

## A Compilation Of Writings Part 11

### Introduction

This document was written by Janine Carol Loos Bouyssounouse. Her website is located at [www.edonyourown.com](http://www.edonyourown.com). Her books can be found by searching for Janine Bouyssounouse at [www.LuLu.com](http://www.LuLu.com), [www.Amazon.com](http://www.Amazon.com), [www.BN.com](http://www.BN.com) and on the iBookstore on the iPad. There are various titles and formats on the different websites.

10/04/11 This is a running list of entries made using the LifeJournal application. I am still learning how to work the program, so it may be difficult at first to get the entries updated onto the website. At the present time, I only know how to export and find documents in text format and each entry gets exported into its own file, so I will have to dig up the information and see how easily I can get it into this document.

10/05/11 I figured out how to export only the new entries. This should make it easier to update this document.

10/07/11 I didn't feel up to posting my writing last night, so here I am posting yesterday's entries into LifeJournal. I hope to feel better soon, so I can keep up a regular schedule of getting these entries posted onto my website.

10/08/11 Here is another early morning update. I think it causes a stir when I update in the evenings because it gives away my location. I guess I will work on doing the morning updates to this document and see what happens.

10/09/11 Yesterday's posts are goodies... I am again lucky to be alive. I also heard people at still trying to steal my purse. They just have such a craving to pretend to be me. These people are obsessed.

So here I am with a second update on the same day. I decided it was a good idea to update again today with today's entries into LifeJournal. I get the feeling people want to see what I've been writing. Maybe Monday is a big day in court. Maybe my life is about to turn around and people don't want me to forget to update my website with today's writing. Who knows? Maybe people are just itching to read

something I have to say because they find my life interesting. There are people who do find my life interesting. Hey, at least some people pay to read my books and that is surely cool. Okay, so they might not know my situation when they buy my books, but they are buying them more and more, so there is hope out there in this great big world. Perhaps this document will get turned into a published book someday. It just needs some time to get grown up big so it's ready to be a published book. Right now it just wants to be a little document. Maybe later it will be ready to grow up.

10/10/11 I got a late start to my writing in LifeJournal, but I did manage to get some done. It bothers me when I start so late because it's always on the back of my mind that I still need to do it. That's why I like doing it so early in the morning. I like to get some writing done first thing and then not worry about it the rest of the day. I may write more and I may not. It depends on what's going on and what my mood is and then it's just a matter of choice. When I wait it seems to fester until I feel like bursting. Then things just come spilling out of me and I just can't go fast enough. I don't know if those times are better or worse writing. I just like doing it as I go a little at a time, instead of feeling like I need to fill tons of pages.

10/11/11 Here is an early morning burst of writing for your reading pleasure...

10/12/11 I struggled to get this entry done today. My stalkers drugged me a lot today.

10/13/11 What is there to say on a Thursday the thirteenth? Not much... I just wish this was the day things would get to the point where I could buy a place to live. I'm looking forward to that day when I can speak to a real estate agent about buying a house and moving into that house and getting furniture. I want that shower and soak in the tub that I so richly deserve.

10/14/11 Here is more... More of my life, spilled out onto the electronic ink of the electronic page.

10/17/11 I'm here with updates from yesterday. I was trying not to have to deal with what my family was trying to do to me, so I left the area for a while and went on a public transit adventure. People were calling my family to let them know where I was. People were also calling the police to report me for stalking them. Having my family and the police meet up with these people who were falsely reporting me would end up with arrests because there are so many people with warrants for their arrest and some of these people are listed as on jail break. So I might be getting closer to being more safe soon.

Here is another update to this document. I guess people want to see what I've been writing. I've been trying to get people to read my writing for such a long time and now here they are wanting to read what I've written as soon as I have it typed up. It's being used by both sides of the fence concerning court action of all sorts. Some people try to say bad things about me because of what I've written. Some people use it as my statement in my own words. Some people use it to show how abused I've been and how much harm has been done. Some people even use it to show my intelligence and writing ability. There's a change... some people actually think I show a high level of intelligence with my writing, which is why my stalkers tried to keep people from reading my writing.

My writing shows what I do know about certain things and shows that I have been educated in many ways of many years and it shows that I have concern for others and trying to get others educated in the mess I live in so they don't fall prey to my stalkers who work to get as many people involved as possible due to their concept that what goes on in this mess has something to do with a popularity poll. For some reason, my stalkers think they can do whatever they want to me if they can get enough people to say they don't like me. It's an interesting way to try to handle the justice system, by totally ignoring it and replacing it with popularity polls as if the concept of justice being blind has something to do with turning a blind eye to what they're doing to an unpopular person.

10/18/11 Here I am banging away on the keyboard in the hopes that someone will actually read what I've written and answer my cry for help, since I don't have the money to make it to the end of the month or into next month because I was led to believe that I would have my money by now, or at the very least enough to buy more food, if not the ability to buy a house. Help! Please...

10/19/11 I'm going to do things a little different this morning. Hopefully it will satisfy the people who want my information to be posted onto my website ASAP.

10/20/11 Here is another glorious day where I get to add to my compilation of writings.

10/21/11 I like typing my entries into LifeJournal and adding them to this document and then posting it onto my website. It's nice to know I can add another way to get my typing done to my daily routine of writing and posting to my website. I liked the sound of the program when I read about it and not that I'm using it, I really do like it a lot. I think the prompts and the quotes in the program are interesting and they help give a different view of my life. I think it works well with the other thing I've been doing with my writing. The program also has the ability to write free form and that allows me to choose the topic

for the writing, so it really does cover all the bases for getting this stuff out of me and onto the page, even though it's the electronic page.

Here I am again, making more entries into my LifeJournal program. I would like to get more typed up so that I can feel better about that accomplishment as well as getting feelings out of me and onto the page. For some reason that helps me handle this disaster in my life. I guess it makes it easier to look back on things in my life and know they are behind me and I don't have to relive some of the pain I've already in my life. I like to pick and choose what I want to continue in my life. There are many things in my past that I enjoy and would like to resume. Perhaps writing about those things will help make this better for me in the future.

10/22/11 And the entries continue...

10/23/11 I don't know how much I will get entered today. I'm tired of my poltergeist.

10/24/11 I feel like I have to conserve energy today. I feel like I don't have enough food to eat and I can't get much done this way. I'll see what I can do.

10/25/11 I'm racing against the end of the battery and against the sprinkles coming down on my computer. So here is a short entry to get moving with the day.

10/26/11 Here's another little tidbit after a night where I actually outlasted my stalkers when they gave up on getting me to go back to sleep after waking me up to pee. I got ideas that had to be written down, and I was wide awake for quite a long time. I heard them talking about how I was woken up and then didn't want to go back to sleep and I heard them finally drive off. I also heard people telling people where to park so their car doors wouldn't wake me up. It was quite interesting last night.

10/27/11 I don't feel all that awake right now, but I did get a little done n here.

10/28/11 This day was left off of here... But it did get an entry.

10/29/11 I'm alive and I am working towards getting myself to move forward with my life. I need to find a safe place to live. I need this money to come in so I can buy a house for a hope to stay safe from my stalkers who won't stop attacking me.

10/30/11 I made an entry here, too.

10/31/11 It's the last day of the month and I haven't looked to see if the money made it to my account before the end of the month as promised. I'm a little scared to look just because these people promising to get the money to me aren't doing such a great job of ensuring it gets to me.

11/01/11 Welcome to November! I guess we will all see what happens in the month before my 45<sup>th</sup> birthday.

11/02/11 There was an entry this day.

