

Fugitive of Injustice

For the last four years, I've been experiencing multiple violations of my American legal and civil rights - the legal standard of being innocent until proven guilty together with a negation of due process under the law - that has grown to encompass my basic liberties, protection under the law, and internationally recognized human rights. These violations include actions taken first by private citizens, then government representatives, law enforcement officials, judges, and now, it seems, American security agencies. The facts will be outlined in this Timeline text, followed by a Conclusion, while the general Context of these violations will be first explained.

The list of players is long and surprising to the average person who thinks such acts are only committed off American soil. After trying all other possible avenues to justice, all I can say is that no person should be experiencing this profound series of terrorizing events by the hands of those charged with securing, serving, judging and protecting. I doubt that I'm a lone target.

If I hadn't experienced everything included in this document, I wouldn't believe the story myself. In fact, I was in denial for the first two critical years as the bases for these injustices were laid by my immediate family and their legal consultants. Just last month, I finally watched The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo trilogy and was shocked at several parallels – a brother covering up at least one murder, a father avoiding his pedophile past, his best friend who has ties to the FBI and CIA, extreme rightwing politics pushing a country towards fascism, a sister avoiding the prison term her first husband served, and a mother embarrassed by her own family's history.

On the 10th anniversary of the horrific tragedy of 9/11 and the subsequent creation of the Department of Homeland Security, we must also examine the dark side of what's understood as absolute power, and the horrific possibility that agencies that began protecting innocent American lives could now be in the business of terrorizing those same people.

If this is the case, silence and obeisance will only permit more innocent lives to be virtually picked apart, and you'll never know who is next. It could be you.

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Louisiana's Oil Spill Crisis Research:
www.facebook.com/oilspillcrisisverifythecrime
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CONTEXT

My full name is Alice Elizabeth Rodgers Guyton, and people know me as Elizabeth. I was born in Miami, FL, on June 29th, 1961, to Thomas Bryan Guyton, MD, and Mary Evelyn Calmes Stewart, as the third and youngest child. An original birth certificate lists my name at birth as Baby Girl Guyton, which was changed two weeks later. The eldest sibling is Mary Evelyn Calmes Stewart Guyton (Bennett) (Miley), born August 2, 1957, while the middle sibling is Thomas Bryan Guyton, Jr. (changed to II), born January 9, 1959.

Our heritage includes many nationalities, as well as Native American, I am told. In fact, a member of my father's family arrived on the Mayflower, while Marquis de la Calmes, respected in Front Royal, Virginia, was from mom's side. Both she and her mother were members of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Thankfully, I haven't discovered any slave traders, but Captain Calmes was General LaFayette's *aide de camp* during the American Civil War. So, my origin of nationality cannot be questioned and the basis for writing this document should be clear – I wonder what happened to America.

We were raised in an upper middle class Miami environment, with access to a grandparent's wealthier lifestyle. I traveled at a young age. My mother designed clothes and ran a farm while my father practiced pediatric medicine when I was young, and later switched to radiology. Sounds like a dream, but other things were happening. I show physical signs of sexual abuse – a tendon disconnected on the back of my leg from my left hip area, and scarred anal tissue. While growing up, I witnessed Dr. Guyton beating my sister, Mary Evelyn, on several occasions. He only beat me once, for skipping school.

Brother Thomas' violent tendencies may be the result of repeated frontal lobe traumas he experienced as a toddler. I was told he banged his head into a wall while riding his rocking horse, but I now wonder if his traumatic brain injury was also the result of physical abuse. Only once did he hurt me while we were growing up, in 1964 or 1965, during a seemingly innocent mistake of play where he was the knife thrower, in this case a bicycle lock, and I was the woman – the bike lock hit me in the lip, drawing blood. He was horrified.

It's also been suggested that being forced to write with his right hand while being left-handed could also have effected Thomas' personality. As a teenager and adult, Thomas was repeatedly interacting with the police for a variety of reasons - delinquency, motor vehicle violations, maritime violations, stalking and assault. These are the interactions of which I am aware.

Thomas was never incarcerated for his juvenile delinquencies, criminal violations and his condition, as discovered by his second grade teacher at Sunset Elementary, was never examined, medicated nor addressed. Instead, his persona reflected a somewhat passive demeanor until an explosive rage erupted, a dutiful son to his father and overly attached to his mother. My sister was the first to tell me that something was wrong with him.

When we were teenagers, I remember Thomas saying that one of his friends hung himself in his front yard, in either Gables Estates or Gables By The Sea. I don't know if Thomas was present when the

police arrived. Another of Thomas' friends tried to run him over with a speed boat, but I don't know why.

When I was a teenager on vacation from school in the late '70's or early '80's, I witnessed a violent crime committed by Thomas against our neighbor's son, David Smith. David's grandfather was an American diplomat associated with Ireland, and his generous treatment of his grandson fed Thomas' obsession. Our address was 4765 SW 80th Street (Davis Road), Miami, FL, and the Smith's lived on the adjacent lot to the west. Thomas climbed the rear fence and shot David's car with a shotgun, whose sounds I heard, and I saw Thomas with the shotgun in his hand heading back to his bedroom with a male friend I'd never met. The lights were off inside the house, but it was before twilight. Thomas told me if anyone asked for him, he wasn't there.

Then, a policeman came and I answered the door. He asked if I heard anything, and I said yes. He then asked if I saw anyone running through our front yard, and I answered, truthfully, no. I waited for his next question, but instead he turned, apologized for the trouble, and drove away as I stood at the door and hoped he would stop and ask the correct question. He didn't, but I made the critical mistake of my life.

Some time later when I was next in Miami, I was told David was murdered in a drive-by type shooting in either Coral Gables or, possibly, at the Winn-Dixie in South Miami, and that Thomas was told to leave a casual wake while being openly accused of David's murder by the friends gathered to pay their respects. At the time, I didn't believe my brother could have done such a thing.

In late June or early July 2010, I called Metro-Dade County Police department, and spoke with a person who said his name was Officer Brodrige of Homicide, explained recent events with my family, shared what I witnessed and remembered, and asked if the murder had been solved. He gave instructions to call again the next day. I did, gave an abbreviated version of the same introduction to Sargent Charles [McCully], who researched the case and returned a call three days later. The Sargent said the documents of the crime are missing from Metro-Dade County's cold case files and sounded shocked.

Family friends include judges, lawyers, politicians and doctors. One of Dr. Guyton's best friends and Thomas' god father is Judge William Hoeveler, Ret., who presided at Panamanian president Manuel Noriega's trial in Miami. Later, I was told that Judge Hoeveler was being vetted for the director's position at either the CIA, the position being vacated by William Webster, I believe. Strangely enough, Hoeveler's eldest daughter, Betsy, had experiences similar to mine while she was a teenager and was thrown out of her house at a young age. She remained the "black sheep" of her family until several years ago.

As I continued living my life after the moment of witnessing Thomas' crime, graduating from boarding school at Chatham Hall in 1979, University of Colorado at Boulder in 1983 and University of Miami in Coral Gables in 1991/1993 with honors, and pursuing a successful career first in architecture then real estate development, marrying and divorcing twice, I put the memory aside.

Other motivating elements worth mentioning include the day I was cleaning out my maternal grandfather's, William Woodford Thomas Stewart, private office in an old barn building on Merritt Island, and I found a few drafts of his Last Will and Testament in a file cabinet. I began reading about

one of his sons from a previous marriage reporting him to the fledgling IRS. Then, I read that Grace Jones, daughter of Orlando Jones and resident of the Plaza in New York City, was listed as his wife. The document was dated after my mother's birth in 1935, and named her mother, Evelyn Rodgers Calmes, only as a recipient of a trust. Apparently, my mother's parents weren't legally married when she was born. Years earlier in a publication entitled Florida East Coast, a collection of biographical sketches, I had read my grandparents married in Mexico.

I gave the Will to my sister after we discussed it, told my brother who refused to comprehend what I was saying, and finally managed to tell my mother about it in a skillful way several years later. She said the information clarified many questions she had about her childhood, and changed her perception of both her mother and father. I know my mother was fearful of the possibility that this revelation would be made public. In this day and age, I think this fear is unfounded. In an unrelated conversation, Evelyn told family attorney, Parker Thomson, that she also feared my sister to whom I had given the Will.

Besides the bike lock incident, Thomas was very protective of me and gentle. I began working on a development plan for the family compound at 5255 South Tropical Trail, Merritt Island, FL, around 1998, and was grooming Thomas as the project manager for the plan developed with Brevard County staff's unofficial approval. After my sister withdrew her support, I shelved the project and moved off the compound. She later produced an alternative plan that embraced planning principles contrary to both those I had promoted throughout my urban design career and those the county was promoting. The original project was scheduled to come on line during the real estate boom of the mid 2000's and would have changed this story considerably.

I moved to New York City, designed beach houses for Florida clients, consulted for NY developers and was offered a position managing the redevelopment of the old John D. Rockefeller estate. Shortly afterward, the Merritt Island project revived, so I stupidly declined the position only to discover later that my family again withdrew support for the plan. I accepted another position in South Beach, FL, and moved back with the hope that the Merritt Island project would soon be revived. It wasn't.

Things changed with my brother in August of 2001, as I was departing on a sabbatical from my career to study Tibetan buddhist philosophy. The car was running and packed, and Thomas arrived looking furious. He became openly hostile towards me for the first time in our lives - in response to the fact that he wouldn't be close and informed of where I was and what I was doing? What was his motivation, besides his expressed wish I would stay and babysit for him? I tried reasoning with him by explaining we each choose our own lives, ensuring I loved him and his children, but without success. I don't believe he was reacting to my choice of philosophy.

My relationship with both my brother and sister began seriously unraveling two years later as their telephone calls to me at the monastery became increasingly hostile. I would return to Merritt island for special occasions during the five years I lived away from the compound, and actively participated in an estate planning process. I coordinated the division of lands with the attorneys and accountants in late 2005, while respecting county planning regulations. The idea was to get 46 acres of valuable land out of my mother's name, establish values for internal parcels, subdivide the cottages everyone was living in so that they were individually owned, create joint ownership of the dock and boathouse, and establish a family business that would either develop or sell the remaining 36 acres within three years.

Hank Raattama of Akerman Senterfitt, Miami, was our point person for preparing the estate plan, developing the business and trust documents, and seemed very different from the other members of the legal team. Curt, somewhat of a military appearance, efficient and given distance by other team members.

James Dale McMaster, Florida State Attorney, became a player around this time. Married to Donna Novak, a childhood friend of my sister's, he was previously retained as the defense attorney for my sister's first husband Harry Morton Bennett, of Harlan, Kentucky. Morton was accused of arranging a flight of marijuana into Utah, of being listed as an owner on the manifest of a freighter filled with marijuana caught coming into California, and a few other counts. Morton said Mary Evelyn should have also been arrested, but wasn't. Morton was convicted and sentenced in Utah according to an overestimated weight of the marijuana, which increased the length of his sentence. He swears the weight was under the limit set for Utah's lengthier conviction, since he had done his homework before the plane was loaded, and that McMaster screwed him.

Morton and James both verbally declared their hate for each other afterward. Dr. Stephen Michael Miley, my sister's second husband, also openly declared his hate for Morton.

Donna and James had moved from West Palm Beach to a property a few miles away on Merritt Island. It's likely McMaster, while abusing his privilege of office, has played one of the pivotal roles in this list of civil violations and criminal activities that helped set a pattern of racketeering amongst law enforcement representatives and officials from Brevard County's judicial branch of government. And, he was seen in Baja meeting with various folks. Personally, I've never liked James nor appreciated his constant sexual innuendos and attempts to grope me and other women. He was also a rabid conservative, while Morton and I were liberals.

As I surfed the web last February, I read a blog entry entitled "While Florida Leads the nation in Public Corruption" that refers to a interim report published on 17DEC2010 by the State of Florida Nineteenth Statewide Grand Jury. Brevard County won the 2010 award for the most corrupt county in America. That's where James works and lives.

FACTS: TIMELINE

Brevard County, FL

In 2005 - 2006, as a result of the estate work mentioned in the Context, I received title to a lot at 5255 South Tropical Trail, Merritt Island, FL, after working directly with attorneys and accountants establishing companies, dividing the land and filing deeds. Raattama also helped with my mother's trust and with corporate documents for all of the parties involved. David Turner, Turner and Associates, Miami, helped with the overall estate planning and coordinated closely with me in dividing the land and establishing values. John Soileau of Watson, DeLeo, Soileau et al, Cocoa, FL, was the attorney in charge of preparing the deeds and coordinating desires with legally recordable documents that his company prepared and filed.

We each signed a 1.3 million dollar purchase note for stock in Guyton Family Partnership and Guyton Family Enterprises, that was later renamed, without my permission or notification, to South Tropical Trail, Ltd. and Inc., respectively. I guess the family partnership was over. The stock represented shares in land, bought from Evelyn Stewart Guyton, who was a co- director with Parker Thomson, and who also continued to control the majority of shares.

Funds from a recent sale of Bahamian property, Royal Island, Eleuthera, The Bahamas, were dispersed in the form of sales commissions and fees. Since I had been out of town, my portion was half of what my brother and sister each received. They each individually received 10% of the sales price, equaling \$1.3 million dollars each, or so. I received \$650,000, for years of work creating a marina and master plan while presenting the work to potential investors. This fee was used for taxes, debt, traveling, purchasing other land, etc. The fee was also obviously used for running from subsequent injustices.

I did the math and knew that after year two, if we didn't follow the estate plans and either develop or sell the land associated with the company, I'd be unable to meet the financial obligations of paying the note and taxes. I complained, but to deaf ears. Evelyn agreed to fund various activities, like travel expenses, to correct the difference between my fee and my siblings' fees. I warned her that she made a mistake in the balance of power between the three siblings by the disproportionate awarding. My sister said the attorney, probably Hank didn't think I should receive any fees.

After the wealth and land was dispersed, the gross violations began. Soileau became the representative agent for Thomas B. Guyton, PA., and for Mary Evelyn's Opus Properties & Investments, Inc. while also representing my interests in South Tropical Trail. Later in AUG2006, my brother and sister committed corporate fraud, with the help of Florida State Attorney James Dale McMaster as listed registered agent, and submitted filings declaring themselves directors of South Tropical Trail without permission or notification.

In March of 2007, I returned from travels and found my siblings lying to me about documents affecting our joint ownership of properties (Exhibit A). We were openly fighting about access agreements and deeds to property they were attempting to change through fraudulent representation, via several hostile telephone calls to my residence in Canada by Mary Evelyn, and via a

letter by Soileau. I held the final vote on the changes, but still trusted promises made at a meeting attended by Mary Evelyn, her husband Dr. Miley, and Thomas, and trusted promises made over the phone by Soileau. I then ignorantly agreed to the filing.

