

Preceding my hospitalization, there were some odd things going on. A man using the absurd sounding name Chris Pineywood had been coming in the restaurant where I worked. He spoke of his frequent drug use and partying. I perceived him as an eccentric and sort of crazy old man who also sounded like a fun time. I later on figured out that this man was an agent conducting some kind of investigation. He had invited me to his residence with 2 men who I thought were his sons.

All was fine and well at this party at his residence. It was many weeks later that I got a sense that something wasn't right. He had put an ad for his carpet cleaning business in the local paper. This ad was a headline "Chris's Carpet cleaning" and a large photo of the man I knew as Chris (I never really believed his last name was Pineywood. I wrote off him calling himself this as his eccentricity).

Chris had been in the restaurant and tried to get ahold of me. He had told a female employee that he thought I may have stolen from him. I was frantic upon hearing this and wanted to call and tell him that I would never steal from him. I had lost his number. I dug up a copy of the local newspaper to get his ad, and then made a call to his carpet cleaning business. A girl answers the phone "High Country Carpet Cleaning", very strangely, and it takes her an unusually long time to remember who "Chris" is.

At this point, I start to think something's going on. I think that this man's eccentricity was a tactic to distract me from his real motive. The photo in the paper was put there to give him credibility. Why else would you make an ad but include no selling phrases "best carpet cleaning business in town", "we have the best rates", etc.? At this point in my life, I am putting these details together at the same time as I am going further down a downward spiral into non-reality.

The people at the restaurant at first wrote this off as me being “paranoid”, etc. At some point, they seem to have figured out that I was onto something. I much later found out that this man was for sure some kind of agent, likely from the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms.