

**Documents Abstract (continued)**

or more of entry level employees had a master's degree in accounting. I later heard that his previous job centered around printing paper. This was not bond paper; it was literal plain white paper.

139. Bill got the role because he was a great friend to Gray Bennet. Gray had left our department for a senior role in another department. Gray then came and got Mike Zavala and took Mike Zavala with him to Gray's new department. Gray Bennet's endorsement of Bill was all that was needed to seal the deal.

140. I would come to realize that Bill is the poster child for the Dunning-Kruger Effect. The Dunning-Kruger Effect is the name given to a psychological phenomenon in which people who have abnormally low cognitive abilities are unable to perceive their own incompetence. They will instead be deluded by a false sense that they are actually very skilled and effective. Bill's lack of cognitive abilities, his lack of skills relevant to our line of work, and his blindness to his own incompetence make it inevitable that he runs the department into the ground. These also make it inevitable that he and I would have conflict.

141. I didn't *want* there to be conflict, and I tried to get along with Bill. I did get along with him at first. Then we started to have more and more friction. As this is happening, I make new friend at work. Her name is Jenny.

142. Jenny was a longtime employee of a WLS segment called Loan Documentation (employees of which are referred to as "LDS", short for Loan Documentation Specialists). Her segment of WLS was responsible, among other things, for setting up document tracking in our computer systems. Jenny had decided to move

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to WLS Credit Analysis. Jenny would be working as a credit analyst, the same job role that I worked as and had mastered.

143. Jenny's decision to move came at an opportune time. WLS had recently, as of this time, moved the responsibility of setting up document tracking to the credit analysts. This would now be a responsibility assigned to me and other credit analysts.

144. I knew Jenny to be an acutely perfectionistic person who was very good at her job as an LDS. She had asked for my help on a very complex customer a month or so earlier, while she was still an LDS. She had needed me to call my offices and find out "what on earth is going on" with a company she was working on (calling my offices to find out "what on earth is going on with this company" was my specialty and the story of my life, after taking over the food & agribusiness offices).

145. Jenny would be the perfect person to team up with and learn my newly assigned responsibility of document tracking. After Jenny came aboard to credit analysis, I sent her an IM on Wells Fargo's internal Microsoft Lync messaging application ("Lync"). I offered her a tit for tat relationship. I explained to her that I was by far the best at and the most knowledgeable about credit analysis work. I would teach her to do her new job as a credit analyst, if she would teach me about setting up document tracking. Jenny liked this arrangement and agreed.

146. Jenny's desk was near where Bill sat, and he would overhear me training her. He seemed to be quite impressed and, I would later learn, intimidated by how thoroughly I knew the job. Jenny once told me that "you know what you're doing and you make him feel stupid." At the time she told me this, it was obvious to me that this was a plagiarized private thought. Bill had expressed this feeling to Jenny.

147. There were a few things at play in the growing tension and mutual frustration between Bill and I. The big factor was that Bill had an obsession with an asinine policy he and his direct manager had adopted about due dates on work. This policy made my life hell.

148. I had asked for an accommodation related to this policy, based on my disability; which I now believe I was rightly entitled. My medications were causing terrible health effects. I was forced to stay and complete work by the "due date", even though it wasn't needed by my offices. This was a terrible stress. Due to the extreme over focus on this asinine policy, the last thing on earth any credit analyst wanted was to have a "past due". "A past due" was the name given to a work item that was outstanding past our system's autogenerated due date. Bill acted as if though having even one "past due" was the end of the world, and effects of this mentality rolled downhill to managers and then to employees. Before this policy was implemented, if our office didn't need a work item, we would extend the due date in the system. This was now a banned behavior. My request for accommodations was denied.

149. This policy that everything must be completed by the "due date" would make perfect sense to anyone. To anyone, that is, except someone who had a clue how to do this job and except someone who had a clue about the RCBOs workflow. It was a pointless and counter-productive policy.

150. I was forced to abide by this policy under extreme stress, during a time in which my health had deteriorated to the extreme. My medications were having a destructive effect on my energy. I was very often so tired and lethargic that I felt couldn't

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go on one more minute, and yet I would have to use extreme willpower to get my work done. It nearly killed me every time.

151. WLS management had eliminated my overtime by assigning me 3 then 6 then 12 then eventually up to 16, or more, helper analysts to help with my work. These analysts were supposed to outsource their own work and do my work. I had far more work each week than anyone could complete in 40 hours.

152. The reason my helper analysts outsourced their work was that they were trained in my special food & ag guidelines. One thing I had accomplished, after taking over my offices, was to negotiate exceptions and adjustments to our departments standardized guidelines. I eventually wrote a training manual about how to complete work from my offices. My manual was eventually used as a set of guidelines which analysts could be trained on and held accountable to following. There were many general analysts who could work on the general work that all the other analysts were assigned; there were much fewer trained in the guidelines for my work.

153. What happens? More than once, these analysts do not take on the responsibility of sending out their work. They instead take my work and add it to theirs. Then when they don't get it all done, they come by my desk and say they've got some appointment and couldn't get the work done. I end up doing it, as I am feeling like I'm ready to die and can't take another minute. Management did nothing to address this behavior.

154. This extreme emphasis on getting things "by the due date" triggered all sorts of side effects. One of these was that work was being completed too hastily, resulting in bad work constantly going out the door. Jenny told Bill that it reminded her of the

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environment that caused the illegal sales practices (she was a former teller, who had told me "I didn't know anyone who didn't have phony solutions").

155. The unbearable stress and the hell created by the mismanagement of WLS was on my mind constantly. It was more than I could deal with. This has some side effects as I am going about my typical workflow with my offices.

156. My offices and I had a different way of doing things. Part of this different way of doing things was that we were constantly communicating. We were constantly on the phone discussing customers, sometimes for up to 60 to 100 minutes at a time. We were also on Lync communicating through IMs very frequently.

