, and I asked her again when I came in the second time to which the same thing again and again\ Finally she told me that I had to leave the building. I knew I couldn't go to the hospital because of the last two times I went, in Cebu and in Baguio, so I jumped into a taxi and I began to die, my body's functions steadily disintegrated, my head shook, and my vision was turning on and off, and I threw up out the window. I remember at one point after driving for an hour, I believed I was about to die soon so I called my mother with my mobile, and she answer to which I only had enough energy and concentration to tell her about my will and testament to Trump, to please make sure it got to him. And she ignored me. I had never lied before. During some previous attempts on my life she yelled at me over the phone that I had lied about the anal thermometer, she had also convinced my whole family that I lied, but I had not. I struggled to keep myself coherent and on my last breath she ignored my please. I am reminded of recorded history about American soldiers yelling for their moms on the battlefield while dying, and yet my mother was born with a cold heart. I crawled my way up to my hotel room after being brought to



my hotel. And my girlfriend was on the bed, two laser dots on the wall coming through the open window by the headboard and she said to herself 'finally its over'. I struggled to service using any methods I knew how, and when my breath started failing I called the embassy officer to which for some strange reasons an ambulance parked below my window.

I am asking for anyone to lend some help in dealing with a very dangerous situation that has found me, and that is no fault of my own. I have asked 1000 people for help and they include every law, law enforcement, government, personal, humanitarian, journalistic or religious group that I thought of; I thought they exist to help people like me, but none will..

They all refused to help. Detectives said they would not help because I had a criminal record. Now I have no criminal convictions on my record, officially, but I feel I must review what once could be seen about me online. The organization trying to kill me have called me a criminal to my face during a few sit downs, so I will address that.

1. In 1992 when I left Boston to go work in Alaska, I had a ticket to get off the Ferry just one stop before the final on. The time was about 5 am and I slept through it, and upon awakening was arrested, and there was no time to buy a ticket. It is on my record today still as having a dangerous weapon which was my normal camping knife, theft of service, and obstructing perhaps because I could not readily locate my id. The case was dismissed.

2. In 2006 I was charged with uttering a forced bill, which was a check sent to me for a large order of bells that I was manufacturing, and that case was dismissed.

I did expunge some small convictions and one felony possession in Oregon which I can legally say never existed; however, I will say that string of events there started during my purchase of a small bag of marijuana before I went to the movie theatre, my partner's foot kicked a phone machine on the floor of the dealer's room and the tape player the whole deal back. Later we kicked in the door to collect the tapes when he wasn't around. Good thing we did because that week in the newspaper was an article that that same drug dealer was building bombs with what the guard found seeing the open door.

Later I sublet a room to a girl who sent a package of mushroom to New York, and I was blamed and convicted for that even though I had no knowledge of that nor was there any evidence and some of my erased record had relation to the man whose door was kicked in.

I am not a criminal I am sorry for any trouble. The organization of killers has come to me several times before the actual attempts and told me that I was a criminal and would die literally. The first time this organization sat down with me was in Hong

Kong 2009 just after I mortgaged my house which was a gift from my father, and I was to open a business at that time of an English school and a hotel in China; the office business name in Hong Kong was Best Score Limited. The men could be best described as short mercenary types who sat down beside me to tell me literally they were going to kill me. I had just left Boston where I also incorporated Movie English.

My father who was sponsoring my trip and I stayed in touch, so I called his telephone to let him know, and that is when I began to suspect his may have sent these people, even though as time went on it became obvious that the State Department had a hand in it somehow.

In order of me to make my plea for help, I think it wise to fairly introduce my family because they may be the biggest obstacle in dealing with this deadly situation because they have lied and manipulated people including inside the State Department. Several people, obviously working with the State Department because they implied such, came at the times during my repatriation loan or lost passport reporting, and they literally threatened me and then tried killing me in a variety of ways between 2009 and today. Obviously, my father knew all the time and his own behavior reflected it such that he didn't want me staying at my nephews Bar Mitzvah more days as I wanted, when it was obvious I was under surveillance since my arrival at that airport (maybe it would save him money on private detectives)

Mike witnessed me having my testicles fondled sometimes but he did not attend to me. The times I was fondled lasted up to a minute and I vividly recall in color staring at the ceiling while I endured it at which times Mike came into the room. Those molesting had a very bad affect on me for many years until recently. I could not sit near anyone without feeling touched after that, nor could I swim comfortably, and anytime someone complimented my good looks, I became very hurt. The therapist said it began when I was two, and that the affect would last until I was forty. Isn't it a coincidence that my father suddenly says that I am crazy as soon as I confront them about it, and I am poisoned at the same time?

My parents were pretty much the same, every time I was hurt, they would blame me. I was molested by their family and my school insisted on a doctor's checkup, so I have attached that report here. They drove me to that doctor but then afterwards denied the report existed and switched my school so as not to let the school know, nor anyone knowing it was their family who molested me. I kept their secrets all these years. I kept sane though when my father beat my head in my sleep because he thought I was pretending to sleep, I did have times of so much stress and he used those times against me to show that my state of mind at that specific time in my life was the norm, which was not the case. It is important to note that my father is an A type personality often psychopathic and paranoid.

I have been directly told by a State Department officer that there is a “warrant on my life”. A red cross worker while I was at red Cross to train in Philippines told me there was a “death by execution” order on me.

I will give \$50,000 reward to anyone to use this information to arrest and convict any of the many participants. I have also attached a waiver for the public to contact the State Department about me. The men who came to the door during my repatriation loan can be found, so can the American man Jerry (or Gary) in Davao, so I beg you to do that; They are a few of dozens mentioned in this writing. Some of the people are working in a wide network. My parents are dying so time is running out to find answers from them, and in the Philippines, there are a hundred witnesses who know because in every city I ran to, that network intervened.

My unborn child was tortured and murdered, I had videotaped that happening to protect myself from being blamed, but I gave that android to someone who may have erased it; of course, I could not bear to save a tape of that day’s occurrence when my girlfriend screamed loudly and wriggled for 30 full minutes while the baby fought to survive as a fully developed child inside of her; she did this two different days. Once she laughed at how the baby was moving too slowly afterwards. She was so cruel, just like my family and the passport investigators. The red hair sample of my daughter was also stolen from my suitcase, and my father’s lawyer says that my girlfriend’s confession was what I told her to say. My girlfriend murdered the baby and I asked her to make a confession because I felt it was important for the baby. In the lawyers’ office she needed help to find the correct words and she was left alone most of the time to write it herself to make sure it was in her own thoughts, and the confession included my father’s name because checks sent to pay for things were in his name, and he promised to help with. The lawyer explained that she could go to jail.

That month expecting my baby born soon, very strange things happened with my family and with the people trying to kill me, and someone was giving orders to these people on their mobile phones during each attack, someone with State Department connections.

There have been attempts on my life in several countries and I will not wait for the next time to act. They used a chemical attack on me in the Philippines and where I went after.

I need an investigation to capture these people, and these bad people do have the ability to work with or bribe law enforcement and criminal gangs alike to kill people. I do not investigate myself for I am too afraid and smart to want to know these people. It is in the better interest of the public deal with this.

The innocent healthy baby girl could have lived and so other witnesses who have helped me survive and were killed, as far as I know. I who have not done anything to

cause this. Should we be helped of this situation? Or is it too much to ask for? I would be there for anyone else's baby girl, or an old lady next door, or an average person who may raise his hand. No one has helped so far, so I ask again for the hundredth time; please.

I have attached some parts of what I have managed to keep those people from stealing. My will and testament I made to Donald Trump because the killers were connected to the government and he could help this inhumane situation. I made the will after my escape from a man who twice disguised himself as a doctor who also appeared twice outside my room, he once identified himself as an undercover policeman to a neighbor; my father had told me to go to the hospital after one attempted break in to my apartment the week before my baby was murdered while he taunted me that I was brave. He had also told me when these men came to my room: "That's what you get for writing the letter". I was poisoned as a rue more than once to get me to go to the hospital where these people waited to finish their job. I did interview with a doctor when I made this will who diagnosed me as sane and competent.

This is a true account about the time during a passport investigation after several lost passports in which I was accused of selling or forging passports and at which time my family also wanted me dead. These people who work with the United States' security departments which all coordinate efforts to investigate any passport fraud came down upon my life like a cancer and they will likely kill me and witnesses, so I have written this to help hold them accountable for their wrongs. These people, some had been war heroes, went from American heroes to the bottom of the barrel as their coordinated attacks which included chemical attacks killed a baby girl about to be born, and nearly I too.

