

My name is Marie Clark, Laconia NH resident and US citizen. I am a mother, former 5th grade teacher from Denver, and retired Realtor from Kennebunkport. I've held other shorter-term jobs over the years. Little did I know at age 75, after seven surgeries over decades, my life, relationships, and trust would be challenged and forever changed beginning on December 2, 2021. I was advised to go to the ER rather than twice before when I was prescribed antibiotics for pneumonia. One positive "Covid home test" four days earlier sent me to the ER. I entered a basement ER room with no daylight that would become my prison for 5.5 days. I was immediately given "the Covid cocktail" (Remdesivir). I also received my sole dose of antibiotics. Later that day I received a second "cocktail." Four more over the next four days. I "slept" in the hard recliner all night. One comment by Nurse Bill the next morning was casually delivered. "You look good. Most people your age have a full mask by now & are intubated on Day 3 or 4." His tone jolted me with every fiber of my body warning me. They already have a plan in place that I will not survive. From that day on I was fed intermittently, completely isolated from the world outside. My inner message was clear. "Stay calm. Drink water. Walk." This is how I might survive. I hoarded cups for water. I walked every hour and drank lots of water. On the evening of the 5th day, my doctor wanted to help me "breathe better" by putting a tube down my throat. I yelled "Absolutely not." I then told him and his "friends" to leave. I was down to 4 L of oxygen, slowly regaining my health. Unbeknownst to me, med recs show he "informed nursing staff to put [me] on continuous Bipap." The next day, #6, my daughter Alicia, with a degree in biochemistry, finally got a hold of my doctor, demanded a plan, a call directly to me, a full meal plan, and removal from ER room to a bed by 5pm. I believe her credentials scared him enough into agreeing to the plan. I spoke w her at 10am, got marinated beef tips for lunch and by 2pm I was wheeled into a room with a bed and cried when I saw daylight w pine tree branches covered with snow. The last 3.5 days were better however doctor kept insisting on a "bipap." I tolerated 10 minutes and took it off. It was like having an elephant on your chest. It struck me, in my experience, that the night nurses tried to help me down in ER while all daytime "Covid" nurses didn't appear to care. Example: I pointed out to a nurse that the breathing treatment was barely allowing any moisture to be effective. In an angry response to a polite request, she turned it up full blast saying, "There, happy now?" and left the room. Upon discharge from Lakes Region General Hospital, I was given the Medicare Rights to sign, 10 days after admission. I have twice requested complete medical records. The first set about 60 pages was a summary never mentioning being in ER for 5.5 days. The second set of only 166 pages, yielded comments from the dietician indicating missing info. The Respiratory Therapist stated she didn't understand why a bipap was ordered. There was no informed consent. Instead there was imprisonment, withholding of nutrition, failure to provide access to basic hygiene, complete isolation, and a barrage of derogatory remarks about my choice not to be vaccinated with unknown ingredients. I am left wondering who at CMS created and wrote the contracts financially rewarding hospitals for Remdesivir and Covid deaths that stripped me of my rights under "emergency powers." Thank you for your time and consideration.