

FAX COVER SHEET

**To: The Inspector General of the
Intelligence Community Investigations
Division**

FAX: 1-571-204-8088

FROM: Chelsea Elizabeth Manning

Date: October 17, 2016

**TOTAL NUMBER OF PAGES: 2
(including cover page)**

INSPECTOR GENERAL OF THE INTELLIGENCE COMMUNITY ACTION REQUEST

To: The Inspector General of the Intelligence Community Investigations Division
FAX: 1-571-204-8088

From: Chelsea Elizabeth Manning
Date: October 17, 2016

Relevant Agencies: Department of Defense; Department of the Army

Full name: Chelsea Elizabeth Manning (Formerly known Bradley Edward Manning)
Rank/Grade: Inmate, E-1
SSN: [REDACTED]

Component: U.S. Army
Status: Active Duty

Unit: U.S. Disciplinary Barracks; headquarters and headquarters detachment, personnel control facility, U.S. Army Fires Center of Excellence and Fort Sill

Current Address: 1300 North Warehouse Road, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas 66027-2304

Permanent Address: [REDACTED]

Specific Action Requested:

To document and investigate allegations of malicious activities with an intent to psychologically harm, abusive discretion by intelligence community officials, and potential criminal actions by intelligence community personnel.

Information Pertaining To This Request:

From approximately 6pm on October 10, 2016 to approximately 7am on October 11 2016, at least four (4) unidentified intelligence community personnel, consisting of at least one (1) female (pseudonym "Jessica") and three (3) males (one (1) with the pseudonym "Ramsey"), planned and executed an elaborate simulated terrorist attack, prison break out, kidnapping, and hostage situation, with the intent: (a) to create fear, helplessness, terror and severe psychological distress; (b) to facilitate, entice and coerce a segregated inmate in an isolated cell within a maximum security military prison, specifically the U.S. Disciplinary Barracks, to engage in serious criminal activity.

Chelsea Elizabeth Manning hereby consents to release her personal information outside of Inspector General channels, but within the Office of the Director of National Intelligence, the Department of Defense, and the Department of the Army, in order to resolve the matters listed above. She understands that if she does not agree to release her personal information, her request for assistance may go unresolved. **She currently is not being allowed to send mail.**

DRAFT transcript - no legal and personal language at the end. Just for October 17, 2016 informational sharing purposes.

Dictated by Chelsea E. Manning over the phone to a Support Network volunteer on October 15, 2016.

Background:

Here is a timeline that makes it a clear distinction between the two different types of "solitary" being discussed, and the third type of confinement, where Chelsea is now, in "Medical Observation."

1. Disciplinary Segregation/Solitary 2. Suicide Watch/Solitary 3. Medical Observation

October 4 2016, end of shift at work - given written notification of disciplinary segregation sentence
October 4 - 15 minutes after receiving written notification, taken to **Disciplinary Segregation/Solitary**
October 4 - evening - attempts own life in **Disciplinary Segregation/Solitary**
October 4 - placed in **Suicide Watch/Solitary** - there's a pane of glass so they can see in (and she out)
October 5 - through October 10 - **Suicide Watch/Solitary**
October 10 - evening - **Suicide Watch/Solitary** (when events below take place)
October 11 - morning - **Suicide Watch/Solitary** (when events below take place)
October 11 - **Chelsea is placed into "Medical Observation" with Restrictions (Where she is currently.)**

Note that **Medical Observation**, is where there are four single rooms with a common area that has a phone and television. **She is not being allowed to send or receive mail. (Yes, even privileged mail.)**

Statement from Chelsea:

In the days up to Monday 10 October 2016, several inmates in the special housing area where I was at, in Alpha Tier, as it's called, were moved out of Alpha Tier to somewhere else. No explanation was provided. After dinner, but before sunset, two tier guards (and I have their specific names on paper) discussed: (a) a cyber attack on the east coast, affecting phone lines and killing dozens of people. (b) Twitter mentioning me being "blown up." (c) Congress entering an emergency session to pass new anti-terrorism measures (d) a proposed amendment to the constitution, the 28th Amendment, that would bar convicted felons from holding office. (e) emergency orders from the "fucking president" affecting USDB and its operations.