From: evieyud [mailto:-----@---.com] Sent: Sunday, November 19, 2017 12:28 PM  
To: Shulman, Ken W.

Subject: Important

Dear Ken: Please forward to Larry the enclosed letter. I only have old email addresses for him and you stand a better chance of reaching him. Thank you very much. Evelyn

Dear Larry: For quite a while I have been wanting to keep in touch with you but have sat on my hands because you had asked me to please not write to you. I am writing now because I think that in all fairness this situation needs immediate correspondence with you. I looked on the internet to see what literary works our son, Larry Margulies, has written. You succeeded in trashing our whole family and, to top it off, you put a price in our heads. The money for December 2017 will be deposited by November 23rd and is the last of the monthly stipends to be sent to you. Beginning January 1, 2018, you will be on your own. Keep well. Mom

Dear Mother, since 2009 there had been messages on your voicemail machine and threats and attempts on my life and I have not caused that, nor do I know what it is about, but you have information relating to that. I had called your home and spoken to you during those attempts on my life, yet now you claim that I told you not to write to me, which may have been to avoid your wrath. I am sure you can do something to help me from being murdered. My explanation about 'trash' was necessary to overcome the obstacle you presented that by your having told others, such as the embassy and more than one rabbi, and other family, that you believe me to be a liar and a manipulator, how was I to be believed when reporting the attempts on my life. Now my life is in more danger because you are withholding that information and making it more difficult. Would you please consult someone for your health or some way to explain your behavior? You have been forcing me to look for new ways to stop the hit ordered on my life, by people who know about personal family affairs, that I had either no knowledge of or had not told anyone. I expect a copy of the police report soon, if you can do the right thing, I will accept limited correspondence from you while this is sorted out. I have not done anything to have caused the hit in Seattle, nor the other several attempts, it is an ordered hit and you know about it. I have your letter to Ken and will hand that to law enforcement along with witness testimony. Your son. Love Larry

The letter above refers to a stipend; Really this is the principle of the private trust account for mentioned which I began to use after the murders for my school tuition and just about to pay a lifesaving prescription sitting now at Walgreens. I waited my whole life to get away from my family's harassment and to start my own family, and then they killed my first baby and nearly I at same time. This situation began when i was given the choice of a house to call home, at which time there were many questions about where the money came from, what happened to years of dividend checks that I never received, and a trust account that I was never told about, and messages on the family's voicemail machine that corroborated that a surveillance team did in fact threaten to kill me and tried a dozen times in several countries. I was on the run, and clueless as to why, the men threatening me never told me why, and haven't spent a million dollars from the homes mortgage meant for my dream Asian business, finally there lay a mountain of evidence that my father was really a Jewish mobster who used his psychology and government favors to kill me and hide the real reasons, while discrediting me. There was one woman, a very kind looking woman who came between me and one gunman to warn me he was about to kill me as I got into a taxi, "They killed her afterwards", Lesyl told me.

The dates are approximate.

2008 Olympics

Two men inquired about my lost visa, Sasha, white with a Ukrainian passport having an MTV tattoo on the thumb flesh, the other a hardcore black named Jonathon Benny,

with a Nigerian passport. Benny told Sasha that I'm from Brookline, I never said so, but I am. Benny told me he was diplomatic security; afterwards, he was concerned that he told me his job and that I had a criminal record, so I wonder now why he befriended me and invited me to Taiwan later. He gave me his telephone number to call.

#### 2009 Canada

My father gave me an income property in Canada, but it owed about 3,000 dollars property taxes and had no furniture so the property agent's friend recommended taking on a mortgage which I did and then also used it to open my business as planned earlier in Asia. My tenants complained that my mother and Aunt were taken photos in my yard while I was gone, and when I returned for visits from Asia there was a blond lady following my taxi closely wherever I went and when she got stuck behind our car in an alley she frantically waved both her hands in front of her face while I wrote her license plate. A similar thing happened when I went to La for my nephew's bar mitzvah, a car at the exit followed me closely and when I turned with my phone camera he waved his hands in front of his face the same way and sped away with no passengers. That trip to L.A. I bought a new laptop and a new Verizon stick and as soon as i turned it on to set it up my first time, there was an email address in a blank space on the antivirus set up that read "I need larry@gmail.com".

#### 2010 Hong Kong

I had 13 stitches on my head from an attack with a bottle and met a bodyguard at the Mandarin Oriental hotel, and after he took me to a different hotel where I phone called Benny from the Olympics from the new hotel room. Answering my call Benny said, "I don't know you" and now we hung up I thought I heard him say "you're dead". The next week two ex-military type men came to my table sitting to me closely and said, "We are going to kill you". It was just after I mortgaged my house; I was in Hong Kong to open my first office, beginning the long process to make a movie and hotel business in Asia. I had no idea who these people were, and I owed no money to anyone. I told them "There is no reason to kill me" to which they replied after a moment "Are you a Jew?" Then I called my father about it and he asked me if I had told those men "There is no reason". I called Benny again a month later and we talked about opening an English school in Taiwan.

#### 2010 Seattle

Seattle- I went to Seattle for a new passport instead of Boston, because it was closer to my new house in Canada. The Seattle Passport Agency refused to renew my passport. Leaving there one Thursday morning at 11:30, and across the street to eat lunch the hostess called me a taxi, and then a bottle fell to exactly where my head

was, at the entrance to the Brooklyn Seafood restaurant. The new armed bodyguard I hired confirmed inside the eatery that a bottle had fallen as I described. The police told me it could have been an accident when I went to report it, but it was impossible because this building has closed roof access and closed windows. Several men were following me after that in Seattle. I stopped one man behind me who I asked what he did. "I kill people", he said. he claimed to have earned a medal of honor, his name was Jean Luc from Alaska, Seal team 5, that he was the only survivor, but the navy seal base I called said contrary. Jean Luc sometimes works at the 88 Piano Bar in Seattle for cash. He is famous on the streets there, so he should know if some mercenary tried killing me in front of the Federal building; besides he was following me too. Several men followed me there including two bald men; one was in Hong Kong standing behind me on his phone asking the other end to shoot me or not. Inside another restaurant the bald men sat down next to me and my friend who worked security next door; they did not order anything, and I joked to my friend that "we had a file on them" to which the larger bald man asked the shorter one if it was true and he said "no". My friend offered to apprehend them, but I said "no". Also, was a huge black commando

with a live security clearance, he said and asked me about my trip in Asia. His cousin with him nudged "When you gonna do him?". This commando reached his hand outstretched towards my side under the table while phone call on. Upon my leaving a coffee place where I had befriended a barista a certain gray-haired man asked her if I bothered her to which she replied no. Yet another man in Seattle with a big bushy beard who I stopped from following me in zig zag, he said he had once been a secret agent. All these men and the men later definitely took orders from someone else via phone and let the receiver overhear real time.

2010 Weston, Massachusetts

The Boston passport agency gave me a new passport, but the man at the window handing it to me warned I would be under a passport investigation. Possibly either the passport investigators or the private team took advantage to blame the other for the murders. According to the job description of State department investigators must form relationships with both criminal organizations and businesses in their territory which explains how they kept harassing me everywhere I went. During the attempts on my life my father began his cover story that I was insane, and that he was terminally ill (See Boston Globe) and my mother called me a liar. At his trial work attorney F. Lee Bailey said Yudowitz told him "He hasn't killed anyone," but at our home with guests my father said he believed O.J. Simpson was guilty and this proves publicly that my father cannot be trusted. My father often intimidated others with true stories about the Murder Inc. hit men he was raised amongst before he became director of psychiatry in Massachusetts. He built a successful Scottish housing company which employed a room painter man named Graham who'd murdered a man with his bare hands. Behind his office door he often bragged that John Gotti had called him "the doc". On his free

time, he sometimes hung out with bikers and had visits from the children of famous Brooklyn gangsters. He was also heard saying loudly while opening house mail "I'm gonna miss Whitey. He could sure fix a problem!". He is very connected and one of his psychiatric clients is a royal princess.