11/03/11 And there was another entry on this day, too.

11/04/11 And now that this week is coming to an end, the weekend is coming into view. There are people trying to get people to stop what they're doing to harm me and the criminals refuse to listen to anyone, even people who were previously helping them. So the crime spree continues, unchecked...

11/05/11 Here I am... I feel like I'm lucky to be alive. I wish I knew a better way to move forward with my life. I just don't, so I do the best I can trudging along in this direction, waiting for the right things to happen to help me move forward in a better way.

11/06/11 Another day has gone by and I survived another night. I could tell people were trying to take me out of my car while I was passed out. I wish they would stop attacking me. I'm tired of it.

11/07/11 I'm doing my best to move forward with my life. I've heard of people who want to help me forget some of the people in my past who have hurt me so much. It sounds nice to have people want me

to be so happy that I forget the sadness in my life. I'm willing to give it a shot. My problem is actually finding such people. There are several plans to get people into my life, but even when someone says I can't be alone, that still doesn't get anyone into my life. I guess people are afraid of the gassing and the attacks, so they don't really want to be around me. Oh well...

11/08/11 It feels good to be swimming in creative ideas. I like the idea of exploring my artistic side in paint and pencil and pastels. I am so happy that I made Christmas cards to send to my family. It took care of my guilt of sending them out and it gave me an opportunity to show my family my artwork. I don't know what they will do with it, but at least I got to show it to them. They don't really care about what I'm doing in my life. It's too bad, but maybe life will move forward and things will get better soon. Maybe I will have a place of my own to live soon. I am so looking forward to that. It just has to happen soon. Too much has happened and this has gone on way too long.

11/09/11 Updating... Updating... What is there to update? My life is spinning in circles, going around and around with the same set of crimes being committed over and over again. How many times have people tried to kidnap me while I'm passed out? How many times have people wanted to rape me to add to the illegal porn site? How many times have people drugged me illegally? How many times have I been turned into law enforcement for a variety of crimes? What am I supposed to do to move forward with my life? I fight for my rights and my freedom and I fight to stay alive.

11/10/11 It's another day and I don't feel all that perky. I watch the sheriff follow cars going too fast to give them tickets and I wonder if he also checks to see if they have warrants for their arrest. That was supposed to be the deal. They get pay bumps when they take these people in who have warrants for their arrest. Some of them are found when they get stopped for speeding tickets. It was supposed to be one of the ways to get this problem resolved. People were supposed to work together to make things more safe for everyone. I don't know how to get everyone trained and up on this concept that picking up the bad guys is a good thing for everyone.

11/11/11 It's another holiday weekend. I wonder what my stalkers have planned for now. They do love to harm me on the holiday weekends. It's part of the game they play with my life. I got to have Christmas 2006 without my stalkers and they have been making me pay with suffering ever since. That day showed they don't care about me and they don't have to be around me 24/7 in order for my body to function. I had a really nice day that day while my stalkers were elsewhere. I hope my stalkers will leave me alone soon. I know people are trying to get people to destroy the clicky devices because people are getting in a whole lot of trouble for using them to harm me. I don't know if people will

actually heed the warning to destroy the devices. They don't seem to think about the consequences of their actions.

11/12/11 Here I go, merrily along, trying my hardest to find a way to stop this disaster from getting worse and worse and worse. Some people are going to face the music and learn there are consequences for their actions. I hope they learn soon and things get better from that point going forward.

11/13/11 Some people want to know why I don't go back to teaching. Some people are tired of being in trouble for destroying my teaching career. I don't have a way to go back to my teaching career because my stalkers have destroyed people's trust in me as a teacher. They have told so many people that I am a criminal, no one wants to hire me. There is also the problem with law suits against my employers for continuing the study and game in the workplace. There is also the problem with my life being in danger while teaching and the school not being able to provide adequate protection for me. So my stalkers have done a very complete job of destroying my hopes of being a teacher again. I tried to revive my tutoring career, but that also fell flat. I don't know if I can teach arts and crafts anywhere, but that might also bring my stalkers to me to harm me. They are just looking for ways to get into my life to destroy it even more than they have already destroyed it. They are obsessed with destroying my life.

11/14/11 The dawn of a new day is here. Yes, I find it a good feeling to get some writing done first thing in the morning. That way I can feel like I accomplished something today. I like that feeling of accomplishing things. My stalkers hate that I accomplish so many things. They are truly negative people looking to make me look as bad as possible So now they are trying to make me look bad by what I write and post to my website. That's okay. I like it when people acknowledge that I am a writer and that I have something to say. It's a whole lot better than being completely ignored and having people just plain old make things up about me. That's what these people call a study... a practice in fantasy land diagnosis. And yet they still call themselves experts on me. Funny, isn't it?

11/15/11 We are at the halfway point of the month of November. That means only half more to go to find out if people have been lying again about me getting the money this month. I wonder when people will actually get it right. I wonder when people will follow court orders. I wonder when people will realize that keeping me alive is more important than killing me. It seems people are still hand fasting to me out of desperation because they don't want to lose track of me. This is very interesting indeed. I do believe that some of these people are hand fasting to me for good reasons, but many are still hand fasting to me to do wrong by me. There isn't much I can do about it, since I'm not even involved with the process and I don't even get to meet most of the people anyway.

11/16/11 It's another day and still no money I'm supposed to have, not even part of it. I will muddle on and hope for the best so I can get a place to live. I did enjoy finding tiny canvases and artist trading cards yesterday at an art store. I painted on one of the canvases and I made my first artist trading card. It's something that was started by an artist in 1997 and it has grown in popularity. The cards are the same size as baseball trading cards, so that is the similarity. I'm thinking of making several of them and then laminating a sheet of them to protect them from smearing. I don't know how well that will work, but it's worth a shot. Today I get to paint that stuff that seals the acrylic paints onto the tiny painting I made.

11/17/11 Life flows along through the riverbed and we all bob along trying to keep our heads above water. There are so many people involved with this huge crime ring that my life is in a lot of danger from these people harming me to keep me from taking down their crime ring. Unfortunately the people involved with the crime ring are the very people who are supposed to be taking it down. This means weeding through these people to find the law abiding ones to take on the criminals who are just pretending to be the good guys. It's a long tough battle going this way.

11/18/11 I'm here and I'm alive. That is what's most important. Soon I hope to be doing a whole lot better than that. I hope to be moving forward with my life soon.

11/19/11 Here I am again, still alive. I know there are people who don't understand how I survive the way I do. I know there are people who continue to promise the money will get to me. I continue to hold out hope they aren't lying this time around. I continue to hope.

11/20/11 I feel empty inside. I feel like my guts were ripped out and tossed around for me to pick up myself because no one even cared enough to treat me with human decency. I am in such need for protection that it is impossible for anyone to provide me with the protection needed because there are no resources to pay for a house that has all of the protection I'm supposed to have, so I stay homeless until people get me enough money so that I can get a place of my own to live in and they are supposed to protect me there. This doesn't mean it will actually happen, since I've had protection orders for years and the best anyone ever did was the trip from South Dakota to California. No one gives two cents if I'm actually protected or not. It's very sad that an innocent math teacher can't get protection when it is court ordered or even presidentially ordered. People just don't have any work ethic whatsoever. I guess the terrorists win. There is no homeland security if one woman can't be even slightly protected. It's a disgrace that law enforcement can't even come close to doing their jobs properly. I blame them for allowing this disaster to spread like it has. I know they have been part of the spreading of the hatred. They think it's a joke that I've been victimized as much as I have. They don't think I'm worthy of living,

much less being protected. I was even told that I would be the one saving myself because there aren't enough people who have human decency to do their jobs properly.

