

# ali westwood writing samples

Hey there! This is a compilation of three samples that I feel best represent my skills in storytelling and narrative design. They're arranged in order of my preference that you read them.

Naturally, I think the best way to experience interactive fiction is in an interactive medium, and you can find that kind of thing on my website, listed below. That's also the place to find my resume, if you haven't got it already.

**[mirdalan.com](https://mirdalan.com)**

# Flock Together

## game cutscenes & dialogue

Flock Together is a 'bird management simulator' about an impending climate catastrophe; my role in its development was to develop the storyworld and write all in-game text, including the introduction, endings, and dialogue. The work is presented here accompanied by screenshots from the game itself.

## Narrative Cards

Narrative cards were used to communicate the story in non-gameplay sections - namely the intro sequence and endings. I wrote the words and described the art that was created to accompany it.

### Intro

#### Image Description:

High angle, from in front. Beepo takes the first steps on their quest - out into the streets, surrounded by faceless people they can only hope to convince. They're looking to the player - but Beepo is isolated, and their surroundings are hardly inviting. No-one seems to be paying attention to them.

#### Final Art:



#### On-screen text:

How did it come to this? It seems, somehow, that you are the only one left who's worried about the coming cold. People used to fly south for the winter - has everybirdy forgotten that? Are they so wrapped up in the hustle and bustle of life that they don't notice the temperature dropping? The weather changing? Doesn't anyone remember the wind under their wings?

You have to remind them - make them remember. But you're just one pigeon, Beepo. How could you even start to make a difference? Time is running out...but even if it's just you against the world, against the frost...you have to try.

#### In-game screenshot:



# Ending (Good)

## Image Description:

A vast host of birds in flight. There are recognisable members of each species in the game (including, inexplicably, chickens? keep it light). The clouds are sparse, and the sun shines on the group as they make their escape.

## Final art:



## On-screen text:

It's now or never. The cold draws nearer - you feel it in your hollow bones, and shake it off. It's time to take flight!

With one final squawk, you gather your friends and command them: up! Up! Away, to warmth, safety and sanctuary. Your feathers ruffle as you leave the ground, and you rise as one as the instinct returns to your people. They, as you do, remember the sensation of wind under their wings.

You can already see yourself sitting on a beach somewhere, sipping on an ice cold grub and coke.

Life is good.

## In-game screenshot:



# Ending (Bad)

## Image Description:

Low angle, close-up. Beepo's scarf lies in the snow amongst twigs and other debris. A trail of frozen claw prints fades away into the distance.

## Final art:



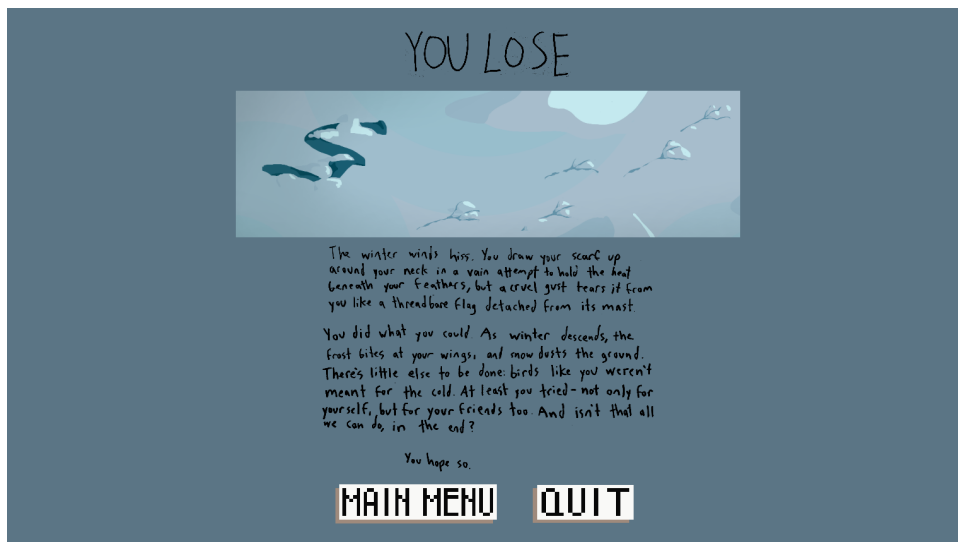
## On-screen text:

The winter winds hiss. You draw your scarf up around your neck in a vain attempt to hold the heat beneath your feathers, but a cruel gust tears it from you like a threadbare flag detached from its mast.

You did what you could. As winter descends, the frost bites at your wings, and snow dusts the ground. There's little else to be done: birds like you weren't meant for the cold. At least you tried - not only for yourself, but for your friends too. And isn't that all we can do, in the end?

You hope so.

## In-game screenshot:










## Bird Dialogue

Beepo's quest to rally other birds and lead them south leads them to talk to leaders who can inspire members of their own species. These simple, characterful interactions are meant to provide the player with an amusing break from the otherwise-daunting task set before them. I wrote the dialogue and chose the most appropriate portrait made by the art team - or requested new ones if needed.




### Cluckster

A bumpkin-type with a short temper. Near-incomprehensible, and angry.