My mother had sent emails to me concerning her recent voicemails which were about me. The messages were not meant for me, but my father. It became obvious they had hired very dangerous private investigators and the messages revealed information about money I had paid and the numbers on their caller id were from near Hong Kong and also Canada by not anyone I knew. My father also asked me to translate a message left from the son of a Panama president whom he befriended. Also, was the message of the black undercover agent with the U.S. State Department. While I was in Boston I took a copy of my father's wire to his Cayman island account from Scotland and the men who came to Cebu asked me about Caymans and were seen at my room door when a paper resembling that fax to Caymans disappeared from my tidy red folder. Some of these men were holding Finish passports and though they claimed to have had their boat confiscated sailing into America and they used information only someone could have known from my time spent with the previously mentioned two undercover agents, I guessed that they were possibly related to my father's trips to Israel because in his handwritten letter to me he spoke of being with Finish people. I was on a trip to Israel once with him and he said that his friend Vinnie Murphy the geologist was C.I.A. It is not improbable that my father concocted this elaborate plan to kill me as he had already been murderous to me growing up, once ramming my car while I drove my classmate Nugyen Weeks simply because he thought I tried hiding while passing him.

My father used my mother's dashboard mobile phone to eavesdrop on my conversation with my mother while she and I drove around Boston, and upon our return he was very upset that I asked my mom in her car the question if he lied sometimes or all the time. I arranged an appointment at his office with his best friend and private investigator Paul Mcsweeney about the surveillance on me and also the attempt on my life, but they never asked once about it. Driving my first car at nineteen, I caught my parents' investigators taking U-turn after U-turn behind me, my mother denied it at first, but her sister confronted her for me on my behalf she then admitted it. Those people following were Paul's people but in this meeting they all denied any of it. Even though Paul had already met me during his surveillance on me during my teens, Paul said he owed my dad his life and then asked me to look at his elbow and asked me what it reminded me of. It seemed to be a taunt about the time I revealed that I was molested after a touch to my elbow, and strangely enough then men who came to Cebu as I mentioned before also asked me to look at their elbow.

2010 Taiwan



I went to Taiwan a few times I met the agent's black lady who founded "Descendants of African people". She said Benny worked for the State Department. My father sponsored that trip.

### 2013 Philippines

On invitation from a girl I stayed in Philippines on and off for about four years. Between girlfriends and back to Manila once, a family at the hotel lobby invited me to dinner far away so as a precaution I took a hotel van with the security driver. At our destination totally, new people greeted us and instructed us to drive under a bridge in the pitch black. The driver and I agreed not to do that and the man who greeted us then clearly said on his phone "the hit is canceled". In Cebu when my mother had sent my high school transcripts to my hotel for me to apply to school, there also came a small crowd of men but they stayed opposite my hotel at another one named Kukul's nest. Some of those men who came to Cebu asked me about Caymans and one American who had called me by my Hebrew name used in a sci fi story was seen near my room door when a paper resembling that fax to Caymans disappeared from my tidy red folder; that man also told me to look at his elbow. After that group left, a new man stayed there named David who claimed to have earned a purple heart, and he came up to me several times with his phone on; he stayed around more than a few months. I confronted Dave about the surveillance and said to him that I would have him investigated likewise; he then threatened to throw me overboard attached to concrete blocks and immediately made a phone call out to "have all phone records deleted."

### 2014 Davao Philippines

I invited Lesyl from Cebu to Davao, and I applied to a university for my criminology degree and to open a coffee shop while I sat on my Nasdaq stock. An American named Jerry showed up at the coffee place offering to help me. My potential business partner overheard Jerry asking me specifically about the science fiction story I which I wrote years earlier that I gave to my family and brother Michael, an amateur UFO researcher. I had told them to delete it since it was bad, and I never had told anyone about it. I had also deleted it. Apparently, Michael hadn't delete it. Jerry's comments about it scared her away. Jerry had a Quezon City police ID with his photo and name on it. I told Jerry that the FBI would not take any more of my phone calls, and he said "They have people inside the FBI". Jerry came to my apartment in Davao and pointed to the photo of my father saying my father was "not someone to cross". Jerry was arrested for selling fake Marlboros in Davao, and I brought a sandwich to him at the jail. I am 100% sure he knows who hired the assassination team, so I stress that the \$50,000-dollar reward I now offer could be awarded by tracking this Jerry down and gaining evidence. A bar owner, a retired navy officer, in downtown Davao, also spoke with Jerry and made his own conclusion that Jerry may be in the federal witness protection program for whatever reason.

2014 Cebu

I went back to Cebu to the consulate's citizen services and asked my family for assistance in buying an air ticket for me back to the United States, and they emailed my father asking his help to send the calculated \$2500, but my father only sent \$1500. I had told my father about my plans to return to America and to seek a lawyer about stopping these men stalking me; He sounded solemnly disappointed at that like he didn't want me to do that. I had spent several years running from these men and lost a home already because of it. Then a gray haired American man came with two cowering policemen behind him and that address only the State Department had for the repatriation loan. Soon before these men came to my girlfriend's house at 26 C Imus Highway an American had walked slowly pass me as if to identify me, his hair was obviously dyed black to blend in. Soon before the assassination attempt at the hospital in Baguio a year later this same man passed by me slowly. I walked up to the gray-haired man while the two policemen stared at the ground and he asked me how I made money, so I told him, by E\*TRADE. I also told him that my father had just lost 20,000 dollars of my possessions that he offered to help transport which I could have done myself. The gray-haired man joked in an evil way, that he was from France, because somehow, he had overheard my joke the week before when I said that I was from France. He also joked about the Boston marathon bombings, that maybe it wasn't those two boys. The man was obviously an idiot. I told him I didn't like being bothered and the very next day another American who I recognized from a year from at the Cebu mall, and he asked to borrow a dollar then said, "Aren't You from France?" He looked like the ex-military man that worked in Boston on Paul Mcsweeney's boat at the Quincy harbor. Lesyl, my girlfriend became pregnant while I waited for the repatriation loan to process when I had already planned to leave her.

My father intervened in the repatriation loan. I asked the lady consulate officer assigned to me out of expectance, "Did my father tell you that I was crazy or something?" and she laughed saying "yea". He was on a campaign to discredit me I never did get the repatriation loan to get out of the country because of my father. I called my dad about the gray haired American man coming to our house and he said, "That's what you get for writing the letter!"

While walking back to Lesyl's house one night, the Australian Gecko Bar's acting owner in Cebu called me over to come have a private meeting with him, I had not ever known him personally, and inside it was just him, his sidekick in the corner and a waitress serving us a beer. He sat close to me and said there was a contract on my life, and he said specifically as if he were under oath not to say whom exactly "It isn't a white man." His sidekick said, "Just shoot him!", and then the owner switched chairs to sit away from me. No one should have a reason to kill me, so I got up and sat back next to him again. Then he asked me if there were any court documents, I replied that I was not involved with any courts. The only thing I could think of was a questionnaire sent to me in Philippines from Boston by a lawyer named Garabedian,

who I called about 1979 "Park" report so I could know who was responsible that I was abused for so many years with no one helping. I was very angry as a child to be sexually abused for so many years, but my parents covered it up and my sibling just watched and left me alone afterwards. All the lawyers all said that my parents were responsible. My father's father molested me, and his own mother had stopped it from happening to him, he explained this when I began seeing a therapist to talk about it as a teen. Martins son is named him so Martin didn't want anyone to hear about this. The therapist said I was molested at 2 years old and that symptoms would go away when I became 40ish. My mother locked me in my room over two years which also had its toll on me. I had refused bathing making me smell and found it difficult sitting next to others. That psychologist wanted me to confront the abusers in order to help heal me.

My father said to "deal with" my issues so I did. We spoke on my phone while I was on holiday. I was dating to get married and have a baby, that was my dream. My father again interfered and said that Nathan Gross had taken everything from me, but my father had. The story about Nathan was that while I was in private school my father went to my best friend's house to tell their family not to be my friend, this was because he took two of my dad's baseball cards and I helped him, I had already lost my best friends from the previous time he switched my schools from Park to Dexter and he switched schools because Park insisted that I see a therapist for the abuses and my father didn't want it revealed. My father yelled at me not to talk about my parents either. They transferred me to a nearby public school two years below my level. I met Nathan the first time at his bunk in camp Yavneh when he offered to show me a Playboy. Nathan was a young man five year my senior who wore orthodox Jewish clothing, and Nathan asked me for a blowjob which I refused but he said he would do anything for me. Nathan had come back to my home after I was friendless and stole some coins from my father, so my father carried on with this deranged anger and abuse all throughout my life. Now 2014 and he was still talking about it. and when I mentioned the 1979 report my brother Michael said that I would be locked up in a hospital or a jail if I mentioned this. I also said that my mother had used an anal thermometer to take my temperature on my parent's bed, and later when I was attacked there my mother on the phone with me ignored my pleas for help but instead she angrily called me a liar. I don't lie. Mike who had frequent chats with my father told me this on the phone before there had been any threats in the Philippines. The doctor who supervised the report in 1979 is named Sylvio Onesti and my father said he was demoted. I called him to ask how he could have let the abuse go on, and he quoted his notes saying that my mother said everything was fine at home, yet her handwritten letter to me said that 'the reason I never went to therapy as a child was because things were so bad at home". My parents were rich poseurs. I tried to run away that age a few times but to no avail.