In early June of 2007, my cousin Robert Clarence Hector, passed through the compound and suggested a ride up the inland waterway on *Predacious* to Long Island, NY, but I wouldn't have time to pack or grab my purse – he was leaving that moment... I think Robbie knew what was afoot, and seemed nervous. A few weeks after Robbie left, Thomas attempted to assault me with an umbrella in my front yard, threatening, "I own this property", and failed to respond when I asked if his name was on the deed, and if he paid the taxes. In retrospect, I should have called the police and reported the incident. I can't talk to Robbie about what he knew since he's dead.

On June 21, 2007, I visited Dr. Sally Sange, Merritt Island, FL, for a routine gynecological check and advice regarding symptoms of fatigue and lack of general well being. She withdrew fluids, prepared prescriptions for other tests, and diagnosed me with infrequent menstruation (Exhibit B), and issued prescriptions for several routine tests.

On August 22, 2007, Thomas, his wife Suzanne Marie Gabriel Guyton, and sister Mary Evelyn's then husband, Dr. Miley, colluded to receive a court ordered psychiatric evaluation of me in Brevard County, FL. I believe their purpose was multifaceted - to severely damaged my credibility, to hobble future attempts at pursuing justice against them in their fraudulent attempt to takeover of the family corporation, lands and wealth. At least, these were the obvious reasons. Raattama role, as the estate planner, became increasingly hostile. Now, I wonder if his estate planning specialty is the removal of family members who either know too much or are considered unwanted.

Was my mother's fear of being publicly known of as a bastard, or Dr. Guyton's fear of being discovered a incestuous pedophile, or my brother's fear of being found guilty of murder, also factors? Are these reasons why Raattama was brought in for the job?

What I thought began as an unjust but common tale of greed amongst family members has evolved into a lawless debacle that looks more like conspiracy to commit manslaughter. After the papers were signed for the properties and businesses, the fraudulent request for an evaluation was the next public step towards destroying my ability to find gainful employment, and develop trusting relationships because I've been unable to expunge Akerman Senterfitt's abuse of the mental health system from my record.

The diagnosis, as shown in the release documents (Exhibit C) from the forced evaluation, reflect a diagnosis of "Pathological Family Dynamics" and bi-polar disorder as well as delusion disorder were ruled out. Raattama and family members have purposefully ignored this information and only increased their targeted spew of slander and defamation, poisoning my life piece by piece.

This has been possible because the Florida justice system did not notify me and give me a chance to attend the ex-parte hearing or demand evidence supporting their accusations. And, as I was unable to defend myself from these actions, I was effectively judged guilty before my innocence was proven, or before reasonable doubt was established. These failings of our judicial system, used purposefully, cast doubts on me, my actions and the veracity of my word, and have haunted me ever since.

Herein lies, I believe, the basis for the subsequent list of civil rights violations. This quirk in our justice system has been abused, I've been told, since the 1950's. One of the social workers who interviewed me during the evaluation said, when wealth is involved, "It happens all the time". It's a type of insidious silent crime that can hobble for life, effectively repeating it's violent nature again and again.

If, upon my release and after being cleared of defaming accusations of delusional and bi-polar behaviors, my family had ended their vicious assault, I would have been able to repair their intended damage. They didn't, and here's what happened that day:

Dr. Miley, my sister's husband, faxed a final draft of a letter to family friend and retired local Judge Charles Holcomb, Ret., early on August 22nd (Exhibit D). By Florida statutes, Miley was to have observed me within the previous 48 hours, but he had not.

Mid morning, I went to an appointment at Osler Medical, Melbourne, made to appease my family and to finalize the testing suggested by Dr. Sange. Suzanne Guyton kept on pressuring me to ride with her, and I refused repeatedly. She arrived at Osler slightly dressed up in comparison to her normal style.

I met with Dr. _____, owner and friend of Dr. Miley's, and he began repeatedly demanding additional tests as prescribed by Dr. Miley. I refused, and repeatedly explained that Dr. Miley was not my physician. Suzanne came into the exam room and also pressured me. Again, I restated my position to their requests for excessive testing as Dr. _____ continued pressuring me for an MRI since Dr. Miley claimed I must have a tumor in my brain.

I went outside to smoke a cigarette, returned and was sent upstairs for fluid withdrawals. There, again, the nurses were pressuring me to accept excessive testing requested by Dr. Miley and Dr. _____ of Osler, and I again declined. While withdrawing blood for Dr. Sange's prescriptions, one nurse explained that she was going ahead and withdrawing additional blood for Dr. Miley's tests. While the needle was in my arm, I told her she did not have permission. She refused to stop. I observed the vial and label, waited for her to finish, then went into the bathroom where the vials were stored and flushed that one vial of blood down the toilet and placed the vial in the trash can, in protest.

The nurse station erupted, and I was falsely accused of ruining all that morning's tests. I pointed out exactly what I had done, and went back outside to smoke another cigarette with technicians. While sitting, I observed a person walking out of the upstairs lab very quickly and carrying a blood transport container to a car, and then driving out of the Osler parking lot.

I returned to the upstairs nurses station, and informed them I was leaving with the prescriptions I came with, and would not be returning. I firmly requested Dr. Sange's original prescriptions in the waiting room, loud enough so the other patients would hear that I was disgruntled, did not see Suzanne, got what I wanted, and left the building.

Thomas was in the parking lot but I ignored him. He called me on my cell phone before I drove out and I informed him I would continue with my original plan and complete the testing at my discretion, which included an immediate visit to Quest Diagnostics. He tried to get me to agree to meet Suzanne for lunch at their house, and I declined.

While on my way to the Quest testing center on Merritt Island, I went to my house for lunch and to check on landscape work being performed in my yard. I arrived to find a rare condition of Florida pepper trees, functioning as a mangrove trees that protected my shoreline and lent privacy to my bathroom area, chopped down to the water line, as per my mother's instructions. While discussing the huge mistake, I also shared what had happened at Osler. The response was, "I guess they got what they wanted". What did they want – an episode, or blood products from excessive testing? Both? I don't have a tumor in my brain, and you can diagnose one with a CAT scan.

Then an officer from the Brevard County's Sheriff's Office arrived and forcefully removed me from a bench near the previously existing trees, leaving bruises on my arms for a few weeks - I now understand Florida statutes prohibit his actions. While this was happening, I realized that my house and everything that was happening at that moment was now visible from across the Indian River because the trees had just been chopped down. Of course I loudly accused the people present of conspiring to create the entire drama, and most likely taking pictures from across the river. Just another step in the estate planning process?

Earlier that day, Thomas presented Dr. Miley's fax together with his own version (Exhibit E) to Judge Moxley of Brevard County. Exactly what was said during the hearing is unknown. A clerk of the court, in April of 2009, told me the taped records of the hearing were "either erased or destroyed", and definitely not available. Regardless, both written documents are full of heresy, outright lies and are evidence of perjury.

Still handcuffed yet absolutely calm and riding in the back of a police car, I arrived at Circles of Care in Melbourne, FL, around 5:00 in the afternoon. My first interview with the psychiatrist was the following morning, and when I exclaimed "bullshit" in response to my brother's false accusations, I spent another night under observation. The next morning, I said "bullshit" again, but in a more gentle voice with additional information regarding my family and Dr. Miley, and was immediately told I'd be released. All together, I spent 42 hours of the 72 hour term being observed before release was decided, and another four hours waiting for the paperwork.

After the release, I elected to take a taxi home where my innocence and lack of psychological disorders was not welcome. In September, an anonymous family friend suggested I get in the car and drive north "like a bat out of hell", which I did. I believe this person was privy to plans of which I was still unaware.

But before I left town, Robbie came back through on *Predacious* at the end of the summer. Cree Hilmer, one of his best friends, was with him. Suzanne and Thomas visited with Robbie, his wife and Cree in Long Island during the previous months. Now at the compound, I was witness to an affair between Cree Hilmer and Suzanne. Suzanne later called Cree's wife, a Miami socialite, to say I was having an affair with Cree, and this was one of the reasons they requested the ex-parte order. Therefore, Suzanne defamed me in Miami, and her story referenced in Dr. Miley's letter.

Robbie was also a witness to her affair, but he has since committed suicide. In or around August of 2009 and apparently with his own shotgun, Robbie was found in his backyard facing the Coral Gables Waterway. I have no further knowledge of the events leading to Robbie's death, because I was not

informed of his death nor of the funeral, but I do wonder where Thomas and Dr. Guyton were the night before and day of the shooting, and whether or not they were on the waterway. Robbie's sister asked Mary Evelyn to inform me of the funeral, but she didn't.

Besides visiting briefly for a cousin's wedding in the Spring of 2008, I refused to return to the family compound in Merritt Island, FL, for three years. At the wedding, I saw Raattama standing near my mother as if he was her body guard. Later during dancing, I shared my cocktail with my sister still ignorant of what was really transpiring, but her new boyfriend grabbed it out of her hand before she could swallow a sip, and then wrapped his arms around her. Mojitos were being served, and I realized it tasted strangely bitter. If I had been wiser, I would have taken the liquid to get tested.

This is a good point to mention another death. In early 2008, Mary Evelyn's first husband, Morton, previous legal client of McMaster, died near San Pedro Sula, Honduras. I am told he died of a heart attack, and was found in his bed three days later, his mattress soaked with blood when relatives arrived. If he died from a heart attack, why all the blood? I asked my sister how she felt about his death, and her response was strange – not looking at me in the eye, she recited what seemed like a practiced response while staring in one direction, almost as if she was looking into a mirror and watching her facial expressions.

Of course, Morton would have been the best character witness against my sister. After his release from jail and before he died, I met his import partner at Biscayne Bay Yacht Club, Coconut Grove, FL. He was clean cut, American, blue blazer, close cropped hair, fair complected, a bit older, and didn't seem to be a friend from the federal penitentiary in Danbury, Connecticut. Morton said they were exporting unfinished wood furniture from Honduras to North Carolina for fabrication.

Throughout Morton's legal trials, he said he never "ratted" on anyone. He chose the life of a smuggler after years of being a dutiful son, running a coal mine operation since his own father had died at an early age. Morton, expecting the same, finally cashed out, left Kentucky and lived as full of a life as possible in the Caribbean. He was wild, yet gentle and generous by nature, and probably learned many things as he became involved in the drug and armament business.

British Columbia

I literally did drive like a bat out of hell while frantically traveling, looking for work and a place to settle as I dealt with a part of the truth – that my family was lost to me, which was almost unfathomable. I returned to Asia briefly, tried to find employment in Europe, flew to NYC for an interview and finally settled there, promising myself I would leave in six months if a decent job was unavailable since two thirds of my funds were already spent. I was living there at the time I visited for the wedding.

Eight months later, after receiving one job offer that evaporated soon after it was made, I left and moved to Bowen Island, BC, Canada, and handed in a request for citizenship at the boarder. They were accepted as complete, and the citizenship process began. I was wished good luck.

I had visited Bowen Island while attending a seminar in Vancouver, and appreciated it's seclusion and the possibility of thriving in Vancouver with its upcoming Olympics. I looked for work, shot film of conscientious objectors, and revived old friendships.

Two years previously, I made Vancouver a base while traveling back and forth to Asia. Everything was wonderful until I experienced difficulties at the border early one morning while crossing back from Seattle, after choosing not to board a flight to Taiwan and deciding not to spend the night in another hotel. I was tired, almost three months pregnant and my timing was apparently wrong since the hour seemed to cause suspicion... especially when I tried to make up a bad story about clubbing in Seattle instead of saying I was pregnant. I was told I was living in Canada without proper documentation, and to try again in two years. I ended up miscarrying, and returned to Merritt Island that fateful Spring of 2007.

It was now two years later, and I was trying to reside in Canada again. Waiting for my citizenship papers to be processed and accepting the fact that architecture work was going to be extremely hard to get, I arranged a deal. The deal was between my mother, Evelyn, our accountant David Turner, and her financial adviser Lynn Mallory of Edgewater Asset Management, Virginia Beach, VA. The deal sold my lot on Merritt Island to Evelyn at its appraised value of \$800,000, and stipulated that David would be my trustee since this was Evelyn's condition. I then signed a formal offer for a house on Bowen where I would rent rooms and provide space for a yoga studio to a local teacher, the B&B alternative to practicing architecture. Everyone understood that I never wanted to live on Merritt Island again and that I was moving forward as a potential Canadian citizen. I was even looking at buying a boat to ferry folks closer to the Olympics, and other possibilities during the Olympic season.

David called a week later in late September 2008, and said to call my mother, there was a problem: Both of my siblings wanted the same deal, but didn't want to move from their residences.

When Evelyn and I spoke, she denied that my siblings had made the demands, but asked for a few more months since the expenses for a niece's upcoming wedding were high. We agreed on completing the transaction in either December or January. She also expressed a strange dissatisfaction that I was living in Canada. I never received an invitation to the wedding from the bride's mother, my sister.

A few days later, I finally had enough sense to realize the deal might not happen. I was down to my last \$100,000, and had planned vacation to Baja, Mexico, that was re-analyzed and reviewed as a possible home.

About this time, I discovered my citizenship papers were rejected on a technicality – I had used the wrong form, contrary to what the immigration office in Buffalo said when receiving the papers, and my only option was to return and resubmit the documents. I was feeling less and less safe in the States due to the willful abuse of the justice system that Akerman Senterfitt seemed to thrive on, and couldn't face another driving trip across the country. I wanted to ask for some type of asylum from my family and their attorneys, but what category would these fall under? The troubles had not yet become overtly political.

Baja

Instead, I drove to Seattle, booked a flight and landed in Cabo San Lucas on October 12th, 2008. Within three weeks, I purchased a vacant lot in San Juanico, Baha California Sur, Mexico. Construction of a residence and business began, as shown at www.sanjuanicorealestate.blogspot.com , and the necessary documents in order to live and work in Mexico while waiting out the economic depression/recession were being processed. I waited for the deal with Evelyn while I met many curious gringos from the community.

It never crossed my mind that asking for citizenship in Canada, Mexico, or elsewhere would trigger the next step in the estate planning process – fraudulently reporting me to American government officials as hostile. I was an esteemed architect and urban designer before the economic downturn, Who's Who Among American High School Students, traveled for work and pleasure, and I understand the multifaceted reality of globalism. In actuality, borders and peoples of different nations are today more similar to different neighborhoods within a community than exotic tribal variations in far off lands. If I hadn't traveled, been raised in a city where I was a minority, and attended graduate school with students from other nations, maybe I could see things more narrowly than I now do.

That being said, after a few months, my land line telephone service stopped functioning, and in December 2008, my computer showed signs of being hacked in Todos Santos after using La Esquina Restaurant's WiFi system. The symptoms included slow responses, difficulty processing commands, etc. Other gringo's present and using their systems included young men, women, families with kids.

San Juanico is a popular destination for all types of Americans, including spooks on vacation and those searching for the best surfing wave. I didn't understand why I was being hacked - since I was a woman traveling alone, living in Mexico and competent - was I possibly considered a suspicious American by other Americans in another town? I didn't realize the problems in Florida had anything to do with issues in Canada or Mexico.

