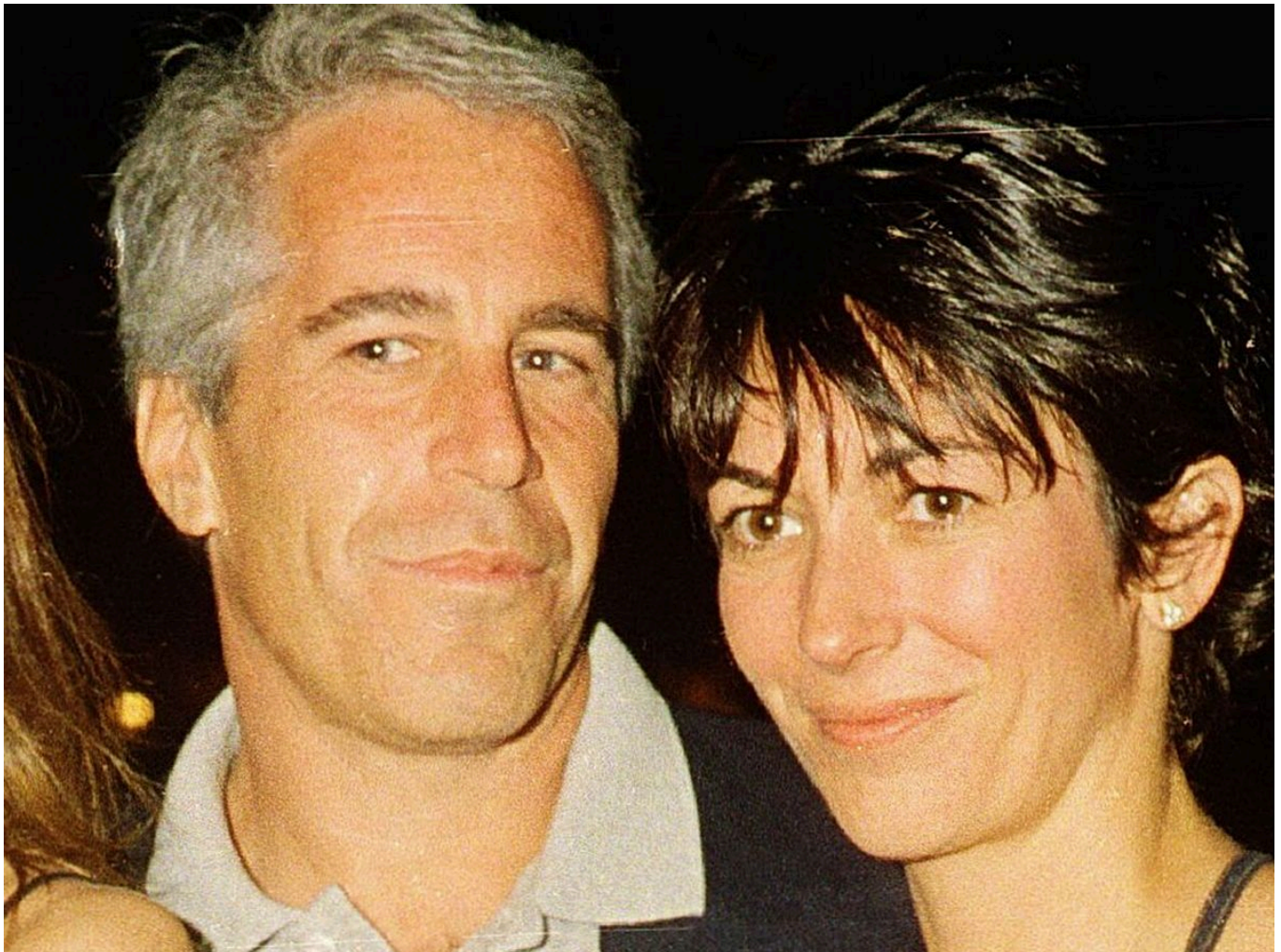




May 25, 2023



Confessions Of A Dead Man: Personal Driver Of Jeffrey Epstein And Other Elites Tells All

BY CLOVERCHRONICLE ON JULY 3, 2020

Just hours before Ghislaine Maxwell, the alleged child sex trafficker and abuser in league with Jeffrey Epstein, [was arrested by the FBI](#), a disturbing confession appeared on a popular image board that is oftentimes used as an outlet for whistleblowers and leakers due to its anonymity.

