

From: [Chris Roller](#)
To: Rich.Adcock@med.ge.com;
CC: info@siouxvalley.org; Sheriff.Bob@med.ge.com; Patrick.Jarvis@med.ge.com; cory.shields@nbc.com;
Subject: my dream.
Date: Thursday, September 25, 2003 08:10:00
Attachments:

I had a bad dream last night that spanned the past 4 years. This email is a dream too.

I caught Heith Hendrickson twice with a copy of an email I sent (not to him) in his inbox. The 2nd time, he nearly had a heart attack when he got caught. Some names came to mind about who else might also be getting a copy, along with behavior collaborating it. Then I thought, Oh no, they read AllMyWohs.doc I sent to Noah. If this group wants to invade my privacy and read something very private document called AllMyWohs.doc, and enter into my world called the Truman Show, then prepare to be fucked with. I started sending emails about ladies at GE being my wife. It was all bull shit - a little gag. I'm a prankster. I kept thinking they would come forward and ask me what the hell is going on, or at least question what the hell that AllMyWohs.doc is about. Instead, Russ laces a soda of mine. I'm messed up pretty good, but didn't drink the whole thing thanks to my 6th sense - got lucky. I knew Rich Adcock wasn't a part of this, so I gave him a call on his cell...he said he would put hidden cameras in. Day or two later, the same group was trying to finish the job....had to be careful about what I drank.... things were going on. Called Rich again...this time, he said "Chris, have you taken your drugs". He violated some laws saying that, and left me to fend for myself.

Within a few days, opportunity arose to spike some pizza while working late. I was in intense danger for over an hour, but the feeling was the same as many during my morph journey - thought somebody was setting up for a rifle shot through a window. I did not realize the danger was in my food. Kuhn made some innuendo about, "Everything is going to be alright soon", like alright dead. I was to throw up horribly that night with the awful realization that the jerks got me. Congrats. Luckily I threw up or I'd be dead. Instead, for the next 3 or so days I felt awful. Bob said he needed me because it was crunch time at work. I somehow made it through the day, left early from work, but had to attend that Olympics, where I attended the boat races. Next day, still feeling bad, Noah Allard said, hey get your blood tested at the hospital. Good idea. That would be the proof, whether true or false.

But then the hospital did something as stupid as it gets. They would believe the rumors from Allina that I'm loony - no credibility from Chris - he must be wrong, just as Adcock presumed over the phone. We won't prove it, though. Everybody's breaking laws. Hospital incident brought attention to me so the group backed down - did not try anything from then on.

Around that time I made the big mistake of thinking Impecoven was my friend, so I told him a little about www.mytrumanshow.com - perhaps too much. After I played a little turd gag on the plumbers at GE, which backfired, then Impecoven immediately asked me to draw a penis on the person on the mural on the wall. Of course this would mean immediate dismissal. He was trying to set me up for the kill. It was at this point then I realized that Impecoven was just a 2-faced loser as everyone was soon to find out - kissing everybody's ass above him, and screwing anybody he felt was competition to him, like me. I would never talk to Impecoven about my personal affairs ever again. Impecoven also said he would not tell anybody about my story. I think he's a liar, and I think he was talking to Rich Adcock about my little story and that they were a little nervous about me.

But the opportunity arose a year later. On the way to work I would cross the street and because he slowed down abnormally on his right turn on to the same road it appeared that I was trying to hit him???? Because Impecoven's nose was up Adcock's ass so hard, Adcock would believe anything at this point, despite how ludicrous. It took me six hours to realize what REALLY happened that morning. But they couldn't get rid of the mental freak for that reason, so they had to come up with another story - something about an argument a week earlier. And we'll send him to counseling for anger management as a cover to give us enough time to decide how we can get rid of the freak and cover our ass at the same time.

It wasn't bad enough that Impecoven got me fired over this ludicrous story, but then he proceeded to talk to the Secret Service and try to put me in jail in the process.

Time would pass, and soon the killers would inform Adcock what happened in 2000, then nearly everybody at GEMS would eventually know. This last sentence is a fantasy. I'm hoping everybody knows about Chris' little secret - if this is not the case, please make it happen by talking to Willeson.

Back to my dream. Then by the end of 2003, Chris finds out that a good buddy of his from the Navy is now top dog at the Secret Service. Despite believing that Chris is a nut case, he will eventually come around and launch an investigation to see what happened at GEMS. GEMS will try to get their story straight, but the Secret Service will know that Impecoven and GEMS are liars (story makers). They will eventually take polygraphs of the following people:

Mike Willeson
Jon Bier
Kauhn R.
Heith H.
Doug Josten
Steve Dempsey
Russ Knoepfel

and find out the awful truth.

The story has a happy ending though. GE will sign over the deed to Chris Roller, and Chris will fire Adcock in as cruel fashion to see how he likes it out in the street. Remember that fantasy? I'm hoping everybody knows the secret so everyone goes to jail for conspiracy. I want to televise what Bubba is gonna to do to you all in a jail cell.

What's ironic is that you guys thought I was a killer and likes to make up stories, went in fact it was you.

It's just a bad dream though - just a story. I'm awake now.

Have a good day.
Chris