Character	Portrait	Dialogue
Cluckster	 (beak closed)	Wayul howdy thayure pardner, whut can hawmble ol' Cluckster do fer ya?
Beepo	 (shock)	I...uhhh...sorry? What was that?
Cluckster	 (skeptical)	Whut? Kayn't yawl understaynd whut ahm sayun'? Ahm speakin' plain bird, sunneh!
Beepo	 (beak closed)	Ah, I'm sorry, I think there's some sort of language barrier here. Sorry to bother you!
Cluckster	 (shock)	... whutschur problem, kid? Yer lookin' ta scrap?
Beepo	 (beak closed)	Uh, okay...well, I'll be on my way. Bye!
Cluckster	 (shock)	Eyyy! Whayer yawl goin'?? Git back hare!










# Magpeter

A majestic magpie with an eye for fashion. They sound like a problematic tinder hottie.

Character	Portrait	Dialogue
Magpeter	 (beak closed)	what do u want
Beepo	 (blush)	Oh my god, nothing...I-...
Magpeter	 (glowing)	oh ur so shy thats soo cute...
Beepo	 (shock)	Uhhh...
Magpeter	 (glowing)	ur scarf is so nice. u new here?
Beepo	 (blush)	No I'm-...
Magpeter	 (blush)	ok fine I guess i'll go with u

## Taro

A (possibly) Italian sparrow with a need for speed. Snappy, overly-ready responses.

Character	Portrait	Dialogue
Taro	 (grin)	You got it, chief!
Beepo	 (beak open)	...huh?
Taro	 (grin)	Let's go, champ!
Beepo	 (beak open)	What?
Taro	 (beak open)	Sheesh. Catch up.
Beepo	 (beak closed)	...
Taro	 (beak closed)	...
Beepo	 (shock)	Do you even know where we're going?
Taro	 (whistle)	Nope.



# Slipgate

## webcomic script

Slipgate is a science-fantasy webcomic about the universe after its end; it's a collaboration between myself and an artist, where I serve as the writer. This extract is an early section of the first chapter in which the protagonists are introduced. My scriptwork here is presented alongside the draft artwork for the first few pages.

## **Xander Passes (5 Panels)**

**Notes:** The interior of the library is reminiscent of a medieval castle - dusty, sandy grey bricks, lit by torchlight.

All the characters in this scene should look fairly haggard; Kline is dressed in casual clothes that they haven't changed out of in a while.

**F1:** *Mid-shot.* A warm grey wire of a person, **KLINE**, ascends the wide, spiralling steps of the **STAR TOWER**, holding a glass of water. Light spills down the stairs from a room up above, casting Kline in half-silhouette.

KLINE:  
Ghoul?  
Where you at?

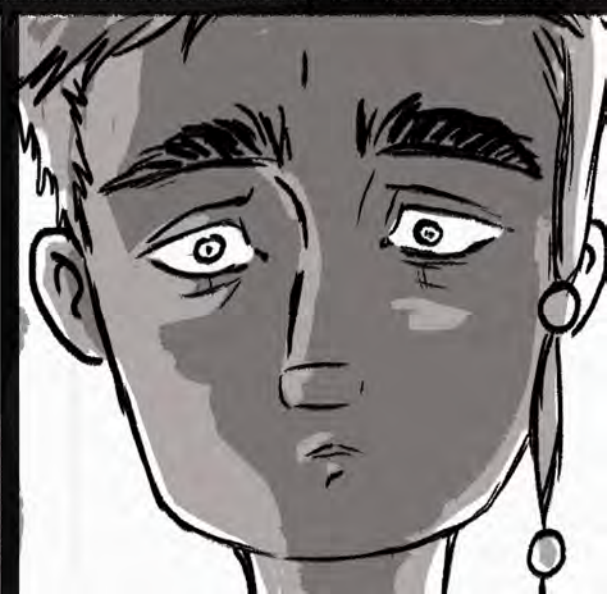
**F2:** *Extreme close-up, inset panel.* The water in the cup ripples.

**F3:** *Mid-shot.* Kline approaches the entrance to Xander's room: a heavy door left ajar.

**F4:** *Mid-shot, over Kline's shoulder.* Kline enters Xander's room. The curved stone room is old, dimly lit and filled with bookcases and tables. The walls are lined with shelves, all stacked high with hardbacks and scrolls. At the far side is a metal-frame bed; it has a thin mattress, bulked up by layers of blankets. On the bed, an elderly man - **XANDER** - lies. His back is slumped up against the headboard. His eyes are open, but distant and motionless. It's clear that life has left him. Beside the bed, **GHOUL** - a white blob-creature - stands on his hind legs, his paw held by Xander's still hand.

KLINE:  
Hey Xander, I had that dream-...

**F5:** *Close-up, inset panel.* The glass shatters into a thousand shards at Kline's feet.



## **Xander's Pyre (4 Panels)**

**Notes:** The dialogue on panels 1-3 is a 'voiceover' originating on panel three; the speech bubbles should therefore connect to one another.

**F1:** *Mid-shot.* Kline kneels beside Xander at the side of the bed, having collapsed forward onto it. They're crying onto the old man's body, half-hugging it.

KLINE (OP):

To the sands I lie prostrate and beg...

**F2:** *Mid-shot, low angle.* Kline sits slumped outside the room in a sort of fetal position. Ghoul sits beside them, offering moral support in the form of affectionate rubbing - as domesticated animals do. The door is open, showing Xander's body in the bed behind them.