157. This constant communication, as I am under traumatic stress, creates an irresistible opportunity for me to vent. I vent about the unbelievable stress caused by the mismanagement of the WLS. I would sometimes tell my offices what a joke WLS was becoming. I also told them of the extreme stress the QA staff would sometimes cause me. Relative to me and also relative to my offices, our QA staff were quite far behind the curve on some of the subject matter of my work.

158. One day after a meeting, I send Jenny an IM, saying "Bill hates me." She replies: "he doesn't hate you. It just bothers him how you throw the dept under the bus to your offices, and how you bad mouth QA to them." I ask her "did he say this to you?" She replies "no, I'm just speculating."

159. She obviously wasn't just speculating. She has no way of knowing this. She sits 40ft away from my desk. I'm nowhere near loud enough on the phone for her to hear me. I'm for sure not loud enough for anyone to hear me on Lync (typing in a chat window is silent). This is another plagiarized private thought, and the source is obvious.

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Bill has told her this. I am clearly a frequent subject of conversation between Jenny and Bill.

160. Immediately following this IM exchange between Jenny and I, Bill calls all of the credit analysts over for a sudden and unplanned trip to the ice cream shop. He says the ice cream is on him. We are then told to go home early and that we would still be paid for a full day's work.

161. The timing makes what has occurred obvious. I tell Jenny that Bill hates me. She "speculates" as to why that's not true, and then she "speculates" as to what Bill's grievances are. After I respond to her, Bill makes this goodwill gesture of giving us ice cream. He's trying to cure this situation the has no clue how to handle. Jenny doesn't hear the grievances I tell my offices, but Bill surely does. My offices wonder what the hell is going on at this place.

162. I don't need Bill to buy me ice cream; I need him to forget about his stupid policies, and I need him out of my life. Unfortunately, later on, the exact opposite is what happens. Bill's pattern of using Jenny to indirectly handle the frustration I cause him and to get information about me gets bumped up to another level, and it destroys me.

### III. The Invasion of My Privacy

163. When I got my job at Wells Fargo, I didn't want to keep the hell I left back home a secret forever. I also left open the possibility that I eventually tell some people about some of the other details about my life, like that I went to the hospital at age 18. I would leave small and subtle clues regarding the things in my life that might run others away. This was meant to very slowly desensitize people. I knew I would never be able

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to just give them my story on them all at once. That for sure would be far too much for them to handle.

164. After I had been working for Wells Fargo for around 4 years, in November 2017, I dropped a hint about the way I was treated back home. I told my good friend at Wells Fargo, named Tunny, that "all kinds of people back home hate me, and some of them are on my Facebook, I am sure." Tunny, looking confused, says "what do you mean they hate you?". I cannot remember my reply, but she seemed very confused and perturbed by this. She says "I can look you up (meaning "look me up" on Facebook) by phone number, right?" She said she didn't previously know I that had a Facebook. I told her that my privacy settings were maxed out, and she might not be able to find me.

165. On November 30<sup>th</sup>, 2017 not many days after I tell Tunny about the people on my Facebook, Jenny and I are talking on the phone. Jenny asks for a link to my Facebook profile. Jenny says she wants a link to my Facebook profile so that she can send me a picture of her friend. I didn't think much of this request, though it was odd that she would need a link to my Facebook to send me a picture. Our phones would have also worked just fine for this.

166. On the next workday following my giving Jenny the link to my Facebook profile, people at work start treating me differently. They began to have this same reaction that people in the mountains had after they heard the things that go around about me. I am fine-tuned to recognize this reaction.

167. Around the day I notice this reaction, I am on the phone with Jenny and I self-consciously tell her that I've only had one girlfriend in my life. Jenny is not surprised and has no reaction to this at all. She clearly has already heard this from someone.

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168. I begin to experience trauma and horror over my workplace now turning into the hell I left. I send a text message to a friend named Mei Xie, who goes by Katie Xie ("Katie"). Katie used to work at Wells Fargo and we would also send texts to one another outside of work. In replying to my text message, Katie has this same disparaging attitude towards me.

169. This was it. This was all I could take. I felt surrounded everywhere. My workplace and my life outside of Wells Fargo had clearly mutated into the hell I had left. It had mutated into the hell that made me want to die for five years straight before moving to Charlotte, and it had done so in an instant.

170. In my mind, I thought that Tunny had talked to someone on my Facebook. I thought that I had left open the setting where someone can search me by phone number. I had connected in my mind her bizarre reaction to me saying "people back home hate me" to this new reaction my coworkers had to me. Tunny was the first I had noticed going completely cold on me.

171. Due to the privacy settings on my Facebook, I was pretty sure I knew exactly who had been talked to. The only person visible on the public section of my profile was a woman named Abbey Best. Abbey had clicked the Facebook "Like" button on my publicly visible cover photo. In the three to six months preceding what happened at Wells Fargo, Abbey had also gone cold on me. I had figured that she had likely heard some disparaging things about me as well.

172. I knew that for sure, someone within Wells Fargo had talked to someone I had known or was connected to in the mountains. The logic is simple and straightforward; 100% of the people who think I'm the greatest person ever are in



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Charlotte; 100% of the people who hate and stigmatize me are in the mountains or are connected to someone in the mountains. This leads to one obvious conclusion as to where the person who was contacted was from.

173. Later, my suspicions would be confirmed. Abbey was, indeed, the person who had been contacted. At the time she would have been contacted, she was a habitual criminal and a fugitive, as a matter of public record. Apparently, whoever was asked to contact Abbey to get information about me wasn't instructed to dig into *her* life.

174. At the time this occurred, I was certain it would be over soon. People had known me too long. I could be part of the discussion and I could contain the damage. Feeling destroyed, I reach out to Jenny.

