246. After the crisis counselors visit me on April 17th, 2019. Jenny and I continue to talk and argue about this situation over the next several days. The fight escalates on April 21st, 2019. I exclaim to Jenny, on a text: “you \*\*\*\*\*\* w\*\*\*\*, 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 my despair was too much. 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. Page 63 of 123 250. 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 but I do not know what. Page 64 of 123 young. I am not the greatest and guessing someone’s age, but I would have put him at about 25 to 33.