2014 Philippines

I had been poisoned several times. Several different days I called a night duty officer at the consulate, who identified himself as Noel. I begged him for help twice while I was poisoned. I told him I believed myself to be a good person and to please help my situation. After my begging he finally said he had done some research and afterwards said to me: "There is a warrant on your life". I had never heard of such a thing and I immediately told him that it was impossible and asked him by whom. He answered "Whitey". He cut the call short and told me to call in the morning. Next, the daytime duty officer sounded suspicious and asked if I had spoken to someone at night there. Noel, if that was his real name was trying to help me, likely would be breaking a policy by telling me and so some of the information was cryptic, same with the owner of the Gecko bar.

#### 2014 Mactan

Coming out of our room Lesyl and I saw three men sitting at our room's entranceway at a table in Mactan's Decca 5 apartments, so I greeted them, and shook their hands. The one nearest was Jun from Decca 3. He said to the other two "I'm not going to shoot this man!" On his right a man had a huge birthmark surrounding one eye who said he was from the Philippine army. A bald tattooed American was the third. I asked that American if they were from the State Department and he replied "Why? do you want to die?" to which I replied in reference to constantly being harassed, "No I want more evidence to make a complaint about" and this made his neck jerk far away to his left in fear.

We immediately moved again. Right afterwards there was a violent break-in our next apartment through the air conditioner and front door. Something like a fiber optic cable slithered out of the air conditioners exhaust knocking over a candlestick and a pile of coins. I dialed 911 but there was no response. Then the bottles on top of the dresser against the front door toppled of to the floor. Lesyl called to the air conditioner 'Not tonight'. I was particularly disturbed that after the group breaking in went away upon sunrise, they left behind a five-gallon drum of bleach left on the door mat. I called my father that moment leaving, and he said two things, "I guess you did a public service" and "go to the hospital." I went to the police station. The public service which he referred I think was my mention of his Cayman Islands account to the State department during my repatriation loan.

#### 2016 My Childs murder

That week the loan was not given as it had every month previously. Lesyl and I were forced to switch apartments in order to use the room's deposit money to eat with. My parents had sent money late a few months in a row, so she was very hungry. I could not get a job because of the associated exit costs needed firstly. Our local private loan

was revoked because someone had told the loan officer about my private trust that even I did not know about. I would have taken her to live in a remote location while pregnant, but I felt it safer in busy neighborhoods in public view; This would have saved the child. Martin said he helped to draft family financial plans and it turned out he and a Ken Shulman may have been involved in this aggravated surveillance. That week Lesyl was acting strange and looked as if she was trying to abort the baby by squeezing her belly and complained that we were starving. The Americans kept threatening me at wherever we moved. I had called my father, but he didn't want to talk on the phone, he was upset, saying that I had disrespected him; Somehow, he was referring to my own private conversation with a consulate officer but there was no privacy waiver signed, how was my father getting all my details from inside the State Department and why would the consulate share information with him that would only made him angrier. I made a call to the embassy from the Lapu Lapu police stations women's services department and yelled over the phone at the consulate officer to urgently call my parents for money otherwise my baby would be killed; I told the officer that i would have a funeral proceeding after my baby's death is he didn't get in touch with my family. My sister Anne sent me an email asking me if Americans were still outside my room, even though I had never told her about it. She and my father taunted me, my father several times on the phone without any provocation said to me "You are very brave". Google account security reported on my dashboard that a Davao Linux system had hacked or lagged onto my account while I was in Cebu logged in, the week leading up to my child's murder and the attempts on me. I sent the IP information to Martin, but he did not reply about that.

When I called my father to yell at him for the murder, he picked up the phone readily to say that he had terminal cancer, the \$4000 dollar check my parents sent they could cancel the checks after the hit. Lesyl killed the baby and felt bad about that, but just a little and she refused to visit the Childs grave. I asked her to take responsibility for what she did, and she told me she could kill the baby because it was hers. I asked her to make a confession for the baby's justice. The hospital who had agreed to test the baby's blood for poison didn't at the last minute but requested a court order even after the hospital chief okayed that already. We had moved several times before the baby died. I tried to keep her at home safely, but I needed her to speak Philippine to our neighbors to ask for food, and they had no extra food. There was one or two times that for a full 30 minutes she screamed on her back huffing and puffing while I begged her on my knees not to kill our baby, but I could not afford the hospital costs and there were men outside our house ordered to kill me that night. A man whom we both knew told me to be careful that week.; He said to be aware of men outside the house with guns. Lesyl had told him something. She was not squeezing her fists and puffing to kill the baby but that the baby was poisoned and fighting for her own life. Lesyl was trying to constrain her own pain as the baby child struggled inside. She later tried squeezing the baby out so that I might not discover she was poisoned. Her written statement about the S. U. V. of people who came to her and mentioned their own fear of poison inside the baby still inside her belly. She squeezed her stomach standing up

once, so I asked the front desk to call an ambulance, but they didn't. After I turned to her on our bed and I said to her wouldn't it be a great idea if we got closer so that when the baby saw our faces coming out it knew we were in love, then she went into the bathroom and was stuck on the toilet for thirty minutes and asked my help to get up off the toilet. then just after she got on the bed, she said the baby wasn't moving. My sister Anne sent me an email asking me if Americans were still outside my room, even though I had never told her about it. She had also told me that I should enjoy my time with her since it would be my last. a question of semantics. When I called my father to yell at him for the murder, he picked up the phone to say that he had terminal cancer, the 4000 dollars check my parents sent seemed to be in check for so they could cancel the checks after this hit. Martin continued to send me emails insisting that the baby died of a miscarriage and several times I asked him to please not say that, and he said that my father told him I to be insane. I had also called Martin to talk about the threats against me and he told me to just ignore them and also to stay with Lesyl.

#### 2016 Back in Cebu

At the Escario hotel were four Philippine immigration special agents who parked their identical sports cars outside my room. They showed me their id's. My room service food poisoned me, so I called an ambulance and also called my father who actually seemed happy. I believe the four agents poisoned my food because I heard one of them ask if it was my room just before it happened. The ambulance just sat in the hotel parking lot for almost 30 minutes, so I took a taxi instead as whatever poison got in my system; it progressed like some upper. When I arrived at the hospital, named Socceur, a man in a lab coat emerged from against the emergency room wall and gave me a pill from his pocket which made me feel like I was dying, literally really! So, I asked him to take my vitals and he refused, so I ran out the hospital and threw it up. Soon after I began to hallucinate. I left Lesyl alone at Escario and I ran somewhere safe and called my mother's phone who did not care at all but only yelled at me for lying about sexual abuse. When I asked her for help she said, "shed think about it". I stayed away one night at the safe location and the next morning a Finish lady came to my face and said "Aren't' you confused!"

At the next hotel, Holiday Inn, some people talked about shooting us from below our window in the empty parking lot, so I went to the lobby to speak with the manager. A certain grey SUV was parked at the only vantage point outside our hotel. it appeared to me that they parked outside the gate in order to avoid the guard from entering their license plate into the logbook. There was a man in a yellow T-shirt on his way to that SUV and the manager said he did not see him even though he was right in front of us, so I immediately called the American embassy at 7:00 AM. The duty officer said he had contacts in the Lapu Lapu police station so there I went while Lesyl slept. (See attachment) She wrote it days later requesting then that I immediately take her out of the city before sharing something that had happened while I was at the police station.

I reported the same people to the U.S. consulate while she slept, and before they approached her! In the next city Bohol, I buried my girl, and she wrote a statement with a lawyer about the SUV out of concern they were going to have me killed. Bohol Island. I carried my child 5 miles to her burial, I kept her hair in a sealed cup which they stole from my bag along with her hospital bracelet. Lesyl had written a statement with a lawyer about the SUV but I hadn't told her that I reported them already to my consulate nor that I ever saw them. I was poisoned before and after the SUV came. I called Nathan because I believed he owed me a favor and of his promise years earlier to do anything for me, and my father at that time sent Nathan a letter stating that I was under chemically induced psychosis which was no coincidence, that I was set up by being poisoned. My father was discrediting me and by calling every person I asked to help. We went to Baguio city. I called Martin who strangely enough told me never to tell a murderer he's wrong, which I could not interpret.