In the multi-post confession titled 'Story time with a dead man,' an alleged professional driver and security guard meticulously described the inner-workings of not only Epstein's sinister lifestyle, but other elites as well, including both politicians and well-known celebrities.

We have omitted some of the names and other information that appeared in the posts. If you would like to read the full, unredacted version, click [here](#) or [here](#) (Warning: may include some NSFW content).

Note: We are unable to verify whether or not any of the following claims are true. We are only providing this information since it relates to current events (i.e. Ghislaine Maxwell's arrest). Also, some may find this content disturbing. Viewer discretion is advised.

I have been a professional driver/security guard for a circle of very wealthy people for almost 8 years. I started by working the door at a private gentlemen's club outside of the DC area. From that job I was introduced to some employment managers for Jeffrey Epstein. Because I had experience as both a cab driver and a bouncer, as well as always overlooking and keeping my mouth shut about the drugs and prostitution my employers at the club profited from they thought I'd be a good fit to work the weekends for Mr. Epstein. At first, I didn't do very much, definitely nothing important. I would run errands mostly, and do anything my manager (who reported directly to Mr. Epstein) wanted me to do. So say the gardener calls out sick one day, it would be me mowing the lawn in his place. I was sort of a floating general helper. Inevitably I ran into Mr. Epstein now and then, and he was always very personable, enthusiastic. I had heard about his original court case and the rumors and everything, but just meeting this guy made me feel like it was all a lie because he seemed so kind, and genuine. I thought he really was just this hot shot money man, like a Bruce Wayne or Tony Stark kind of figure. And I think, ultimately, that's how he wanted us all to see him. His god complex was, to say the least, very developed.

Eventually I was trusted with bigger jobs. I think I got a good reputation because I cleaned one of Mr. Epstein's bedrooms one day. There was, to my dismay, a mixture of sh*t and c*m on the bedsheets. I dealt with it professionally, and I didn't say anything. I knew by then that someone is always watching. There are cameras in almost every single room save Mr. Epstein's private office and regular bedroom (he had several bedrooms but one was his "favorite" I guess. His main room). I never mentioned it to anyone, but I still got a thank you from my manager for being discreet. One day, I was asked to go pick up a masseuse. From a bus station. I didn't ask her her age, I knew better, but she couldn't have been older than 16. I got a really bad feeling in my stomach because at this point denying Mr. Epstein's tastes would be borderline irrational. I did my job, though. I took her to his house and a few hours later I took her back to the bus stop. She was crying, and I didn't talk to her about it. A few weeks later, I did it again. Now my manager tells me that Mr. Epstein would like me to take over all of his various pick ups and drop offs. They called it "Cutie duty" (f*cking barf). But it was more than just girls, I would pick up drugs and other assorted packages, most of which I had no idea the contents but as

far as I was concerned, the less I knew the better. I was getting paid VERY well for the amount of work I was doing. In a given day I spend 3, maybe 4 hours doing anything that could be considered work, the rest of the time I either sat in my car browsing 4chan on my phone or inside pretending like I was rich and this was my house. For this I was being paid 75k/year, more than I'd ever even hoped to have made in my whole life. When I took over doing most of the driving it went up to 115. Every time my job became more illegal, the money would get better. That's his tactic. He knows that people will do just about anything, for the right price.

I just want people to know I guess, call it a public confession because I'm guilty. I guess I don't care that much because I'm gonna be dead. I've done things I can't forgive myself for, and I think they'll have me killed anyway. I'm going to do it on my terms.