11/21/11 It's a new week full of new hope for my life to get back on track. I hope that happens soon.

11/22/11 When will people learn to not be cruel? Will it be soon? Will they have to learn the hard way that being cruel brings cruelty into their lives? Will people start caring about the environment and the happiness of others as well as their selves? I wonder what it will take for people to learn about how good it is to help people.

11/23/11 I'm hoping the money will get to me soon. I don't know what else is going to happen to me, but I sure do wish I had the money to buy a house right now so I could get away from my stalkers.

11/24/11 This seems like a special month for some reason. I wish it were the month I would get rescued. I know there are many of my stalkers who think rescuing me means killing me. I don't understand why these people think it is such a good idea to kill me. It turns out I ran into some other people by accident who decide when people should be killed, even when they have not committed any crime. It turns out there are a lot of people who think victims should be dead. It turns out a lot of people think mentally retarded people should not be allowed to have any money whatsoever. I guess that's why people have been telling the lie that I'm mentally retarded so they can keep my money away from me. Some of these people have been committing these crimes for such a long time that they actually think what they do is legal.

Some of the people coming in from out of town have found out that things here in Los Angeles County, California are so far out of control that anyone doing their usual crimes are getting caught by accident in this disaster. People are going to have to be on their best behavior if they want to avoid getting caught. I wonder if this will actually get me the money I need to buy a house. I can always hope that there is someone who doesn't want to look like a freak for thinking allowing me to be victimized the way I have been is a good idea. I guess the word is getting around that trying to kill me over and over again is looking like torture. I heard cancer is one of the ways some of these people end up dying when they have been sentenced to death. They think it's an easy way to get away with murder since people get cancer for no reason at all all the time. Actually getting cancer cells into someone's body in order to kill them seems so cruel. It's such an awful way to die. They can only use AIDS on some of the people or else it would be too obvious that it was an outright crime.

Here I am for yet another installment of As The LifeJournal Gets Updated... I just finished typing about my stalkers' obsession with my non-existent sex life. I don't have a sexual partner. I don't have a place to live. Why can't these people focus their energy on important things in life like helping me gain access to my own money so I can buy a house to live in? These people are just plain old sickos.

11/25/11 I wish people would wake up to the reality that this world has rules and laws that need to be followed in order to have an orderly society. When things get way out of hand, then things get really tough and people start paying higher prices for their criminal behavior because it is causing such a large problem. It will be interesting to see what happens today, since someone decided to see what could be done to help a homeless woman after she's been homeless for almost four months. It's amazing how fast people work to help a homeless woman. And they say they are here to help.

11/26/11 I was struggling through yesterday. It wasn't good at all. I had another scare attack. I painted a picture to help me calm down. It wasn't much of a picture. It's a field of flowers, but it just looks like a green canvas with polka dots of different colors. It's what I could do at the time. It just felt good to slop that paint on for the background and then dot it with colors. I liked it. It felt good. It helped.

11/27/11 Here I am, ready to move forward with my life. What will happen next?

11/28/11 I feel good to be alive after the weekend I just had. It was a really bad weekend. People have been trying to kill me so I don't get the money they say is coming to me soon. These people are obsessed with murdering me. Slowly, bit by bit, this mess will be handled and things will start to improve. We can't live in this society with people hunting down victims to murder them.

11/29/11 The month of November is almost over. It's almost my birthday month. I wonder what I will get myself for my birthday. I got twenty dollars from my aunt for my birthday. That was a nice huge dinner. I'll be 45 years old in a few days. It's nice to know I've outlived my stalkers' prediction of dying before I turned 30 years old.

11/30/11 The end of November is here... Yet another month goes by and no rescue in sight. I shall continue my fight to be allowed to live my own life.

12/01/11 Once again people are shocked I'm still alive. They were trying to kill me in the month of November. I have no idea what will happen in the month of December, but I still intend to stay alive.

12/02/11 For some reason I have a rosier outlook on life today than yesterday.

12/03/11 I wonder when my life will get a whole lot better. I wonder when people will start to do right in a way that makes a huge positive difference in my life. There are people doing what they are supposed to be doing, but this is a very slow process to get me rescued. I have no idea how long I will be homeless. I have no way of saving up for a house at this point in time. I don't know when things will start to get fixed in that area, but I'm treading water at this point in time.

12/04/11 I guess I will just do what I can to get by day after day until I have a better living situation. I'm not sure how or when that will happen. I just know it has to happen at some point in time. I'm hoping people will start doing right so that it happens sooner than later.

12/05/11 I'm glad to see that I survived to get to my 45<sup>th</sup> birthday. I know people wanted me dead before today.

12/06/11 I'm still alive and I'm still happy to be alive.

12/07/11 I made it through another day and night. It was different from the usual and that usually brings in more criminals if the law enforcement personnel are paying attention. I did see several officers in the area and that seemed to be a good sign. There were uniformed officers as well as plain clothed officers. I guess someone wanted to see my face in a different location to see if things were still going on or not. I heard some people say they moved out of the west LA area to get away from me because people were getting picked up for having warrants for their arrest. They get picked up in different places. It happens. There are still some people doing their jobs properly.

12/08/11 I'm rolling past my birthday with great speed. I painted two more pictures yesterday. The wind wasn't as strong as it has been, so it wouldn't blow away my pictures. I like my swirl pictures I paint. I think they look good. I think my painting skills are improving. These paintings look much better than others I've done. I know others look good. Maybe I just have some natural talent for painting. I seem to be picking it up pretty easily. Of course I don't want to take an art class and learn I'm doing it all wrong. I

prefer to think of this as my artistic experiment and I don't want to be told that I don't do it right. I would rather explore on my own and find my own style. I feel better that way. I think I'm doing things for the most part the way they're supposed to be done and that's good enough for now.

12/10/11 I'm updating this document after missing doing an update yesterday because I spent the time working on finishing part 6 of my compilation of writings. Now I need to get to work on the next unfinished part. One day I will be all caught up. I'm not sure when that will be since I'm so far behind in getting things typed up.

12/11/11 I think I got a little more sleep than usual last night. I wonder if that will be a trend now. Maybe people will stop trying to harm me because they think people are finally trying to apprehend me because of the new notes on some computer someplace. I don't know what will happen next, but I sure do hope I get a place of my own to live soon. I need a house really bad. I sure do want to clean up and have a warm, comfortable place to sleep.

12/12/11 Here I am again, trying to make my life a good life and that's not working very well. But still I continue to try. People are still talking about all of the lies told about me in the study and the game about my life. It sure would be nice if people would just stick to the truth, instead of rehashing the lies over and over again. I'm ready for people to start being more mature and respectful of people's rights as guaranteed by the constitution. I'm tired of uneducated people thinking they know best. They don't even know how to function in this world and yet they still call themselves experts.

12/13/11 Here we go again... It's another day and another chance to stay alive and stop these criminals who continue to cluster around me. I hope to get past this disaster and move forward with my life. I hope the money gets to me soon so I can get a place to live where I own the house I live in and I can live my own life without my stalkers harming me in any way and without them standing in my way of doing what I want to do. They don't even understand how law enforcement works or how investigations work or how the legal system works. They don't understand how to live a life without committing crimes.

12/14/11 It's Wednesday. It's the middle of the week. I hope it's a good day. I will hope for the best.

12/15/11 It's dark outside. It's usually dark outside in the middle of the night, unless you happen to be in an endless day like they have in Alaska. Enjoy the seasons and the change of light.