### 2016 Baguio City

Only the embassy and my father knew where I was because I spoke to them both. I made a checkup appointment at the doctor's office in case I wanted to leave the country and obtain a working visa, I had checkups every year and I was very healthy. While in public I made one joke and one bad lie. I joked that I would quickly get a checkup to prove my good health in case those people tried to give me a heart attack. I also made the bad lie aloud in public while walking with Lesyl that I would use any extra money I wanted to hurt that bad man of a neighbor, who had raped Lesyl during Christmas and my birthday. I called my mother to ask for money in order to pay the exit fees and she asked me, that "if she sent me more money would I hurt someone?". I have never hurt anyone in my life and never had threatened anyone before. This was a first; Furthermore, my father in the background hearing the call with my mother about my exiting and needing money to do so, threatened my mom aloud, saying that he would close her bank account if she did send more as needed.

I asked Lesyl to wait outside with her stencil pad. I stayed with the intern who attached the electrodes and we watched my heart together on screen for an hour waiting for the doctor to arrive. My heart was in good condition according to the aid and I had already been examined fully several times previously in other countries. (See attached my healthy heart sonogram taken just after escaping the Philippines) I was the first patient at 8:30 AM and I arrived on time. After that hour finally, a replacement nurse came in wearing a mask and told me something very odd. The previous nurse explained that if I jogged on the running machine later "to hit" the red button if I felt faint, but this time the new nurse said, "NOT to hit" the button but if feeling faint later and "to tell her about it instead". Then the impostor doctor came in wearing normal clothes. Looking back in time I realized that if he had worn a lab coat I would have recognized him right away as the same emergency room doctor in Cebu who gave me the poison tablet at Soccer hospital. he had also been seen at our place in Bohol and her house in Cebu. I went to stand on the running machine and then

noticed while looking at the monitor, just by standing still my heart suddenly went racing to 120 and I could not believe it! so I asked him about it and he said, “not to bother him”, that he was “Busy with procedure”. Then I saw my heart beat go up more to 130 and I had not even begun jogging and when I went to say something, he snapped at me asking “how I should know?”. This was when I told him that I was raised among Harvard doctors and knew that 120 represented a problem. My resting heart rate normally was about 75. Then a moment later he said, like he was pretending, “Oh, I see a problem” and my heart went to 160 to 190 back and forth before it met to 200 for a quick blip at which point I felt a chemical in my blood so strong I could taste it. I knew then it was another hit on my life. I thought fast and pulled off the electrodes, quickly wiping the gel off my chest, grabbed my clothes and pulling out a wad of cash that totaled much more than the amount owed for the checkup, I told them I was leaving - that I was late for another appointment. If I had not watched the monitor between us, then I would be dead now. The impostor that moment grabbed a nun passing by to pray over my dying body and he immediately made a cell phone call at the same time as if to ask for further orders. I successfully paid and dressed and left while concentrating not to have a heart attack, stumbling out the door and concentrating to do anything I could not to die. I left the entranceway and a guard asked me to stop so I told him I’d already paid and was late for an appointment. He still would not let me pass even after confirming that I had already paid. The guards used their radios and the doctor asked them to take me back to the room, so I made the immediate decision to run for my life, up the private road for about 500 meters to the public street at which time I was chased by four guards and upon reaching the street a large masked woman, civilian, stepped out from around the street corner; she said was a police woman, that “I must return to the doctor”. I explained again politely that I had already paid and had to go somewhere else, and when asked, she had no id. She and the guards kept telling me several times that I must go back to the doctor, he wanted me to come back to him. Lesyl suddenly reached where we were all stood and said “I thought you were going to give me a heart attack” as she stood there also wondering what to do. I offered a bribe to the guards. Finally, I yelled to the street side and yelled. “I am Larry Margulies and they poisoned me” They then let me leave. We jumped on a bus and immediately left the city. If you wanted to find this hospital, it is at the top of Session Road in Baguio, upon leaving the art cafe take a left, then take the first right, and the road across the street leads to the emergency room.

2016 Manila

We ran to Manila immediately and stayed at the White Night Hotel where three workers witnessed my will and testament to Donald Trump then only the presidential nominee.

Again, another time, poisoned while at that immigration office and all I did was stand in line, on an empty stomach, and the symptoms gradually increased over several



hours starting with visual hallucinations and progressing to struggling to see and stand as if from the ice bullet in spy novels that slowly dissolved. I was so afraid that night after crawling the stairs to my room that I sent a fax to Steven Seagal's police office asking for help and that the infamous heart attack gun was used on me. My calls to the FBI did not help, they told me not to call back. The first few hours of the poison's affects I entered the U. S. embassy twice claiming to have an emergency. The week previously a Federal law enforcement officer took my call about investigators harassing me and he told me to come in to meet, so at this time poisoned went there to speak to a law enforcement officer but both times the lady at the window told me that the law officer was unavailable to me. She said that I had to leave the building. I was so scared, as the poison was becoming strong. I would not go to the hospital because of the other two times and expecting the set up if I did go. Outside the embassy I jumped in a taxi and chose a destination an hour away giving me time to decide how to deal with the poison. Obviously, the assassins wanted me to go to the hospital or get arrested if I didn't die. We turned around and went back to the White knight hotel. I had tried to take a water break on the way, but I could not stand up, extremely dizzy and head shaking and throwing up for no reason. I literally crawled up the stairs to our room and struggled to breathe and see, I also called the duty officer. After my escape from Philippines my brother Michael called my Skype sounding desperate about something.

Mike Yudowitz: "There is money. Send email. Confirming that you want me to be trustee and not Ken Shulman. Tell me now if you do Not want me involved. I am doing this to help you. It is not something I want to do."

Larry Margulies: I don't want you involved Mike; honestly, I don't Trust you."

Mike Yudowitz: "Ken Shulman will do it; I will call dad now, all family contact from now on will be though Shulman. I will block you now, bye"

That preceding transcript of mikes call made Shulman sound like a threat. After my escape through the airport made my way to Macao and the ATM machine ate my card, so I called Martin Yudowitz for help to pay my hotel while a new ATM card was on its way. He answered my telephone call readily by yelling into the phone before I had the chance to say anything. "Larry you need help!" He was pretending and setting me up for something as if fooling his wife if she was there listening. I told him that giving my address put me at risk. Strangely he said that a Ken Shulman knew I was in Macao and that I should call him. He promised to pay the 'Master's Hotel' my room cost while I waited my new card but then after his promise he only paid for one night using his credit card. Martin insisted I give my exact address as condition, two men appeared at the entrance and on their phone watching me closely. Martin then commented about my physical appearance; he knew what I was wearing. Martin instructed me to call him the next day, so he cover the hotel costs until my card arrived, but he did not answer any calls nor emails. There was no way to get in touch

with him suddenly which was not normal. He intentionally asked for my location and broke his promise. Martin had also said that dad told him to "Take care of me", a question of semantics. I managed to find a hotel that let me stay for ten days with my delayed payment waiting for Wells Fargo to send a new card.

2017 –2018

While sitting in an internet bar man came looked at my face as if to identify me, after which a younger man came from his side and injected me with something that made my heart race over 130 Beats per minute for several hours. Ken Shulman had sent a package to me there, which is the only way they could have found me, unless they have fed ex access to find me. Inside a Wal-Mart a man came to my side five times then finally said to me my "English was very good", then moved swiftly around behind me and injected a poison into my backside through the air with something while I turned around and it nearly knocked me out, but I moved away from him as soon as I saw him behind me which I think prevented him from the full action. whatever he did only lasted a few minutes. In both incidents the police and I could find no video proving that, but one camera may have him coming up the escalator.

February 27th, 2017 Mongolia

I was followed into Mongolia first by a group of people who kept bumping into my side at an airport and then into a carpool at the border there. My first day there two armed men, one with a metal rod and their other one with a concealed weapon which made a shifting click, came into my hotel room at 7am. I yelled out the window to a family and the police came. The men went downstairs to greet them. The maid closed the curtain, a maid they had switched for the one who was on duty, she said to me while they went to meet the police downstairs, "they are going to kill you". She went downstairs when I did to tell the police that they didn't want a dead body in the room, the police man raised his hands as if to mimic their plan which was to hit me on the head. the maid stole my iPad from my bag near me. The police talked with a man on their phone named Jason and also another call with a female consulate officer on duty. The police gave me their phone

twice to speak to each one of them. Jason was mostly concerned who if anyone had I also called after when I told him I called other numbers. the maid stole my Samsung pad from my bag near me and the others and I ran into a white Ubu taxi which had stopped conveniently to drop a passenger off. The police tested me to see if I would respond to my previous name which they shouted out behind my back. I believe Jason, connected with diplomatic security, could likely be a part of that deadly set up. I went to a different hotel, used Skype to call America and strangely enough, while my Skype was ringing Jason's voice was loud on my phone; he had hacked my Skype account, it was him, my ears are good, and I have no ideas how technology works nowadays nor what the Feds can do. I asked Ken Shulman to call the FBI on my

behalf and show my statement, but he didn't. He told me he thinks I lied and told my girlfriend what to say. He is a bad man. I am not a liar. Shulman lied to me that he was helping me pay for school or my liver prescription at Walgreens, he also offered to help forward some mail twice, but at the mail location he sent parcels to, that group waited for me and tried to kill me with some injection behind my back. Shulman also wrote a letter himself requesting my details with my location from Walgreens and my school, and he asked me several times after I had already told him of the necessity that my location be kept to myself.