175. Jenny seems taken aback when I call her and am in unbelievable tears. She had never seen me like this before. It is the kind of distress that would make you fear for someone's life. I tell Jenny about how people back home used to make up rumors about me. I tell her how it had destroyed me life. I tell her that Tunny has gone cold on me.

176. Jenny is very comforting during the call, but then something strange happens. For the entire call she seems very concerned and also shocked at how destroyed I was. Then at the end, I ask her "will you please ask Tunny who she talked to or what happened?". Jenny replies "I can't because I don't want to save people anymore".

177. Jenny's reaction is very confusing to me. There is no reason for her not to ask Tunny about this. I am so traumatized that I do not contend with her at all. I am broken and just say "okay". I immediately think that Jenny knows something about this.

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178. At first, it seemed like the whole world inside of Charlotte had turned on me. Later I reflected, and it had been only Tunny, Tunny's main circle at work, a guy named Ryan and those he knew, Ryan's girlfriend Terra, some of the QA people, and management. This was the beginning of me being traumatized and hating life here in Charlotte. Things were terrible.

179. I was treated as a stigmatized person. It was the exact thing I had always known. I kept it a secret. It's not the thing you tell people, but it murdered me.

180. I felt like I was being treated as less of a person everywhere I went in the bank. The managers treated me as a stigmatized person. Many employees did. It also seemed like at least one manager for a role I had applied for was told disparaging things about me. This was the destruction of my new life, and the events that followed would result in the destruction of me, completely.

#### IV. The End of My Job at Wells Fargo

181. I had been having cognitive problems for years. They had gotten worse and worse over time, starting from the time I worked at Bank of America. Around January 2018, I spoke with a neurologist. He said that one of my medications was likely at fault. He said I should speak with my doctor to change my medicines.

182. In changing medicines, I ended up on some that didn't have therapeutic effect on my condition. I began to have symptoms of my mental health condition. These symptoms were for sure too severe for me to work. Around the end of April 2018, I went on a medical leave. I received disability payments from the disability insurance I got through Wells Fargo.

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183. I returned to work in the first week of June 2018. On my first day back, I have around 100+ past due work items. The past due work items had been allowed to pile up while I was gone. Management had a young man named Patrick working on my queue (we had an electronic queue, where work submitted by our offices would come in). One person, or even two, is nowhere enough for my queue. Patrick had been working himself to death, but it was impossible for him to keep up. The department was not allowing overtime, due to low production numbers from the WLS sites in Charlotte and Denver. This was why I had so many past dues.

184. My offices were furious. The piled-up work meant that in the best-case scenario one RCBO's loan team manager would likely be working all weekend. That's what it would take to meet the deadlines on several credit write-ups they had due.

185. In situations like this my process is to call my offices to find out what they need urgently and what they do not. This extraordinary step was above management's paygrade the entire time I was gone, during which time over 500 past due items had piled up for the department. These past dues included up to 130 solely for my offices (1 full day's production for our senior most analysts was 11 items, at the time in question).

186. In order to get my offices what they needed on this tight time schedule, which would have me against the wall completely in all cases, I had to change the usual workflow. A consequence of this adjusted workflow process was that it would appear that I have 0 production on the reports that management and senior management see. This would be the case until I turned in the work to my department in one big batch.

187. The usual process is to turn in the work to the department and send it over to the offices at the same time. Due to the complexity of my customers, part of my

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process was also to add lengthy notes in our systems. This was to aid the QA staff, who would often otherwise be lost as to the rhyme and reason for the way I completed my work. Adding lengthy notes was a big part of the way that I had learned, over time, to get along with the QA staff. QA and I had been having a good relationship for a long times at this point.

188. My offices do not care about the notes I leave for QA staff and others. My offices, in almost all cases, know exactly why I put such and such number here and such and such number there in the reports I create. They know this as a result of nonstop communications between myself and my offices about every customer we have.

189. The obvious solution to the then current conundrum is to delay adding notes for QA. Adding notes for QA would take many, many hours, cumulatively, for all of the work I had to turn in. My offices cannot afford to wait while these notes to be entered. They are against the wall, and waiting for me to add the notes for QA will mean that their approval memos will have to be turned in late. I also have plenty of to do for my offices in terms of customer service, etc. This only adds to my workload. Once my offices have what they need, I will be able to add the notes and turn the work in to WLS.

190. A WLS Credit Analysis manager, named Christian Varnado, started to send me communications and do things to put stress on me about my production numbers. A typical practice then followed, where I have meetings and express grievances with management and they immediately go back to doing the same garbage. It was like they enjoyed disrespecting me.

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191. I had a total of 4 meetings with my manager Courtney Luce and Christian Varnado. Each meeting has the same purpose: for me to ask them to please leave me alone. I tell them that I am under extreme stress as I try to clean up this mess I have come back to. That my offices are mad at the department. I emphasize that I have never, not even once, let my offices down.

192. I explained to them how I was doing the work. I told them that by the Thursday or Friday of my second week back I would be turning in 70 to 100+ work items at once. My production would even out on that day. Each time they said they would let me be so that I could get my work done.

193. On Thursday, June 13<sup>th</sup>, having been back to work for then 9 days, I end up staying very late. The reason was that I had an extremely complex company to complete. It would result in several dozen production items by itself.

194. I am used to getting treated like I don't matter at this point. I am used to people seeming to get some kind of pleasure out of disregarding me and my wishes. I have a sense that even though I've had a total of 4 meetings where I beg them to leave me alone, I will be hearing about it if I have no numbers as of Friday morning.

195. I am working on this combined company at 11pm on Thursday night. I think I maybe can get it done by midnight. Then it's midnight and I'm still not done. I feel like I have to stay. I have to have numbers or they will be giving me grief. 1 am- still going. 2am- still going, 3am- still going...