12/16/11 I still hope for better days. I still hope for a somewhat normal life. I still look forward to the time when I can buy a house and start to feel more safe from my stalkers who hunt me down everywhere I go. I can only cross my fingers and hope for the best.

12/17/11 I try hard to stay hydrated. I've been feeling so dry lately, since my stalkers like to gas me so much. It's really hard to get past that in my current situation.

12/18/11 This probably won't get updated to my website until tomorrow because I decided it was a good idea to leave where I was working on typing up my writing journals and I currently don't have internet access where I am right now. That will be fixed in a few days, but for now this is the way it is. So this can wait a bit before getting updated.

12/19/11 I'm looking for things to get better soon. Lots of people think I already have the money I'm supposed to have and that I already have a place to live. It's an interesting thought. It's just the rumor mill running away with things again. People are trying to tell people not to pay me anything, even though that will keep them from being prosecuted.

12/20/11 I wonder what I will be able to do to stay safe from these attacks that are planned. Many things are being done to set things up for my stalkers to have a situation they want. I'm not sure what to do since there are so many different situations they are trying to make happen.

12/21/11 It's another day in a life. I hope today is better than the past days have been. It's been super scary being hunted down by people who want to kill me.

12/22/11 I'm here. I am still trying to find ways to stay alive. I'm still trying to find ways to not be a stalking victim anymore. I guess this will be a lifelong battle on both fronts.

12/23/11 I guess some people are trying really hard to get rid of all of the people who care about me so there won't be anyone left on the planet who cares about me. That's sad. They already turned people who were on my side against me. I had people in my life who liked me and respected me and now they owe me money because of their participation in the study. They all refuse to pay me the money because

someone spread the rumor that it was a bad idea to follow court orders. Now people are in even more trouble because they didn't follow the court orders. I don't know what will happen next and I don't know how I will get this money so that I can move forward with my life.

12/24/11 I didn't end up getting an entry placed into LifeJournal yesterday. I felt it was important to leave ASAP, so I had to skip it.

12/25/11 I feel like it's some kind of accomplishment to be alive and typing this right now. There were visitors last night at the car. These people just don't understand that I just want to survive. I don't want to be harassed. I don't want people to withhold my money from me anymore. I want to move forward with my life. I want to get on with things and put this ugliness away. I don't like being hunted and knowing people want to kill me, especially when it's because they think I'm someone else just pretending to be me.

12/26/11 It's another day to type. I like that I get to type up what I want to type. It feels like a tiny bit of freedom. It's hard for me to find any freedom these days. So I like that I have this.

12/27/11 Mistakes abound. There have been many mistakes made in my life by my stalkers and others that cannot be undone. There is no way to undo the victimization I have survived. I just need assistance moving forward with my life. I want to live, not be dead.

I wish I could know that things will get better very soon. But with everything changing and people lying and people sabotaging everything I try, it is very hard to know when things will get better. I hope I will be able to recover from this disaster and make my life as good as it can be. I'm so tired of people being so cruel to me. It's very upsetting to know there is so much hatred towards me.

12/28/11 I got to tell someone I have books published. It felt good. I wish I had more support for my writing and more people to buy my published books, but it takes time and I hope things will move forward to the point where I can move past this poverty-stricken state in my life.

Here is another day where I do my best to get through the day and stay alive. I heard a kid saying she was scared by some of the things I wrote about on my website. I write about a lot of scary things on my website. I have a special section of reading comprehension stories that are more tame than other things

I write. As always, adults should screen things children read when possible so that there isn't content that might be too much for them to handle at their age or maturity level. I think people should be scared by some of the things I write about. I hope my writing can serve as a warning to people not to participate in these activities. Hopefully kids who know about how bad things can be will grow up to be adults who will prevent such things from happening to others. I do try to educate people in a variety of ways. It's part of who I am. I want to help people and education is the best way I've found to help people. The better educated people are, the better decision makers they will be. That's my point of view and I have seen people make better decisions after they have learned more about the world around them. People who know the sound of a rattlesnake know to be very careful when they hear that sound.

12/30/11 I was too scared to get anything typed up in this section yesterday. I was in a place where there were people who didn't want me to update this section yesterday. I guess they thought someone would murder me if didn't put anything in this document yesterday. There are a lot of people who want someone to murder me. They are mostly people who have been convicted and owe me money. I wish these people would just pay what they owe and we can all move forward with our lives, but these are very evil people and they still believe they don't have to pay if I'm dead. I'm tired of these people who don't believe this country has any government whatsoever and they just ignore all laws and anything having to do with the legal system.

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LifeJournal

Birth

I was born in New Orleans, Louisiana on December 5, 1966.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/04/11.

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## Dinners Growing UP

Spend 10-15 minutes writing whatever comes to mind about dinner as a family.

Dad liked to have the dinner on the table when he got home from work. He commuted about 45 minutes each way, so that made for long days. I don't think my mom was much of a good cook. I didn't like most of what she cooked. My favorite food she cooked was chicken because that seemed to turn out okay when she made it. Corned Beef was also a favorite of mine but she hardly ever cooked it. I hated mashed potatoes and pudding, but I liked Jello. I liked having salad because not much could go wrong with that. Sometimes I made it myself so that I knew nothing was wrong with it. I remember my mom's pork chops cooked in the broiler under the oven were like bricks. I make them every once in a while just like she did just for old times sake. I don't know why I like the bricks. I guess they filled you up and took a while to eat so you ended up feeling more full than from most meals. I loved vinegar cole slaw. I've found a few recipes for it and I'll just have to try them until I find one that reminds me of my favorite cole slaw. It was really good.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/08/11.

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## Swimming Lessons

How did you learn to swim? Did you like the process of learning? Were you generally excited and comfortable in water, or were you afraid? How does your experience of learning to swim impact on your feelings about swimming today?

I took swim lessons at Santa Monica College for several summers. I only made it through the first three levels, but I did learn enough to get by and be safe in the water. I learned about water rescue and CPR. I learned about how to touch the wall at the end of a swim race. I learned that some people like to watch me fail as they pressed the breathe button during my swim tests.

I learned how to swim certain strokes that don't splash the water very much, so I don't inhale the water when people press the breathe button. My mom taught me how to do the side stroke. That's one of my favorite strokes. I like that and the breast stroke and the elementary back stroke. People note that my legs go very wide when I do the breast stroke and the elementary back stroke. I like to stretch my leg muscles, so that extra wideness helps a lot.

Today, I enjoy swimming laps to stretch out my muscles and make my sore back feel better. I like to do water aerobics so that there is less of an impact on my back and the rest of my body, since I have so many issues due to what my stalkers have done to me over the years. Swimming is dangerous with what my stalkers can do to me, but it makes me feel so good and I have ways of handling what they do, so I like to do it anyway, in spite of the dangers my stalkers will upon me.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/14/11.

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### Transportation Growing Up

What means of transportation did you use to get around when you were under 10 years of age--bike, subway, bus, scooter, skate board? What kind of memories do you have associated with any of them?

I had a bike I rode to and from school. I also walked to and from school. I did skate board a tiny bit and I used my rollerskates a bit. But mostly I rode my bike. It was a small area I road around in, where the traffic wasn't too bad. I didn't ride my bike along the busy street just half a block away.

Once I went to the drug store a few blocks away and some kids followed me back to my street. I remember I was told if that ever happened, then I was supposed to ride my bike up someone else's driveway. So I did that. I waited for them to go away until I rode back home.

Once I was riding along, looking at the pavement and I ran right into the back of a parked truck. That hurt. I don't know why I was riding along like that. I didn't usually do that.