# Cognitive Therapy and Diagnostic Service

SEBASTIANO SANTOSTEFANO, Ph.D. Director  
STEVEN BERK, C.A.E.S., Clinical Professor  
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165 GLENN AVENUE  
WOLFRIDEN, MASSACHUSETTS 02151  
(617) 827-1282

May 16, 1979

## PSYCHODIAGNOSTIC EXAMINATION

Patient: Lawrence Yodowitz      Written for: Silvio Onesti, M.D.  
D.O.B.: 12-17-71      Examiners: Sebastiano Santostefano,  
Age: 7 years - 4 months      Steven Berk, C.A.E.S.  
Grade: Completing First      Anna Lombroso, M.Ed.  
Judy Langer, M.Ed.

Dates of Exam: April 4, 6, 9, 11, 19, 31, 1979

### Reason for Referral

Lawrence is described by father as immature, in speech and mannerisms, a tease who has difficulty sharing. Mother notes he doesn't like to play by himself, takes any negative comment as scolding and throws tantrums, and hates his family except mother. School sees Lawrence as a behavior problem because of teasing, wild stories, bad language and drawing people with penises. The parents requested, in particular, suggestions about parenting and an opinion about possible gross psychopathology.

### Procedures Used

#### Intelligence

Wechsler Intelligence Scale for Children - Revised

#### Cognitive

Santostefano Battery of Cognitive Control Tests

Body Schema and Touch Association Tests (measures manner in which information from the body is represented - body image)  
Motor Tempo and Pacing Motor Delay (measures regulation of body tempo)

Scattered Scanning Test (measures breadth and vigor of visual scanning)

Fruit Distraction Test (measures the management of relevant and nonrelevant information)

Leveling-Sharpshooting House and Aggression Tests (measures the manner in which information is held in memory)

Object Sort Test (measures the manner in which information is categorized and conceptualized)

Educational

Peabody Individual Achievement Test  
Key Math Test  
Durrell Test of Reading Analysis  
Writing Samples

Personality

Rorschach  
CAT  
Miniature Situations Test of Apperception  
Sentence Completion  
Interview

Behavior During Exam

Lawrence coped with each of the two female and two male examiners in about the same way. He was appreciably more fidgety than most children his age, frequently walking away from the tasks. On several occasions he left the examining room to go to the bathroom saying he had to urinate. This occurred also while he was midway through a cognitive task which emphasizes that the child ignore or subordinate interfering affects and fantasies. He was also observed to clutch or touch his genitals often especially when a task stressed him.

Lawrence also coped by talking to the examiner, asking questions about the tests, why everyone used a stopwatch, etc. All examiners noticed an immature quality to his speech which became emphasized when he was most anxious. He also frequently asked for his mother, wondering if she were in the waiting room. As we might expect, he was less restless with highly structured tests which minimized the opportunity for cognitive regression (e.g., math problems).

TEST RESULTS

Synopsis

In terms of GAF nomenclature, Lawrence shows a severe psychoneurotic disorder of childhood, anxiety type. A stable set of defense mechanisms on the one hand and select cognitive control functions, on the other hand, have not yet appropriately organized and stabilized. As a result, Lawrence functions usually with a diffuse conscious feeling of apprehension and intense free floating anxiety which at best becomes organized around specific conscious phobias of monsters, the attic of his house, etc. When dealing with school demands, or the home environment, he is more or less continually flooded by perceptions of inner thoughts and fantasies and perceptions of information from the outer environment which he struggles to balance and interrelate but frequently without success. Given this, the development of academic skills and cognitive functions which serve working (e.g., selective attending) is being compromised significantly. Our data suggest, he is at risk in developing

a major learning disability by the fourth grade. He is likely also to crystallize some debilitating neurotic symptoms as he moves into adolescence. Therefore, we strongly recommend psychotherapy since changes in parenting and/or environmental manipulations are not likely to shift the present direction of his development.

From this synthesis the remainder of this report considers specific findings in each of the domains evaluated.

#### Intellectual

Lawrence obtained a total I.Q. of 114, a Verbal I.Q. of 117, and a Performance I.Q. of 108, placing his intellectual efficiency from average to bright normal. But as might be expected from the synthesis presented above, Lawrence showed considerable variability. For example, with the Digit Span Test (which is vulnerable to anxiety) he obtained a scaled score commensurate with an I.Q. of about 70. In contrast, with the Vocabulary Test he obtained a scaled score commensurate with an I.Q. of about 135. In general, his intellectual efficiency was significantly compromised when the task required that he balance inner fantasy and apperceptions of the material with actual perceptions of the material as an intellectual task. For example, the Picture Arrangement subtest does not require but permits more cognitive regression and the interference of fantasies because the items depict persons in interaction.

#### Academic Skills

Lawrence obtained the following scores:

Durrell Reading Test - Oral Reading:	low 1st grade
Silent Reading:	could not function
Listening Comprehension:	high 3rd grade
Sound-letter associations:	high 3rd grade
Identification of words:	high 2nd grade
Reading Achievement Test - General Information:	3rd grade
Key Math Test - total grade Equivalents:	high 2nd grade

Lawrence is now completing the first grade. The above profile indicates he has the basic tools for reading (e.g., word attack skills; memory of words, sound-letter associations) yet when he engages in the reading process he shows efficiency of a beginning first grader, (oral reading) and appears to decompensate and fail to perform when he must read silently, therefore organizing the content and meaning on his own. Presumably, when someone else reads aloud, he can master the content at the third grade level.

The major issue is that when Lawrence must himself read and process the material his thinking is frequently interfered with by internal and external distractions (fantasies and associations triggered by the reading material).

It is noteworthy that with math problems, which permit relatively few associations, he scored at nearly the 2nd grade level.

#### Cognitive Functions

Of the cognitive controls unveiled Lawrence showed significant compromise in those functions that serve to selectively attend while simultaneously actively ignoring other information. Lawrence's perception of outer information that should be neutral quickly becomes leveled and inappropriately embellished and modified by information generated by fantasies. At his age his cognition should be predominantly oriented to external information and inner fantasies should be repressed and suppressed. Lawrence is out of step developmentally in that his cognition directs attention more to inner fantasies. As a result, he frequently misperceives or apperceives information that should be neutral. Learning is therefore compromised.

#### Personality

From one point of view, Lawrence shows that he has reached the phallic-oral stage of development. His representational world is dominated by imagery of this stage (e.g., snakes, rockets, ripped jackets, mutants). However, stage appropriate defenses have not yet organized and stabilized. As a result his fantasies are vivid, yet poorly organized, failing to give organization to anxiety. Moreover, his fantasies probably do not serve him as trial-actions or rehearsals resulting in poor reality testing and cognitive confusion about his experiences.

One example of his Rorschach behavior illustrates the confusion in his representational world because of faulty cognitive functions and defense mechanisms. To card III he saw "a smiling face with a bow on its nose" (a global diffuse response for his age given the details of the blot). The perceptives gave way to "a mouse with a bow on his nose and with pig hands" when he was asked to reality test (account for the pig hands) he concluded the mouse ate the pig and thereby assumed the pig hands.

An illustration from the TAT may also help to convey the breakdown which occurs in his balancing inner fantasies with outer perceptions. To card 7 MB, "It's gross! They're stabbing out the belly button. Someone was fighting with him and his intestines were coming out of his belly button so they cut him open and both had poison and grabbed the knife and stabbed them." When asked whether and how this could happen Lawrence showed that he could mobilize an observing ego and segregate outer information from fantasy. With the help of the examiner he concluded the episode could occur on t.v. and not in the real world.

