

## Explanation of My Behavior

I want to explain what has driven my behavior over the past 12 months. For over two years, I have faced a nightmare. That nightmare is this- my life in Charlotte tanking, which will be the end of any prospects I have for a happy life. This is especially the case given the fact that I am disabled. If my life in Charlotte tanks, the rest of my life will be an unbearable nightmare. The threat of this happening is what has been killing me, and I am unable to prevent it on my own. I am unable to prevent it, because I am disabled.

Day after day after day, without relent, I have faced the threat of this *terrible* nightmare. I have done so day after day for well over 2 years. The stress this causes me is amplified by my disabling health condition. With my condition, I have an overreaction to stress. I am helpless to stop this nightmare from happening. This is what makes each day unbearable. This is what is exhausting me. *This threat and my helplessness to stop it is what is causing my terrible suffering. **My terrible suffering is what is behind all of my behavior.** What is very important to note is that I have **no** desire to fight, none at all. I have not had any such desire for essentially all of the past 8 months, since the DOJ started helping me.*

In the past 8 months, I have had all sorts of behavior patterns that require an explanation. I have had unbecoming behavior in some of my audios. I have been self-centered and needy. I have flooded the DOJ's inbox with communications, as if I am the DOJ's only concern. I have been unkind to Wells Fargo, even as Wells Fargo tries to help me. I have yelled and lashed out over Wells Fargo's request to have a brain scan. I have, perhaps strangely to you, sought out media and other attention, even as I am getting

help and I've got AU girl to talk to. I may have also done things that would suggest I am still "building a case", times.

What drives every last bit of this is my terrible suffering and my need to have this unbearable suffering relent. This unbearable suffering will relent when I am certain that I will be able to keep my life in Charlotte, and also have some decent living conditions. The life in Charlotte is by far the big piece, but I need to be able to afford food, clothes, get new things here and there, basically live a life something like I had a chance to live before. ***It is the ever present, never ceasing need for my suffering to stop that causes all of these behaviors.***

My unbecoming behavior is because I cannot stand this torment that I live in day after day. This terrible suffering is too much, I feel as if I can't take another minute of it, nearly all day long for almost every day. I get mad when my suffering is allowed to go on.

My self-centeredness and neediness are because of my terrible suffering. My terrible suffering is too much. I can't take it, so I reach out for help in desperation. I have a desperate need for my suffering to be over, I am terrified, and *I cannot help it.*

I lash out at Wells Fargo over this brain scan, because it is murder trying to get it done. I am disabled, and living in nonstop, terrible pain. It causes me horrific stress trying to reason with my mother, who is the only source of money I have. I am not fit to drive to the scan myself, and when I tried, I damn near died. As these attempts to reason with my mother go on, and as I am murdered on each occasion I fight with her about it, my terrible suffering continues, and I cannot take one more day of it. It is killing me day after day, and I need for my terrible suffering to be over.

I continue to reach out to the media, even as I am getting helped, because I need my suffering to be over. It is too much to take. I am not for sure that I'm getting helped, and the threat of my life in Charlotte tanking is killing me day after day, as I live in torment. I think that maybe the media could prod Wells Fargo into action faster, so I do this in desperation. I do this because I need my suffering to be over.

As for "building a case" this is again in desperation, to the extent that I have done this. If I have done this at all, it would be with Atrium. The reason would be that my medical records do not reflect my condition accurately, and not knowing if I am getting helped, I desperately need to get disability. Disability would provide much relief. I may have also done this for the purposes of the media, but I cannot remember. For the media, I may have done this with WFB too, if I did this. *The goal of all of this, **every single time**, is to end my suffering. I have little patience because it is unbearable every single minute it goes on. I suffer and I try to stop it; that is the pattern.*

It is the same for these terrible things that I say about the end of my life. This comes from a desire to see my suffering go away.

I need my suffering to end, and that suffering will end when my life in Charlotte is secure. *When my suffering goes away, **I will forget about Wells Fargo.***

There seems to be a concern on the other side about how I will not forget about Wells Fargo. For the past 8 months, and probably much longer, this is because that Wells Fargo making it right is the only way to end my terrible suffering. Wells Fargo, and those that participated with Wells Fargo in what has occurred, are responsible for my terrible suffering. If it weren't for me being disabled, I would be able to work and not have to deal with this threat. I would also not have to deal with the terrible symptoms of

my condition. *The symptoms of my condition are horrific, **but absent the threat of my life tanking and this suffering this creates, I can handle them just fine.***

All of my behaviors of reaching out to the media, sending emails, lashing out, etc. may come across as me still wanting to fight, as I did when the events first took place. *This is not the case at all. I have **no** aggression, and I do not want to cause any consequence for any of the people on the other end. I am quite simply reacting out of my terrible suffering. The desire for my suffering to end and how terrible and helpless it makes me feel causes it all.*