On New Year's day I was still in Todos Santos and had just learned Evelyn refused to honor her verbal commitment to the deal for the Merritt Island property(Exhibit F). So, I put the house on the market with Dagnault Realty, Merritt Island, and signed a contract for sale on January 6th with Jack Lyrly.

Thomas had come unglued. Jack, and a co/worker Heidi Meztler, documented subsequent harassment of potential buyers, the theft of the real estate sign and theft of personal property from the interior of the residence and shared this information with me in April and during subsequent months. I hired friend and attorney Stephen L. Roof of Miami. With the price reduced for a quick sale, \$600,000.00, Jack found a willing buyer in March for \$555,000.00 (Exhibit G). The signed contract could not proceed because Thomas and Mary Evelyn refused to re-grant an access easement that had previously been deeded (Exhibit H). Within three months, I fell into poverty, proving that I was not experiencing delusion or paranoia in the summer of 2007, since my ability of legal recourse was likewise curtailed. I thought my family and their attorneys stopped the violations and crimes when I left Florida, but they didn't.

After leaving Todos Santos and returning to San Juanico in mid January, the local police chief warned me that Thomas and McMasters, then acting as my mother's trustee, had flown into Loreto, BCS, and

met with American Edward M. Liddle, whom they had hired to stalk me, and that I was in danger. I had warned my mother not to talk to Liddle (Exhibit I), whom I had briefly dated until he became violent. The police chief also said that after McMaster left, Thomas' wife Suzanne arrived. Friends in town confirmed Liddle's stalking, with additional warnings for me: I discovered it was common knowledge Liddle had contributed to his previous wife's death through beating her regularly.

During a later telephone call, my father, Dr. Guyton, denied that Thomas and Suzanne went to Mexico, saying Thomas went to the Bahamas on business (probable destinations would have included Nassau, Royal Island, Spanish Wells and Harbour Island) with McMaster, and Suzanne joined Thomas later. Apparently, this was the order of events, but they connected either through Nassau, Ft. Lauderdale, or another airport, and flew on to Loreto, just as the police chief described.

Malicious damages to my car began in Todos Santos with a Y scrawled into my bug fender, and a crack on my windshield that didn't spread. A second crack in the windshield and broken hinges to the rear window happened afterward in Ciudad Constitucion, BCS, Mexico. An employee of the car dealer from whom I just bought a car agreed that it was the work of a *loco*. Fish carcasses started appearing on my lot in San Juanico. Was this just random? Apparently my attorney, Roof, didn't think it was random. Did McMaster, acting as Florida State Attorney and as my mother's trustee, have a hand in events?

When I returned to San Juanico, other people warned me that Liddle had been openly stalking me and talking about it, but he left town. Life was relatively quiet for a few months while my attorneys tried to reach a deal for a driveway in Florida. I began a relationship with a local gringo, Howard Ernesto Lang, who seemed solid enough in a "As Good As It Gets" kind of way. I still didn't understand quite who his friends were, but didn't worry about it. I should have.

Then, things changed. The relationship was not lasting, and the Commandant was rotated to another pueblo, as was typical. I moved back to the lot I bought and a pattern of harassment and defamation by abusive neighbors began almost immediately. Howard taunted me as I left, knowing what was about to happen. Phrases lifted from the ex-parte order were bantered about openly, using the same figures of speech Thomas and now Liddle used. I guess Liddle got to the new commandant before I realized what was happening. These neighbors, particularly Elena and Bill, then used the social network and spread fraudulently wild tales, which scared people, just as Suzanne had in Miami and other places. One incident my neighbors accused me of is attributable to Liddle, in fact. It was known that payoffs were involved.

In June of 2009, I finally called the Tampa division of the FBI from a town north of Ciudad Constitucion, BCS, and reported everything that I then understood: real estate fraud, corporate fraud, and a theft of over \$200,000 worth of items, including fine arts, that constituted the crime of grand larceny in Merritt Island. Today, if I was making that same call, I would have used the term "conspiracy to commit manslaughter". The agent did not give her name when asked, but asked why I waited to report the crimes. I responded that it was family, and "the time is now". Until I made that call, I had continued to believe that there was a terrible mistake occurring, some weird misunderstanding that would clear itself up. I had been deceiving myself.

I received instructions to email the supporting information to the division, which I promptly did several times, due to a faulty connection, until receiving an error message after which I then stopped

the attempt. I pursued this contact for several months, but never received a confirmation of receipt nor a subsequent telephone call to my cellular phone from them.

In August of 2009, I left San Juanico since I had completely run out of funds, and traveled to Tijuana, BC, so as to use the notary service at the American Consulate for a Last Will and Testament and for a Power of Attorney. As I arrived in Tijuana with rush hour traffic, my transfer case suddenly leaked all oil, and the vehicle ground to a halt on the side of the highway. I had not kept an eye on the vehicle the night before while treating myself to a bed and shower after camping, and had stayed at the Hotel del Mar Golf Resort a few kilometers south of Tijuana – I assumed I was safe. I was forced to leave the car with all my possessions inside, and took a taxi to the Consulate.

I sold family jewelery to pay car repair bills, and lived in Tijuana from the middle of August to the end of September while sorting the disaster in Florida, analyzing forged and fraudulent company documents (Exhibit J), and walking across the border to use pay phones for 800 numbers and mail service. I also looked for work and rode trains into LA for possibilities while editing movies for fun at night. I found the centro area of Tijuana safe, since the streets are alive with people day and night. Folks look out for each other and are friendly, unlike depictions in the popular press.

During this same time period, I saw Liddle walk by the window of a jewelry store in San Diego while I was inside doing business. Before leaving San Juanico, Liddle approached me in two separate incidents after I had received the stalking warnings – once, when I was swimming and he drove his car towards me down the beach until I fled, and months later as he sat at my neighbor's house and watched me drive by. Liddle was beginning to feel more secure in his proximity.

While still trying to get justice in Florida, I filed a police report with Brevard County Sheriff's Office from a Tijuana pay phone at the end of August. I spoke with a man who said his name was Deputy [Morriss] and he issued case # 09-259287 for the grand larceny theft. He also said a person needed to meet a deputy on site to complete the report, and provide dates, phone numbers and addresses of witnesses, and values of stolen items. I told him I would arrange that meeting and call again.

Of course, I called my real estate agent Lyerly. He refused to meet the deputies, stating he was afraid of my brother and his temper, and that Merritt Island was a small town. Assault and trespassing charges against Thomas, dated November 20, 2002, case # MM055853, were filed by his previous real estate client Mike Erdman, who, I understand, dropped the additional stalking charges related to Thomas' accosting Mike's wife at her house. Maybe Jack had heard about Thomas' criminal behavior. I tried other people, but without luck. I called the Sheriff's office again, asked for Deputy [Morriss] and was told that there wasn't a deputy by that name, and the man who answered the call also sounded surprised I received a case number. I requested the right to fax or email in the needed information, but was told it could only be handled on site, in person.

Towards the end of September, 2009, in a separate incident while crossing the border, an ICE agent questioned me about the weather in Florida as versus the weather in Tijuana, and glanced at several other agents, more than usual, standing in a line looking in my general vicinity. I had crossed the border numerous times over that month, and this was the first time I was addressed with interest. The incident was notable.

When I first arrived to Tijuana, I had begun an employment application process at Interpol, online,

and was later denied access to the application while using the system at a local hotel, in which I stayed before renting a room further out of the center. I also visited an office of the Federales, stationed near the airport, and asked if it was possible to work with them, but was told it wasn't possible since I wasn't born in Mexico. I don't know if either of these attempts to survive the recession/depression and thrive set off alarms within the American enforcement and/or security agencies, and I frankly didn't care since my intentions were aboveboard, and I did not want to return to the States where my family's battery of attorneys would hound me.

Mississippi

In late September 2009, without a job, I left Tijuana and drove towards Brooksville, Mississippi, where I jointly own a farm with my siblings and two California cousins. In Yuma, my electronic overdrive malfunctioned after leaving the car unattended in a parking lot during dinner. After creeping down the highway at 35 miles per hour and consuming enormous amounts of gas, I found a blown fuse and fixed the problem. Later, outside of El Paso while car camping, I awoke fearful for my life and quickly grabbed the barking dogs, drove away and found a Motel 8 several miles away. The instinct was overwhelming, so I went with it. I did not see a person, but heard sounds that jarred me from slumber before the dogs barked. My first thought was Liddle, still stalking me. Maybe he had caught up after the fuse was blown. That meant he had accomplices.

Shortly after arriving at the farm around September 28th, I contacted the local police in Brooksville and let them know who I was, what I was doing at the abandoned cabin, and warned them about my brother and his pattern of abuse and psychotic stalking. I renovated the old cabin, and looked for local work at the chicken plant and elsewhere. I was still trying to negotiate an access easement with my siblings through my attorney, but without success.

Roof said they were just waiting me out. I asked, until when? He didn't answer. What was happening was not a passive waiting out, but an active continuation of defamation, tainting of business contacts, and violence.

A few days after that, a Noxubee County Sheriff's deputy arrived without notice, and pulled a gun on my dogs. I was furious at being in the situation he was creating, and complained loudly to him that I had already been in contact with the police in Brooksville, and that he was on private property harassing me. He fired his gun into the ground in what looked like attempts to keep the puppies away. We both calmed down, I put the dogs inside, we apologized as I gave him the same information about myself and my brother. I tried to discover why he had come onto the property without notice, and he wasn't specific with his answer. I asked him whether or not the Brooksville police had let him know what was going on, and he replied I was not in Brooksville, but in the County. He offered his name and telephone number in case of emergencies, and we shook hands while smiling.

I purchased a Verizon broadband card, and gained access to the internet from the cabin. After three days of fast access and faultless connections, the system became sluggish, I had to leave the cabin and sit outside in the weather to receive connections, and access was periodically only available with expensive roaming charges. At the time, the thought never crossed my mind that the stalkers and cybercriminals could possibly be my own government. Who else would have the capabilities to cyberstalk me in the middle of a farm field, in lovely rural Mississippi? Were they collaborating with my family?

About a week or so after arriving at the farm while speaking with a neighbor at the front gate, I witnessed a late model red and black trim pick-up truck driving south by Javier Mesa, a friend of Liddle's, and neighbor Felipe Mesa's son. Just before I left town, another neighbor said Javier was an aspiring hit man. Javier, the one driving, smiled. The man in the passenger seat had the distinctive body profile of Liddle, and was pointing towards me. I froze and disconnected from what I had just

witnessed, like it was a bad dream and couldn't be happening. But, it had and I waited cautiously.

On the night of October 12th, a blue laser light from a possible gun scope began flashing in the cabin through the gaps between the wood siding boards – old tar paper had fallen off at one corner, allowing the light to shine through. The dogs barked, calmed down and I tried to remain as still as possible. I awoke, alive, the next morning. I purchased a shotgun that day, as per my neighbor's wives repeated advice for a woman living alone in the country and needing personal protection. Around a week or ten days later, one of my puppies, Baby Boy, aka Nez Blanco, was killed on the road.

Around the first of November, I presented documents (Exhibit K) to Judge Dorothy Stewart of Noxubee County requesting a restraining order against my brother, giving an abbreviated history of what you're reading in this document, supporting email threads, the history of Shaken Baby Syndrome exhibited by his daughter, the killing of my puppy, and shared the warnings received in Mexico. She immediately granted the order, and said I could return in three days and collect the necessary paperwork to alert law enforcement in other states. While getting out of the car at the courthouse, I lost balance for the first time.

The cabin didn't have running water, I filled water jugs at the local gas station, nor did the cabin have electricity. The conditions were rough, which no doubt aided in the arising of symptoms of ill health. I returned here after receiving the order, and felt very content while the symptoms were increasing in severity. I listened to internet radio from New Orleans.

The restraining order provided a short lived contentment, apparently. Within an hour of the Judge's ruling in my favor, an unidentified male appeared and turned the ruling around, thereby giving my brother a chance to attend the hearing and retaliate, an action cautioned about in the Mississippi Domestic Violence pamphlet I had been given (Exhibit M). When I returned after three days, and discovered the turn of events (Exhibit L), an assistant in the court office suggested my plan for stopping my brother and receiving protection from his violence was cyberstalked – which could only be through my Verizon broadband card.

I also conferred with my attorney and a county clerk, and they warned me that Thomas, in retaliation, could buy the recommendations of a doctor, come in town with attorneys, ask for me to be committed, and to be very careful. Unlike my brother and sister, Evelyn was not paying my legal fees. Without funds for representation and unable to fly the police chief in from Mexico, I sadly heeded their warnings and did not attend the rescheduled hearing. Judge Stewart decidedly acted in good faith with the original restraining order, and I know justice was subverted to benefit my brother's pathological behavior, a subversion negatively affecting my life and safety ever since.

So, who could possibly have the capability to cyberstalk my broadband connection made in the center of a 160 acre farm in the middle of Mississippi? And, where did the man who overturned my ability to gain protection from violence come from, who did he work for, and how long has he been aware of what I was doing and, obviously from his instant response to the restraining order, what I was about to do? Is Raattama and Akerman Senterfitt billing my mother for cyberstalking information about my attempts at self protection, or are they collecting free information from a government agency? Was Raattama's defense plan a good offensive one whereby he somehow convinced some agency that I was a threat? With what proof? Backed up by McMaster, for his own reasons? Is it possible this agency fed my family cyberstalked documents in my brother's defense? I guess it's all possible.

Louisiana

Before Thanksgiving 2009, I made contacts and traveled to New Orleans looking for work since there wasn't an instantly viable possibility in Noxubee County. In December, I was hired as a temporary sculptor for Mardi Gras World, and given some of the most substantial pieces to carve (Exhibit N). My siblings' attorney, James Fallace of Melbourne, FL, wrote my attorney asking where I was, a note buried at a previously hacked email address ezabel@live.com.mx. My mother's attorney, first Janice Russell then Raattama at Akerman Senterfitt, Miami, was also being copied on all correspondence. My attorney and I were silent.

I also went to New Orleans to get tested for episodic symptoms I began experiencing while renovating the cabin – loss of balance, tingling in fingers, incontinence, loss of words, loss of strength in hands, forgotten words – at the Tulane Medical Center Clinic. Dr. Morteza Shamsnia saw me twice, on December 7th and on January 14th, and found nerve damage on my right side after the first visit (Exhibit O), a diagnosis that surprised me since I didn't notice the subtle loss. I was scheduled for an MRI on January 8th at the Medical School Hospital, but was denied access to the procedure since the cost of the test, \$2900.00, equaled my deductible. An incorrect diagnosis of seizure appeared on other records, but I've never had one in my life, nor was I diagnosed for having this condition. The doctor's assistant corrected the data mistake on the form (Exhibit P).

I called my father, Dr. Guyton, and asked for financial help with another MRI that Dr. Shamsnia located for \$500.00. I had, unknowingly, broken the silence as to my whereabouts with my own father, a doctor. Within one week after speaking with him several times and refusing to answer direct questions regarding my doctor's name, my place of employment and living arrangements, I lost my job before it was scheduled to end. On January 22nd, 2010, my computer was hacked by my next door neighbor, "Bliss Young", ending my access to WiFi, and the contents of my files regarding the legal dispute with my siblings were targeted as a spool virus sent documents to a printer I didn't own, as confirmed by The Geek Squad. I discovered my car hood was mysteriously jammed shut. The same hacker had keys to the apartment since she was friends with the previous tenant, who had mysteriously disappeared before I moved in. Money was missing from my mantle one day, my closet doors were left open on other days. The upstairs neighbors started avoiding me. I reported her to the police. Afterward, I would also lose my apartment.

Dr. Guyton pressured me to use a Dr. Robert _____, whom he had contacted, instead of my own doctor. I replied that I have chosen my own doctor. Apparently, whatever Dr. Guyton said to Dr. Robert _____ eventually and totally disrupted my access to medical procedures at Tulane University Hospital, and in receiving a diagnosis from a respected center with subsequent care. Every day matters when you have MS, and he just managed to postpone a diagnosis. Why? Was he afraid of the disconnected tendon being examined? Is he still hoping something related to my present diagnosis of MS would not be discovered? Why would Dr. Guyton create havoc in my gaining an MRI after Dr. Miley demanded one back in 2007, for a misdiagnosed brain tumor?

I called Dr. Guyton for financial help, not for medical advice or names of contacts, and consider his expressly prohibited interference a willful abuse my human right to health care. Dr. Shamsnia's assistant has not returned a call since that time, even when I called to report the results of a lumbar

puncture, desperately gained in my attempt to stop the degeneration and heal. Clearly, he was protecting my siblings by preventing my access to medical care, since a diagnosis would also make them liable for a fraudulently forced psychiatric evaluation. What could Dr. Guyton have done to create such an extreme reaction from my doctor and his assistant? How were they used as pawns in his own pathological drama?

I asked my work supervisor, Mark Olivier, if my brother or other family members had been in contact with him, and he denied being contacted. I didn't think of asking him if the police or any Joint Terrorism Task Force representatives pressured for my early release from the temporary sculpting work. The big projects were over, it's true. But, I was suspicious.

Finally accepting that I was being ruthlessly stalked and abused, on January 24th, I stopped a police man while I was walking the dogs and asked for advice. He said cybercrimes were handled by the FBI, so talk to them.

On February 1st, I drove to the New Orleans division of the FBI where I had an interview and shared what had been happening. While describing recent communications and events surrounding Dr. Guyton's role, the interviewer said, "...father... the Pope?" I laughed and said, "I'm not Catholic. Are you Catholic?" His expression changed from amusement to another one more serious. I began again. He seemed to be aware of San Juanico and Todos Santos - smiling at the name of San Juanico, and frowning at the name of Todos Santos - and asked me pointed questions about being cyberstalked in Mississippi. He smiled again, after I said I had clear access for three days before indications of cyberstalking appeared. I gave him names, dates, etc., and even offered Liddle's bank account number. I had already described incidents in Mississippi, the San Juanico's police chief's warnings, and clearly stated that I feared for my life. All he really did was ask about the technicalities of hacking, tried to convince me that the folks involved weren't involved, and finally told me they would be in contact if they decided to investigate.

What was happening? Why was my family's criminal behavior in Florida bothering me in Louisiana? Why wouldn't anyone talk about the gross violations and abuse? Was I seeing the effect of Akerman Senterfitt, DC, and/or Rattama's cozy relationship with national security personnel? McMaster's? Is this why my civil rights minded cousin Alice Hector, a partner at Akerman Senterfitt, Miami, was unwilling to help me, even with mediation? Had I become a work creation project for overzealous and clueless investigators, needing another G I Jane? Was I being set up? And, why was Hank's last email to me, from May 4, 2010, an Interoffice Memorandum (Exhibit Q)?

Because of that agent's smile and the division's failure to investigate, I now wonder if the FBI was, in fact, involved in cyberstalking, a crime for which I was asking them for help and a situation similar to what I had just experienced with Dr. Guyton. Then, after applying for a job at a hotel restaurant, I returned to ensure the application was being processed. The Maitre'de hadn't done what he promised, and became hostile. I returned the favor, and turned to see several men sitting at the bar who looked very similar to a few gringos from San Juanico, laughing at the situation.

I had a role in *Treme*, the HBO drama filmed in New Orleans. On February 17th, I was cast in a supporting role as a waitress for the pilot program, and the assistants on set told me I was "featured" and seemed hopeful. During a break, a few men who looked distinctly like off-duty policemen walked onto the set, and one stood close to me and leaned forward staring for a while. He was wearing a grey

suit, white shirt, close cropped hair, thick in the face, Caucasian, and I could pick him out of a lineup. At the end of the shoot, the assistants who previously were warm and fuzzy became hostile about seeing an American driver's license as a second form of identification, and one looked closely at it since it was a Florida license with the Merritt Island address. I never got a call back, but I don't blame the production company. I blame the off duty New Orleans police officer participating in a system of paying for private protection benefiting my brother and whomever was helping him. The check for the day's work went missing from the mail box, and had to be reissued. Emails about other film crew jobs from contacts who said they sent them never arrived in my inbox. Somehow, I had become a virtual political prisoner.

Previously, around February 7th, I called my landlord, and said I would be late on rent, and they filed an eviction notice, wanting the apartment for Mardi Gras (Exhibit R), and saying "from what they heard" I wouldn't be getting a job before the end of the month. What did they hear, and from whom? Bliss Young, who hacked my computer for the benefit of my family?

I had never been evicted in my life. I was a model tenant, cleaning the yard and the outbuildings, sweeping the foyer and clearing a pathway for my neighbors. I did have fault in bringing a rooster I found at City Park home to roost in the outbuilding, but all the tenants said it was okay, at first. In Baja, dozens of roosters live on an adjacent lot, but this was New Orleans and the rooster was my mistake. Even though I had discovered a gas scam – I was billed for gas that serviced the other apartments and had proof the landlord changed the lines the day before the eviction proceedings - without a job and being very wary of actions from Florida, I vacated the apartment the day of the proceeding, and decided to return to Florida and battle directly.

I took a round about way there, and first headed west hoping they would think I was going to Mexico. On my way out of the Orleans Parish, I noticed a white SUV with a Orleans Parish Sheriff's department decal close by, for a long distance outside of Parish lines. I thought this was curious. I stayed two nights in the bayou at an RV park, whose manager had a son-in-law in the Terrebone Parish police department. Feeling unsafe, I departed early on February 26th, and the transfer case, again, leaked all oil. The conditions were almost precisely the same as the previous incident in Tijuana – car left unattended the day before as I was invited to dinner, worked great until a certain distance from the morning starting point. This time, a mechanical hole was discovered.

After being towed (Exhibit S) and waiting for assessment, the car still barely ran and I was determined to get to Florida. I crept to the Whiskey Bay exit on Highway 10, barely making it over the bridge. (I was later told that's where dead bodies are dumped.) The car finally stopped in Rosedale, LA, and a policeman pushed me to the Shell station in Grosse Tete. Between March 1st and March 3rd, two tires were slashed, as reported to the Iberville Parish Sheriff's office, file # C-00066-10. On March 5th, I sold the shotgun for food money, and Deputy Guidry brokered the sale to Miles Marionneaux, a local truck repair man (Exhibit T) who, I understood, has a record that prevents him from owning a gun. A few days later, Deputy Guidry propositioned me continually during a car ride to the local Western Union office, asking for sexual favors in exchange for money. I had to lecture him on ethics.

A notarized last Will and Testament sent from a Rosedale, LA, post office to a residence in Chapel Hill, NC, never arrived at its destination. My mother wouldn't help with the repair bill, my father sent \$250, and friends covered the rest. I began the Grosse Tete Facebook Wars and openly began letting people know what was going on with my family. Folks didn't want to believe me. This is when my cousin

refused to mediate.

After two weeks at the Shell station, waiting to collect the donations for repairs, the Curtis Jones family adopted me, and I helped around the house while Freida, the wife, was recovering from a cancer operation. Miles, who had just purchased the gun, refused to let Davis Jones, Curtis' son, or me purchase the shotgun back as originally discussed, and I wonder who owns the gun today. I found employment through Freida's sister's employment agency and accepted the first full time job offer with a 4x4 install shop whose owner had a reputation for being a very difficult boss with his secretaries. I avoided the Jones' daughter-in-law, who seemed hostile to my presence and, thankfully, did not live with us. The job provided for gas money, and I began the process of having the August 22, 2007 debacle expunged from Brevard County's database with local Florida attorney Jennifer Englert.

Another puppy, Roza, was killed outside of the house. I called Deputy Guidry, told him a second dog had been killed and warned him about my brother and Liddle, and asked him for the second time to please let me know if they or others were around or asking about me. I called him because I wanted to hear his responses to ascertain whether or not he had been contacted.

I continued calling the New Orleans FBI in hopes of gaining justice and an investigation. I also called A.J. at the Baton Rouge ATF and reported the sale of the shotgun, after speaking with Iberville's Chief Deputy Stephen Angolio, who was unconcerned about the sale. A.J. asked me why I was reporting the sale of the gun, and I could only give him the simple response that enough weird things were happening in my life, and I wanted everyone to know I no longer owned the gun.

At work, I entered a bill into Quick books for a virtual device purchased in Melbourne, FL, and thought the incident strange since we never purchased from the vendor before, and rarely purchased from vendors other than the regular ones. Florida, chasing me again?

Oil Spill Crisis

Then, the oil spill crisis occurred, and I began wondering what was really going on in the Gulf of Mexico. I watched as the media focused its attention away from the oil spill and towards Times Square, from an exploded rig gushing gas and oil and 11 dead bodies to an unexploded bomb, from corporations known for destroying livelihoods and environments to a middle eastern suspect who vanished into custody... So, I began web research, made a few films and tried to activate in defense of Louisiana and the Cajun culture since the disaster was seemingly being ignored, just as the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina was ignored.

The research pointed to an earlier and very similar oil spill in the Timor Sea off the coast in Australia, and the links are found at www.verifythecrime.blogspot.com. More regular postings that grew in directness were made on a Facebook page entitled Oil Spill Crisis: Verify the Crime. The films posted on Youtube include Oil Spill Crisis: Day 27, 32, and 76 and posted under the name of aerguyton. The first film was somewhat lighter in approach, the second rather dark and mysterious and quickly prepared, while the third seemed to pull the information together.

As I was trying to activate a protest, my password on www.nola.com was deactivated, and communication with other people interested in protesting was halted. I don't know if my account was hacked or not. A protest was organized on the day I had chosen in the original emails, Sunday May 31st, by another person. No problem, except for the fact that the aides surrounding her and controlling the megaphone were restricting information, not naming the Halliburton company, and were not whom they appeared to be, or so they made evident.

Early Saturday morning, the day before the protest, my passport was stolen from what was thought to be a secure location, a residence my friends were renting at 723 Governor Nichols, New Orleans, LA. The only other thing missing from my purse were photographs taken that evening in a photo booth, of myself and Monty Reis, a friend of a friend who found out where we were on Facebook and just showed up. As this theft occurred, a fire in a neighboring building was started and the block was surrounded with fire trucks and men in firefighter suits, some who could have been other than firefighters.

You can see me at the protest the next day in Spike Lee's film "When the Waters Rise...", in the background as the photographer in the turquoise shirt, clutching her purse, filming beside the protest speakers. Later, I attempted to get a case number for the passport theft, but the desk Sargent directed me to a chair, and after what seemed like a long wait time listening to somewhat quiet offices behind the partition wall, I wasn't very patient and left.

Back in Rosedale, an email account associated with the oil spill research had a month's worth of inbox messages erased, and was later blocked. This account, ezabel@live.com.mx also had a year's worth of correspondence covering the legal case between my siblings and myself, as well as all correspondence initiated in Mexico, including the information sent to the Tampa FBI. I requested access to the account, but was told I didn't prove I was the owner. I wonder if someone has been sending messages to and from this account, representing themselves as me.

I opened several different email accounts in response, using them for different types of correspondence. I send messages to these different accounts periodically, to see what gets through and what is blocked. Recently, I have witnessed numerous examples of messages being blocked between accounts. This also makes me wonder if applications for employment are being blocked, and if offers of positions fall into some type of cyberhell controlled by authorities who are terrorizing me in their efforts to stop terrorism, or simply to aid their buddies in a private law firm. If so, they have become their own enemies by creating virtual political prisons for profit.

After traveling to Venice, LA, on or around 1JUL2010 to capture the footage for the third film, a man rocked my car as I was sitting in the driver's seat, applying force near the right rear wheel well and then made a joke. The tire was later discovered to have a slow leak, so he obviously punctured the tire. I returned to New Orleans later that afternoon, and left the car in an unattended lot for several hours while trying to locate other reporters covering the spill, to show videos made that day.

The next morning, it was discovered that all of the rubber gaskets in my engine block simultaneously deteriorated between New Orleans and Rosedale, causing the engine to run out of oil. I am told this can be achieved by spraying brake fluid on the rubber gaskets. Can Corexit, the oil dispersant used in the Gulf of Mexico and in the Timor Sea, also achieve this effect? The repair bill used the savings I had, throwing me into poverty again (Exhibit U).

In New Orleans, my nationality and that of Marc Creswell of Carlsbad, CA, was questioned by a bartender and friendly folks on the street who just stopped to chat, and when I appeared at the New Orleans Regional Passport Office to receive an emergency replacement passport, my application was accepted but its immediate delivery was denied. I was made to wait several days for the passport to arrive in my post office box, and it arrived a day later than promised. When I originally reported its theft, the passport official who answered the call tried to deny it was stolen.

After posting the third film, "Oil Spill Crisis: Day 76", on Youtube on 3JUL2010 from a Fed Ex Office in Baton Rouge, incidents of beeping noises, notices of being recorded, on cellular calls began. Marc Creswell also heard the beeping on his own telephone while we were talking and I was driving between Baton Rouge and Rosedale. Throughout this period of time, our calls were sometimes dropped, and he would at times receive messages when trying to call me that the telephone was not accepting calls. Other beeping incidents were heard, including on July 5th while listening to voice mail, on July 21st while calling my attorney Roof, and on July 21st while speaking on the office telephone at work. What other calls that would have been critical to my legal dispute or ability to survive the depression/recession were, and are, being illegally diverted? The beeps, a form of aggression and intimidation during wiretapping, could have only of been authorized with fraudulent evidence since the making of the films were obviously expressions of free speech.

I have placed calls to 411 at various times while traveling or while attempting to expunge the case in Brevard County. Once, I was told there was no listing for the Metro-Dade Police Department while trying to contact the cold case department about David Smith's murder. Another time, I stopped my car and went online to find a Cajun bar tucked in the bayou via Google Earth, and the satellite location was incorrect. That was a first for me.