Since Lawrence is reported to show a problem with aggression, his performance on the Miniature Situations Test deserves attention. When asked to act on materials (e.g., turn a screw, hammer a nail, smash a wall) Lawrence postponed and delayed the most active aggressive action until last. However, once he began performing the action, there was little age regulation and modulation of the action. In other words,

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Re: Lawrence Yuskwitz

-3-

once the valve was turned from "off" to "on" a flood of diffuse aggressiveness poured out.

At the level of awareness, Lawrence could talk about (1) his fear of monsters and of the attic in his house; (2) his view that father works too much and "talks and talks"; (3) his complaint that brother, Martin, who provokes fights and Lawrence runs to brother, Mike, for protection; and (4) his special "erotic" tie to mother (e.g., "we kiss each other every night").

In summary, Lawrence is a very bright seven year old who is at present hampered by intense diffuse anxiety as he moves beyond the oedipal stage into latency, because appropriate defenses and cognitive control functions have not organized. This anxiety is interfering significantly with academic and cognitive development and functioning. His teasing, bad language, preoccupation with games, etc. are understood by us as the by-product of phallic drive development which, however, is not appropriately organized by cognition and defenses. His usual attachment to mother - including his immature speech - could be viewed as an attempt to use regression in an effort to manage his current predicament.

Psychotherapy is strongly recommended and should promote ego development; academic and cognitive remediation would be indicated only if after a year of therapy, he shows that ego compromises have been fixed to a degree which the psychotherapy process cannot alone free. Without intensive therapy more severe ego and emotional symptoms are likely to crystallize.

*Sebastião Santostefano*  
Sebastião Santostefano, Ph.D.

SS/gb

I say Medalla of honor here with to admit  
and explain the death of my 8 month old  
petus in so doing this free the baby's soul  
may rest in peace the day of december 1st  
2014 at the moment when the baby suddenly  
acted jolly then stop moving forever I was  
tensing my hand holding my breath and pulling  
down my abdominal muscles forcing the baby  
downwards though some others may think that  
they think the baby's death was natural  
they are wrong cause I did this to the baby  
several times and I know my muscles had  
tried to stop me but the last time he was  
forced to be compressed & be forced to  
die that day there were also more amphetamines  
in my body given to me by men in maricao  
being that nothing to do with my drugs and  
alcohol abuse nor anything to do with killing  
the petus A Dr. delacruz had promise of money  
for the baby's health and Doctor's advice  
but broke his promises and made me so  
scared that it made me do what I did  
Medalla ~~Ray~~



Witnessed by: Katherine B. [unclear], [unclear], [unclear], [unclear]

I, Larry Margulies, on January 2016, change any previous will and testament and leave all of my monetary or other, or any possessions to the famous Donald Trump, if for any reason I die <sup>or die</sup> before the old age of ninety. I do wish certainly that Donald Trump (or his successor) investigate every police report or any type of reports that I have made during my travels, and if necessary or not, to try his best at prosecuting anyone or entity responsible or negligent.

so be it, Larry Margulies

In (Laf) Madala, i wanna say very important thing, a secret thing, but not anymore, coz i'm very worried about Larry specially at this time, we lost our baby. Some people talk to me when Larry not around i dont know whos those people offer some help for me, to leave Larry and say bad things about him, they let me choose, they offer me everything i want, everything i need.

Specially after the baby died, suspicious people come to me and talk to me following me wherever i go, and it is very disturbing, scary, and preching me outin so worried about me and Larry now, this people bothering me to much specially to Larry.

When we are in holidays hotel when Larry is gone going somewhere. While im in the lobby waiting, he seen gray SUV car with some people inside it, one lady come out and talk to me, she said we miss me, it in ok i said yeah i just waiting my bp Larry, she start talking asking me things.

... i miss me alone and i go walk down to the gate, and sit down while waiting when Larry back.

We transfer to crown agency hotel after that, because alot of people around very suspicious, we stay there one night then transfer to paradium still a lot of people i've seen keep looking at me and Larry, we stay there little bit long.

We transfer to scario hotel, and the gray SUV car i seen it again while Larry is go some where, i just ignore it, and then the next time i go outside, one taxi driver talk to me and ask me if i change my mind or when i will call or text the number i have, i told him i will not text coz we are fine me and Larry, i ask him to tell other people to stop bothering me and Larry, i dont know them, they keep bothering me, i told them to stop it or i go tell the police.

when they were accused to be happy and free coz hes a good person and i know it i told them to leave larry alone they were told me they will wait when i will contact them i can post those people want to do and they to larry i can feel it and i will not let something do that i only love larry in my life now i don't wanna let him i want him to be happy i write this letter to protect me and larry coz in fear of keeping this things on me

when we are in the pizza restaurant the name is De Vico pizza in bhopal larry almost ~~swallow~~ swallow the plastic shape like owns on his pizza that's good to see it. in so scared at that time and he sees familiar person in there the guy who's have fathering familiar price in so scared at that time for larry i want to right everything i remember to keep as safe. i've seen familiar faces sometimes suspicious people about

spending money they will support me. she said and they told me to if i come with them i need to say something about larry and they can handle everything they said i just need to put in what they want me to do and say and everything will be alright she said she even force me to come fight away the other people waiting inside the gray car i was crying so much at that time coz she scaring me about the baby inside my stomach can poison me anytime if ~~the~~ the baby is my stomach coz the baby is dead already some people there ask me to go with them at that time and forget about larry and my life will be ok without larry i told them larry is a great boy and i love him i can't leave him alone and say something bad about him coz he's a ~~good~~ good boy he takes good care of me and the baby they still force me to come




7. HAS THE MATTER BEEN REPORTED TO ANY AGENCY? IF SO, TO WHAT POLICE AGENCY? (Ang bagay nang sa ay narinat sa sa ibang sangay ng pagtatagpuan? Kung oo, sa, mang sangay?)

STATUS OF INVESTIGATION, IF ANY (Kalagayan ng Pagtatagpuan kung mayroon?)

8. IS THE MATTER COMPLAINED OF THE SUBJECT OF ANY COURT ACTION OR PROCEEDINGS? IF SO, WHERE? (Ang bagay nang may kasalanan sa pagtatagpuan ng nasa hukuman na? Kung ganon, saan?)

9. WHAT CONSIDERATIONS IMPELLED YOU TO REPORT TO THE NBI? (Ano ang mga-adyok sa (yo para magpakilala dito sa NBI?)

I CERTIFY THAT THE FOREGOING STATEMENTS ARE TRUE AND CORRECT ACCORDING TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE AND BELIEF. (PINATUTUNAYAN KO ANG BUONG KATOTOHANAN NG MGA NAKASAAD DITO, BATAY SA AKING NABABATI AT PANIWALA.

  
Signature (Lagda)



(Right Thumb Fingerprint)

DECLARED AND SWORN TO before me this 21st day of July, 2015 in the National Bureau of Investigation, Tull Avenue, Manila, where exhibited to me his Residence Certificate No. \_\_\_\_\_ issued by \_\_\_\_\_ on \_\_\_\_\_.

CERTIFIED TRUE COPY  
FROM THE ORIGINAL  
AS SHOWN TO ME  
21 JUL 2015

ATTY. PERCIVAL S. GONZALES  
Barry Public Until June 30, 2015  
Notarial Commission 2014-2015  
1139 Que. Luna St., Ermita Manila  
SFP # 001433 NIA, 00-1241 until 2015  
PTR # 1077000 NIA, 0-0-2015  
R-01 # 13086, PIR # 132-01-0001  
No. T.P. C-0000, IV # 00000000 until 0-1-0-0

  
Acting Chief, CSD  
(By Authority of Republic Act 157)