196. Around 3:15 am I am kicked out by the routine "down for maintenance" mode our financial spread software goes into every night. They presumably do maintenance at this hour because the IT department had thought that never, in a million

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years, would someone be working that late. I finally give in; I will not have any numbers in the morning when management gets in. I can't last any longer. I go home at roughly 3:30am.

197. On Friday morning, while getting breakfast I message Christian to tell him I will be late. I tell him I was at work until 3:30 am that morning. He says "I sent you a message saying you need to turn in some work." I tell him I will be turning in a "mountain" of work that day.

198. I arrive at work around noon. After maybe 30 minutes or so of getting settled in, I see in my email a message from an "engagement committee" member. All of our managers had been copied, because they had directed her email me and to tell me: "you have such and such items past due in your queue. You need to turn them in today."

199. I am extremely offended by this, and by this time I had had it. I had had enough of being disrespected and disregarded. I told myself if they do one more thing I'm walking out. I reply to this email (note that the person who sent it and copied management had immediately afterwards left for a PTO vacation) "Hi, I do not need emails like this. I hope you enjoy your vacation." By default, all managers are copied on this email. I get an instant response from Christian: "These items have been in your queue and past due for over 30 days. We do not expect to see these items in your queue anymore."

200. This was the final blow that did it. Remember that these past due items, which were 30+ days past due, had been on his watch. He sits on his ass and lets them

pile up, not making even one phone call to find out what the offices need. I have been back at work for 9 days. For sure, 21+ days are *his* fault not mine.

201. I am trying to fix the mess that *he* created, and my offices are mad. They are very upset for the first time in over 4 years. I bat 1.000 for 4+ years, and he messes it up on his first try. His job seems to have no purpose other than to disrespect me.

202. Don't let's forget that this is the "past due" policy for which I have been denied accommodations and which at this point only seems to apply to me. 100 to 130+ past due items pile up on his watch. It's not a big deal for a whole month while I'm gone. As soon as I am back it's a huge deal. I'm even responsible for his screw up.

203. Following this email exchange on Friday, Jun 14<sup>th</sup> 2018, I get extremely angry and send an email back to him; I tell him I don't care what he "expects". I then get up; throw my chair against my desk, and walk out.

204. Courtney sends me an IM and leaves a voicemail on my personal cell phone. She wants us to "talk about it". I'm not interested in having meeting number 2,227, where I tell my concerns; they say they will respect them; then I am immediately disrespected again, and they seem to enjoy it. They can forget it; I am done.

V. Me and Jenny, Post-December 2017

205. Before all that unfolded in the period around November 30<sup>th</sup> and the 1<sup>st</sup> week of December, 2017, Jenny had already left Wells Fargo for a job at New Dominion Bank. It was no surprise to me that she left. She had been increasingly stressed out and had said that she couldn't take it. I recall at least one time that she was crying at her desk. Her last day at Wells Fargo was in July 2017.

206. Following the December 2017 incident, Jenny and I are still friends. In fact, we become better and better friends, up to the point that we mutually consider one another best friends. There is an exception to this happy go lucky friendship however. There is one topic that I can't resist bringing up. There is one topic that I can't let rest forever. This happens to be a topic that Jenny hates. She seems to have terrible emotions attached to this one topic.

207. That one topic is this- this distressing thing that happened in the first week of December 2017. Mentioning this at all causes her terrible emotions. It causes fights as time goes on. I try to get to the bottom off it. I tell her please just tell me. I tell her it will all be forgiven.

208. I want the truth. I want to know who Tunny talked to, and I want to know what they said. I have to have it because I can't let this be a black box. This thing in the mountains destroyed my life there. It destroyed my life in the workplace, and I need to contain this destruction.

209. If I've got people roaming around in Charlotte who believe some terrible thing that is said about me, I need to know who they are and what was said. I also need to confirm who is still being spoken with and what they are being told, as my life is in danger. I have people who have been out to kill me.

210. The next blow comes as my finances slowly start to go downhill. My web development business isn't going as well as I thought it would. I have now a very terrible situation. I feel tethered to Charlotte. Until I can get an answer here and contain this, I can never leave. I felt certain that it will mutate outside of my presence.



211. What I am facing at this point is possibly having to go back to the mountains that I hate. At the same time my imagination will run wild about what is going on in Charlotte: what lies are being spread, what knowledge is being shared, and who is newly on board in this plan to kill me.

212. I become suicidal on one morning in January of 2019. Jenny calls me in the morning and I am breaking down completely. She's comforting me again, and seems very concerned. I ask Jenny to please talk to Tunny and find out what happened. Jenny, again, has a strange resistance and aversion to speaking with Tunny about this.

213. I am deeply hurt that she will not ask and that she will not tell me the truth about what she knows. I am dying as of this day, in my mind at the time. I tell her that everyone else gets what they ask for when they die, so why don't I?

214. I am hurt and heartbroken, and I begin to reach out to other current or former WLS employees. Using Facebook Messenger, I IM a former coworker at WLS named Terra. Terra's behavior had changed in December when everything happened. I knew she knew about it. I offered her \$2,000 to tell me. The \$2,000 would come from me liquidating some of my possessions. Liquidating my possessions would take a little time, but in my mind, I'm going to die, and I don't need them. I get no response, and later find out that I have been blocked.

215. I make a separate, desperate plea to Katie. I offer to pay her mortgage payment for one or more months. This is again going to come from liquidating my possessions. Katie gives no response and she blocks me on her phone.

216. Jenny later calls me and is crying. She seems worried to death. I ask her to send me some screenshots of her Facebook and phone IMs with Tunny. She claims to

**Documents Abstract (continued)**

have no Facebook chats with Tunny, ever. Jenny sends a screenshot to prove that she hasn't, although she did have plenty enough time to delete her history. She sends me her text history with Tunny. Jenny says the history she sends me is complete and only contains the one text on her screen. The text message, when I look at it in detail later, is very suspect.