Learning that I can no longer trust the internet, I have resorted to lower tech systems. Hand written mail forwarding cards mailed in Baton Rouge for mail previously delivered to my attorney's address in

Miami were never confirmed. I did receive confirmation for a Merritt Island address change, and a post card from DirectTV addressed to Tom Guyton (Exhibit EE). After one month, a few pieces of mail from Roof's office in Miami arrived in my Baton Rouge PO Box #82913, and then nothing.

When the mail failed to arrive, I finally called Amnesty International and reported the incidents. I also called 411 for the number the State Department in DC, and the live operator said there was no listing then repeatedly offered the number of Homeland Security in a chipper voice. Twice, then, I had live 411 operators blocking access to the free flow of information. I tried again, was connected to someone who said they were a representative at the State Department, and spoke to them about the incidents. He quickly transferred me to the DC police where I explained I was incorrectly diverted to their office, but needed to ask a few questions since he lived in DC, if he had the time. He did.

I asked him which department was overseeing Homeland Security, and was told no one was. I replied that this was a dangerous situation for Americans, having such a department with no oversight, and he chuckled as he agreed. He suggested I write a letter to the Secretary of State's department.

I shook my head and thanked him for his time, since his advice wouldn't help me with my mail problem. Now Secretary of State, Hillary Clinton was my candidate for the presidency, and I could only dream that this case would actually reach her ears and that, maybe, she would lead the investigation of what was appearing to be abuse from the Department of Homeland Security.

Return to Florida

I spent several weeks pre-arranging a pick up the 2007 release documents from Circles of Care in Melbourne, FL, and scheduled it for July 12th, 2010. Remember, this is now four months after the journey to Florida began. I also planned on using the opportunity to finally complete the open theft case.

I kept the case active by calling the Sheriff's office several times during the year, and on one such call confirming that the case was still open and discussing the best technique for contacting them, I spoke with Deputy _____. Deputy _____ offered to escort me into the property if I so chose, and to stop by the department when I arrived in town if I wanted an escort. No need to call ahead.

While we were speaking he visited the house to verify whether or not written statements made by my mother and forwarded by Raattama regarding the condition of the residence, attached to his May 4th Interoffice Memorandum, were accurate (Exhibit V). Since the gate code was changed, again, and the new code not given to me, he was kind enough to walk down the driveway to the house. He mentioned there appeared to be puddled water in the kitchen area, but no open doors or windows, no maggots on the counters. I also asked about broken glass, and he saw none. There are no leaks in the roof, and Evelyn's note was still inaccurate.

I left Rosedale around 3:00 in the afternoon of July 10th, after sleeping late and resting before the 11 to 12 hour journey. I stopped for a swim in Destin to check on the quality of the water after the spill, and looked for friends in Seaside. I was tired but moved on without finding them. I napped at a rest area for a few hours, then kept on driving so as to arrive after daylight but early enough on Sunday, July 11th. I didn't want to appear at night and give cause for unwarranted alarm, or for additional fraudulent charges. I was also very cautious.

What follows is a detailed description of precisely what occurred on the morning of July 11th, with two deputies and an unidentified agent accompanying them:

As scheduled and shortly after sunrise, I pulled into the shared driveway at 5255 South Tropical Trail, Merritt Island, FL, and went directly to my lot. After cutting a padlock on the kitchen door, put there without my permission and to which I didn't have a key, I noticed all the padlocks on the doors to my own house had been changed. I did not go inside, but promptly called the Sheriff's office as planned. Deputy Vitani and another young individual, thin, blond hair, complexion problems, in black cap and non-issue uniform, gear belt, arrived first on my lot. I asked if he was an officer in training, but no reply was offered. They did not exit their car whose motor was still running. This first deputy condescendingly asked me what the problem was. I let him know that I had all of the requested documents for the open theft case, and wished for him to complete the report as was discussed and planned. His response was non-committal. I then said I was surprised that he wasn't already out of the car taking the information. They then exited the car, left it running and walked towards my residence. I began describing the situation as we were entering the kitchen door, and the deputy stopped and said he didn't have time to take a report. He looked inside for a moment, then announced that he was going to my brother's house to speak with him. I said I thought it was odd that he wanted to speak to the suspect instead of the victim, and I watched him and the other individual walk away, across my

sisters lot to my brothers lot. I waited until the deputy had spent more time at Thomas' house than in talking with me, and called the dispatch again.

I repeated the morning's events to the dispatch operator. Then, I told her the deputy and other individual went to the perpetrator's house after telling me he didn't have time to take a report, and had spent more time with the prime suspect than at the crime site. She said, "Tell him it's his job", and sent another car to the call.

Deputy Hosner, the second deputy, arrived alone, parked his car closer to mine on my lot, turned off his engine and immediately walked to Thomas' house without barely acknowledging me. I waited in disbelief for more than 15-20 minutes, then saw the three of them, the two deputies and the other individual, slowly walk back onto the lot and go to my car to look inside and at the license plate, as if the tables had turned and I had become a suspect. Again I waited for a few minutes or so, then walked towards them and away from the house. I asked them, "What's going on?" And the second deputy answered something along the lines of, What can we do for you today? I said, "I'm trying to report a crime." He responded affirmatively and began walking more briskly with the others behind him to the house. We stood on the porch for a few moments and spoke quietly, and I again asked why they spent more time at the suspect's house than taking the report, and asked if they sat down in my chairs while they were visiting with the suspects. The first deputy said they didn't sit down. The second deputy asked me what would I think if they questioned me about the car or where it was from. I responded that I would, in this situation, consider it "another instance of systemic brutality". We were all quite for a few moments, then I, again, pressed onto the reporting of the theft.

They listened as I once again began describing the residence, the missing locks, the conditions, the witnesses, the lost sale, and the time line as we all walked towards the kitchen door and into the house. There were clothes thrown over the floor, missing pots and pans and utensils, trash, rat droppings, altogether totally ransacked and wholly different from the condition in which it was left, different from verbal descriptions from October of 2008, and different from the pristine post-theft conditions that photographs taken in January 2009 depict. I was asked what was missing and I pointed to where the missing items were while listing them, and to a set of plates that reappeared after those last photographs.

When in the living room, I was asked by the second deputy to continue describing the list of missing items, and proceeded before he abruptly cut the description off and changed the question, adopting the earlier attitude of the first deputy and not wanting to hear details, not having time, disregarding the crime. He stepped closer to me while delivering his defense of my brother - he asked me how they were going to find out who did the theft, and I said fingerprints. He responded that fingerprinting wouldn't work since "Thomas or other family members might have touched the items" before or after the theft, and he laughed. I made the point several times that Thomas has already admitted to entering the residence, so we know who the criminal is. Both deputies also acknowledged this fact during the meeting.

We walked back into the kitchen and I pointed out where a rat infestation had been lodged, a condition I never experienced and not present when Jack and Heidi first looked at the residence. I suggested the rats were introduced after the theft and sabotaged sale, and before two possible tenants were escorted into the property, by Kenny Young, a caretaker for the

compound. I mentioned that the purpose of the rat infestation would have been to scare off renters. The deputies didn't respond or comment besides making noises that sounded like grunting.

We walked back out onto the porch and they questioned me about my plans and where I was staying, several times. While pointing to my overnight case in plain view, I responded that I had planned on spending the night at my own house, but seeing the condition and knowing the whole place was a crime scene, I didn't want to stay there, disturb the crime scene nor did I feel safe, given their response to the theft. The first deputy at one point tried to talk over my responses, as he had a few times earlier, and I said quite strongly this time, "Please, I'm talking", at which the second deputy nodded to him. They asked me why I waited so long to complete the open case, and I responded with the obvious answers, like out of the country, no money for travel, and when I started listing the slashed tires and transfer case problems during the last attempt four months previous, they rapidly asked different questions and talked over my experience at the Shell station in Louisiana.

The second deputy asked me why I didn't live there anymore, and I responded that to be forcibly taken from your own house and accused of a mental condition while being innocent was enough to make anyone not want to live in their house. He continued asking questions about the August 2007 action, about if I resisted the deputy. I replied, "I certainly did, and had bruises on my arms for weeks afterward". The first deputy then nodded. I then said that the first deputy looked like the same deputy in 2007, but heavier. The first deputy denied it was himself, and I pressed saying his nose was the same, and his features. He denied it a second time. Maybe it was the same officer, and his disregard of Florida State statutes concerning forcibly taking a person into custody for an ex-parte order was worrying him. I also complained about wearing handcuffs for the entire journey to Melbourne, possibly into the clinic, and was told they were a result of my resisting.

We began walking to the river terrace and I was trying to illustrate for the deputies the atmosphere and horrible situation surrounding the theft and continued brutality. I said that my siblings and mother's responses were out of line with the situation, and that a few weeks ago I had remembered a crime my brother committed while we were teenagers, and mentioned that the murder file was missing from Metro-Dade County's cold case division.

The first deputy had previously made a very strange comment as we walked towards the river, "So, you're... the leak", which I registered and hoped that his choice of words was just a coincidence, and their actions had nothing to do with the films about the oil spill. The first deputy and the other individual stood apart and chatted, while the second deputy and I talked a few moments. The first deputy then asked, "... do you think your brother's the head of a mafia or something and all these people are helping him?" First, I was shocked by this seemingly stupid question, then quickly responded, "No, I think my brother is a spoiled rich kid whose Mommy has been protecting him far too long", and I became very wary of the entire situation because, maybe, the first deputy had just said something he didn't mean to say, like a group of corrupt people are helping my family destroy my life. If so, why, in effect, were they protecting a frontal lobe challenged violent prone man? What is my brother doing for this protection? And, just who was the out of uniform individual? The closest answer to date is that he was an "agent". Of what?

We walked back to the porch, and I turned the discussion again to the open case report and the documents they would need for an investigation. I told them about the restraining order in Mississippi, and almost handed them all the evidence, but stopped myself and only offered an incomplete list of stolen items and time line, which I placed into the hands of the second deputy. His demeanor changed, and became quiet. I knew the witnesses were mentioned on the timeline, but I never thought the police might tamper with them. He then said an investigator would be assigned and they would call in a number of weeks. They asked me again why I wasn't staying at the house and where would I go. I was purposefully non-committal and evasive, but pleasant. As we were walking towards their cars, the second deputy was making the point that my mother said she took the items, and I said she is physically unable to move the items, and is covering for my greedy brother, sister-in-law and sister. A point he made several times was that they were putting the things away for safekeeping, inferring I was unable to manage my own possessions. I asked, "Then why haven't they been returned? I'm here... if they're not stolen, why haven't they been returned?" He didn't answer the question. He then began brokering a deal, and asked if the items could be returned, without an investigation, would I be satisfied? I responded, "No, then they would get away with it". For me, the theft was the second most heinous action my family had undertaken against me, not for the monetary value of the items, but for their total and final disregard of family values and of me.

After the deputies and the other individual left, I documented the property, and saw my brother peeking at me through his laundry room door, but nothing of anyone else. I grabbed a few items without disturbing the crime scene, padlocked the doors, and drove back down the driveway without driving onto anyone else's property and went for a swim at the beach. Two men in different cars were watching me and hanging around while I was filling Marc in with the details during a long telephone conversation. I overheard one say into a cell phone, "Yeah, it's all in there", after he had just been looking into my car. I copied down the make, models and tag numbers, then checked into an affordable motel, and rested for the night.

The next day, July 12th, I returned to my residence, being very careful by not driving onto anyone else's property, to padlock a rear door overlooked the day before, and to see if the gate code had already been changed again. The rear door had a combination lock that I didn't want used without my permission. The gate code wasn't changed yet, so I drove into the shared driveway. Kenny Young was in the golf cart and we briefly said hi, and I asked him his last name. Thomas directed Kenny's efforts in making the selling and renting the lot difficult for me. As we were talking, Suzanne's car came into view, moving fast then stopping abruptly up the driveway.

After finishing my conversation, I continued down the driveway and noticed Suzanne was driving again, with her right hand on the wheel, talking on a cell with her left, big sunglasses on and moving fast off the side of the driveway close to the palms. Little Thomas was in the passenger seat, and Suzanne never looked at me. I pointed a finger at her, as in saying I know what you are all about, and kept driving. I padlocked the door, and drove away to other appointments.

I was a half hour late to pick up the release documents from Circle of Care. Since the last call from Louisiana arranging their collection, I had to haggle with the records keeper, who wanted to postpone the appointment for another week. She was also just given a different job with a different employer, but a set of the records were handed to me after a brief wait. I was able to glance at the documents

in the reception area, and they seemed incomplete with a different perspective from what I experienced - didn't include critical details like the distribution of wealth, the fights, the word Bruises seemed misspelled – and the description didn't mention specific items read to me from the fraudulent supporting letters, to which I originally responded.

I then left for a meeting with attorney Jennifer Englert where I planned on hand delivering a copy of the release documents, as well as additional information regarding Dr. Miley. Misjudging the distance, I was already too late for the 11:00 appointment. Not checking Google Earth beforehand, I realized I didn't know the greater Orlando area as well as I thought and dialed 411 to verify the address. I was told my attorney was not listed in Florida so her address was unavailable. This was the third time a 411 operator would not share public information. Englert is listed. I bought a map, her office was off the map being just outside the municipal lines included, but I finally connected with her around 4:00. She reviewed the documents, confirmed that they proved I was innocent, and we talked about plans for expungement. After 5:00, I drove back towards Louisiana for work the next day.

Just north of Gainesville, I began noticing State Troopers parked along the sides of Highway 75, more than usual in groups of two and three. Further north, one trooper, parked to the right but facing the highway, pointed his finger at me slowly and deliberately through his open door. His gesture seemed menacing, and I wondered if my finger pointing at Suzanne had been twisted into another set of perjured statements... was it possible? Knowing my innocence, I ignored the thought and didn't worry.

I drove as far as Tallahassee and looked for an affordable motel, and even briefly considered sleeping at the Rest Area. I drove on to the next exit with lodgings, filled up with gas and was asked by a guy, wearing dreadlocks but not sounding Rasta cool, about my license plates.

I then tried the motels. I was turned down at the first and found what I was looking for at the second – an inexpensive ground floor single room, where I could keep an eye on the car. As I placed money on the counter, the clerk changed his position, and said there were no rooms available. I called him on this, and he pointed to a document that just exited the printer, showing different information than that which was on his computer screen. Exhausted, I drove on into what I knew was an area absent of beds along Highway 10. I felt extremely unsafe continuing to drive alone that late, began wondering what really happened at the second motel, and what that troopers' finger pointing actually meant, and why my license plate was an issue. Regardless, I quickly tucked into an RV park and car camped for the night.

I discovered a week later, during a work lunch break as I listened to voice mail from Englert, that the deputies and my brother jointly filed another ex-parte order against me the day after I tried to finalize the grand larceny theft report, on July 12th. Thomas submitted a undated note on a piece of paper that had Deputy Vitani's business card copied onto it so as to look like stationery, saying I went to Thomas's house, which is untrue, and that I might have a chemical imbalance, which has already been proven untrue, and pleaded for protection from me, which proves the police were/are in collusion with my brother. Thomas also submitted a rambling two page list of unverifiable accusations and documents pertaining to the Mississippi Protection Order that he characterized as harassment of him (Exhibit W). He also denies an unsettled legal battle, which is a blatant lie and legal bills prove this additional instance of perjury (Exhibit FF).