I continued riding a different bike to and from school when I went to junior high school. But then I changed over to riding the bus to and from school and sometimes I still walked. When I went to high school I rode the bus and then drove when I had a car and license. Parking was hard to come by, but we got to school early for band practice.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/10/11.

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#### Games And Activities 5-12

When you between the ages of 5 and 12 (elementary school), what kinds of games or activities did you most enjoy?

I liked to play hopscotch and I truly enjoyed playing tether ball. I was the best on the playground and not too many people wanted to challenge me, so I ended up playing by myself a lot, getting better and better at it. I also enjoyed playing on the rings. I like being able to swing from ring to ring. I ended up with many blisters on my hand from doing it. But it was still fun. It was a little like flying to me. Maybe that's why I liked it so much.

As far as other games, I liked to play cards and board games a whole lot. At family gatherings we almost always played 99, which is how I learned how to add and subtract. We also played 9 Hole Golf with is a memory game. We played the 500 Dice Game as well. I used to teach these games to people before I had them visit for dinner so they didn't feel like they didn't know how to play, since my family makes fun of beginners. I also told them stories that my family liked to tell to make fun of me, so they would know how I felt about it.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/09/11.

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Summers

When you were growing up, what did you usually do during the summer?

I used to get to go to Girl Scout Summer Camp each summer. Sometimes it was just a day camp, such as Camp Stuff n Such. Sometimes it was an overnight camp like Camp Whites Landing on Catalina Island or Camp Osito Rancho in the San Bernadino Mountains. The Girl Scout Camp I went to for Counselor In Training camp was in Kern County and it was called Camp Mountain Meadows. There are two of them now. One is for mentally retarded children and then there is the Girl Scout one I went to. It was a primitive camp where we slept on the ground, instead of on cots. I was a camp counselor at Camp Tautona, run by the San Gorgonio Girl Scout Council. I was happy to be hired by them and then promoted to Unit Leader.

Our family also went car camping or back packing each summer. That was my dad's vacation every year. He planned it around when he could get off from work and got all of the permits and reservations needed to fit around that schedule. Mom was in charge of making sure we were packed and then off we would go before the sun got up. The car broke down on every car camping trip through the desert. The time we camped on the dry side of the rain forest in Washington state, it rained so hard, we had to pile into the car and the tent rotted, so that's when we switched to backpacking as the family vacations. I like the backpacking trips because everyone was too tired to fight. I'm sure the forest rangers thought we were quite the sight with the whole family in packs, ready to go. I don't think there are that many backpacking families.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/07/11.

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To Teach Is To Learn

To teach is to learn.

--Japanese Proverb

I agree. Algebra started to settle into my brain when other students asked me to explain it to them in a different way than the teacher explained it. I ended up being the class tutor. It was a mixed eighth and ninth grade class and it was the ninth graders who were asking me, the eighth grader. I worked hard on it and tried to help them understand it better. They all said they liked my explanation better than the teacher's explanation. That was cool.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/06/11.

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#### Extra-Curricular Activities

In what extracurricular activities were you involved in high school?

I was involved with Girl Scouts, Math Tutoring and Marching Band. Those three kept me pretty busy. I liked being out of the house and that was an excellent combination. I liked all three of those activities and I think I am a better person for participating in all three of them. I liked playing with such a big group of people in marching band. It was fun to make the shapes on the football field. We were competition field marching band.

We only did parade marching at Disneyland each Christmas. That was fun, too. I got to be a center guide because I always kept a good spacing between the lines and the rest of the row could guide to me to make us look good. I liked it when we were the last row because that is the last people see of us. We left the lasting impression. It was funny when they made me center guide for the tubas. I hardly played at all. I could hardly hear anything. I always did my best. So I got to be squad leader of the worst squad on the field. That was quite an honor. It's not just anyone who can be the leader of the worst squad.

Math tutoring was with band people, so that was a lot of fun. I did the best I could to find good ways of getting the concepts across to the students. I started some of my thoughts on how to be a good teacher during that time. I also started my first income from teaching that way.

Girl Scouts kept me busy with different activities and events to plan for and do things to get ready. I got the Silver Leadership award for planning a camp out for the whole neighborhood. We had about 150 people there that weekend. Our troop was very small, but we made it work. It was a huge success, except for the leaders that didn't want kids running things. I don't know what they think girl planning is all about. That's the idea of Girl Scouts, to get the kids to be in charge of things so they gain leadership skills. So I learned how to deal with difficult people.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/06/11.

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### Grandpa Oil Change

Remember an interaction you had with a grandparent that captures one of his/her defining characteristic.

When I got my first car, my grandpa had me come over to his house and he taught me how to change the oil in my car. He told me how to check it to see if it needed more oil and he showed me how to keep a mileage record for the gas mileage for the car. At the end of the whole session, he told me never to change my own oil. I was supposed to find some guy to do it for me.

I thought it was interesting that he wanted me to know, so I wouldn't get taken as a fool, but he didn't actually want me to do it myself. The funny part is that getting my oil changed is a whole drama these days. Criminals took the opportunity of my oil change to cause problems and install things that shouldn't have been installed in my car. I guess they figure I don't know and it's all fun and games.

It has become a matter of life and death for me. If I had the money, I would handle things very much different now. I wonder how awful they will make my life as time goes forward. They say they will stop when I have a man in my life or when I own my own home, but they also swore to do it to me to my ending days.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/05/11.

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### 18<sup>th</sup> Birthday Party

Describe one outstanding birthday party celebration given in your honor.

I had a surprise birthday party thrown by the oldest person in the school my senior year of high school. It was the only surprise birthday party I ever had growing up. I haven't had any as an adult yet, but it was nice to have an ice cream cake and everything. The flute section were the main people at the party. I think she felt sorry for me that I didn't have birthday parties and that's why she did it. I guess it was pretty cool to celebrate my coming of age and being allowed to make my own decisions about my own life.

I remember asking my mom if it was okay if I did something and she said I was eighteen and didn't have to ask permission any more. That was cool. It's too bad my stalkers don't understand the concept of me being my own person and living my own life. Maybe one day my new life will begin and I will start fresh on living my own life without my stalkers destroying my life all over again, like they have so many times before. I can hope.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/04/11.

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## Married Yves

I married Yves Damien-Jean Bouyssounouse on July 28, 1990. The wedding was in my parent's back yard. They said it cost \$10,000 to get the back yard looking nice for the wedding, so that was my wedding present from them. My in-laws refused to believe that there would be no sit down dinner because it was going to be buffet style and got mad that they bought the champagne and there was no sit down dinner. The flute choir left as soon as I paid them when I thought they would stay through the reception. My flute teacher was the person in charge of the group.

I remember walking down the aisle feeling like I was making a huge mistake marrying Yves. My test to see if I was right or not was asking if we could watch a movie in bed on the wedding night since we hardly ever got to stay in a hotel. He was upset that I didn't want to have sex on the wedding night. I figured if he wasn't okay with that, then he didn't really love me. We had been living together for four years by that time.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/04/11.

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## Divorced Yves

My divorce from Yves was finalized on March 15, 1994. It was started in 1993 after I had moved out and after my dad died. It was difficult dealing with the thought of getting a divorce when I thought I would never get one. But once I was able to get through it, I was much happier without Yves in my life.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/04/11.

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## Topic List Based Thoughts

## Thoughts Of The Day

Here I am using a brand new journal software program and my poltergeist is enjoying using it as well. I wonder when my poltergeist will leave my computer or when he will allow me to use this program and others without interrupting me. That might be a long time or a short time. I have no way of knowing at this time.