217. I feel bad for making Jenny upset and I decide to live. I am temporarily gaslighted into thinking nothing happened. Jenny is a very skilled at gaslighting and I am susceptible to gaslighting, especially at this time when I am destroyed as a person. The gaslighting never has a prolonged effect, however. After each argument we have, I very soon reflect on all of the strange explanations I am given. Once I begin to reflect on all that doesn't make sense, it is inevitable that this one topic she hates comes up again.

218. In February 2019, I tell Jenny that I can't go on living; I will die. She can call me and tell me the truth about what Abbey said if she wants, but she probably shouldn't expect me to be around that much longer. Jenny becomes very upset and yells at me: "Ok, I talked to her and she said that you had been to a mental institution!!! Is that what you wanted to hear!!?". By my best recollection, Jenny gaslights me again after screaming this at me.

219. In any event, it didn't last long until I had an insight. Jenny has made an obvious Freudian Slip. I never, *not once*, ever said anything about *Jenny* talking to Abbey. It had always been Tunny that I suspected. I just knew that Jenny knew more about it than what she said.

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220. I am initially very mad at Jenny. I send Jenny a message on WhatsApp (this is the application we use to text one another) telling her that I will "burn your ass", and that I "don't know who I've been talking to for 2 years". I then make other angry, harsh sounding statements.

221. In the interim time between my sending Jenny this angry text and Jenny responding, I have an insight. This thing she yells at me "...she said you've been to a mental institution..." seems to explain why everyone, from her to Tunny to Katie to Terra, is so dead set against talking about this. It is a workplace privacy issue. I thought they must worry that it could harm their careers that they have violated my medical privacy and that they have discriminated against me, etc. I thought that maybe this was also a liability in some way to Wells Fargo. I thought that possibly some liability to Wells Fargo was also behind the resistance to talking about this.

222. I feel like now I will get my answer. I just need to explain that I don't want to cause any "HR" problems for anyone. This is where the resistance comes from, and I am happy. Now I will get my answer and my conversation.

223. Jenny calls me back, and she is very angry. She has numerous Freudian slips that indicate that she is hiding something. In the end, however, she gaslights me again. I break down completely and tell her I am sorry and that I was abused as a child. I told her that child abuse makes people see hostility where there is none and to not trust others (this is true, and I do have this trait). Rather than the answer I hoped for, Jenny responds with more lies and more gaslighting.

224. Jenny's least favorite topic on earth becomes a concern again, in the first week or so of April 2019. This time it is that I think I will be getting a job in South

Carolina. I had attended a phone interview with an agribusiness bank. It was for a role that I was very overqualified for. I was sure that I would get the job.

225. The concern is that, again, I am tethered to Charlotte. I need to get the truth and contain this hell. If I've got 20 people, or 100, or any number of people in Charlotte who have heard this garbage, I need to know. I need to know what people say, what they have told others, and I need to have a talk with them. I need to stop it where it is at for my sanity and also my safety.

226. At this point, I am starting to be more aggressive in pursuing the truth. Jenny will not gaslight me this time. I've by this time caught her in unrelated lies. It is clear that she will lie to me and that she has been. At one point, I make legal threats to her, Tunny, and others. That they will not lie their way out of this triggers an escalation on the part of Wells Fargo.

#### VI. April 2019 and The First Crimes

227. Starting around the second week of April 2019, Jenny starts to want to speak with my doctor, and I intuitively sense that she's up to no good. Jenny wants to speak with my doctor alone. Jenny is very concerned that it be private time between my doctor and her. Jenny first asks for my doctor's phone number. Then Jenny wants my doctor to call her. Jenny's pretense for this is that she is worried about me. I know from the get-go that this is a false pretense. I know that Jenny is running a scam.

228. I call my hospital twice, once on April 14<sup>th</sup> and again on April 16<sup>th</sup>. On each call, I tell the people who answer the phone and the nurse(s) that my friend Jenny is up to no good. I tell them that I think she is trying to get my medical records. I'm not sure

**Documents Abstract (continued)**

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why, but this is my best guess as to what she is up to. My hospital doesn't even make a record of my concern, although they do log that I called in.

229. Around this same time, I decide that I want to have a phone call with Jenny to discuss this situation. The purpose is for Jenny and I to talk about this. I want her to at least concede that I have reasons for believing that something wrong has happened. I'm getting sick of being accused of being "paranoid" and treated like I'm worthless, after what happened has killed me. Jenny agrees to have the call.

230. Our call gets stuck, at about 10 minutes in, on the point "is it possible that someone within Wells Fargo talked to someone outside of Wells Fargo?" Jenny refuses to even acknowledge that this is possible. Jenny also gives a series of nonsense sounding explanations as to why everyone's behavior towards me had changed.

231. In one explanation, she says that Tunny started treating me like I had a disease because Tunny didn't want to take my work anymore. I tell her that I helped Tunny with Tunny's work 10 times more than Tunny helped me with my work. Jenny then replies "Clint, when you help people, it feels like abuse." I tell her this is absurd. She says that: "it's because you help people for what they can do for you. It got to the point that our working relationship felt like abuse."

232. Other explanations follow. They are all absurdly implausible. Each in Jenny's series of nonsensical explanations comes up one after another, and it was clear to me that Jenny was making them up as she goes along. As I am debunking one, she is thinking up another.

233. At this point, I do not realize just to what extent Wells Fargo was behind everything that is occurring. It is now clear at the present, as I am writing this, that

**Documents Abstract (continued)**

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Jenny is someone who suffers from limitations, and she is being forced to handle this situation for Wells Fargo. She is the middle-woman between me and them. These nonsense explanations were the best that she could do.

