

The police officer gets the petition from the magistrate and brings it to the guy at the door. There is an exchange "we will make them the same. That way we can say that I put the wrong time". In January, I ordered to petition. They put the time I was put into custody as 11:43pm and the time I was delivered to the unit at 11:43pm. The very obvious person was to give plausible deniability over the fact that he didn't have the petition in his possession. This whole thing was a kidnapping for the following reasons- the petition is what gives him permission...he puts me in handcuffs, he puts me in his car, he transports me, this was carried out as part of a series of healthcare frauds.

L: No, we've got to go back. There is a massive backstory. Dumbass senior manager has a girl look into my past. Wells Fargo has her fill out a petition. My claim that a workplace privacy violation occurred was characterized as "my friends are out to get me" and that I have "paranoid delusions." This crisis counselor goes with Jenny to the magistrate. The crisis counselors come on April 17. I have a history of being stable. Jenny is insistent that I talk to the crisis counselors. It was suspect how that this was supplied by Jenny. I don't know what the hell to think of Jenny. Two crisis counselors. One listens to my narrative. The other is obsessed with "do you have a mental illness" and "what is your diagnosis". I give my narrative, and I say for instance, "at age 13 I had conduct disorder...", they tell me that I've had a bad day, to eat a cheeseburger or play on my computer. When I retrieve their internal notes, I live in a malodorous apartment, paranoid over and over again, am overweight