KLINE (OP):

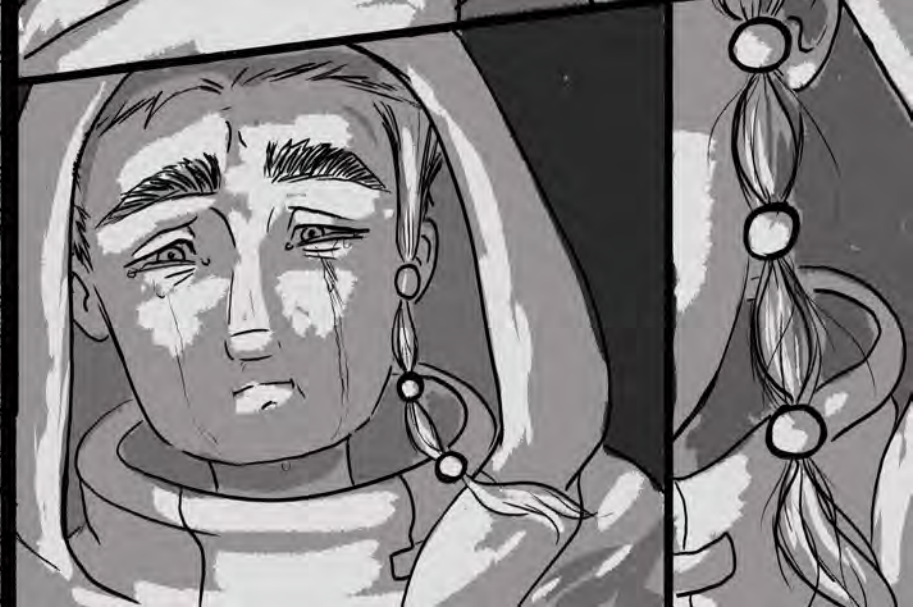
...let not Xander go into the void with restless heart.

**F3:** *Medium close-up.* Xander lies motionless on a bed of tinder and kindling.

KLINE:

His vow is done. And now he passes on his duty.

**F4:** *Wide-shot, over Kline's shoulder.* Flames consume Xander's body, which is visible through the fire at the centre of the pyre. Kline is silhouetted against the fire, merging with the blackness of the night.



## **Zhou Flees Mob (4 Panels)**

**Notes:** The overriding colour of this page is green - a stark change from the warmer colours of the Chunk, indicating a location shift to **KHIRIAYA**. This tropical location should resemble Thai jungles such as Khao Sok. The people in it should appear in period-appropriate clothing - 17th century Thai or South Asian styles - mostly wrapped cloth or silk with wide or no sleeves. Useful garments to reference will be *sarongs*, *sabai* (wrapped binder), the *panung* (pleated skirt) and *chang kben* (wrapped trousers). For nobler types, useful references will be the *suea pat* (shirt) and *pha biang* (shoulder shawl).

Dialogue on this page will be represented by a collection of indecipherable symbols - the Khiriyayan language. The Khiriyayan dictionary spreadsheet can be referenced for spellings and meanings, while a custom typeset should be used for the text. English translations will be underlaid for the ease of readers.

**1:** *Establishing shot, high-angle, large panel.* The dense jungle foliage stretches back towards the horizon. Along a rough path, a female figure dressed in red robes - **ZHOU** - runs at the head of a mob. Her face is painted with teardrop-shaped red marks of paint. The mob is mostly comprised of men - some armed, some poorly dressed and others more lavishly. Rich or poor, they scramble through the brush with gleeful rage. This is a witch hunt.

MOB (KHIRIAYAN, LOUD):

Saran! Ma'pan nama sey! *Witch! You'll burn too!*

MOB (KHIRIAYAN, LOUD):

Shenoh! *Whore!*

**2:** *Close-up, low-height.* Zhou's cut, bruised and bare feet churn up the forest floor as she runs. There is a length of rope tied to one of her ankles.

MOB (OP, KHIRIAYAN, LOUD):

Juya gum aijit, esan-cauoh! *Come back here, dyke!*

**3:** *Close-up, over-the-shoulder.* Still running, she shoots a glance back towards the mob. We see only part of her face, but her expression is one of fear and distraughtness. The green of the forest is a blur as Zhou rushes forward.

MOB (OP, KHIRIAYAN, LOUD):

Baan sang jou fa min mako! *Don't make this hard for yourself!*

**4:** *Reverse shot, Zhou's perspective.* The crowd begin to close on her.

MOB (KHIRIAYAN, LOUD):

Shen! Ma lan nu bakhai! *Bitch! You're a disgrace!*

MOB (KHIRIAYAN, LOUD):

Juya aijit! Ju'pan haru nao sar xan lii ma! *Come back! I'll fuck that curse out of you.*