234. Although I did not want Jenny speaking with my doctor in private, I did very much like the idea that my doctor opines on this situation. I respond to Jenny's repeated requests to speak with my doctor by telling her we can set an appointment where she and I speak with my doctor about this situation. I tell her that first, I will have an appointment where I explain the situation. Then Jenny and I can have an appointment together. This is not what Jenny wants; all she will settle for is private time between her and my doctor.

235. I then have another idea- Jenny and I can talk on a recorded phone conversation. I will then play the recorded call to my doctor, who can decide if I sound like I am suffering from "paranoid delusions" in my thoughts about this situation. This will also give me an opportunity to document some of Jenny's nonsensical explanations.

236. It is at this point that I am starting to sense the possibility that I will never get any explanation. I start to sense that I will also possibly never get the truth. I am hopeful for both, but I start to shift towards building a case against these people, whoever they may be. I would use the legal system to hold them accountable and get the truth I wanted. There would be a dual motive in a lot of my subsequent dealings with Jenny and others. Over time, the balance of this dual motive would slide further and further towards the side of building a case.

237. Jenny's and I have our call on April 16<sup>th</sup>, 2019. Jenny makes all sorts of implausible claims. Near the end of the call, we go over the text message on the

Documents Abstract (continued)

following page, in Exhibit I. This text message was sent to me from Jenny in January of 2019, when I had a breakdown over this incident. It is between Jenny and Tunny.

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Exhibit I. Text Message Between Jennifer Cox and Tunny Xongly





238. In reference to this text, Jenny claims that this is their entire text history. According to her, nothing is left out; nothing is truncated. When I press her on "the last thing she ever said to you was 'Clint been texting me. Has he been texting you too?' and the last thing you ever said to her was 'we are super busy'?", Jenny makes a spurious excuse to hang up the phone and disconnects.

239. I found it interesting how I am a topic of conversation between Jenny and Tunny. One theory I have at the present time is that it was possibly both of them who were put up to speaking with Abbey. In any event, Jenny's explanations are completely implausible.

240. Jenny and I continue to fight over the next several days. This is accompanied by repeated attempts from Jenny to be given my doctor's number and to let Jenny speak with her. Jenny also proposes that I give my doctor Jenny's number and have my doctor call Jenny. In addition to nonstop attempts to speak with my doctor in private, Jenny also started encouraging me to call a local crisis line. Jenny wanted me to call the crisis line on a number that Jenny provides. This request was suspect to me at first, but I eventually agree to speak with the crisis counseling line. After speaking on the phone, two crisis counselors, Allison ("Allie") Roe and Cheryl Horton ("Sherri"), come to visit me at my apartment.

241. I have to tidy up a bit for the counselors, as my apartment can be quite messy. I am sure I explained to them why. I often hire house cleaners to clean my apartment. My hired cleaners' rates are very affordable, and hired cleaners are able to get my apartment clean much faster than I can. As I have no one to impress and have to work nonstop in order to keep my financial situation from crumbling, I will let it my

**Documents Abstract (continued)**

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apartment pretty out of shape. I cleaned off the couch before they arrived. They had a place to sit there. I sat at the chair next to my computer desk.

242. The counselors get situated so they can begin their work. Allie, a shorter Caucasian woman, sits on left side of the couch (it is on my right, as I am facing her). Sherri, a taller African American woman, sits next to Allie on the right side of the couch. Allie and Sherri then begin to interview me.

243. After they are seated and begin their interview, I begin to explain the background of my story and how it relates to what occurred at Wells Fargo. Allie is listening and asks questions here and there. Sherri repeatedly interrupts. She is focused on two questions, and two questions only: "do you have a mental illness?", which she would say loudly and with great emphasis in her tone of voice, and "what is your diagnosis?". Those two items comprised Sherri's only concerns, and she repeatedly interrupted my narrative to get answers to these two questions.

244. During the interview, I am agitated after having a very bad day, but I am otherwise very coherent. I tell the crisis counselors that Jenny has violated my medical privacy. I tell them that I want them to document that Jenny called them, Jenny's stated reason for calling, and the time that Jenny called.

245. The counselors clearly seem to think I am doing just fine. At the conclusion of their visit, Allie tells me "You've just had a bad day. Eat a cheeseburger or work on your computer. Do whatever it is that makes you relax and feel better." The counselors then leave some reference materials with numbers to local mental health service providers. I told them I have no need for these references and to save the paper. They tell me that they are required to leave them.

**Documents Abstract (continued)**

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246. After the crisis counselors visit me on April 17<sup>th</sup>, 2019. Jenny and I continue to talk and argue about this situation over the next several days. The fight escalates on April 21<sup>st</sup>, 2019. I exclaim to Jenny, on a text: "you fucking whore, why did you have to come into my life? Why couldn't someone else help you with your spreads?". I also text to her at some point "don't call anyone to come and get me; I will be a vegetable". This was a heated statement and I have made such heated statements in the past. It was in reference to what would happen if I poisoned myself and someone came to interrupt.

247. At 11:03 pm to 11:04 pm that night, there is a knock on my door. By this time, I was completely calm and about to go to bed. I had been texting Jenny, up to that time. I go to the door and an officer of the Charlotte-Mecklenburg Police is at my doorstep. He asks if he can come in. I tell him no, that I am about to go to bed. He then says "someone has called and they are worried about you, so I'm going to have to."

248. The officer enters my apartment, and two other officers soon follow. The first officer, now known to me to be Christopher Sean D'Avanzo, explains to me: "you are not under arrest, and you haven't done anything wrong, but because of the nature of what has happened, we are going to have to take you somewhere to be looked at."