I would call this retaliation and police brutality. Supporting memorandums, with notes by Deputy

Stiles and Deputy N.D., state Thomas "advised she may have gone to Louisiana, he is considering squashing this ex-parte order to seek long term treatment" and "he will try and get an ex-parte there". There is also language stating I appeared "homeless", while standing at my own house, and was violent (Exhibit X). Is firmly asking the first deputy not to repeatedly interrupt me while presenting evidence an indication of violence? Was falsely characterizing me as homeless and violent a plan to help them get me unjustly committed?

My nails weren't done but my dress was new, and everyone involved was fully cognizant of the fact I lived in Louisiana.

The recordings from the dispatch operator for the morning of July 11th would have been enough to throw this second request out of court. Additionally, I haven't been near any family members since a brief visit in the spring of 2008, so on what basis did they place their allegations? I enclose two notes from people I have lived with or near during the same time period (Exhibit GG).

On my way back to work in Louisiana from Florida and before gaining the knowledge of the second fraudulent ex-parte, I called BCSO on July 13th and another incident occurred. After pulling off the road into a gas station and parking under a shade tree, I placed the call to the dispatch and told her to spread the word that I was found innocent of the first ex-parte order. She was silent. I asked her about the theft case and gave her the number, which she looked up on her computer screen. She said the case was listed as closed, and I began to question her about what was written in the records.

After collecting as much information as I could from her, I asked to be transferred to Sheriff Jack Parker's secretary, but Sargent Roblin, as he gave his name, picked up the call. I asked the Sargent to transfer the call, but he refused. I told him I just heard the theft case was closed and told him this was a violation of my rights. I also mentioned that I had collected the release papers, and I was innocent of the 2007 debacle.

He replied that the dispatch didn't know what she was talking about. I retorted that it wasn't a matter of her knowing, she was just reading the facts from her computer screen, and continued to press the issue. He adopted the defense of my family and their attorneys version of the events leading to the theft, supported their position in the case, and would not verbally budge from his position which clearly showed his contempt for criminal law and of my civil rights. At one point he mentioned that domestic violence was a civil matter, and I replied that grand larceny theft is a criminal matter, and BCSO's decision to close the case meant they were directly helping my family perpetuate crimes.

I asked if he was legally representing my family, and he said no. I explained they were lying, that the doors to the house were not left open, food was not on the counters, and no rats were present as they claim. I said I have witnesses that found a blue tie on the rear door and evidence the door had been broken in, and all of the items in the house were described exactly as I had left them a year earlier. I repeated that after the house was put on the market, the items were stolen, as witnessed, and that the house and its contents are private property. No one was given permission to remove items, and no one asked for permission to remove items. I reminded him that it was his duty, as a law enforcement official, to reopen the case, take my statements and investigate the crime.

About this time, a white Homeland Security bus pulled into the gas station, whose timing I found interesting. Minutes later, a young man who looked like a local came to my driver's window, waving

his arms and warning me to leave quickly.

I didn't, and continued speaking with the Sargent. I told him that no court in the land with a jury would agree with him, his support of the criminals, nor with the criminals themselves, and it was improper, as a law enforcement officer, to be agreeing with the opinion of the criminals and their reasoning for committing a crime. At one point, he mentioned that civil rights were for American citizens. I told him emphatically I was an American citizen. He told me the case was reassigned as "suspicious activity", and we went around and around. I again asked to be transferred to the Sheriff's office, and he again refused. At no point did he mention his department helped Thomas file an ex-parte order against me the day before, or that there was an open ex-parte order.

I was not a compliant victim during the telephone call.

The next day, July 14th, I was at work and Deputy Charles Stiles called my cell phone. He said the case was open. I asked if it had been reopened, based on the information I received the day before, and he repeated himself and said it was open, and he was coming to do the paperwork, and that if I "came to the gate, we could finish the paper work". Then he kind of laughed under his breath. Clearly, he was threatening me, and standing at the end of my driveway. He asked where I was, and I said not in Florida. He asked when I'd be returning, and I was evasive. I told him he could gain access and finish his report without my presence, and he said he couldn't do that, the gate code had been changed again. He gave me his telephone number as 321.454.6632. Deputy Stiles notes from this attempt are included in Exhibit W, with the new gate code written on one of the documents. Obviously, he had also been in touch with my brother, and was colluding with him.

Before leaving Louisiana, I continued to call the FBI on numerous occasions, and even tried the Tampa division, again. I was made to understand that since I contacted the New Orleans division most recently, I should call them. I did, and spoke with Jeff, a duty agent. I explained that in addition to the fraud, the cybercrimes and public corruption were continuing and escalating, and became hopeful after one call. I never received a call back. On my last attempt at calling, I spoke with another agent who characterized these facts as my "conspiracy theory". I said, "it's not a conspiracy theory when it's actually happening". He then replied, "we can't help you any more... call the state troopers...", and then the agent hung up on me. Was he referring to the state trooper doing the ominous finger pointing?

Meanwhile at work, we were awarded the contract to provide installation service for Louisiana's Department of Wildlife and Fisheries, while work for other oil spill related installations generated revenue. I remember hearing that the Coast Guard and Wildlife and Fisheries were somewhat adversaries in their work along Louisiana's coastlines, but no explanations were given. Two co-workers began listening to Rush Limbaugh loudly on the radio while the boss was away, and the politics surrounding the spill were fodder for heated debates that became personal when they accused me of being a communist. I replied that communism at the national level didn't work, but they, actually, were acting like Brownshirt neo-Nazi's. The boss later intervened, but the confrontations shook everyone.

Before I gave my final two weeks notice, annoyed by the office politics and unable to support myself on the low pay, I definitely believed that Florida politics had again found their way into my life.

As I was preparing to leave for California, I received a letter from my insurance company stating that the Louisiana Department of Motor Vehicles and Corrections, while I was getting the car inspected, had gained a different VIN than the one for which I was being insured. I had never brought the car in for inspection, and the VIN they gave my insurance company was incorrect. I let the insurance company know this, and the issue was resolved immediately (Exhibit Y).

San Diego County, CA

I accepted an offer to join Creswell, in California, where I arrived on September 6th. About three weeks after arriving, things started to occur that followed a pattern I had experienced elsewhere - plans with friends suddenly changed without my direct involvement, difficulties with critical arrangements started occurring, and since I was in the process of getting the Brevard record expunged, or so I thought, I felt particularly vulnerable to the brutality coming from Florida.

Around this same time, an application for employment at Tulane University as construction coordinator was withdrawn... by whom and why? (Exhibit Z)

Therefore, I notified the Carlsbad police department that I had spoken with a judge in Mississippi, who had issued a restraining order against Thomas and who had told me to notify local law enforcement agencies of the order. I spoke with two different officers – a woman first, and then a man. The woman was very helpful, recognizing the issues and why I was calling. Our call was suddenly disconnected, so I called again and a man answered who pretended to not understand why I was calling, what I was talking about, or the need for the call. He transferred me to another desk, and I continued the call with an officer who acted helpful, telling me to write a one page description of the issues, and present the document together with the Mississippi information at the station as soon as I could.

I was being set up for the next incident of brutality.

Three days later, I drove to the Carlsbad Police station where I met with Officer Mortensen who was immediately aggressive and hostile and refused to accept the information, listen to the description of the abuse or violence I experienced, or to a list of crimes and fraud. He would not accept the documents offered to him, or acknowledge that it was his duty since another officer had asked for them. I was walking on the beach when I first made contact with the station, and didn't have a pen and paper to write down the three names of different officers with whom I had spoken.

An older woman came in and sat in the lobby at the same time and she cringed when he delivered his hostile greeting. He said Thomas "is not here", to which I promptly asked how he even knew where Thomas was or even his name since he took the position of being unaware of the whole situation. When I continued to press this point with the fact that Thomas had no business even being in Carlsbad, and although he may not be here now, if he had been, it was proof that he was stalking me. The officer didn't answer. I also reminded him that restraining orders were good in every state, and he answer that California was different.

During the conversation, the officer often looked towards a window with blinds in the lobby, but I couldn't see what he was looking at. He then gave me an undated piece of paper with an case #66948, officially ending our meeting and my attempt at receiving protection. The officer referred our meeting as an "incident". I then raised my voice as he turned his back, saying, "remember this conversation, remember this when you find me dead some day", as he continued to walk away, but hanging his head. At one point, I even said the police department needed sensitivity training in domestic violence... maybe I should have said Federal domestic violence.

The aggressive and unprofessional reception given by Officer Mortensen was fabricated for a reaction. I gave a reaction, one that was justified and a counterpoint to his dereliction of duty. What other agencies were involved? What was motivating them to support Thomas, a possible murderer?

I left, again in disbelief of the situation, of failing to gain protection from the Florida violence, the hired stalkers and their systemic abuse of criminal law and my civil rights. I found myself getting angrier with each incident of brutality as the veil of blind respect for authorities was being lifted to show that corruption exists at every level of society. Were they baiting me, as a trainer would a young pit bull, to become the violent person they needed for their defense?

I am a human being, living in what should be a civilized society. Countries are founded upon declarations of rights protected by laws so that these very experiences wouldn't occur to innocent people. First an estate plan, secondly an ex-parte order, next comes false accusations of unAmerican activity, and then patterned brutality by a racketeering network of law officers obviously playing by some other set of rules? All I could do at this point was place the one page document describing Thomas (Exhibit AA) outside the lobby on a concrete trash container, hoping that an officer who understood what was transpiring would read the document and be forewarned. Maybe they'd even help.

Within a week, my dog Lola, mother of the two puppies previously killed, was taken on September 18th by a man from the side yard of my private residence in Carlsbad. As I was looking for her, a Carlsbad policeman drove by and grinned at me. She was discovered at the Humane Society shelter, where they refused to release her even though I arrived before she was processed into the system. I asked for the information on the man who supposedly found her, but was refused access.

The only provable facts are that the gate was opened from the outside, a man walked into a neighbor's residence without knocking, spoke with an English accent, and had Lola on a cord at his side. He told the neighbor he would tie her to a guardrail and hope the owner would find her, but he didn't. The man told the shelter he found her wandering the streets - unbelievable since the fence was secure. A volunteer said Lola mysteriously got out of the shelter that same day and was found again on the highway and brought back. By whom, I don't know, since a receptionist later denied the incident.

They refused to release her unless deposit monies were given against a future spaying, and charges for her stay were paid. I had no money, but a benefactor was found whom would only pay if Lola was spayed. I planned on having her mated again back in San Juanico, and didn't want her spayed. Lola was kept for 5 days/4 nights in total, against my wishes, while being spayed, her uterus removed and she could have been pregnant.

Domestic violence symptoms are commonly discovered in the abuser's treatment of the victim's pets. Was the Carlsbad Police department involved in this childish display of abuse? Lola was skittish to sounds and hands afterward, and unwilling to get in vehicles for several weeks. She is much more wary of people than before. She was also given another round of immunizations, even though her shots had been completed less than a year previously. The whole incident is suspicious, especially given the earlier scene at the police department, and the fact that two other dogs had been killed.

Without finding temporary or permanent work in San Diego County after seven weeks, I left on September 26th. I passed through Las Vegas, Nevada, around 9:00 in the evening. After getting gas

at the first exit in Nevada, I was traveling at about 73 mph on Highway 15, heading for a cheap motel east of town when the same tire that was punctured in Venice, LA, exploded, bending the exhaust pipe around the wheel well and denting the bottom panel behind the wheel well up to meet the chassis. The metal treads on the exploded tire were splayed in more than one place, and curled in tight patterns. Ray, the man who stopped to help me change the tire on his way to work as a security guard, said he never saw anything like it before, and agreed with me that it all seemed unnatural for a blow out. We unbent the exhaust pipe enough to get a tire back on.

It's amazing I didn't roll down Highway 15 with the packed car, and die that night.

Boulder County, CO

Since the previous July, I worked with my attorney, Englert, and we had a good understanding. She believed me, calling my family's actions, "vile". I repeatedly asked, between July 12 and the beginning of September via telephone messages, when the motion for expungement could be filed. Almost two months slipped by.

While in California, I finally began emailing the same question and an assistant, Dan, began drafting the motion with me via the internet. Relevant points I made concerning Dr. Miley and the timing of the family estate planning were edited out of the motion for hearing, and I had not yet received the second set of fraudulent ex-parte documents from Englert, nor from Dan.

Englert guaranteed the police action on July 12th would be thrown out of court, since I wasn't a Florida resident. I guess my trust in her expertise overshadowed my curiosity in the fraudulent documents. We didn't know how the judge would rule on expunging the Brevard County records from 2007, but we thought the diagnosis of Pathological Family Dynamics, together with a list of other behavioral disorders ruled out, spoke for itself. She still had the documents I hand delivered to her office.

One month later while at the Boulder Public Library on October 7th, Englert was hostile for the first time during a telephone conversation. She refused to discuss the fraudulent ex-parte documents and police claims before the hearing, and added that she threw away all the release documents hand delivered to her office on July 12th. I was speechless for a moment. Englert then notified me a hearing date had been set for October 11th, but she had postponed it. I reminded her I couldn't afford to travel to Florida for the hearing.

Englert then told me to fax her the set of release documents again. I was camping in the hills, begging friends for money, and watching the winter clouds roll in. A few days later, I tried free faxing from a hotel, where two sets seemed to feed through the machine just fine before an error message appeared. I was forced to find a FedEx where I spent \$20 faxing her the set of 2007 release documents again, as she requested. Englert later said she presented this second set at the hearing, and they became part of the hearing files, but given the time stamp of a email from my sister, I'm not sure the documents arrived in time.

Judge Silvernail, the same judge that awarded the second ex-parte request, a total illegal collusion between the police and Thomas, also presided at the hearing, as Englert had forewarned me. She also said this was allowable in Florida. Didn't the judge have a conflict of interest? Judge Silvernail refused to expunge the record from the first case, nor throw out the second case, contrary to state statutes.

After instructing Thomas and Mary Evelyn several times since DEC2009, via their attorney, James Fallace (see Exhibit CC), to stop stalking and harassing me, and publicly defaming me, I still receive abusive emails from them. In a particularly nasty one written by Mary Evelyn, lauding over my failure in expunging the Florida records, my failure in getting a restraining order against my brother in Mississippi, she even had the audacity to include illogical statements regarding the lack of necessity for "bothering" them for an driveway agreement.

While looking at the time and date stamp, I learned the hearing must have been held on October 14th, some time before 2:00 since my sister's email was sent just after 2:00 (Exhibit DD). Englert said my family would not be at the hearing, nor invited, and has refused to say who was present at the hearing. What happened to my legal counsel? Was she bribed by my family, pressured by local judges, or coerced by other authorities who pretended I was some kind of terrorist?