I am afraid of many things and working in the library is one of those fears. It does create a stress all of its own. I guess I am dealing with this stress on an ongoing basis, which is overall bringing down my health to some degree. Hopefully this will get a little better when I have a place of my own to live. That one thing will make my new life possible to get started. I am so excited about being able to get everything organized and cooking my own food and getting better sleep and better exercise and better health with better nutrition. It all sounds like a fairy tale right now, since I have no idea when I will be able to do it.

I'm looking at the different topics in the topic list right now, looking for things I have something to say about. Boy that looks like a strange sentence. Income is one of the topics. It's hard to describe income these days when I have very little income from my writing and very little income from my disability insurance money from Social Security. But I am looking at other ways to bring in more income over time. Some of my attempts have failed, like my failed attempt at going back to being a math tutor. But I am seeing an increase in my income from selling my books and that is very encouraging and exciting.

Anger is a feeling I feel much of the time. It's the top listed feeling just because it is in alphabetical order. I don't know how much anger I will feel over the long haul, but much of how I feel towards my stalkers is just plain anger at what they have done to me. Much of my writing surrounds my feelings about this mess and so much of my writing journals are filled with it. Some people say I write my feelings into the pages and that is what it feels like to me. I like the idea of getting it out of me. That helps a lot.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/03/11.

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Meditation Prompt

Have you ever meditated regularly over a period of time? What did you gain from the experience?

No, I have not meditated regularly over a period of time. But I have given thought to trying it to see if it would help in any way. I think it would be more productive if I were in a better location so I can shut out some of this disaster in my life for a while. Have you ever meditated regularly over a period of time? What did you gain from the experience?

No, I have not meditated regularly over a period of time. But I have given thought to trying it to see if it would help in any way. I think it would be more productive if I were in a better location so I can shut out some of this disaster in my life for a while.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into Life Journal on 10/03/11.

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Morals Quote

A person educated in mind and not in morals is a menace to society.

--Juanita Kidd Stout

I feel in tune with this quote. Morals is something my stalkers used to say I was lacking in, however they have proven over time to be the ones who are severely lacking in moral judgment with all of the horrors they have visited upon me over the years.

I'm enjoying the different features of this LifeJournal program. I like the database style so far. It will be interesting to see what the program looks like over time as I add more entries. It's surely getting me to write more and it is in an easy to use format that seems a bit intuitive to me. I look forward to learning

more about the program and how to use it as time goes on. I will most definitely purchase this program to unlock the full features as well as download some of the add-ons that are available from the website. I'm really looking forward to the next adventure in journaling with this new software. My poltergeist is also excited about this software as well.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/03/11.

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### Morning Money Talk

1. Can you remember any part of any dreams? Not today - Usually I wake up knowing something has happened over night. I'm usually a crime victim over night.
2. If you can remember, what was the feeling/emotional tone upon waking up? I was shocked to wake up right at 6:00AM on the nose. I made some financial transactions while laying in my night time ditch by the side of the road and then I had to deal with the fact that my stalkers wanted me to use the toilet urgently.
3. If you have any worries or negative feelings when waking, write "in flow"-quickly and continuously-to drain yourself of the concerns. I worry that I won't ever get the money to get my own house so I can move forward with my life. There were people saying they were going to get me money, yet they didn't do anything to get it to me. They just say the words and do nothing to assist the process. I've been dealing with this for years
4. What do you intend to accomplish/do today? It's a day to explore this program more and to maybe get a new pair of shoes, since my shoes are letting in chunks of dirt. I tend to wear holes in my shoes over the last couple of years. I'm going to try to eat more food from what I have in my car and not go out to eat today to save money. I will feel better once the money transfers to the accounts where I sent it.

5. What are you looking forward to today? I am looking forward to feeling happier today because I'm going to spend less money overall. My stalkers wanted me to spend a lot of money on Sunday so I wouldn't have any money left and they got their wish. One day I will be able to have my bills paid off and move forward with my life. One day I will have a house to live in and make it my home. I look forward to when I'm no longer homeless.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/04/11.

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Childhood Favorite Book Prompt

Remember your favorite book you read as a child and describe what you loved about it.,

I liked the Velveteen Rabbit because the child loved it into reality. He loved his stuffed bunny into being a real bunny. I had a rabbit stuffed animal that was a puppet and it seemed to be like the bunny in the story, since I could make it move and seem alive.

I would like to replace the book and the rabbit puppet I used to have. I want to replace a lot of things I have lost over the years. That's what the money from this disaster is supposed to help me do, replace what can be replaced and make life better or easier to make up for what cannot be replaced. That is why the money was awarded to me in court, to help compensate for my losses, both the tangible and the intangible. I hope it happens soon so I don't have to be homeless for much longer.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/04/11.

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Undone Wrongdoer Quote

The wrongdoer is often the person who has left something undone rather than the person who has done something.

--Marcus Aurelius

I feel a connection to this because many wrongdoers I have had to deal with have left my protection undone and getting my money to me undone. It hurts to know how many people have wronged me by not doing their jobs properly. It's hard to reconcile this with the reality of the pain and suffering I go through on a daily basis. Why are these people so set on harming me? Why can't they see their way to helping me? Is it really all that hard to get the job done right?

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/04/11.

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Janine Writing Progress

I was trying to create this as a template, but somehow it didn't work. So now I have this as a daily entry, so I guess I better customize it and make a showing of my attempt to create a template. I like learning new things, so it is nice to learn how to make my own template that is customized to me. I think this is a good one.

- 1) How many hand-written journal pages did you complete today?
  
- 2) How many journal pages did you type up and get posted to your website today?
  
- 3) What educational materials did you work on today?

4) What did you get done in the LifeJournal program today?

5) What writing books did you use today?

6) What progress have you made on publications in print or digital?

7) In your opinion, did you have a good writing day today?

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/04/11.

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Mother's Finest Quality

What is your mother's finest quality?

My mom started a Girl Scout troop so I could join Girl Scouts when there were no troops open. She was my Girl Scout leader through tenth grade and then Ronnie took over the Senior troop. I learned a lot in Girl Scouts and met a lot of people and got to go to summer camp and a whole lot of other functions. My life is better for being in the Girl Scouts. I'm glad I stuck with it all of those years and became a summer camp counselor after going to two summers of counselor in training. I became a Unit Leader my second summer as a camp counselor. I learned a lot from the leadership training given through being a Girl Scout all of those years. I have also learned a lot about survival skills that have served me well while dealing with being homeless as a stalking victim.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/04/11.

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## Giving It A Try

1) How many hand-written journal pages did you complete today?

6 in the little pink spiral journal

2) How many journal pages did you type up and get posted to your website today?

1 journal page from the little pink spiral journal got typed and posted

3) What educational materials did you work on today?

None as such, but I learned a lot from using the LifeJournal program on how to make a template and use it, as well as using the Life History section

4) What did you get done in the LifeJournal program today?

I made my first template and I'm using it right now. I feel like I made a huge accomplishment just by learning how to use this functionality. I also wrote about my mom starting a Girl Scout troop so I could join Girl Scouts. I tried out the morning template and felt like I needed to create a template of my own to use. I got to know the program better and use the Help feature to find out how to create a new template. This is a good program.

5) What writing books did you use today?

None

6) What progress have you made on publications in print or digital?

I just got a little closer to finishing part 10 of my Compilation of Writings

7) In your opinion, did you have a good writing day today?

Yes, I did have a good writing day today. I feel good about getting a journal page typed up, I feel good about getting more pages hand-written, I feel good about getting a template created, I feel good about getting some journal entries done in LifeJournal and I'm in a good mood from getting so much done today.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/04/11.