249. We then begin the process of "taking me to be looked at." The officers allow me to gather my wallet, keys, and three bottles of meal shakes. I also down one or two meal shakes before leaving. As we get outside, D'Avanzo tells me that "they do expect me to put you in handcuffs." He places the handcuffs around my wrists, with my hands behind my back.

**03/26/2021 - Patient Message in Novant Health Neurology And Sleep (Randolph) (continued)****Documents Abstract (continued)**

250. I become distressed when put in handcuffs; they are hurting my wrists and making me uncomfortable. I ask the officer if I could have them moved up front. He says he cannot, and then loosens them a little, with my cuffed hands left behind my back.

251. It becomes clear that the officer is not in possession of the petition when I ask him questions, as he transports me. These questions included: "So she filed a petition?" and "She had it signed?", among other questions. His responses: "there was a phone call" and "whoever fills it out will have it signed", etc., make it clear that he is not in possession of a petition.

252. I knew that I had been scammed from the get-go but wasn't worried. The officer continually reassured me that I would be examined by a doctor before being admitted to any facility. He told me that I was not going to an inpatient facility. He gave vague, negative, answers to my questions concerning: "is this a place where they keep people overnight?"

253. All of his vagueness and downplaying as well as the step by step process, where each unwelcome aspect of the process is introduced one at a time, I imagine is typical procedure for processing a legitimate petition. Looking at it in retrospect, I believe the constant reassurance of that I would be looked at by a doctor was a deliberate part of the obvious scam that he was involved in, as were the repeated suggestions or assurances that I was not going to an inpatient unit.

254. The officer at my door immediately triggered suspicion. Jenny had told me numerous times about her "police officer neighbor". At this time, I thought I had recollected her saying he was a "young guy." The officer who picked me up looked

**Documents Abstract (continued)**

young. I am not the greatest and guessing someone's age, but I would have put him at about 25 to 33.

255. I am certain that I know the reason for the unlawful method of processing of this fraudulent petition. I had told Jenny that if she tries to have me hospitalized, I will contend with the magistrate or judge that she is filing in bad faith. It was likely me who first told her about the procedure to have someone hospitalized against his or her will. I had threatened her to do it. I was sick of her lies, and wanted Jenny to put this in front of someone who can throw her in jail for lying. This method of processing the petition was intended to circumvent me from being able to contend with the magistrate. I would be behind hospital walls before it left the magistrate's possession.

256. I never asked to speak with the magistrate, largely because of the repeated assurances that I would be examined by a doctor. I was sure that any reasonable doctor would see that this was a transparent scam. I was sure this would be over fast.

257. After driving roughly 17 miles at a very fast pace, we arrive at the inpatient unit at 501 Billingsley rd. This inpatient unit is located in the same building where I get my routine healthcare. I am taken out of the patrol car and the officer takes off my cuffs. I am taken inside the unit. The man at the door, who is a larger man, has me change into a gown. He inventories my belongings. He tells me "there is a 99% probability that they keep you overnight". This all occurs starting at some time around 11:40pm, on April 21<sup>st</sup>, 2019.

258. Several minutes after my arrival, the officer hands the man who checked me in at the door the petition. As they are entering information on the petition, I hear the officer say "we will just make them the same. That way we can just say that we put the wrong time." The man at the door nods his head. I suspect something is not right here, but I do not know what.

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259. After I am in a gown, I proceed to the next step. An Atrium Health nurse (Atrium Health is the owner of this facility, then and presently called Atrium Health Behavioral Healthcare Charlotte) does some intake work. The nurse seems amused at the claims Jenny had made to Atrium. She and I laugh together at some of Jenny's claims.

260. I wait over 3 hours, to around 3:30 am, on April 22<sup>nd</sup>, 2019, before the doctor who is to examine me arrives. The doctor's name is April Morciglio (I believe she is referred to internally, at Atrium, as "Morci" and I will use this shorthand going forward). Morci enters the room and immediately starts reading me my medical history. She reads it as if she is making a case against a criminal in a criminal prosecution.

261. The reading of the history begins as soon as she passes through the doorway. "Okay Mr. Williams, you have been coming here since 2011. You are diagnosed with Bipolar Disorder, ADHD....." Each condition I suffer from is read as if evidence against me. She mentions "you have made plans of self-harm", if I recall correctly.

262. I begin to explain to Morci how this whole thing is a scam. I tell her how it is ridiculous and false pretense. I also correct her on my diagnosis. I tell her that I have also received a diagnosis for Autism Spectrum Disorder without Accompanying Intellectual Impairment at age 34 or 35.

263. After everything I say to Morci, Morci responds as if I am stupid. She also looks up at me, disrespectfully. She argues with me on my Autism diagnosis. After not more than 2 minutes have elapsed from the time she sits down, Morci issues a verdict:

**Documents Abstract (continued)**

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"*You are manic*. Your friend says you are speaking incoherently. You are tangential.

You are speaking fast. The staff says you are pacing the floors."

264. At the time, I know that I am completely fine. I explain to her that I am acting as I always do. I explain to her that I always talk fast and that this is how I normally am. I tell her that I pace the floor as a result of medication side effects. I tell her that my medication makes me restless and that this has been documented for years by the hospital she works for.

265. I continue to plead my case for a brief time, as I want to go home and this is ridiculous. The evidence that this was a scam could be found at every turn. The privacy violation that I believe has occurred was characterized as "thinking my friends are out to get me" and me being "delusional", on this fraudulent petition, which was strangely taken at face value by Morci. I tell Morci that I can show her the text messages I sent. Morci says that she wants to see them from Jenny. She says she is sending me to observation.

266. I've been in this situation before; I think to myself. When I was hospitalized at age 18, the doctor was biased against me in this same way. In the setting I was in at age 18, the doctor is the one who determines when you get to leave. I learned the hard way then that the way to get out is not to tell the truth; it is to agree with what the doctor says even if what the doctor says is untrue.