I moved into a hillside cabin as planned on October 15th, and traded work for lodging. I called Englert on October 18th and she relayed the hearing results, including the fact that Silvernail took it upon himself to seal the records, and added I couldn't get a copy of what the police had fraudulently reported. Later, reversing her position, Englert offered to get the documents. I waited, yet continued asking Englert pointed questions via email, which she has refused to answer directly. In one response, Englert excused the police for their actions, saying they are trained in these matters (Exhibit BB). Trained, I asked, in violating civil rights? She has also stopped asking for payment of services for the hearing, which is interesting.

November 4th, within an hour after applying for a Colorado driver's license, incidents of recording beeps first heard in Louisiana began again during cellular calls, and since a DMV employee said Homeland Security was in charge of reviewing licenses in Colorado, I knew they were responsible for openly hassling me again – actually, I now refer to their aggressive tactics and actions as torture. After hearing the beeps, I immediately remembered advice given by a retired Amnesty International employee, whose specialty was anti-torture, to call the American Civil Liberties Union. After dialing 411, I called, left a message and planned on preparing this document for the ACLU.

Since then, I have had calls dropped, interrupted, and connected in strange places. On or around November 11th, a call regarding employment at Eldora was interrupted with beeps. A few days later, I discovered I was not hired for the inside job by that department, even though they almost hired me during two very strong and positive preliminary interview. Of course, working inside would have been better for my health.

My email accounts, especially ezabellive@yahoo.com, were hacked while I check messages at the Boulder Public Library, and a message I sent to myself on November 17th to the above e-dress from an ACLU's web site, describing the newly formed Joint Terrorism Task Force, a combination effort between national security agencies and local police forces, and actions JTTF had taken against a list of ACLU clients, did not arrive in my inbox. Later, the message appeared in my spam folder where it wasn't before.

I contacted the New Orleans FBI for the last time, and emailed the one page document describing my brother, as prepared for the Carlsbad police department, with the question, "When were you helping me?" What else could I say, or do?

On November 22nd, a few hours after giving a draft of this document to friends for review, I exited the B&F Mountain Market in Nederland, and found the rear window of my car open and hanging at a strange angle. Someone had unlocked the car. I tried to close it, and the entire glass piece fell and shattered in the parking lot since it had also been disconnected from its pneumatic hinges. The police station was in the same shopping center, so I drove over and reported the incident to the Nederland police, case # N10-742. I also took the opportunity to explain the situation in Florida, and requested protection if any suspicious characters or incidents began to occur, a request similar to one

in Rosedale. I received advice on repairing the window since minus 27degree F temperatures were expected the next day, and the officer seemed genuinely helpful.

Then, I drove home to find my generator wasn't working – water had mysteriously been mixed with fuel. I did not personally see individuals either touch the car nor the generator, and if these incidents happened another day, or to another person who had not experienced the preceding list of similar crimes, they probably wouldn't be suspicious. I began to wonder about the Boulder County Sheriff who lived a few houses away in the same canyon. The generator became necessary after a local repair man broke the solar panel's inverter. I happened to be present when he laughed, but the landlord didn't believe me. On the first day of work, I awoke to find my car tire flat and I had to drive down the mountain on the rim to arrive on time. I went through several tires that had irreparable holes that winter.

Finally, on November 23rd, an envelope containing only the second ex-parte request and follow up memorandums from BCSO arrived in my post office box – four months after the documents were fabricated. I read them in disbelief, knowing Englert had helped perpetuate this crime.

[Note: I discovered text included in an earlier draft of this document missing from my computer files, describing retaliating actions and evidence of police racketeering between Florida and Colorado, and include the information here, again:]

I moved into town after saving money from another job at Eldora, an outside one teaching skiing to children and adults, and continued volunteering at the local co-op. During Eldora's employee training seminars, I learned they had a very strong anti-harassment policy that included efforts at combating violence and other pathological behaviors perpetuated on employees by non-employees, of all things. I submitted a one page letter explaining the problems coming from Florida, and experienced a marked relief from assaults. An opportunity came up to consult with the Town of Nederland via the Community Center Foundation, which appointed me as a consulting board member focused on an architectural competition for the Center, and articles were written in local newspapers, such as the "Peak to Peak", regarding the extremely rewarding efforts.

Around the beginning of February, I learned that the ACLU wouldn't take the case and became very worried. My roommates mentioned I became distant, which I certainly was as I wondered if my life was then officially and completely destroyed. Instead of giving up, I called BCSO's Internal Affairs Department, and spoke with Commander Jimmy Donn at length, after talking with his assistant who happened to describe the unidentified officer from July 12th as an "agent". Would that be the JTTF I had just learned about?

We introduced ourselves, I laid out the incidents to date, then complained at the treatment I experienced and the resulting fraudulent documents that were generated, and suggested a conflict of interest within the Sheriff's office. I explained my innocence, and Thomas' possible murder of David Smith. Commander Donn asked for my location, telephone number, and address then promised to call and begin a proper investigation if the situation warranted one.

I waited. A week or so later, my landlord's boyfriend, who also lived in the house, became somewhat hostile. I figured this change was due to the fact we were both applying for one of the only full time jobs in Nederland – at the hardware store where his girlfriend worked – and he was crossed off the list

of candidates due to their relationship and company policy while my application looked strong.

Another week went by before my landlord asked me to leave the house, in the middle of winter, citing lines from the fraudulent documents generated in Brevard County. Earlier the same day her boyfriend became openly abusive and threatened to have the police tow my car away because it was parked too close to his car. I immediately knew what had happened and guessed this was Commander Donn's answer – another vicious act of brutality and retaliation. I don't blame my housemates who were caught in the middle and being used, just the list of players that now seemed to include the Boulder County Sheriff's Office.

In the meantime, I had fallen from standing positions three times while teaching skiing, realized the cold was probably exacerbating the MS symptoms, and packed the car after resigning from Eldora. I couldn't work if I didn't have a place to live in freezing temperatures. There I was, I finally had a job, a place to live, a few new friends, jammed with a local band, volunteer work, and began a healthy working relationship with the Town of Nederland, with the possibility of full time employment at the hardware store – a job inside, out of the cold. Again, I had proved my innocence and capabilities. Again, my livelihood, safety, social connections and health were purposefully sabotaged. Why? Because I called to complain that my rights as an American citizen were being violated?

For the third time since returning to the States from Mexico, I tried to schedule an MRI and was finally successful. The results would take 24 hours to be processed, and I headed down the road. While driving to Baja, warm weather and a house I controlled, my doctor (name withheld) called and read the results of the test that nearly conclusively diagnosed early stages of MS. I told him the information was bitter sweet and explained, Bitter, since I had a very difficult time ahead, and Sweet, since it proved my family and their advisers fully culpable of a variety of crimes and civil violations.

I placed a final call to Commander Donn, who was unavailable. I left a message with his assistant, saying, "Tell him I got his message." I also took the opportunity to ask his assistant an additional question about the "agent" in Florida, but the answer was, "I don't recall". Later on the same day I notified Dr. Guyton, Evelyn, Parker Thomson, and a few friends, about the results of the MRI, and kept driving.

Baja & San Diego Again

Everything was relatively tranquil in Baja for three weeks. I cleaned my house, took care of business, and called Evelyn in one last attempt at reconciliation since I thought the diagnosis would break through the group delusion. I was still not connecting the Mojito incident at the wedding to the possibility that the symptoms I began experiencing in 2007 were connected. My family was trying to convince everyone I was crazy, even after I was proved sane. Why? Not only to cover up family crimes, but to cover up what was actually causing my health issues?

On three separate occasions, I had tried to resolve these issues. First in new Orleans, then in Baton Rouge, and most recently in Nederland. Now, back in the warm weather I was looking for a doctor in Mexico where health care was much more affordable, and where I had a residence without disruptive housemates.

Evelyn seemed open at first, saying we'd work together. I asked for \$10,000 to meet obligations, medical expenses, and basic living needs while she and her attorneys resolved the crisis. Evelyn sent \$4500. Then, she revealed one aspect of her defense by saying, "You did this to yourself", and our talks dissolved. Our last conversation regarded the rest of the necessary funds, and I asked for a final answer: was she choosing to commit murder by way of negligent homicide, by supporting my siblings, or would she help immediately. She replied, "...I've been put on a budget...", before I disconnected the call. Evelyn's gross wealth was over \$20 million dollars the last time I checked.

If I had been able to sell the Florida property, I wouldn't be in the position of needing financial help for medical and living expenses, and I could have followed through with the final construction of my property and the business plans. Evelyn sent just enough money to pay bills on the car and property taxes, and live for a few months. Around this time, I also learned that my car was listed as stolen in the US, a fact shared by the seller. He and I both knew this report was a scam.

Then, Liddle arrived in town - I guess I was being strung along until his arrival. In an email message, I then asked Evelyn if Liddle's fees were included in her budget. She refused to answer. A neighbor confirmed that my family is paying Liddle to harass me. His local nickname is *Eduardo Tomato* gained after backing over tomatoes in the community garden during one of his violent fits. So, in addition to the attorney costs, my family has a violent stalker on their pay role.

A private investigator once told this profession is littered with ex-cops, ex-FBI and ex-CIA, some of whom are retired, and some whom were released from duty. He went on to add that these are the people who would be helping Akerman Senterfitt, as contractors with connections. Nice.

Although I was diagnosed with MS on the drive to Baja, I finally had the time to look at the images after arriving in Mexico. I opened the computer file and examined each image, concluding that my cerebrum looked like a mountain top faintly dusted with snow. I was also reminded of the "Bodies" exhibit seen years ago in Vancouver. That was the last time I was able to open the MRI files since the viewer was corrupted via hacking, and the files rendered inaccessible. I discovered this while sharing them a month or so later with Dr. Karla Pedroza making me, my diagnosis and need of medical treatment somewhat questionable during our first appointment. The physical tests confirmed the

diagnosis. Apparently, the cybercriminals were still on my tale and not worried about violating the human right to unimpeded access to medical care. For whose benefit?

Look at all these facts: In New Orleans, my medical care at Tulane Medical School was disrupted in several ways; In Baton Rouge, the results from a lumbar puncture at Baton Rouge General Hospital were inconclusive since one tube of fluid mysteriously never made its way to the testing facility; A CAT Scan at the same time proved my brain free of tumors, and Dr. Miley's diagnosis was false – did his false diagnosis have another purpose? In California, I didn't have time to access to medical care; Dr. Guyton first suggested bee stings as a cure, said lots of people have MS, and refused to send money for the original Tulane MRI; My mother refused to send money for medical care after the diagnosis was given, but was willing to make an appointment for me in Tampa, FL, near Dr. Miley's current office on Bee Ridge, near Sarasota, FL. Creepy.

I uncovered a few interesting details that might connect seemingly unrelated facts. Dr. Miley has a company called Germ Shield, and is an officer in another corporation, Lakewood Amedex, Inc, whose specialty is research and development and is also incorporated in Delaware – what kind of R&D? Medical?

In 2006, my sister tried to present for signature corporate papers that list Germ Free Industries as the issuer of stock certificates (a telling typographic error?), and quickly withdrew the copies while offering to make the correction before preparing another set of documents for signature. She never did. In 2009, she sent the same documents with the same typographic error to Fallace, her attorney, who forwarded the electronic set to my attorney with a fraudulent electronic signature. Back in 2007, Dr. Miley and Dr. _____ of Osler Medical Center were extremely persistent in collecting blood samples from me. I have Type O+ blood, and can be a universal donor. Why all of this subterfuge?

So, when asked about the historical symptoms of MS, all I can say is I experienced extreme anxiety directly after August 2007 but remained physically fit until a severe episode in Mississippi that began after the stalkers hired by my family drove by my farm gate and my dog was killed. Today, my big toes have a slight loss of sensation, I sleep a lot, and my sense of balance on land is less than before. I experienced sever headaches the day Liddle drove into town, and the only MS medication I've been able to afford is for these headaches. And, sever bouts of vertigo began after diesel fuel was dumped along my property line.

Liddle, who was just another unemployed construction worker with ties to San Diego and Las Vegas and not popular two years ago, is now everybody's friend and I've been warned that his violence towards me continues unabated. My car computer mysteriously stopped working, forcing me to walk in 100 degree weather as my legs become less responsive and more susceptible to falling, to being subject to verbal assaults, sexual innuendos and various forms of violent behavior by some strangely motivated men who happen to drive by.

A neighbor said it was a one in a million chance a Ford computer would malfunction. I'd be curious to hear what a statistician would find if they listed all of these crimes and assigned a possibility of one person experiencing them.

A *gringo*, whose father is a close friend of Liddle's, mentioned something about an experiment. Is my diagnosis of MS a true diagnosis, or is it possible another blood born pathogen is actually creating

these symptoms? Wouldn't unobstructed access to health care prove this point one way or another? And why would Dr. Miley, before falsifying documents calling for an ex-parte order, send prescriptions for an unnecessary test, an MRI, for a misdiagnosis of a brain tumor? What did he really want? And, why were subsequent efforts of getting an MRI at a facility other than in Florida denied, subverted, and hacked?

On days off from Eldora, I had prepared a business plan for an Inn called Caza Baja, and sent it to a few possible investors. One was Dennis Choate, a Californian who also owns a house here. His counter offer was for me to become his mistress, which I declined and we agreed there would be no hard feelings. No other investors were interested.

I then created a web site, www.cazabaja.com with links to local businesses, only two of which gave thanks, but no compensation. I've started painting again, and have sold only one piece. I designed and successfully solicited the design build job for the project, which Choate later actively destroyed. To quote a neighbor, "That gets a man mad" when they're denied sex. Today, my only source of income is from the sale of San Juanico maps – about \$6 a week, if I'm lucky. I was told by Choate's partner, Don, that the *gringos* here want me as their whore, which I refuse to do. Did I move into a community of Neanderthals?

Therefore, Liddle and his friends have disrupted my access to work, and continually defamed me to every new friend or business contact I make, and are going so far as to disrupt the possible sale of my lot here in Baja, my only available asset in life and a necessary liquidation if I'm to afford medication... but, if their agenda includes restricted access to health care, they wouldn't want me to sell, would they? Liddle's latest agenda entry includes getting me kicked out of the community and dying in the desert. [It's interesting to remember at this point that the New Orleans FBI agent who interviewed me was familiar with San Juanico.]

Just who are the *gringos* living here in San Juanico? Locals know some work with the US government, but which department or agency? With this in mind, have I unknowingly bought into a community of old agents sent to pasture, spooks on holiday, with a surf camp for trainees thrown in? Seems like the most apt description.

Given their present collective actions that pattern abuse, I must also ask: Am I living in a sort of Gitmo, California Style? And, did I just spend two years as a virtual political prisoner in the United States, being denied protection, communication, work, and health care while being brutalized by racketeering police departments?

More importantly, how many other innocent American lives are being similarly perverted in other places?