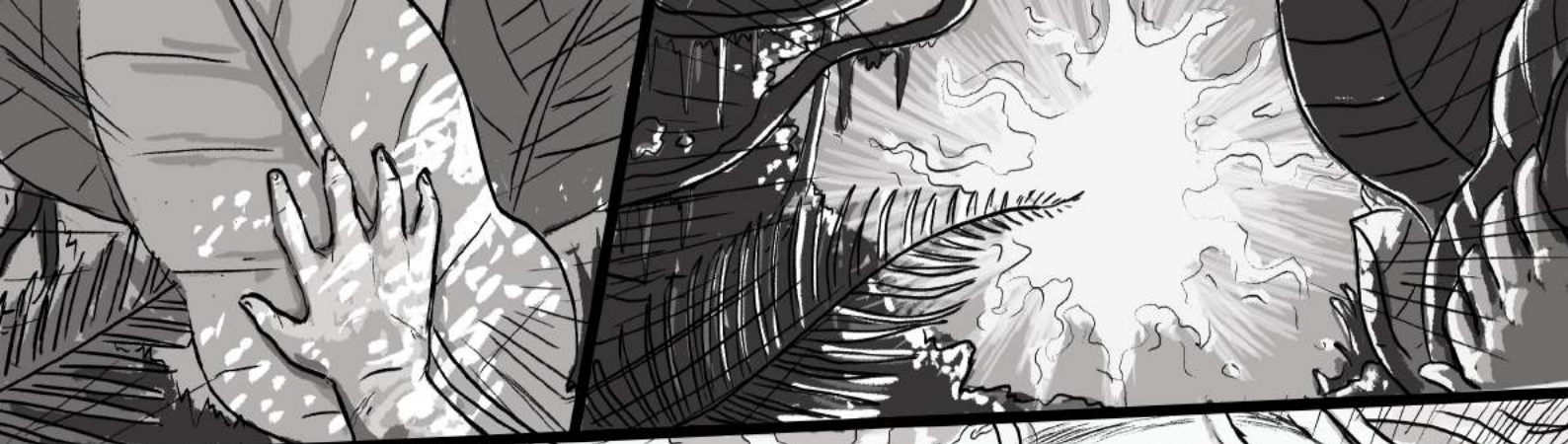
### **Zhou Slips (3 Panels)**

**1:** *Close-up.* Zhou's eyes narrow as she glimpses something ahead of her: a tear in reality. The light emanating from it reflects in her eyes.

**2:** *Medium close-up.* Throwing up her arms to protect herself, Zhou continues her pace, screaming with fear and exhilaration.

**3:** *Mid-shot, flat angle.* As she steps through the tear, Zhou's body is cut in half: on one side of a shimmering, angled line of blue we see her legs, still in motion, and on the other she is gone. Tendrils of energy lick out from the portal and pull at the air around Zhou's lower half, pulling her in.





## **Zhou's Flight (2 Panels)**

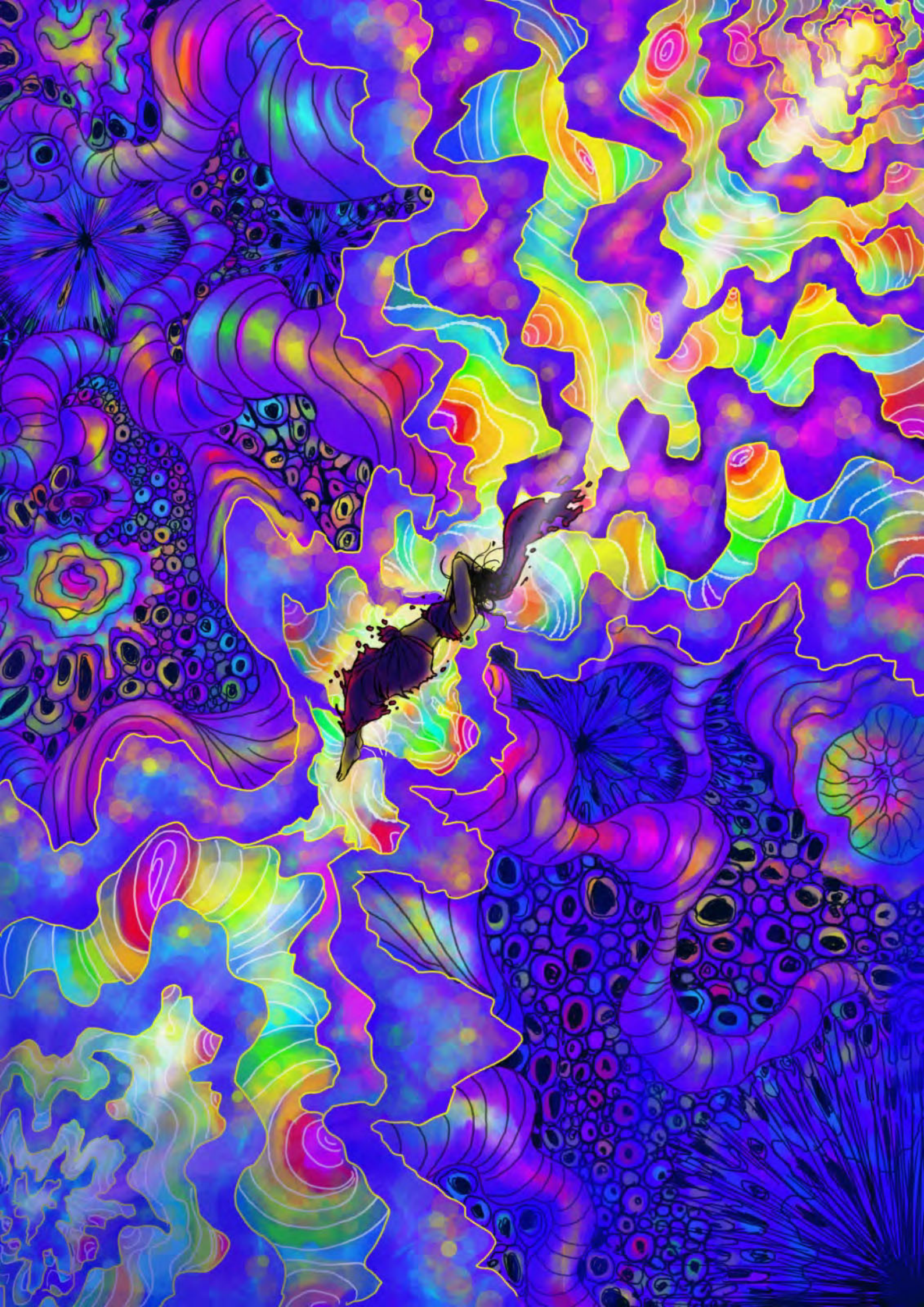
**1:** *Wide-shot.* Zhou falls through time, crying out. Around her, reality folds and unfolds into complex, geometric shapes. Worlds echo across the planes; energy simmers and crackles. Screaming galaxies, cosmic debris, a million points of light. This is an unstable slipgate tunnel - it's a miracle Zhou's body hasn't already been rent into a thousand uncoiled springs.

