

## What This has Been Like for me and why I need a Friend

As I have said before, I tried, over and over to settle this with the bank. I tried and tried to get help, and my heart was broken every time. Let me give you a rundown of how this has played out, for me:

- In roughly the 1<sup>st</sup> week of December 2017, my workplace becomes a hell that I cannot tolerate. I know, at that moment, exactly what has happened. It traumatizes me extremely. **My coworkers and management** begin to **treat me like I have a disease** and **cruelly stigmatize me**.
- I call Jenny, and I ask **Jenny** for what I considered to be trivial help- ask Tunny what she heard about me. I wanted to start a conversation. I was confident that it would be over quick. **It rips my heart out when Jenny will not help me**. I also know that she knows more than what she claims to.
- Over and over, for a period of over a year, I offer **Jenny and Tunny** a consequences free opportunity to tell the truth and end my suffering. **Jenny lies to me** and **Tunny will not respond**. I suffer extremely, including contemplating ending my life.
- In complete humiliation, I reach out to **former coworkers** for the truth that I want. I beg them, in tears and in humiliation, to tell me what happened. These are **people that I did everything for**, and **they block me on their phone as I am humiliated and destroyed**. **They will not even give me the simple truth, that I wanted consequence free, when I offer them thousands of dollars**.

- In April of 2019, I desperately need the truth that I have been after for now almost 1.5 years. I think that I am going to get a new job and have to move to South Carolina. In my mind, Charlotte will mutate into hell, the campaign to destroy my life will be get bigger, and more people will be on board with this plan to kill me. I am tethered to this city until I get to have a say in this black box that has destroyed my existence.

Having nothing at all left of me, being completely destroyed and feeling worthless, **the next thing I know is that I am being put in handcuffs in an obvious scam.** It is horrific. **The police** are now involved in **my victimization.**

- I reach out to **my former manager Courtney** for help. Courtney **lies to me, she seems to not be affected at all by my horrific suffering,** and she will not accept my *consequence free* offer for a nondisclosure agreement and conversation.
- People at **my hospital** start committing crimes. **I ask my hospital for help. My hospital instead jumps in the dog pile** and begins to **victimize me.** I am horrified when I realize that my hospital has told the most private and painful details of my life to the people who are scamming me. *It is hard to discredit what you tell your **doctor** in private.*
- **My mother** is involved in the lawbreaking committed by my hospital. **She ruthlessly invades my privacy,** as she has done my entire life. She does this through **my hospital, who treats me as someone who has no dignity and has no rights.**

When I ask my mother about this, she lies to me, and has me woken up by a Charmeck police officer at my door. He is here to do a safety check because **my mother** is worried about me over **the pain that she has caused** by talking to Jenny. The Charmeck police officer has another female officer with him, who I hear whispering about “that’s one of those places where they have people committed?” in an obvious reference to something said about me. This experience is humiliating and it destroys me.

- As this is going on, I make numerous complaints to **the F.B.I.** On one of my first phone calls, I am told to complain to **Charmeck police internal affairs**, because the F.B.I. has a different process for mentally ill people who have their constitutional rights violated. I contact internal affairs and end up on a merry go round with **numerous agencies** who cross-reference me to one another. No one will help me. **I never get a call back from the F.B.I.**
- I also reach out to **my old manager and good friend Shana** for help. I was willing to settle for very little. My heart is ripped out when I realize that Shana **has been pulled into this scam**, and is **cruelly collecting information** to be used to help people evade consequences for what has happened. **She does this cold-blooded information collection as I am in terrible, horrific pain.**
- I report my hospital to the **N.C. Medicaid Fraud investigators**. They do nothing to help me, and **the investigator** I was talking to **blocks me on her phone.**
- I also report my hospital to **H.H.S.**, who **does not even give me a call back** when I send a list of dozens of law violations, and say that I have an air tight case.

- I am hit with another scam involving **Novant Health**. This was initially a very positive experience, but it turned to be not positive at all when I realize this was also **another crime**. I am horrified at how I am a prisoner at will of any and everyone. The **officers** had refused to direct the examination to my psychologist John.
- I call **Broughton Hospital**, the hospital the criminally victimized me at age 18, and which has records that can prejudice the whole world against me. I want to warn them about attempts to get my records. As I speak to them, it is clear that **they have already violated my rights and sent my records out**. I find out that this hospital, which was so eager to criminally victimize me, has zero protections in place, to secure my records and prevent this from happening.

How would you feel if this was you? Look at all the boldfaced nouns and tell me why is it that I cannot seem to get a friend, no matter where I look? I am cruelly left to suffer, while everyone I try to get help from jumps in the dog pile or subjects me to further humiliation.

Then we have a new bullet point:

- I contact **The United States Department of Justice**. At first, it seems that nothing happens, and then, for the first time, **I have a friend**.

**I need you to please be my friend again, whoever you are. I am suffering incredibly and cannot take much more. I have done things to make things harder, and I am sorry. I have no guide and I don't know what to do. As I am not able to figure out what is right, I suffer extremely and terribly because**

**of the threat of my life tanking, day after day. This drives my behavior and my behavior is erratic. I cannot help it.**