YUDOWITZ, LARRY H

SEX	RACE	BIRTH DATE	HEIGHT	WEIGHT	EYES	HAIR
M	W	1971/12/17	511	166	BRO	BRO

BIRTH PLACE  
MASSACHUSETTS

PATTERN CLASS

RS WU WU WU WU WU WU WU WU WU LS  
LS WU

1-ARRESTED OR RECEIVED 1993/08/03 SID- WA16607388  
AGENCY-POLICE DEPARTMENT BELLINGHAM (WA0370100)  
AGENCY CASE-44943

CHARGE 1-THEFT 3  
CHARGE 2-POSE DANG WEAP  
CHARGE 3-OBSTRUCTING

2-ARRESTED OR RECEIVED 2010/03/13 SID- WA16607388  
AGENCY-POLICE DEPARTMENT SEATTLE (WASPD0000)  
AGENCY CASE-A647739

FINGERPRINT INFORMATION  
ISI/2000054039581  
PRINT DATE/2010/03/13

NAME USED-YUDOWITZ, LARRY H  
CHARGE 1-MUNICIPALITIES/COUNTY CODE VIOLATION

COURT-POLICE DEPARTMENT SEATTLE (WASPD0000)  
CHARGE-MUNICIPALITIES/COUNTY CODE VIOLATION  
DISMISSED

END OF PART 2 - PART 3 TO FOLLOW

AFFIDAVIT

REPUBLIC OF THE PHILIPPINES  
CITY OF CEBU

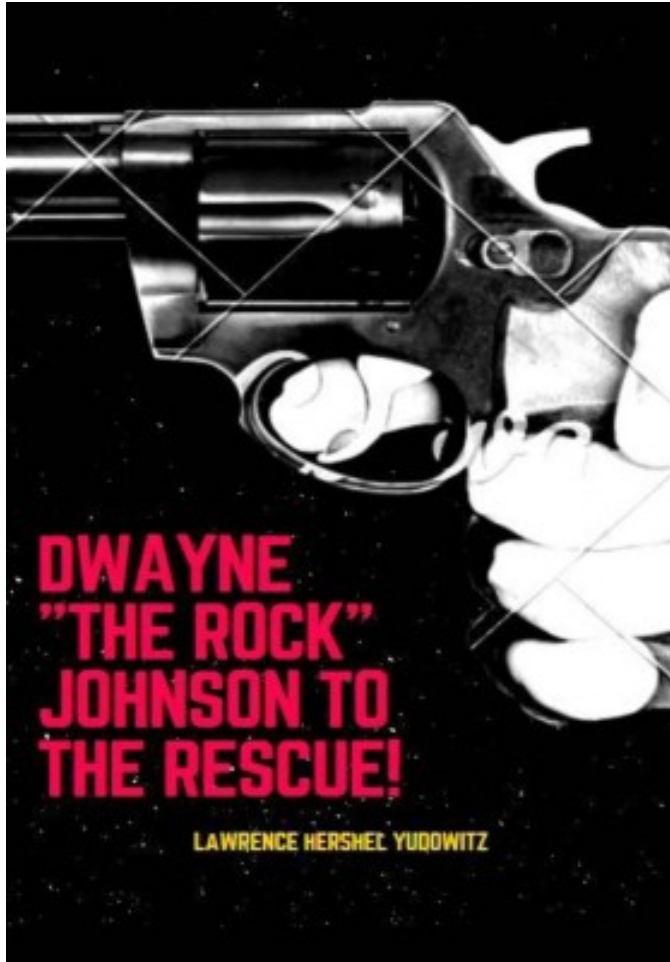
188

I, LIESYL C. MEDALLA, of legal age, Filipino, single and with residence and postal address at Inaon Highway, Loroña, Cebu City, after having been sworn in accordance with law, hereby depose and state:

1. That sometime on November 2015, I went to Baguio City for a vacation together with my boyfriend Larry Margulies, an American national.
2. During that period of time, we rented an apartment in Tan-awan Village, Baguio City.
3. Sometime on January 2016, my boyfriend Larry Margulies decided to visit a doctor for a regular medical check-up. We went to the hospital near the place we stayed. We arrived at the hospital at about 8:50 o'clock in the morning. Larry went inside the clinic of the Doctor and I stayed outside of the hospital.
4. While I was waiting for Larry, I noticed a commotion in the hospital, thereafter, the security guard called me and told me to ask Larry to go back inside the clinic of the hospital to finish the check-up. There were four guards who stopped Larry from leaving the hospital.
5. I saw Larry looks so scared, while the Guards were holding him.
6. I asked the doctor to allow my boyfriend Larry to go home because he already paid all the bills. However, the doctor insisted to finish the check-up.
7. But, Larry told me that we had to leave right away and that he noticed something unusual inside the clinic that made him scared.
8. I was also afraid, so I asked the guards to allow Larry to go out from the hospital grounds but the guards still refused. Then, I told the guards to call a police but they did not.
9. Few minutes later, a lady showed up wearing plain clothes but without any ID. She came from the street corner where the private hospital road end. She came with the four (4) other guards and said that the doctor wanted him to go back and insisted to bring back Larry inside his clinic to finish the check-up. However, Larry said that he paid all his bills and he does not want to finish the check-up. Thereafter, the four guards and lady released Larry.
10. From the hospital, we went directly to the bus terminal in Baguio and took a bus for Manila.







**DWAYNE  
"THE ROCK"  
JOHNSON TO  
THE RESCUE!**

LAWRENCE HERSHEL YUDDWITZ

Escaping the Truth

A black and white portrait of a man, Lawrence Todovitz, looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. He is wearing a dark suit jacket and a white shirt. The background is black.

THE REAL  
WARRANT ON MY  
LIFE. PASSPORT  
INVESTIGATORS  
KILLED A  
WOMAN AND  
CHILD.

LAWRENCE TODOVITZ

LAWRENCE  
KARDASHIAN

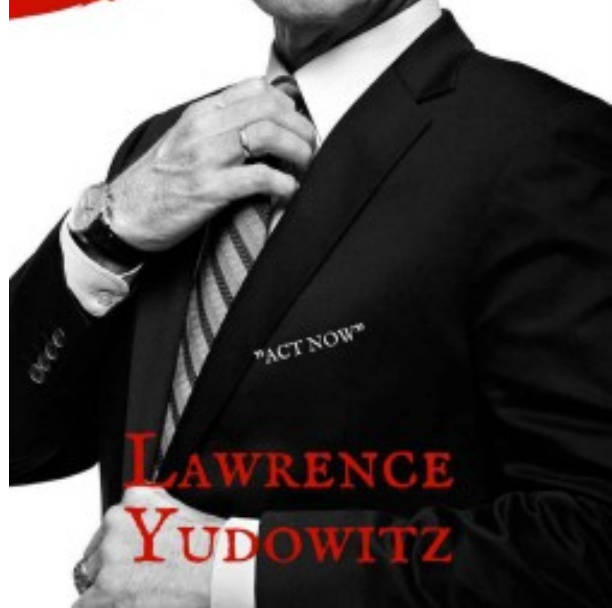
*Kanye  
West For  
President*

A DOCUMENTARY



AND THE U.S. CONSTITUTION

**KEVIN SPACEY  
HAS A NEW JOB  
TO DO!**



**LAWRENCE  
YUDOWITZ**



**KIM KARDASHIAN  
IS THE NEW 50  
FOOT WOMAN**



LAWRENCE HERRSHEL YUDOWITZ'S  
NONFICTION

**WARRANT ON  
MY LIFE: WHY  
ME? MY MRI  
AND MRA  
IMAGES**



*The Unusual Non Fiction by  
Lawrence Hershel Yudowitz*



**THE FIRST TIME  
GOVERNMENT ASSASSINS  
CAUGHT RED HANDED.  
NOW OPRAH WINFREY  
CAN HELP.**

**RECIPE OF TRUE CRIME TO CATCH KILLERS  
LAWRENCE YUDOWITZ**



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The U.S. Government, by providing the Authorization for the Release of Information Under the Privacy Act Form, cannot under any circumstances compel an individual to complete and submit the form. PLEASE CAREFULLY CONSIDER TO WHOM, AND WHAT INFORMATION IS BEING DISCLOSED.

**IMPORTANT:** You are not obliged to grant anyone access to information regarding you but failure to provide the information requested on this form may make it more difficult, or impossible, for the Department of State or the U.S. Consular Office to assist you.

Your Full Name (Last, First, MI)  Birth At:   
 Or:

**SECTION A.**

I hereby authorize the U.S. Consular Office of the United States of America and the U.S. Department of State to release information regarding me to the following individuals:

Name (Last, First)	Telephone Number	Address	Relationship
Karyn West			Spouse
Quash Winfrey			Spouse
Karen Opatow			Spouse
Dewayne Johnson			Spouse
Ken Karlephian			Spouse

**IN THE EVENT OTHER PERSONS REQUEST INFORMATION REGARDING MY CASE, INFORMATION CAN BE RELEASED TO THE FOLLOWING:**

- YES NO
- Family (Other than Those Listed Under Section A)
- Friends (Other than Those Listed Under Section A)
- Individual Members of Congress and Staff
- Members of the Media
- The General Public
- Employer

Please review the form before signing. Information will only be released under Section A if requested and if we have your signed authorization.

Larry Margules  
 Signature of the Applicant  
 (Please Sign in Block or Blue Ink)

Wester, Massachusetts, (Currently Travelling)  
 City, County

Larry Margules  
 Print Your Name

35042018  
 Date (mm-dd-yyyy)

# STANDARD COTTON STORES

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