**2:** *Close-up, inset panel.* She closes her eyes.

ZHOU (KHIRIAYAN):

Dylou...ju tem tomi. Dylou...I'm so sorry.

Ju'pan telay ma. I'll find you.



## Watching Ofbirta (5 Panels)

**1:** *Mid-shot, low angle.* Kline sits on a ridge beside **OFBIRTA**, a slipgate, with their legs dangling below and their headphones around their neck. Having disgorged most of the contents, Kline sits with their open backpack beside them. In one hand they hold a canteen and in the other a book with old Noglisch script on the cover. They have a battered tin filled with crystalline leaves sitting in their lap, next to the rifle. Between their legs is a jarcel (half a loaf of bread with a metal ring around the edge, with a centre full of some sort of fruit). Kline's expression is one of calmness - almost meditative. They've been sitting here, watching, for a while. Far above, strange birds circle against the bright, colourful sky. In the background, Ghoul is curled up in a ball, asleep.

GHOUL (SFX):

*Zzzzz*

**2:** *Medium close-up.* Kline absentmindedly screws the cap back onto the canteen as they spot something in the distance.

KLINE:

Ghoul, you see that?

**3:** *Aerial long-shot.* From behind Kline, the full vista they look out upon is revealed: a scene similar to the opening panels of the chapter - the desert, full of debris and detritus. There is a large crater off in the distance, with fissures in the earth emanating from it. It's almost as if a dent was made in a pane of glass. The shatter gives off a purple glow and seems to be darker towards the centre.

**4:** *Mid-shot.* They pick up the sniper rifle to look through the scope.

**5:** *Extreme close-up/long-shot, a magnified view through Kline's rifle scope.* A herd of **RUMINORS** (strange cow-like creatures) are moving hurriedly in the wide valley below; they've been startled.

KLINE (OP):

Something's stirring up the wastelins...

## **Running To Zhou (5 Panels)**

**1:** *Aerial long-shot.* Kline and Ghoul watch from the ridge as the crater seems to explode with light. At the centre, this light bends and warps - the black hole grows.

OFBIRTA (SFX):  
CRACKLE

KLINE:  
Hey...something new's on the way...

**2:** *Medium close-up, down Kline's rifle barrel, inset panel.* Kline reacts with a mix of excitement and worry.

KLINE:  
Ghoul! Get up!  
It might be a new fridge!

**3:** *Mid-shot, flat angle.* Kline, having slung the rifle and left their bag on the ridge, leaps over an obstruction as they run down the slope towards the crater. Ghoul is playing catch up.

KLINE:  
Come on!

**4:** *Mid-shot, high angle.* This panel might look somewhat like Caspar David Friedrich's *Wanderer Above the Sea of Fog*. Kline, having reached the edge of the pit, looks down towards the centre. Though their body obscures the centre, their posture indicates something. A curling, ill-coloured fog twists up from the pit, rolling from the centre.

**5:** *Wide-shot, low angle, from in front.* Down in the pit, beyond a veil of purple cloud and micro-lightning, there is a shadow - the outline of a kneeling humanoid figure: Zhou. Her clothes are torn and burned; her hair is messy and her face is streaked with a mixture of blood, tears and red paint.

## **Fight Or Flight (5 Panels)**

**Continuity:** Though it is part of Zhou's character design, special care should be paid to the presentation of Zhou's hairpin in these scenes as it will become relevant as a prop on the next page.

**1:** *Wide-shot.* Kline and Zhou face off. There is an obvious imbalance: Kline, on the high ground, towers over the newcomer, despite the distance between them. Zhou looks up at Kline, disoriented but aggressive.

ZHOU (KHIRIAYAN):

Jai no har? Jo lon ju? *What the fuck? Where am I?*

Jai xan saro lan ma? *What the hell are you?*

**2:** *Mid-shot, low angle, Zhou's perspective.* Kline, standing high on the ridge, is almost silhouetted against the bright sky behind them. Ghoul sits on his rear end beside them; both seem stunned, with mouths agape.