Anyway, Mr. Epstein is very shrewd. He pays you a lot, but not enough for the sh*t you have to do. And he tries to find the absolute least amount he can pay to keep you doing it. For me, disgracefully, that was around 150k. I stayed on "cutie duty" for about 4 months, then Mr. Epstein took a trip abroad and he loaned me out to another family, the R*****. Now, keep in mind, I never met M**** R***** and I don't think I even worked for him, I just worked for the family. I reported to an employment manager as usual. I was tasked with driving a young man, named C*** around wherever he wanted. C*** was probably 22 and already his license had been suspended for drunk driving. He lived in a huge house out in the middle of nowhere outside Bolder, Colorado. Man, it was beautiful. If I could have stayed there forever I would have. I suspect it was a vacation "cabin" (mansion) owned by his parents, but I digress. Every weekend we would drive into the city, he would get sh*tfaced drunk, find a woman or prostitute and I'd take us all back home. C*** was a total piece of sh*t. If you remember "scumbag steve" just imagine if Steve's parents were multi millionaires if not billionaires and you get the idea.

So one Sunday morning, after a typical Saturday night I report for duty 8 am sharp knowing damn well that C*** isn't going to drag his ass out of bed until at least 3 pm. Here he comes hobbling down the driveway in his socks to my car. He usually texts when he's up and I come inside and start cleaning up his messes. No text today. He comes over to the car as I'm stepping out. He says, "Uhh, hey buddy? We kinda got a problem but, it's not that big of a deal". Ok, what? Let's see it. We go inside, upstairs to his bedroom. His girl from last night is laying face up, and her open mouth is pooled with vomit. She is most definitely dead. Far as I can tell she overdosed on whatever combination of prescription drugs they were doing, passed out, puked, then suffocated on her own vomit. I'm absolutely flipping my sh*t, and I've got my phone out dialing 911. C*** slaps it out of my hand and says tells me to hold on. He says he can't get in trouble because it will look bad on his family. I said, C***, you've already been getting into trouble. He says he knows, just not this kind

of trouble. He says I'll get a big bonus if I just deal with it myself. Now, I'm way out here in the middle of nowhere and the implication from day one of my employment in this circle has been that if I mess up I might suffer harsh consequences. I know what I did here was wrong. I know that, and I am so sorry.

I asked him what I'm supposed to do. He says just wait. He gets a different phone out of a drawer and starts making calls. After a few minutes (I'm waiting in the hallway, he's casually pacing around the corpse) he gives me gps coordinates (39.982602, -105.615416) for a little spot off 111 out in the mountains. I'm supposed to wrap her up, take her there, and drop her off. He said there would be guys waiting there to take her. It's a long drive and I don't look forward to it one bit. I wrap her up in his comforter. He stops me. "Bro" he says. "Bro not that blanket, that's like, the softest blanket it in the world dude, no way" and he gets me a different blanket from the closet. F*cking real gentleman, C*** was.

He's got an f-150 at the property used for landscaping work, I put her body in the bed with a tarp on top and then I fill the rest of the back with landscaping supplies. Fertilizer, tools etc. I tried to make it look really natural and boring. I'm sh*tting bricks, I can't believe I'm actually doing this. But he's promising me that if I get busted I'll have the best lawyers money can buy, and I believe him. She's dead already anyway and it's unlikely he would even get into any real legal trouble, just bad press. So what's the difference? The whole time driving I'm just sweating right through my clothes. I have to stop twice to puke. When I get there there's a little dirt spot you can pull off into and sure enough they're a big black SUV and a jeep with offroad tires. I'm not about to just *assume* these are the body people so I stop and get out and approach the SUV. The window rolls down and there's a woman who's probably in her 50's and a big guy driving. I don't know what to say so I'm just kinda like "uhhhh, how's it going?" feeling like a complete f*cking idiot. She makes a call and describes me to the person on the phone, then she puts it down and says "We're who you're looking for, is it under all that stuff in the bed?" I say yeah, do you need help? She says no, take a break. So I walk into the trees a little bit and smoke a cigarette or two. They've got her out and put her in the jeep within about 5 minutes. The woman tells me to drive wait 15 minutes before I leave, then they pull out and drive away, the jeep drives further into the woods. I wait maybe 7 minutes and I leave. I got a text later telling me not to ever leave early again. It was from a blocked number.