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#### Rainy Day Musings

Here I am on a rainy Wednesday. I treated myself to some pizza and potatoes. The potatoes weren't quite done, but I needed them in me, so down they went. I found special packets of greeting cards and envelopes at an office supply store. I was glad to find them because I was hoping I could print my pictures on greeting cards and just make my own to sell, since Shutterfly is out of the question due to all of their duplicate charges and attempts to charge my account.

The paper said it was for ink jet printers, which are the usual ones to print pictures, but they had a color laser printer at the store and I wondered if that could also handle printing the pictures on the greeting cards. I'll have to give things a try when I get a place to live and have the money to spend. I still want to make greeting cards to sell. I will just find another way to do it, that's all.

I'm looking ahead to this evening and wondering what will happen when it's time to get some sleep. I wonder if it will still be raining and if the ground will still be wet. I heard it might rain all day, but I don't know the best plan for the night. There was gas in the car when I went to sit in it early this morning when the rain started getting heavy. I don't know what to do about so many people trying to kill me.

I got to watch part of an exercise group this morning. They were right next to me because we were all in the shelter. They toughed it out and even ran a lap around the grass in the rain. They did some boxing

punches since they needed to stay close in the shelter. It was interesting to watch. I thought the instructor did a good job with the class. He even invited me to join the group next time they were there. I let him know I had injuries and he said there are always ways to work with injuries. I'm more scared of what my stalkers would do while I exercised than whether I could or could not do the exercises. I've lived with some of this stuff for so long. I just try to do what I could do before and sometimes it works and sometimes it doesn't, depending on what my stalkers feel like doing at the time.

I'm trying to decide if I should get a sweat jacket or not. I feel strange about my finances right now. I don't know when more money will get to my account. It all seems to be up in the air since there are so many people working so hard to keep my money from me, no matter how illegal that is. Maybe I will go look at how much the jackets cost to make my decision. I only have a little credit left on the card I was planning to use, anyway. So that will help make the decision. I really hope more of this money comes in soon so I can move forward. I'm tired of things being the way they are right now. Today being a rainy day is just added icing on the cake.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/05/11.

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Dad And Finances

What is your father's finest quality?

My dad was good at making investments and understanding how the market and real estate worked. I learned from him about investing and real estate and different kinds of financing. I know the difference between a mortgage and a line of credit against the house because of him. I'm not afraid of investing in the stock market because of him. I know about income stocks and I know about mutual funds. Some of what I learned came from classes in school, both growing up and as an adult in college. I've also learned from doing as I tested my investment strategies over the years.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/05/11.

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## Results And Doing The Best Job

The secret of success is nonattachment to results; doing your best at the moment, and letting the results take care of themselves.

--J. Donald Walters

This quote makes me think of my stalkers and how they work on "helping" me. They just don't care about actually helping me, so they don't pay attention to the results whatsoever. The funny part is that they don't cover their asses and do the best they can on the tasks. This leaves them wide open to show they aren't doing their job or barely doing it just to pretend they are doing what they're supposed to do. Oh well. Perhaps they will learn a better work ethic soon enough so that I don't deteriorate any more than I already have.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/05/11.

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## Engraving

So, I'm doing my engraving gift for Ben to satisfy my Christmas gift requirement by the family, since I was in the draw this year. I was going to get one for Zoe too, but it was so expensive, I'll wait for another time to get one for her. I guess I like giving the engraved gifts so that my family can't say I never gave them anything and it's a nice gift anyway. They have quality stuff to be engraved at Things Remembered. I like the store. This is a different one than I went to the last time I did this.

I don't remember getting to choose a font last time, but maybe I did. They had expensive and inexpensive fonts. I went with an inexpensive one. The lady said it would be light because it only does

the outline, instead of filling in the edges of the letters. I think I chose one I've used before and I think it will be just fine. He doesn't have to see it from a distance.

I'm assuming he'll like it. It's another ornament to hang on the tree. That's always a good thing. I wonder what I will do for a tree this year. I hope I can be in a place of my own by then and get one I can use over and over again. I actually saw a little one that could be used to display my egg ornaments when I get back to selling those again. I can't imagine it costs all that much money. I wonder if I should get it now and see what happens.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/05/11.

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### Feeling Drained

I'm feeling a little drained right now. I think I need more fluids in me. I'll have to go charge my laptop soon, since I'm using it more often now. I will be able to get some water on the way there. I'm trying to stay inside most of today to stay out of the rain. I ended up getting a light jacket, but it's not for the rain. I also saw a thermal shirt that looked nice, so I picked that up, too.

A deaf person went by selling pens. I got one of the ones that has multiple colors on it. That can come in handy. I used to use that kind when I was growing up. I thought it was so cool to be able to change colors I was using with one pen. It's still made pretty much the same way as they used to be made. Only this one is see through, so I can see the different springs attached to the plungers to push the desired color into place. I didn't even give it a try to make sure it worked. It was worth it to give the person the change I had in my pocket. Now I have an extra pen and my pocket isn't pulling my pants down as much.

I do need to get new pants soon. I can't believe I am wearing yet another pair of pants that's falling off of me. I guess I can expect this to be happening while my body finds its new weight to hover at while I recuperate from this disaster. I know I'm not really supposed to be losing weight right now, but there isn't much I can do about it at this time. So, I do the best I can under the circumstances. Again, I sure do hope more of this money comes very soon so I can move forward with my life.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/05/11.

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### Percentage Of Capacity

The average person puts only 25% of his energy into his work. The world takes off its hat to those who put in more than 50% of their capacity, and stands on its head for those few and far between souls who devote 100%.

--Andrew Carnegie

How sad it is that people don't have a better work ethic these days? I was told a job worth doing is a job worth doing well. I seem to be fighting against people who don't believe in having a good work ethic. It's a strange feeling to have to deal with people who don't understand the concept of doing their jobs with pride. I just thought that was the way everything was supposed to be done. Why shouldn't people try their hardest on what they do? It especially seems odd when their income depends on doing the job right. Maybe they will figure it out soon. I can still hope for the best.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/05/11.

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### I'm Here

I'm here... I feel like I was attacked pretty hard this morning with remotely triggered drugging. I had to scoot to the restroom and try to get some of it out of my body. It was good I was pushing a shopping cart so I was able to lean on it to help get to the checkout stand. I don't like it when my stalkers do that.

People said they heard I was drugging myself and they were corrected that I was being drugged. I hope I have a safe place to be soon and have money so that I don't have to worry so much about how I will pay the bills. I'm tired of being scared.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/06/11.

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### Thoughts Of The Day

I am sitting in a park right now and a little while ago the police showed up, spoke to a man and then got back into his truck and drove away. I heard a man earlier say I had already been turned in for sitting in my car. I believe I heard the officer explain there is no law or ordinance being broken for someone sitting in their car. I also think he explained that's what law enforcement does.

I saw someone in the park who looked like someone I knew. Everything looked right, except for the hair and I was too far away to see his face. So I finally decided to check it out and walk a little closer to him to see if it really was him. It wasn't, but I think it was worth a look.

I'm not feeling too peppy today. I kind of wandered around one of the malls and heard someone trying to get me to go to a movie by telling me not to go and trying reverse psychology. I thought it was interesting because I had already made up my mind not to go to the movies because I am still worried about running out of money at the end of the month.

Maybe I'll get lucky and the money will come through to my bank account soon. That would be wonderful. I'm so tired of being afraid of not having enough money. I'm tired of thinking I should ration my food because there is no telling what my stalkers will do next.