**3:** *Close-up, inset panel.* Zhou's expression furrows. She's in fight or flight.

**4:** *Mid-shot, low angle, repeat perspective (2).* Kline starts to clamber down over the ridge into the pit.

**5:** *Wide-shot, low angle.* With Kline down in the pit, the two are on the same plane. Kline approaches Zhou with their hands kept low. Zhou doesn't seem to be backing down.

KLINE:

...uh, hi there.

Are...you okay...?

ZHOU (KHIRIAYAN):

Juma aijiit! *Stay back!*

## **Zhou Attacks Kline (7 Panels)**

**1:** *Mid-shot*. Zhou starts to back away...

ZHOU:  
Aagh!

**2:** *Mid-shot, repeat perspective (1)*. ...but tumbles backward.

**3:** *Mid-shot, low angle*. Kline walks towards Zhou, taking care to keep a cautious and non-threatening stance. They reach out an open palmed hand in a reassuring gesture, hoping to help her up. Zhou, weakly pushes herself up and reaches up to her hairpin.

KLINE:  
Careful, there. You're safe now-...

**4:** *Close-up, high angle*. Zhou's reaction is gritted teeth and a fierce stare. She shouts at Kline.

ZHOU (KHIRIAYAN):  
Jun ju aijit, sarokhon! *Take me back, demon!*

**5:** *Close-up*. Zhou's hand clasps around her hairpin, pulling it from her hair.

**6:** *Mid-shot*. Kline jumps backwards as Zhou jumps forward to thrust the impromptu weapon towards them. She clearly misses, but the look on Kline's face shows that they were caught off-guard. Zhou's hair, loose from the pin, is a mess.

KLINE:  
Woah, woah!

**7:** *Wide-shot, low angle*. Kline raises their arms, half in defense, half in surrender. Zhou scrambles to her feet, holding the hairpin out at arms length.

KLINE:  
Friend! I'm your friend!

## **Leaving Ofbirta (6 Panels)**

**Notes:** As per the previous page, Zhou's hair is now let down and chaotic - a description that should persist.

**1:** *Close-up*. Ghoul, very displeased with Zhou's behaviour, pulls a face that is far from friendly.

GHOUL:  
Grrrarf!

**2:** *Aerial/long-shot*. Using her momentum, Zhou runs across the pond, away from Kline.

KLINE:  
Wait!

**3:** *Mid-shot, high angle*. Zhou clammers up the edge of the pit. Kline and Ghoul have started following in hot pursuit.

KLINE:  
Stop! It's dangerous out here!

ZHOU (KHIRIAYAN):  
Jum song liya ju! *Get away from me!*

**4:** *Mid-shot, high angle*. Kline awkwardly flops up the ridge and raises an arm to try and wave Zhou down. Ahead, Zhou weaves between various rock formations and obstacles embedded in the sand as she flees.

KLINE:  
Hey, wait up! Stop!  
I'm friendly!

**5:** *Medium close-up*. Zhou, exhausted, stops to lean on a tall piece of debris - still clutching the hairpin in one hand. Behind her, Kline and Ghoul get closer. Kline is waving their arms.

ZHOU (KHIRIAYAN):  
Jum song ju kou! *Leave me alone!*

**6:** *Close-up, flat side angle*. Zhou reacts with sudden fear to something unseen.



## **Schnufflin Readies (6 Panels)**

**1:** *Mid-shot, Zhou's perspective.* A monstrous, tortured being - a **SCHNUFFLIN** - stalks along the ground towards Zhou.

SCHNUFFLIN (SFX):  
SCRAWWRR!

**2:** *Mid-shot, repeat perspective (previous page, 5).* Zhou adopts a fighting position and holds the hairpin at the centre of her mass, pointed outward like a sword. She's terrified, but ready to fight. Kline, closer now, has also spotted the monster and unslung their weapon.

**3:** *Close-up, high angle.* The beast looks up and snarls, spitting and dripping saliva. Its eyes are bloodshot and there are scraps of flesh still stuck in its teeth.

**4:** *Wide-shot, from behind the schnufflin.* Kline arrives and puts their arm in front of Zhou. Ghoul bounds ahead of the two of them to face down the beast.

**5:** *Mid-shot, low angle, from in front of Ghoul.* Ghoul fixes the schnufflin with a determined look. Behind him, Zhou looks to Kline, unsure but seemingly trusting them momentarily. She still maintains her fighting stance.

**6:** *Mid-shot.* Kline begins to step backwards, pulling Zhou with them by pressing lightly on her belly. Zhou does not look happy to be touched by Kline, but does not resist.

KLINE (QUIET):  
Slowly...that's a schnufflin...you don't want to fight it.  
Let Ghoul do his thing.

## **Ghoul Defends (5 Panels)**

**1:** *Close-up.* Ghoul concentrates a determined scowl toward the Schnufflin, probing it's mind.

**2:** *Close-up.* The schnufflin's aggressiveness lessens: it bows its head and seemingly grows smaller, slinking away from Ghoul.

**3:** *Wide-shot.* Zhou lowers her weapon slightly as the schnufflin turns to walk away, but keeps its head turned towards Ghoul, who watches it back.

**4:** *Close-up.* As the beast steps away, Ghoul turns back to look up at Kline and Zhou with an enormous toothless grin.