So when I get back to the house C*** is sitting at the kitchen table eating a massive bowl of fruit loops with a big serving spoon watching Love and Hip Hop. This man is like a child, and he hasn't even gotten dressed yet. He asks me to wash his blanket and sheets. I do it. We got really drunk that night, and C*** tells me this has happened twice before and it's always fine. He says he's like Scarface "and sh*t". I hate him. The remaining few months go by without incident and he gets his license

back, freeing me at last. Mr. Epstein doesn't need me at this time but I do get referred as a reliable driver to the big wigs at D** J** Records, who assigned me to work on R*****'s crew while she promoted **** * ****, at the time her 6th and newest album.

I never met Ms. R***** in person, just in passing now and then, but I found this job to agree with me a lot better than the others. I drove a van stacked with promotional gear from city to city while she toured. A few times I was sent to pick up molly and was taught to use test strips to test for purity. If it was not pure I was supposed to walk away, but it was always pure. There are circles within circles of connections. I believe there is an entire shadow economy strictly for the rich and famous to get their rocks off collectively. One thing I did learn about R***** is that she enjoys young females as well. I was sent to pick up two young girls and bring them to her hotel room. Of course I was met outside the door by someone more important than me. This struck me as odd because as far as I understand, R***** is not a billionaire like Epstein, but she was even more insulated and protected than he was. I'm sure a lot of that has to do with just personal choices regarding security, but I get the picture that in this world, influence and money both equal power and R***** especially in 2011/2012 was HIGHLY influential. All I had to do was mention her name and girls would get in the car. Just like that.

So the most noteworthy thing that happened while working for D** J** is when R***** had a party to celebrate the end of her tour. Everybody was there, I mean all of the pop stars were there. *****, *****, *****, and even a few old heads like ***** and some actors, I noticed ***** for sure, *****, *****, *****, to name a few. For this party I was, of course, tasked with getting entertainment. They wanted "as young as I could get" and "as many as I could get". Ostensibly they were being hired to be wait staff, valet drivers etc, but the plan is to switch it up on them when they actually get there, give them drugs, money, whatever they need to do what they wanted them to do, which was essentially to be all expenses paid prostitutes for whoever wanted them. That part, thankfully, was not my job. I'm just the piece of sh*t who tricked them into going. I picked up 5 young girls from a mall, a couple of teenage boys I found walking along the road, and then I got a hold of an escort company to fill it out and make an even dozen. The ones from the escort company were not underage and I was severely chastised for it. My manager basically asked if I ever wanted to work again. I said yes. He said then act like you've got some goddamned sense. I didn't make this mistake again. After the tour ended I was just on my own for a month or so, I rented a house near Tulsa and basically isolated the entire time. I was starting to get ideas in my head about going to trade school or something when I was called back to come work for Mr. Epstein again.

At this point, I've developed a bad coke habit, of which I have only been sober a few months to this day. I needed something to make me do it. Coke makes you feel numb in a way not much else does, and believe me, I've tried just about everything. There are research chemicals no one has even heard of that get traded around in these circles. When I came back to work for Mr. Epstein on his island I was going through an 8 ball every day or two. I binge drank at night but I had to keep focused during the day. The coke wired me up and the liquor brought me back down. That's the only way, mentally, I could really cope with what's happening.

I was flown to his now infamous island to be one of the regular staff. Essentially I lived on this island for free, while getting paid, to maintain the grounds and keep the buildings up. When Mr. Epstein was there, obviously he would bring his own entertainment so I didn't even have to do that. I thought, this sounds like a f*cking fantastic deal. Island paradise? Great wages? Not much real work? Count me in. Out of all of my sins, I believe sloth is the most damaging one I indulge in. I always look for the easy dollar, and that's why I am prey for people like this.

