

Maddy: Do you think I'm exploiting his grief? You're right, it's shit. It's like one of those infomercials. Y'know, little black babies with swollen bellies with flies in their eyes. It's right here. I've got dead mothers. I've got severed limbs, but it's nothing new. And it might be enough to make some people cry if they read it. Maybe even write a check. But it's not gonna be enough to make it stop. I am sick of writing about victims but it's all I can fucking do because I need facts. I need names. I need dates. I need pictures. I need bank accounts. People back home wouldn't buy a ring if they knew it cost someone else their hand. I can't write that story until I get facts that can be verified. Which is to say until I find someone who will go on record. So if that is not you and you're not really gonna help and we're not really gonna screw, then why don't you get the fuck out of my face and let me do my work?