**5:** *Mid-shot.* Kline kneels in front of Ghoul and scratches the skin behind his ears; both are smiling. Zhou stands, slightly dumbstruck and still holding in one hand the hairpin. She is clearly in a position of superiority.

KLINE:

Good job, Ghoul! Well done!

# Evidence File MT-695/B

archival adventure documents

Evidence File MT-695/B is an 'archival adventure' - a story told through collection of realistic-looking documents. The story, here, is about the disappearance of a teenage girl. What's presented here are just a few of the items; they're scans of the originals, which are normally presented in a physical folder for the player to physically examine.



Evidence File MT-695/B  
**SATO-MILLER CASE**

**Includes (in separate folders):**

- Articles and documents gathered from the residence of Suspect C by Special Agent F. Cooper on 10/07/15; most files from Suspect C's study desk.
- Relevant official documents provided by third-party organisations (labelled accordingly).

KF23010 BUFF - KF23011 BLUE - KF23012 GREEN - KF23013 GREY - KF23014 ORANGE - KF23015 PINK - KF23016 RED - KF23017 YELLOW



## Mountain West Medical Examiner's Office

3010 15th Avenue S, Great Falls, MT 59405

Phone: 406-216-8000 Fax: 406-216-8020

Catherine M. Torres M.D. Chief Medical Examiner  
Doug Driver M.D. • Carlotta Burgess M.D.

### PRESS RELEASE

As of October 12, 2015, the Mountain West Medical Examiner's Office has completed its death investigation of Tiffany Sato-Miller. The Mountain West Medical Examiner's Office hereby releases all public data relating to this death investigation as specifically defined by Montana Statute requirements. This public data includes the manner and cause of death; all other medical examiner data is considered private or non-public data. The Medical Examiner's Office is unable to make any further comments about its death investigation of Tiffany Sato-Miller.

The Blaine County Sheriff's Department and Federal Bureau of Investigation continue their investigations.

**RELEASE OF PUBLIC DATA**

Deceased: Tiffany Sato-Miller DOB: 08/10/1998 DOD: 09/19/2015

Address: 103 Charter's Avenue Age: 17 Sex: Female

City: Vermillion State: MT ZIP: 59547 Name of spouse: N/A

Marital status:  Never married  Divorced  Widowed  Married  Separated

Occupation: Student Business: N/A  
Citizenship: U.S.A. Race: Asian-American Served in armed forces of United States: no

Decedent's place of birth: Great Falls, MT

Father's name: George A. Sato-Miller Birth name: Sato Birthplace: Portland, OR

Mother's name: Wendy Sato-Miller Birth name: Miller Birthplace: Mercer, PA

Type of disposition: Burial Date of burial: unknown

Burial place name & location: unknown

Funeral home: Croxford Garden Funeral director: Kevin B. Lee

Place of death: Donachie Forest Hospital: N/A

Date of injury: unknown Place of Injury: N/A

Death at work?: no Address of Injury: N/A

How injury occurred: unknown

Height: 64 inches Weight: 120 Hair color: Brown Eye colour: Brown Complexion: Light

Build: Petite Identifying marks: N/A

Scars & amputations: Scar, right abdomen; scar, right hip; amputation, right leg, below knee (prosthetic missing)

Description of decedent's clothing: yellow shirt, gray bra, blue skirt, black leggings, gray briefs, gray socks, black sneakers

Autopsy performed: yes

MANNER:  Natural  Accident  Homicide  Suicide  Undetermined

Cause: 1: Blunt-force trauma

2: Heavy lacerations to body and head

3: N/A

4: N/A

Other significant conditions: evidence of high blood-alcohol concentration; body semi-preserved by natural cold conditions but recovered in an advanced state of decay; animal hairs found in decedent's clothing.

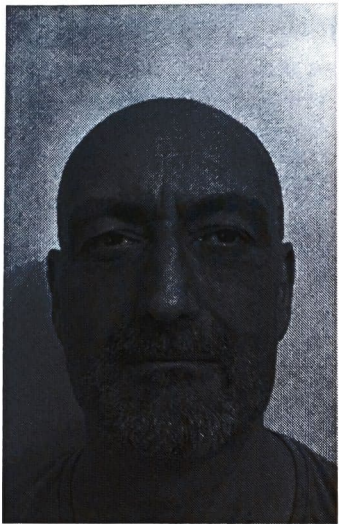
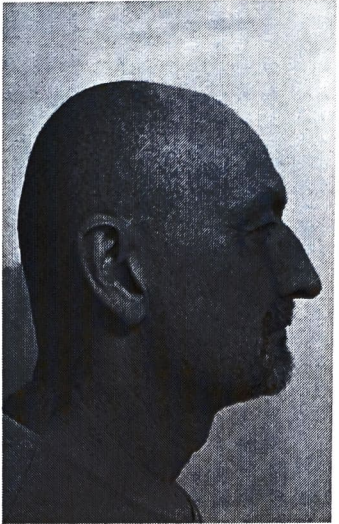
Signed by Medical Examiner's Office: CA

x Catherine M. Torres M.D., Medical Examiner CA Doug Driver M.D., Assistant ME DD Carlotta Burgess M.D., Assistant ME CB



## BLAINE COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE SUBJECT CHARGE REPORT



		<b>Charges</b>	
		Booking Date	11/5/2015 01:05:32
		Charge Number	3
		Disposition	GUILTY ALL CHARGES
		Agency Report Number	HL7003829
		Court Number	CTC980123TTSAO