Now, first of all, this island is like paradise on earth. It's always a comfortable temperature. The rains are breathtakingly beautiful and the architecture and decor of the houses are exquisite. Yes, the bath house is really creepy. The fake doors are there to confuse fly by surveillance, if anyone was wondering. The other regular staff were...hard to get along with. They were all creeps and I mean capital C f*cking creeps. Made me wonder about myself, honestly, that I'm put here with them. They all joked about getting Mr. Epstein's "leftovers" and the talk was constantly about when Mr. Epstein was going to visit the island again. When he would bring important people – world leaders, CEO's etc, I and most of the staff were kept totally out of site. We weren't allowed to work in an area unless we knew it was empty. Only his most trusted employees could actually be in the building with him and high powered friends. Sometimes though, it would just be the family and things were more relaxed. I passed by his office once, carrying some garbage, when he beckoned me inside. He asked me my name and I told him. He offered me a seat, I took it. You don't get far in this business saying no. He began to talk to me, he looked really stressed. He asked me how anything that feels good could be bad. He had a big painting of Oscar Wilde and considered him a personal hero. He began to explain hedonism to me, and asked me if I understood. Of course, I said. Who doesn't like fun? Lots of people. He said, lots of people. Then he let me go about my duties.

I f*cked up really bad one evening and entered one of the maintenance sheds to return some tools I'd been using, and saw the sweaty, pale back of a large man, hunched over and thrusting. He had a tattoo of Nixon on his back, and he was wearing a bull's head mask. He was [omitted]. He turns to me, I'm just standing in shock, and says quite angrily, "DO YOU MIND?" and I slam the door shut. As I'm

closing the door I get a glimpse of my coworker's face and he is crying. I googled nixon back tattoo later and realized that man was R**** S****, who I'd never even heard of up to that point. I knew I was in deep sh*t. The next day and for two weeks after I got all the worst jobs – trash pick up, cleaning toilets, scrubbing his boats. It f*cking sucked, but I kept my mouth shut anyway. As far as I understood my pay had not been cut so whatever, I'll do the sh*tty jobs where I'm by myself because at least, hey, I'm by myself. That was fine with me.

Anyway things started getting really tense on the island from that point. People started making little comments to me about being nosy, or about minding my own business. I was started to get worried I'd be branded a "troublemaker", which you don't want to be. Things turn very quickly in this business, that's how they've kept a lid on it for so long, any small mistake and you're out. Most people are let go with NDA's and the understanding that they will be watched the rest of their lives which, ultimately, is how I got out as well. After Epstein died they cut me lose, I guess they figure since he's dead nothing I'd know would matter anyway. They're probably right, honestly. It probably won't matter anyway. But the rest of my time on that island was pure terror. I was just waiting to be taken away or worse, never happened, but I was still really scared. I saw a few of their weird "plays" they would do, around the bath house. Mr. Epstein had a little portable stage he would get set up, he would wear the bull head I saw S**** wearing and give a big speech about what he called freedom. He would say this island is the only free place in the whole world, where everyone on it can do whatever they want. Bullsh*t. Not your employees, not the children you bring here. Total bullsh*t. Everyone would cheer, they'd get up and do a sort of conga line with tiki torches, really cringy old rich people sh*t and go into the bath house. There is a trap door on the floor that has not been reported in any of the investigation photos that I've seen which lead to what they call "The chamber", and it is essentially a bondage dungeon. I don't know what all happened in there and I never want to know, I stayed as far away from that bath house as I could.

I worked on that island for about a year, in 2013-2014 Mr. Epstein chose me and two other trusted employees from the island to come with him to a winter retreat in the Swiss Alps. He owned a small (billionaire 'small' mind you) "cabin" (again, mansion) there and wanted people he knew could be trusted, because most of the staff would be local hires. Our job on the surface was to help manage all the employees, like supervisors basically, but the unspoken task would be keeping everyone either in the dark or quiet. Mr. Epstein had a real fondness for plump, young swiss blondes, and the Swiss, as he would explain, have a very "progressive" idea regarding age of consent. He viewed this as a more relaxed way to do what he does, more casual. Part of the thrill for these people, I think, is in the fact that it is illegal and they could get in big trouble. When they go to places that are more friendly with the idea of an older man having sex with 15 year olds it's to "take a break" so to speak. The alps

themselves, wow. I mean, wow. I've been all over the United States and NOTHING in this country compares to Europe in terms of sheer beauty. Sometimes, early in the morning when I'd come out of my cabin and stretch, looking at the trees, smelling the crisp, clean air...just for a minute I'd forget what I have done, and what I'm doing. When it came back to me, I'd have to fight back tears. I want the mountains there to be the last thing I think about before I die.