The most disturbing aspect of this case, namely what was Dr. Miley really doing, occurred after the ex-boyfriend Howard, who is an ex-smuggler from California and who some say is working with the government, refused to sell me vegetables grown in his garden. He said, "grow your own". When I did, his friends refused to taste a special salad I prepared for their restaurant, a story that made my one and only group of guests at Caza Baja cringe. After an initial success with the garden, my garden stopped thriving. Lately, my health has been in slow decline but with odd symptoms like periodic instant numbness in digits after watering the garden (there is an above ground cistern I use in Baja),

instant numbness in my palate after eating vegetables from my garden.

I had literally begun starving in August 2011, but started eating for the energy needed to write this, and to surf a bit for pleasure and fitness. I've fallen down a few times, once bruising a rib, and muscles around my left femur are causing pains.

Still, I wonder how I became a target. My extensive travels? A movie I made? Crimes my father might have committed as a father and pediatrician? Is my brother another Jack the Ripper? Politics? A bribe? The players are no longer just family members and their attorneys together with mistaken Brevard County officers. The only logical conclusion is that some American government agency, or person with connections to the same, decided to include me on whatever list that leads to the total destruction of an innocent life. Why did they allow themselves to make this mistake, and how could they ever deceive themselves into believing their own lies?

Or, might this just be a case of Homeland Security for Hire? A personal vendetta from someone included on Facebook's Oil Spill Crisis page that provides links to articles written by others, exposing the politics of the crisis? The previous spill in Australia is documented on www.verifythecrime.blogspot.com, and the blog basically provides links to pure information. One very curious finding was in Wall Street Journal's reporting of events whereby they discussed the Timor Sea crisis, and then denied their own conclusion.

After putting this document on line, things shifted. At first, tranquility. Then, the overt abuse became more covert. The bouts with vertigo have increased in frequency, and can be overwhelming in the mornings. My sensitivity to exhaust fumes, aerosol paint and whatever the ingredients are has greatly increased, and can cause instant vertigo. Since calling me crazy failed, the character defamation now includes lies of thieving, sexual impropriety, sex working, drug use, homelessness. Overt abuse still includes continued wire tapping and cybercrimes, but now includes sexually explicit fraudulent photographic montages, entrapment leading to possible arrest, cyberstalking access to attorneys, and extortion of business acquaintances.

Around Nov 2011, I became so frustrated at experiencing these unrelenting crimes that I began a series referred to as Propaganda Art, critical works reflecting a smashup of surfing, ethics, corruption, and greed. I understand these to be symbols of free speech, like videos, that embrace the right to think critically, to stop extremism and bondage, and to mirror horrors so we can all see more clearly the collective results of our individual actions, and to protect civilization's inseparability from liberty, justice and the pursuit of individual realization.

In April 2012, I hitchhiked out of San Juanico, bartered and visited with friends for a few months, but returned to grab clothes and try finding paying work and medical care again, this time in San Diego. The day I crossed the border, I was given a ticket for jumping on the trolley without a ticket – the first time I had seen officers enforce the rules, and the first time I did what everyone else had been doing for years. I was on my way to a job interview – the first one in 9 months. When I tried to pay, I was stopped and given a ticket as the trolley left the station, for a court date that I cannot attend without first securing work, which might mean there will be a warrant for my arrest and 30 days in jail. On the ticket, the officer entered “transient” for my address, even though I stated I owned a house in Mexico where I had been living. I was late for the appointment, and didn't get the job. A few days later, I witnessed the same thing happening to another passenger, but that officer let the passenger pay.

Today, I have the fifth round of doctors appointments, but Evelyn canceled my medical insurance a year ago immediately after I was diagnosed with MS. And, without a job, I don't have the funds to stay and wait until the appointment dates. I tried one last time to resolve these issues with the family and their advisers, but met with avoidance, abuse and defamation again. I finally realized our conversations were only about her legal team trying to strengthen their case, not about truth, moving forward together or stopping the charade. Again, if I had been able to sell my Florida property, none of these horrific situations that accompany dependency on certain people with masochistic tendencies, whether they happen to be friends, family members or law enforcement officials, would have happened.

Be that as it may, the crimes I've experienced began before the oil spill, and only multiplied like the millions of barrels that gushed into the Gulf of Mexico each day. The final day was the 86th day. To whom is that number significant, besides an American restaurant worker who understands it to mean the kitchen is out of an item?

Of course, with the continual question as to my sanity raised by a complete perversion of the justice system, namely being found guilty before establishing innocence coupled with precisely targeted defamation of character, it could be easier for a less courageous person to disregard this entire document. Please keep reading.

CONCLUSION

While this document focuses on a pattern of brutalization spanning the last several years, it's important to remember the life I lived before these incidents began occurring was relatively full and quite fruitful. I'm bright, educated, a natural leader, a Democrat, and a very productive member of society. I had a career as an architect and town planner, worked since the age of 14, received multiple honors, and everything was beautiful. At its apex, I began studying buddhist philosophy, consulted on the renovation of monasteries and the construction of a nunnery while experiencing the interconnectedness of all actions and beings, and seeing the pure nature of everyone's heart at their cores.

My immediate family and their attorneys were also looking, but for different reasons. They were searching for methods for totally destroying the life of an innocent person through a series of actions designed to slowly remove credibility, leading to the loss of basic necessities for living - access to work and money, access to social networks, access to transportation, and access to medical and legal resolutions.

The method they used first created a basis of legal documents whose later modifications were fraudulent, and upon which was piled fabricated perjury in court systems, patterned defamation to colleagues, friends, business acquaintances and law enforcement officials, leading to racketeering and brutalization, all achieved through cyberstalking and preparing grossly fraudulent documents. The hacked medical records and constant denial of access to my personal property and funds needed for the payment of medical services, effectively covered up the true nature of my ill health, is indicative of culpability in creating the health problems.

Whether the outcome is murder or manslaughter, the difference is in technicalities. I believe every instance of perjury, defamation, avoidance and brutality is only another bullet from the proverbial smoking gun.

Everyone who reads this should be worried, not only for the implications of story itself, but for their own personal health- remember, I am a universal blood donor, and whatever is causing my decline in health could cause the same reaction in other people. Contagion does not seem likely, given the frequent harassment by contractors for attempted sexual relations.

The amount of energy spent ceaselessly brutalizing me seems out of proportion to my relative role in life – an architect/ artist/ filmmaker, philosopher, child of the '60's. Additionally, the money spent in pursuing my destruction is clearly more than the \$800,000 appraisal value and original deal mentioned for my Merritt Island lot, and the network of influence accessed spans well beyond my family's financial capabilities to include denying freedom of access to communication systems, disconnecting social networks, disrupting medical care, subverting gainful employment, and perverting the process of pursuing justice against these very crimes. These are all unAmerican activities, irrespective of what happened on 9/11.

Is this the portrait of a virtual political prisoner? If so, who are the unspoken players that did the frame job? And, now that questions are raised concerning the origin of my MS blood condition coupled with

episodes of malnutrition, brutalization and sexual harassment and the continual disruption of medical care, I must ask an even more horrific question: Has this portrait become one of a virtual concentration camp prisoner?

I have not been tried legally, I have not been able to present a defense against the network of influence, and these crimes cannot be unnoticed by supervising agencies who have done nothing to stop the racketeering while letting their own absence of action perpetuate the violence. These government agencies supervising and/or involved seem to include Tampa FBI, Brevard County Sheriff's Office, Florida State Troopers, Brevard County Civil and Criminal Courts, Florida State Attorney's Office, New Orleans FBI, New Orleans Police Department, Orleans Parish Sheriff's Office, Iberville Parish Sheriff's Office, Louisiana State Troopers, Carlsbad Police Department, San Diego Police Department, Boulder County Sheriff's Office, and the Department of Homeland Security among others.

The private individuals involved include Thomas Guyton, Suzanne Guyton, Mary Evelyn Guyton Miley, Dr. Stephen Miley and his accomplices, Akerman Senterfitt's attorneys Hank Raattama and his predecessor, attorney Alice Hector (for her work in The Bahamas), Florida State Attorney James McMaster, attorney John Soileau, Edward M. Liddle and his accomplices in Baja and the States, Dr. Thomas B. Guyton and his accomplices, attorney Jim Fallace, and whomever directly aided them in the making and perpetuating of these crimes.

It's likely Raattama at Akerman Senterfitt colluded with McMaster, a Florida State Attorney. Did these players adopt a defensive position of offense, modify the truth through cyberhacking, stalking, fraudulently accusing, and paying innocent people to corroborate their defamation until the person who I actually am is almost completely covered in veils of lies and slander? The clearer I see the corruption, it seems as if the thicker the players try to make the veil.

I have tried repeatedly to manage these events and extract myself from the abuse and crimes: talking with the abusers, moving away from the abusers, selling the lot, hiring an attorney, negotiating an access easement, collecting evidence for presentation, suggesting family therapy, requesting a protection order, trying to settle out of court, pursuing in-court remedies, mediation, issuing formal demands for information, receiving medical care, moving for work and safety, reporting the violence to domestic abuse networks, reporting crimes to the police, the FBI, and Homeland Security, accessing legal aid, finding a second attorney to expunge the record so I could continue working with my first attorneys and pursue a court case after all other alternatives failed.

Recently in Baja, I even resorted to publicly yelling at Liddle to stay away from my house and me, while holding on to a spade as a form of self defense in case he decided to physically attack. Liddle, like my brother and most of the contractors, has been projecting his own violent and pathological behaviors onto me through fear of seeing himself, and he's being paid for his efforts. Has Liddle ever had a psychiatric examination? Has my family and their attorneys had theirs? I've had mine in 2007, and I am the only person I know who is certified sane. I've also spent hours understanding my own family dynamics as I met with psychologists around the time of my marriages, since childhood abuses become more apparent in these situations. My peer groups are likewise interested in their own minds and dissolving their own ignorance, as could be everyone.

After five years of continual brutality through racketeering, two Mexican police officers are the only

ones who've directly offered concrete aid, while a handful of officers in the States seemed to have tried before being sucked into the quagmire. Maybe this document could help change this situation.

If agencies representing my own government are, or were, actively or passively sharing information or allowing information to be shared, gained from cyberstalking or electronic eavesdropping or other methods, with family members and their legal representatives, as illustrated by the Mississippi attempt at receiving a restraining order against Thomas and the cyberstalking clues, maybe whoever reads this document can help discover the links and find a courageous prosecutor. Then, these agencies can accept their culpability, abandon their misguided efforts, begin to re-respect American civil rights, establish a counter check to their inter/intra-departmental actions, apologize, provide missing evidence, provide reparations, and fire or arrest those guilty of willfully and viciously attacking a person after their innocence was made clear.

This document focuses only on what I, as a private individual and American citizen, have experienced. How many others are experiencing the similar terrorizing actions, and why?

In Louisiana, I saw extremist Republicans grooming candidates like Sharon Angle, who on national television, without reproach, repeatedly incited Americans to take up guns against the government. No JTTF personnel bothered her, or the Tea Party. While searching for work in California, I noticed Clear Channel Communications, Rupert Murdoch's right-wing conglomerate, posting multiple job listings as did other private security organizations.. The San Diego County Republican party had voter registration jobs that included extra perks for signing up more Republicans – is that legal? Was I witnessing a silent coup d'etat in America, where extremists have taken control of the media, security agencies, even the voter registration process in the wake of George W. Bush's economic disaster?

Do these same extremists, who are openly hostile to Mexicans and their contributions to the American economy, have ties into Baja? After researching this question, the answer seems to be affirmative. Many of them have ties to the Mormon faith, and to neo-Nazi prison gangs. An interesting combination, especially when you throw in consulting work for the American government and have a Mormon running for president. What's their real agenda as far as I'm concerned? What about for Mexico? These are just questions we should fearlessly answer.

I'm reminded of a movie called "The Road", some post apocalyptic tale where cannibals thrive – a terrible comparison to make and understand, and to even experience. Democracy, the rule by the people for the people, and capitalism, with 4% unemployment as its basis, have been subverted into a reality of authoritarianism and corporate welfare coupled with unemployment levels currently stated at 15.5% on a recent satellite radio broadcast. The real level is well above 20% in many American states, if you count all the people who'd rather be employed than stumble down the road, like me. What happened to civilization and the American dream?

Why are so many people quietly crying in response, "Fascism!" throughout the States and elsewhere, yet few are fearlessly publicizing the evidence?

On the 10th anniversary of 9/11 and the creation of the Department of Homeland Security, more American domestic lives might have been saved than soldiers killed in wars due to American intelligence. Regardless, we must also examine the dark side of what's understood as the absolute power of DHS, since there isn't an apparent oversight agency. We all know the adage, "absolute

power absolutely corrupts". Is it possible other Americans, similarly gifted and liberal, are among the ranks of the new poor and targets for virtual prison? Did my family's attorneys simply feed my profile into an existing program, thereby resolving a shortage of available funds for their continued estate planning efforts? How many others are there?

As said in the beginning of this document, these crimes have been occurring unchecked during five very important years in my life. I am now over 50, childless, penniless, with reputation and career credentials defamed beyond recognition, unfortunately off emergency food stamps but still carrying a pocket full of debt, at looking at starvation, again. I have at least three fraudulent records – one for being crazy, one for being violent and homeless, and one for car theft – that I know about. Now, there is a trolley incident where I was prevented from paying for a ticket in San Diego, and given the four attempted entrapments I just experienced there, I need to be careful even crossing the border into San Ysidro.

In Baja, I've eaten food after picking out maggots while no maggots appeared in Florida. Without gainful employment, I don't have enough money to return to the United States for disability assistance and wait six months, and even if I did make it there alive, I doubt I would be for very long, as depicted by the Las Vegas incident.

At the risk of being too morbid, I like to point out that if I die sooner than later in the desert, how will anyone find out what's really going on in Florida, Louisiana, California, Colorado, and elsewhere? The mystery would remain unsolved. Is this the agenda for Akerman Senterfitt, their consultants and whatever governmental agency currently involved? After proving my innocence and capabilities again and again, it's clear I'm in the position of needing political asylum, not an insane asylum.

All of the incidents and their implications, especially those initiated after January 2010, could have been halted if the New Orleans FBI had chosen to investigate this case. Why didn't they? I've been denied due process, a protection order, medical care, communications, jobs, three residences at different times, and, on 12JUL2010, a fighting chance to turn the whole situation around.

I've been warned recently to stop telling these true events, specifically the parts involving government agencies, but how can I be silent in the face of such evidence especially when others could be experiencing the same brutality?

In closing, all I can say is I recite passages from the Fugitive of Injustice to the curious, but not incessantly. I witness and understand things I've read about but never thought possible or probable to experience, albeit rather fearlessly. While traveling seemingly away from one injustice only to arrive at another injustice, one lesson in particular always remains true: Groups of corrupt people are usually more convincing than an honest individual, but that individual can effect a change the mind of the group, because each person in the group has the ability to look at their individual actions, to stop the direction they're personally traveling in and go backwards to the point at which they took the wrong path. Together, equally.

So, I make a plea to whomever is reading this document: Be courageous in the face of corruption and deception, because you could become the next target. Fight for humanity and speak out, refuse graft and intimidation, think critically and lead a change from within.

