Stevens, Pennsylvania 17578-9533 March 30, 1994 C-SPAN BRIAN LAMB Dear Very Competant Journalist: I can; t go much further. I did find out, last night by phone, that my Aunt who died March 20, 4:20 who died March 20, 4:20 a.m. the exact time I found space to write to Sen. Kennedy, --her doctor . I don't know what drugs she was on, but might be able--if I last--to get from my cousin When I called the , the nurse--I am known--the night nurse--it was after 3:a.m.--said--Oh, you shoud speak to " It turned out to be who used to live in Reamstown and ride my elementary school bus and go to my school. The frig is empty. The food in the freezer--bits I have hoarded in the last 3 years -- a bit of buckwheat flour, some hot dog buns, some 8 year old nuts, "you get the picture.... " I have no money to but a local newspaper, today. I can get stamps from my parents, and the transportation is supplied as long as I am used to this a sereal killer (unverified) I mean potential one--who keeps me hostage and uses me as one rides a Mos horse. If I get caught locking the back house down he talksxlik roars like Stalin might have and forbids me to ever to it again and trembles in a rage and I am afraid for my life and I cover up everything quietly and hide in a dark bedroom under the covers til he stabilizes. He goes up into the attic to work off steam, "playing" with old things, moving them around and placing them like "black magic" might be, and every time I am about to "let down" (my hair, my guard, etc.), he "strikes" me with some psychological ax to through me off equilibrium. The boys used to run around after me, when he came home, and cover my tracks so he wouldn't get set off. For now-- I can't go further. The problem is "Hot Docs." is another psychological





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