So I've not been there three days when, while me and the two from the island are doing bumps of coke off a butter knife in the lower garage, a boy [omitted] comes through the doorway right towards us. He's speaking French but I think I got the gist of what he was saying, he was asking for help. He looked hysterical. Immediately my two "friends" were outta there and I shouldn't have been far behind. I told him, calm down, calm down, it's ok, I'm gonna help you. I just wanted him to feel better. This all took maybe 30 seconds before one of the "nannies" came in. He looked at her, confused, and I get the picture he was trying to decide if she could be trusted. She couldn't. She shushed him and put her jacket over him and took his hand, she was speaking French as well and it sounded like a mother consoling a frightened child. She lead him back into the house, I did not see him again. I never mentioned it to anyone, and nobody ever mentioned it to me.

During my last couple of weeks there I witnessed first hand the murder of an "independent journalist". I don't think he was actually a journalist, I think he had maybe a blog or a youtube channel, but I had never heard of him and don't know his name so I don't think he was anyone with any real connections. He was one of the local hires, a dishwasher, but he was seen with a cell phone, out, possibly recording. Me and the other two from the island were asked to go "check it out". So we go get the guy and ask him to empty out his pockets, sure enough he's got a phone. We told him to unlock it, he wouldn't. One of the other guys made a call, came back, and slugged him directly in the nose. I think he broke it because there was blood just pouring out and the guy started screaming. I don't think he'd ever been hit before but me and the other guy held him down. F*ck it I'll say their names. It was D***** R***** from South Florida and M***** H***** from Nevada. M***** and I were holding him down and D***** punched him again and told him to unlock his phone. He complied this time, and sure enough there were pictures and videos from inside the house. We knew he hadn't sent anything out because only wired connections work there, I guess they had signal jammers or something, or maybe because it was just so remote, I don't know. Anyway, D***** makes another call and tells us to take him outside into the woods. I think we're just gonna threaten him and make him sign an NDA, but D***** took his belt off and strangled him to death. We had to put his body up in an outbuilding because the ground was frozen. We put him through a wood chipper and then burned everything to ash. There were bits of charred bone left over when I swept it all into a trash bag and

threw it out with the regular garbage. This, above anything else, I feel the most guilty for.

After that, if I wasn't "in" before, I was definitely "in" now, me, M*****, and D*****. The three f*cking stooges from hell. D***** had been in the military and I think he had a few screws lose because he always had a temper. He became the go to guy for the really dirty sh*t. I started working for Mr. Epstein directly after this. He would confide in me sometimes, when he was very high, about how nothing really makes him feel good enough. He told me once that he hasn't felt happy in years. I wish I had had the stones to tell him that this life he is living is only bringing him down. For a brief moment, I felt empathy for this man. I think that, too, was part of his game though. I don't think he has ever had a single genuine feeling in his life outside of sexual gratitude. He never mentioned the journalist to me, it was like it never happened but we both knew that was the reason I was now working directly for him.

Listen, I think I've said about all I care to right now. I'm going to go get a bottle of something before all the stores close.

Epstein's alleged personal driver made his last post at 12:30am (GMT-4) on July 2, 2020, which was supposedly eight hours prior to Ghislaine Maxwell's arrest.

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H/T: anon p6AZEIzH

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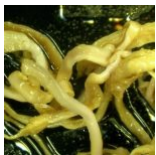
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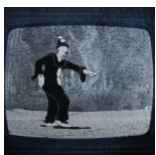
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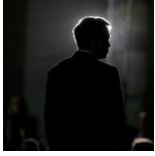


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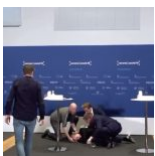
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