At shift change on the evening of 10 October 2016 there was a commotion throughout SHU East:

- a. There was woman yelling "Gooooo Chelsee."
- b. The guards on the tier were activating their PALS alarm system, which is a panic button system that alerts the whole facility to an emergency. However, it was authenticated without the Watch Commander and the all PAL alarms that went off were deactivated rapidly.
- c. I also heard the booth and tier guards asking "who are you?" and a male voice explaining "Oh. I'm new here."
- d. Then there was physical fighting.
- e. There were also several reports of suppressed or silenced shots from a pistol that was either silenced or suppressed by some means.

Then, the female voice began directing the other two males to "bind and gag" the guard's bodies and

throw them into the showers. Specifically, they bound them with cord wrapped four times and were "zip tied." I visually witnessed one person being tied up by the female.

The "attackers" (as I am calling them), consisting of one female leader and two male subordinates, assumed the role of the tier guards, while someone else took over the booth. They all began to speak to each other in hushed tones about "bombs" "TNT" and "C4." I visually saw a silver or metallic-colored box at what appeared to be detonation cord, which is a cord that's used to detonate high explosives.

They began using cliché language, like the kind used in movies, to execute a plan to place these "bombs" in SHU East O and N housing units, which are two general population housing units at the U.S.D.B. They described a bag with "identification documents" "maps" "passports" and "extra ammunition" and they described several escape routes, including places to go and not to go. They described using a van and they described avoiding areas such as TCI, which is the Kansas International Airport.

They described having clothing in the bag for "Chelsea to wear" and wigs, sunglasses, and make up. They also said "Chelsea needs a shave," as I had a beard and I was on suicide risk status. Several minutes passed as they harassed and seemingly tortured the injured people in the showers. The female at one point said "here, take a shower," in a condescending tone, while turning on the shower. They continued to pretend that they were tier guards.

I also heard at several points, broken Arabic. There were several cries in pain in the distance like "my neck" and "ooh, my knee." There were gurgling and gasping noises coming from other parts of the tier. There was also still the occasional report of more suppressed gunfire.

The attackers (that were posing as tier guards) then began to mop up what sounded like it could have been water or what could have been pools of blood. Eventually the "tier guards" coordinated with other voices in the facility to tell the female, who appeared to be the leader, that everything was "in place."

The female waited for a moment, and then said "Alright, pull her."

Then the female knocked on the door to my cell several times, saying in a whispering voice "Chelsea. Chelsea" and "we're going to get you out."

After several minutes of me not responding to them, the female then said "I don't think she's going to cooperate." The people posing as tier guards then continued to pretend to do their jobs. They continued to talk in normal tones about Army sounding things, but with cliché hollywood terms, like the kind you hear in movies like Full Metal Jacket. In hushed tones, they described "Chelsea" as a "hero" and I heard two men speak in broken Arabic with a Saudi Arabian flair or accent, but they were not native speakers.

At several points in Arabic, they talked about "ABASE" or "DBASE." After several hours, I became physically sick. I vomited in the toilet. The "guard" posted at my door noticed me moving, and signaled to the other guards in a hushed tone. I moved to the door and pushed the button for the intercom to the SHU East booth to summon the booth (to talk to them basically).

I asked them to "sign up for sick call."

"I am not feeling well." I said.

This was a ruse on my part to act like I did not know what was going on. The booth voice was unsure what to do.

He asked someone away from the microphone "Now, what do I do?"

Eventually, he came over the intercom and said "Okay Manning, Do you need CLS?" (CLS: Combat Life Saver, an Army term for a soldier trained for medical emergencies.)

I said, "No, I can wait until the morning."

Eventually, the female came up to the door and said "she's faking it." "That's a false cough."