267. I ponder on this, and I decide I have no choice but to go along with them. I tell a nurse "I think I have a legitimate problem." I then ask the same nurse for additional medication. My choices, in my mind, are to agree with this doctor or to be here forever. I do not like lying however.

268. To avoid lying, I decide to split the difference. I take the middle ground between the truth and what Morci wants to hear. I decide that my story will be that I am having "brain chemistry issues" but that I also had some legitimate reasons to think that my privacy was violated.

269. From April 22<sup>nd</sup> to April 23<sup>rd</sup>, I participate in routine activities with the staff. We have recreational therapy. We also have employees called psychiatrist assistants ("PA") who come to interview us.

270. In my interactions with staff, I take the middle ground as I had intended to. In recreational therapy, I tell them that I thought things about my friend that were "horseshit". The friend I was referencing was Jenny. I told the first PA to visit me that I had legitimate reasons to think what I thought, but there were some brain chemistry issues as well. He seemed to be pleased that I had recognized my "brain chemistry issues". I got the impression that, at that point, he was looking to confirm Morci's assessment.

271. He told me that, as a condition of my release, they would like to get Jenny's number and also my mother's number. They would like permission to speak with them both. In this circumstance, this was essentially a compulsory requirement. I needed to get home.

272. I give a social worker, which was a brown or black-haired girl who was shorter than me, permission to speak with my mother and Jenny. I give them Jenny's personal cell number. I am not asked to put anything in writing. I give the social worker very limited permission as to what she can disclose.



**Documents Abstract (continued)**

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273. Another troubling development occurs when, immediately after giving verbal permission, I tell the social worker that I want those names and numbers taken off. I tell her I want them taken off immediately following the calls. The social worker dismisses me as if I have no legitimate concern. She says: "how are we going to talk to them again? You're not going to be here after the next few days?". I tell her: "I don't want my regular doctors talking to her either. I get care in this same building". For a second time, I am dismissed. She just shakes her head and gives me a squinted eye type of facial expression; then she walks off.

274. Immediately following this exchange, I believe that this social worker must know something I do not. Her strange reaction to my concern must be based on some knowledge. Perhaps, I think, this inpatient unit doesn't share the same systems or info with the outpatient unit, which is located in the same building where I get my routine care. I do not give refusal to remove the numbers any further thought while I staying at the inpatient unit.

275. The social worker calls Jenny, and Jenny says she thinks I am fine. According to Jenny, Jenny told the social worker: "He seems to be acting more normal. He seems to realize it was a delusion." I had been speaking with Jenny on the phone while staying at the hospital.

276. While in the hospital, I felt very bad for the way I spoke to Jenny, and for the pain and anguish I had caused her. I decided, at some point, to sugar coat the situation to her. I decided that I would stop making the claim that this thing at Wells Fargo happened. I would play along with her version of the facts.

277. This need to play along with her version of the facts became especially relevant after I was visited by an M.D. psychiatrist who I recall going by the name Bob. On April 23<sup>rd</sup>, 2019, Bob tells me that after the various interviews I had with Atrium doctors and staff and a look at Atrium's internal notes, a group of psychiatrists have determined that there is nothing wrong with me. He says that I am "on my baseline".

278. On my baseline, in context, means that although faster speech and a tangential quality of speech can be signs of an underlying condition, these behaviors have to be measured relatively. They must be compared against one's "normal" self. Although I spoke fast, I didn't speak abnormally fast *for me*. I have a long-documented trait of speaking tangentially as well.

279. Bob tells me that they are reversing the involuntary commitment process. My stay at this hospital will be marked as voluntary, retroactively. On the record, it will be as if I had checked in on my own accord. This meant that I would be leaving as soon as this process was complete, on April 24<sup>th</sup>, 2019. I was very happy about this, but I still intended to sugar coat the situation to Jenny.

280. Prior to my departure, another PA visited me to inform me of the hospital's conclusions. She told me, to paraphrase: "when we have these 'he said/she said' things, we bring you into observation. You can interact with people over a period of days, and we see if you have a legitimate problem. It's actually a good thing that you came, because you've been examined, and we've found nothing." This last sentence "it's a good thing that you came. You've been examined and we've found nothing" I took to mean: "You say that this person has violated your privacy. She claims that you have

**Documents Abstract (continued)**

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some sort of delusion. We've determined that is not the case, and now you can pursue whatever you wanted in regards to this."

281. Before I arrived at the inpatient unit, I already had an appointment scheduled for April 25<sup>th</sup>, 2019. This would turn out to be the day immediately following the day of my discharge from the inpatient unit. During this appointment, I explained the situation with Jenny and this privacy violation with my nurse practitioner Kathy Peniston. This situation was mostly a new thing for her.

282. In previous appointments with Kathy, I had only referred to the situation with what happened at Wells Fargo vaguely. I would tell her that I am dealing with things that cause me "emotional pain." This vagueness had a purpose. That purpose was to keep me out of involuntary admission to hospitals. One potential consequence, in my mind, was that the person I told would incorrectly think I had some sort of symptoms. The other possibility, again in my mind, was that the extreme distress this caused me would trigger a safety concern.

283. I had determined, decades earlier, following my stay at the hospital at age 18, to never, ever, ever give anyone a reason to put you in one of these places. At age 18, I had witnessed abuse of patients. I had also dealt with extreme bias on the part of the M.D. there, and I was made to feel that they will never let you go home.

284. It turns out that, my experience at the hospital at age 18 wasn't a perfect barometer. The inpatient unit at Atrium appears to be ran much, much better. The staff there have great compassion. They give you anything you request, on the spot. If you needed some snack, you tell them what you want and it is yours, instantly. If you need water, you get water. They don't say no to much of anything.