Name:		Docket #	Arrest Date	Arresting Agency	
OLSEN, STANLEY FREDRICK		130282	10/5/2015 23:27:01	VERMILLION POLICE	
Address			City	State	Zip Code
1609 NORTH GREGORY ROAD			VERMILLION	MT	59211
Race	Sex	DOB	POB	Arrest Age	
WHITE	MALE	02/16/1972	MT	43	
Eyes	Hair	Complexion	Height	Weight	
BROWN	GRAY	LIGHT	509	190	
Scars, Marks & Tattoos					

Cell Location/Status	SPIN	Booking Type
INCARCERATED - TRANSFERRED TO EXTERNAL AGENCY	68102931	FELONY

# The Revelation Baptist Church

I am the vine, you are the  
branches. Whoever re-  
mains in me, with me in him,  
bears fruit in plenty...  
John 15:5



## sermon for 10/04/2015

led by Pastor Phil Guthrie



hymn 1 - My Lord Knows The way

hymn 2 - Pass Me Not O Gentle Savior

guest testimony - Dr Jim Ford

*'why I trust in the savior when other  
peoples lives are in my hands'*

hymn 3 - Tell Me The Story Of Jesus



Mister and Mrs. Sato-Miller

I'm so sorry. I woke up and she was just... there. I don't know what happened.

I don't know what I did.

TIS

SOAP

8D



**VIGIL FOR TIFF**

103 Charter's Avenue

09/27, 7PM start

Free food & drink  
(contributions appreciated)

10L

Return  
her  
DIARY

T-1 <sup>16</sup>	T-2
S-1 <sup>3</sup>	K-1
C-1	R-1
-3/4	H2 <sup>0</sup> -1
m-13 <sup>R</sup>	
H2 <sup>0</sup> -1/2	



# VERMILLION GRACE CLINIC

Discharge Summary USE BLACK INK ONLY

<b>UHID:</b> APJ.00209543908	
<b>Patient Details</b>	<b>Hospital Details</b>
Surname: <i>Olsen</i> Forename(s): <i>Stanley Frederick</i> Sex: <i>Male</i> Date of Birth: <i>02/16/1972</i> Address: <i>1609 North Gregory Rd. Vermillion, MT</i> Telephone: <i>406-622-7820</i>	Address: <i>43 2nd Ave., Vermillion, MT</i> Hosp. No.: <i>43908</i> Method Of Admission: <i>Accident &amp; Emergency</i> Bed Details: <i>R04 BED No-21</i> Insurance Code: <i>X45</i> Referral: <i>Sam Hutton (ER1)</i>
<b>Symptoms on Admission:</b> <i>Mild concussion (no head injury), minor lacerations (neck and hands), repeated loss of consciousness, memory loss.</i>	
<b>Diagnosis at Admission:</b> <i>Unknown</i>	
<b>Clinical Narrative:</b> <i>Patient was found by passer-by near Donachie trailhead, who called 911. At time, patient was in state of shock. Patient admitted via A&amp;E, treated for superficial injuries. Band at blood just under fingernails. Patient admitted to ward overnight, scheduled to see psychiatric consultant from Great Falls nursing of 09/24. Patient initiated self-discharge shortly before consultant meeting.</i>	<b>Operations/Procedures Performed:</b>  DATE/NAME/PROCEDURE <i>09/23/ Dr. Sally Warden - routes physical upon arrival</i>

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# WELLSPRING ANDERSON & ASSOCIATES

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ALISON D. BRADDICK  
*Attorney and Family Law Mediator*  
*Admitted in Florida and Georgia*  
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Email: [abraddick@wellspringanderson.com](mailto:abraddick@wellspringanderson.com)

4634 South Del Prado Boulevard, Cape Coral, Florida 33904 | Telephone (239) 344-3804 | Fax (239) 344-3814

**Via Certified Mail - Return Receipt Requested  
And U.S. Mail**

September 29, 2015

Stanley F. Olsen,  
1609 N. Gregory Rd.  
Vermillion, MT

**Re: Legal Advice**



Dear Stanley:

In reply to your letter postmarked 26th of September 2015, I'm afraid I can offer very little concrete advice without understanding the more specific details of your predicament. Of course, I understand it is a sensitive matter and you may not wish to disclose such details in a letter for fear of the legal consequences.

I would therefore direct you to an attorney in your local area who can, under oath, hear exactly what you have to say. Alternatively, if you prefer to talk to me directly we can set up a meeting and I can engage with you on a professional basis. I fear it would be problematic for both of us if we proceeded any other way than with attorney-client privilege. You can call my assistant at the telephone number listed on the letterhead.

Unfortunately, I'm going to be away for the next week at a conference in Tallahassee, so we can't make much headway - but my staff here are at least as well equipped as I am to deal with your case and we'd be happy to take you on if time is of the essence.

On a personal note, Stan: as your friend, I'm worried for you. I cannot conceive of a circumstance where you might be guilty of...anything. I'm sure whatever trouble you've found yourself in will resolve itself soon enough.

**Sincerely,**

Alison D. Braddick

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be "AB", written over a white background.

ACH/jkb  
cc: none



Annaleigh Age 7 ☺