At this point, I got particularly gutsy and angry, and I came up with a plan: I would hide in the corner of the cell, which was difficult to see. I would wait to see how they would respond. The proper response is to activate a PALS alarm and activate a "Force Cell Move Team" to extract me from the cell. The male guards got concerned. "Where is she?" "Does she have a weapon?" "What do we do?"

They called for the female. "Hey, Jessica. I can't see her." This appears to be the first slip of a name for the female leader, who I will from now on call "Jessica." Jessica walked up to the window and pointed a flashlight into the door, searching for me. She then spoke through the door, saying "Chelsea. Chelsea. Are you there? Are you okay?"

At this point, I jumped out of the corner, up to the window and yelled "Who are you people? You are not correctional specialists, so who the fuck are you?"

Jessica said "Of course we're guards. You're an inmate at the U.S.D.B." And another male said something in Arabic under his breath. I could not make it out. I responded, "are you going to hit your PALS?" Meaning their panic alarm system. "Are you going to activate a Force Cell Move Team?" meaning a cell extraction team. "Are you going to get the Watch Commander?"

The three of them looked at each other with a puzzled expression and shook their head from side to side and said "No" to each question. I confronted them, and stated that they did not know the "standard operating procedures" of the U.S.D.B. SHU personnel.

At this point, I fully feared for my life. I thought that if I couldn't fight all three of them, I was going to die or be taken hostage.

After pacing for a few minutes, I came back to the window and asked each one "Who are you?" The male guard at the window shrugged. Jessica said a name I couldn't make out. It sounded like a generic name, such as Smith or Jackson. One of the Arabic speaking males leaned on the railing with a cocked hip in a very unprofessional, unmilitary manner. He looked down at his name tape on the uniform, pointing to it and said "Well, I'm Ramsey, of course."

Now "Ramsey" and "Jessica" spoke for a moment and said "There isn't anything going on here and

everything seems fine to me." Then "Ramsey" laughed at "Jessica" and said "Ala be willing" in Arabic.

I gave up trying to reason with them, and demanded "I don't know who you people are and what you are doing, but if it isn't legitimate or legal, than I will be the star witness for the U.S. Attorney at your Federal Trial, assuming of course you fucks don't kill me first.

"Jessica" then stormed off to the booth while "Ramsey" and the shrugging guy looked dejected and particularly non-plussed.

At some point before breakfast, "Jessica" returned. Then a normal guard (a guard that I had seen before and completely recognized) walked into the housing unit. The other three people tried their best to act like normal guards.

As the tier guard that I recognized came past my door I yelled "I don't thing these guys are really ECHOs!" (Meaning that they are not really correctional specialists.) "I don't know who they are, but I've never seen them before."

The tier guard looked perplexed and puzzled. He then began to walk outside of the housing unit. Following him, the female, "Jessica" stormed in behind him, walking very aggressively behind him. As he stepped out of view, I heard what sounded like suppressed gunfire. Then afterwards Jessica said, "Hey, can you guys clean this up?" to the other two. And they pulled out a mop and there was mopping noises once again. Along with the opening and the closing of the shower.

At breakfast time, a tall black male "Sergeant," who I have never seen before appeared with a clamshell, with is a styrofoam container for food. I have never seen this man before, and I have not seen him since. The "Sergeant" opened the feed tray and said "alright Manning, here's your food."

I asked "where is the SHU shift leader?" The SHU shift leader is the only person authorized to give food to any inmates that are on suicide risk status. They normally inventory the food, item by item, in order to insure that there is a record of what the inmate eats. The "Sergeant" responded that "Oh, he couldn't make it."

I responded "I can not accept this food." To which the sergeant said "Are you sure?"

I then said "yes."

Then he said "All right. I'll go put this back in the warmer."

A few minutes later, the tier guards, including "Jessica," "Ramsey," and the shrugging guy were all replaced by dayshift guards. I recognized all of these people.

By approximately 6:00 AM, everything returned to normal, except that several correctional specialists were "deep cleaning" the entirety of Alpha tier with Pine Sol and bleach.

[LEGAL LANGUAGE REMOVED]