40. The event that would come to define my life occurred a few years later, when I was 18 years old. I was admitted to a mental hospital called Broughton that is located in Morganton, N.C. I had no idea that this event would follow me for the rest of my existence. At the time, I scarcely even realized where I was at. I was admitted voluntarily and signed an agreement to stay for 21 days.

41. My arrival at the Broughton hospital was the result of bad lifestyle choices I had made coming back to bite me with consequences. In the months preceding my hospitalization, I had begun to experiment with hallucinogenic drugs. I was later told by the medical staff at the hospital that for some percentage of those who experiment with or regularly use these drugs, the use will trigger an enduring mental illness. The illness will require medication therapy, most likely for the remainder of the affected person’s life.

54. The hospital was a low point that caused me to eventually rebound to a much higher point. I was freshly 19 years old upon returning home from the hospital. I began to work with my outpatient psychologist, John Monguillot (“John”), towards fulfilling some goals. I wanted to make something out of my life.

64. Getting into college was about as hard as falling off a log. A local community college had an arrangement with Appalachian State University (“ASU”). I took a two-part placement test at the community college. I scored in roughly the 95th percentile on both parts of placement test.

67. It seemed clear, by the end of May 2011, that my decision to go to college, even if doing so meant going in debt, was a very good one. I had graduated with a degree in business administration with a concentration in banking and finance. Working up to two jobs and going to school full time, I managed to make it out of college with an over 3.9 GPA. I also scored in the top 1% on the business school exit test.

68. During the time period between getting out of the hospital and graduating college, when I was seemingly making great progress in life, there were some intensely troubling things going on. My progress did bring me some joy at times, but I mostly lived my life in pain and in a private hell for the last five years I had lived in the mountains. To put it bluntly, I spent years wanting to die. I spent years going to bed and contemplating how I might end my own life every single night.

69. My distress was caused by vicious opposition I faced, and ruthless, behind the back attacks on my character. The opposition was everywhere and largely by people who smiled at me to my face. They had found a great tactic to aid them in their opposition. They would say disparaging things about my mental health history. I am not sure of all that was said, but I have reason to believe that it was things that were exaggerated to a cruel extreme.

70. I was told by the staff at the hospital that the reason I was there was that my mother had said she was worried about me. My mother had asked for someone to have someone examine me. This was a *hospital* for people who needed help. Unfortunately, this was not how the hospital was perceived by the locals in the mountains.

71. The hospital, called Broughton and which for some strange reason all the locals referred to as “Broughtons”, had a reputation as the place where “crazy” people were kept. In many minds it was a “stay to the right, because Hannibal Lecter is on the left” type of place. My stay at this hospital was used against me and people stigmatized me to no end.

72. There was one particular area where this tactic was used against me in a particularly vicious way- it prevented me from getting a girlfriend the entire time I lived in the mountains. The same situation repeated, over and over. It went like this: I meet a girl and the girl likes me; then the next time she sees me, she hates me and doesn’t want to be around me. It became obvious that this was the tactic being used the instant I leave whatever venue I meet the girl in. It had been used once, to my certain knowledge, very soon after I had returned home from the hospital. This tactic worked, and the people disparaging me appear to have stuck with it.

73. Over time, this also created a cruel situation where I was tainted goods. Having scorched my eyes, over and over for years, they mocked me for my blindness. I am certain that this was another tactic.

82. This was my life. It was the life that I hated. It was the life that was a nightmare. It was the life where, everywhere I went, I was stigmatized and treated with disrespect. It was the life where I wasn’t important. It was the life where my wishes weren’t considered and I didn’t matter. It was the life I could not wait to leave.