

- BACK STORY -

My grandfather, [GRANDFATHER] grew up in a Catholic orphanage in Sacramento. As a teenager, he was adopted by a farmer who used him like a slave (worked him 15hr days 7 days a week and made him live outside in a shed).

When he turned 18, [GRANDFATHER] joined the US Marines and served for over a decade working roles in flight maintenance and refueling. He eventually landed at MCAS YUMA and worked there for approximately 10 years. He was then promoted to VP of a military aviation subcontractor called "Mercury Refueling Inc." Along with his promotion, [GRANDFATHER] was moved to a brand new (much bigger) house that was right next to the Base. (Chico Lane)

When I was a young child, [GRANDFATHER] would sneak me into the base and show me all the fascinating military equipment. Some of my best childhood memories are sitting at the end of the runway in the back of my grandfather's pickup truck and watching the fighter jets blast off over our heads.

He always made me feel like I was his favorite grandson. He always went out of his way to take care of my mother and I. When I was little he used to (privately) tell me that I had a special gift called "stretchy eyes" and that someday I would grow up and use those "stretchy eyes" to see things that no-one else can.

Before [GRANDFATHER] died, "Opi" (as we all called him) gave me roughly a dozen framed, autographed memorabilia that the Blue Angels, the Thunderbirds, the training squadrons, and one from the 1963 crew of Air Force One. Out of all my other cousins, I was the only one to get any of his priceless memorabilia.

To me, it made sense that he gave me the fighter jets (because I was always the most vocally enthusiastic about fighter jets) but the fact that he also gave me the Air Force One memorabilia always seemed strange to me. Originally I tried to give away the Air Force One Picture (so as not to illicit resentment from my other cousins), but [GRANDFATHER] was adamant that I hang onto it.

My mother, [MOTHER] was born in 1963. She has always been somewhat of the "odd one out" in her family, as she looks and thinks nothing like the rest of them. Everyone called her "[-----]" but [GRANDFATHER] (until the day he died) always called her "Cinderella."

When my mother was very young, her sister, [SISTER] "ran away" with her boyfriend. Despite hiring multiple private investigators, my family was unable to find her until after [GRANDFATHER] had died (decades later).

In 2001, my uncle, [UNCLE] raised accusations of sexual abuse by the CATHOLIC PRIEST MSGR ROBERT TRUPIA. The PRIEST was arrested but spent less than 24 hours in jail before being released and transferred across the country to Silver Springs, Maryland (suburb of DC). The allegations

roiled the entire town - as both the MAYOR and the CHIEF OF YUMA PD also went to that church and had been dismissive of previous allegations in the past.

Frustrated about the futility of their criminal case, my grandmother, [GRANDMOTHER] and [UNCLE] filed a civil lawsuit against the church. In 2002, they won that lawsuit (along with 10 other accusers) and nearly bankrupted the local Catholic diocese.

Shortly Thereafter, [GRANDMOTHER] suspiciously died during a routine cosmetic surgery. Also shortly thereafter, [UNCLE] was accused of being a trafficker and promptly jailed. Since then, he has been in and out of jail several times - never being out long before going straight back.

To this day, [UNCLE] insists that the whole ordeal is a "grand conspiracy". [UNCLE] claims he has documents to prove it but has never been out of jail for long enough to go to his self-storage unit and retrieve them. Almost everyone else in my family thinks he is a complete loon. And I did as well until I started to look into the situation.

My name is [SOURCE]. I have been working undercover for nearly a decade trying to figure out what happened to my family. My company, [COMPANY], specializes in IT subcontracting for big restaurants, big hotels, grocery stores, and government agencies. Given the unique access that my job affords me, I have been able to effectively infiltrate and "peek behind the curtain." I now believe that I have figured out what happened - And it's quite frightening!

COMPELLING evidence suggests that the VAST majority of the drug and human trafficking (in the entire USA) can be traced back to a single source - and is coming in/out through the airspace of the Yuma corridor.

I have infiltrated every level of the syndicate, and have a wide range of (very sensitive) sources including but not limited to:

1. Phoenix and Tucson City Officials
2. Apache Tribe Officials
3. Navy Pilots and Crew Chiefs
4. Street Level Narcos in PHX, YUMA & SONORA
5. Mexican Federal Police in Sonora
6. Girls who were trafficked
7. Boys who were abused by priests
8. Defense Industry Executives
9. Prison Guards
10. Border Patrol Agents

As you might imagine, I am currently quite skeptical of my government. My state is rife with corruption (at every level). Even the police and the judges are corrupt. There seems to be no-one that I can trust. Also am quite certain that this ruthless organization has unfettered access to US

Navy Signals Intelligence, and that my communications are being closely monitored.

Furthermore, as I have inched closer and closer to the truth, I have been increasingly menaced and threatened. I have been advised to "mind my own god-damn business if I know what's best for my family." My dogs have caught intruders creeping around in our backyard several times. On a hike with [PARTNER] last weekend, we encountered an unidentified Mexican national (with a neck tattoo) holding a hammer (for no obvious reason) that greeted us along the trail and then winked at me as we walked away (when [PARTNER] wasn't looking). A 6-inch nail was left on my front porch yesterday.

At this point, [PARTNER] is absolutely petrified. [PARTNER] has been begging me for months to drop this and move on. But at this point, I feel that we are in too deep, and our only hope is to pass the baton. We are being aggressively closed in upon, and we are both at our whit's end.

It is my sincere hope that I have made the right decision entrusting you with this information.

Good Luck and Godspeed,

-A

[See Enclosed Documents]