

## Entry # WHERE AM I AT

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[Site-65](#) is NOT real!!!

A cloud of dust surrounded me, and I was brought into some Site Administration office. Someone (who refused to give me their name until I was borderline begging for their name) named Dr. Williams looked at me, and asked me to take out some trash. He didn't EVEN KNOW ME. I was a secretary at best; he asked me to answer the phone, and as I did, I got sent back to "reality."

I was walking around Heavy Containment Zone checkpoint, and the dust came again. The room became darker...however this time I was INTERVIEWED TO BE IN SITE ADMINISTRATION. I had my Site Manager ID, I knew it was there, but it was as if I never existed?????? I get called into the main lobby area, and Dr. Williams said there "were no files on you." He walked away, and I never saw him again. The phone rang again. I pick it up, and I get sent back to...wherever I work at.

I go back to the Site Managers office...I take a few more meds, and the dust comes back. I get sent to the same damn spot, pitch black at this point. Dr. Williams is printing some documents out, and sees me, and gives me a shit-eating grin...I see him and **BEG** for answers. His response?

"Welcome. You have been chosen."

I get sent back. Squirrely knew nothing of this incident. Ethics and ■ know nothing of the situation, and advise me to "go to Medical to get treated..." **LIKE HELL THAT WILL HELP.** I've been treated since that traumatizing incident with ■■■■■ ■■■■■ ■ ■■■■■ ■■■■■, but NOTHING IS WORKING.

Why am I even here at this point??? No one believes me.