I'm not even in the mood to post this on my website right now. I am glad I got to eat some tortellini and potatoes. It felt like I was getting some real food.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/06/11.

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### Bad Night Last Night

I am not feeling well today, in fact I did no writing whatsoever this morning. I am only just now getting into the daily writing routine. I feel like I survived a major attack or series of attacks last night. I have more itchy places now and there is blood on the back of my right ankle. I am beyond worn out. My stalkers woke me up at 4AM this morning to check my bank account balances because they wanted to shoot me dead once they saw that I had money in my bank accounts. I didn't have the money they thought I was going to have. I also got to see one of the people who was planning to line up to get executed just to keep me from getting the money I'm supposed to have. These people are just plain insane. He wanted to die in order to ensure I would remain poverty stricken one more day.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/07/11.

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### Dad's Work

What did your father do for a living? If you ever went to work with him, describe the day.

My dad was a civilian working for the military. He worked for the Navy Department Of Defense. He built missile tracking systems, put up microwave telecommunication towers to help put up DARPA net, one of the first versions of the internet. He had patents with the military. He was a mechanical engineer. The only time I got to go to his work was for the air shows. I didn't even learn what he did until they asked in class and I was the only one who didn't know the answer. I also learned he had a diplomatic passport that he used to get his dance troop back home from Russia when the tour guide took off with the money to pay the hotel bill for the group. He had to work everything from home and he was the only one they would allow to go home.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/07/11.

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Being On Your Own

The greatest thing in the world is to know how to be on your own.

--Michel de Montaigne

This quote rings true for me. My stalkers want to pretend I don't know how to be on my own, yet they work to isolate me from anyone I have ever known in my life. They are a strange lot of people who don't understand the ways of the world or how to depend on themselves for their own support and their own way of life. They call themselves independent, yet they have no idea how to be independent and wish for me to be dependent on them and then grovel for the right to exist. I don't know how to get them to understand how to live a life on their own and stop harming others to try to make them dependent on themselves. They seem to be power hungry and seem to want to step on people to gain that power.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/07/11.

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Trying To Get More Writing Done

It took me twelve minutes to get in the gate with my parking stub, park my car and find a place to plug in and boot up the computer. I also stopped off for a pit stop so I could work longer without being bothered by people obsessed with the pee button.

Everywhere I go, I hear echoes of people trying to get me locked up for some reason because they think this is somehow a way to get themselves out of trouble. I wonder how many times people have tried to get my car repossessed when I own it outright. People have funny ideas of how things work.

I'm working on getting more writing done today because I feel so guilty for not getting any done this morning. I do most of my writing in the mornings these days so that I don't have to be concerned about making sure some gets done when things are annoying with my stalkers doing whatever they see fit to do.

I heard someone was thinking of suing one of the families who did a lot of the harm in this disaster. I heard they were looking at a way to settle outside of court because they didn't want their dirty laundry aired out in court. I could easily see how they would want to keep it out of court. They know I'm a reasonable person, which is why they shouldn't have done what they did in the first place. My theory on these things is the same as it has been for a while now. I'm looking for some up front money so I can get a house and then monthly payments to help smooth out the bumps in the road for everyone concerned. It seems like a very easy way to handle things. So the question is as always... why can't people handle someone being reasonable?

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/07/11.

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The Way Out Is Through

The best way out is always through.,

--Robert Frost

I see this as the answer for the crisis I am living through. There is no way out of being a stalking victim, not when there are so many stalkers so ready to do harm and spread the hatred to others. I do my best to get the concept through of who I really am and what I'm all about, but that only goes so far and only

so many people get my message. My stalkers seem to market their point of view pretty heavily, not even realizing how much harm they are doing to themselves. They have made fools of themselves and have tarnished their reputations. So here I am... trudging through this disaster in my life that is not of my choosing, trying to make the best decisions possible to keep me as healthy as possible and as safe as possible. I'm not always sure if I do pick the best choices, but I am still alive and I am still trying to heal from this horror.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/07/11.

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#### Roadside Ticket

The sheriff pulled over a car not too far behind where I am this evening. I think it was the first time this guy had ever been pulled over because he got out of his car and the officer had to tell him to stay in his car. I think that rule is more for safety reasons. The guy wasn't happy. He had trouble finding the registration paperwork, but he finally found it. I think he was driving someone else's car, so he didn't know where it was kept.

I was glad the sheriff turned around after he was done with the ticket. I didn't want him to come and talk to me. I don't like trying to get the point across to people and I don't like law enforcement telling me to do things that don't help the situation. So I would rather just not talk to them at all at this point. It's too scary with all that's happened lately.

I don't even know all the people who talk in radiohead. Some are good and some are not. So I'm never sure what will be helpful or harmful. I just have to go with my gut feeling. I'm hoping something good will come from all of this. Eventually I have to be able to trust people in law enforcement. It's just that many of them have been part of this disaster. It's hard to know the best thing to do.

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## Morning Time

I feel upbeat, but I don't seem to have a lot of steam today. At least I got a good breakfast and I was able to get my hair washed. Two guys passed by while I was washing my hair and noted that I was homeless, but at least I washed my hair. I saw some interesting people at breakfast this morning. I hope that seeing interesting people will lead to a better life for me. I hope for a lot of things to lead to a better life for me. I get the feeling that things are about to get better for me, but I've had that feeling before and nothing came of it. I can hope that this time it is much more meaningful. Maybe something will come and surprise me in a good way.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/08/11.

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## One Change Leads To Another

One change leaves the way open for the introduction of others.

--Niccolo Machiavelli

Well, perhaps changing my monetary situation will open up many more possibilities. It should be quite interesting when I finally start to get the money I'm supposed to have. I am looking forward to being able to get a place to live and furnishing it and cooking in it and soaking in the bathtub as well. It will feel like such luxury to be able to soak in a bathtub without being needled or gassed or attacked in some other way. I'm so tired of being a stalking victim, hunted by cruel people who are obsessed with destroying my life for the fun of it. Why can't they just go and live their own lives? Why do they have to fuss with my life? What's their problem?

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/08/11.

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## Writing Accomplishments Each Day

I'm feeling a little better now that I updated my website and got some entries done in LifeJournal. I feel like getting some of my goals accomplished for the day really helps me relax and have a better day. That's why I like to get some writing done in the mornings. It gives me a feeling of accomplishment that helps keep my mood up and helps me look at things from a better perspective than I might otherwise look at them. It also makes me feel more like a writer when I get some daily writing done each and every day. That's one of the reasons I carry around a small writing journal and colored pens. I like to be able to take it out and write just a little to make me feel a whole lot better. Sometimes I get upset at what my stalkers do, so I write it out of me and then things don't look so bad anymore. I can find something good to look at, instead of all of the negativity associated with my stalkers.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/08/11.

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## 32 Entries

I have 32 entries in my LifeJournal program already and I've only had it for a few days now. I with the trial version and then bought the full program so I could have more than 15 entries. Now I want to purchase one of the add-on programs for it, but I messed up the transaction yesterday so it failed. I haven't decided if I want to try it again today or not. There might be a reason I messed up the transaction. Perhaps it was a sign that I should wait a little while before getting it. I still have more things to work on in this program.

I really like how this program has free entry as well as entries from writing prompts and from quotes. I think that's a really rich combination to have. I use these same three things in my writing journals, so the electronic version of that is just wonderful. I'm glad I started posting my entries so soon after starting because only a few a day is manageable, having 32 to do in one day seems overwhelming.

I think I want to add some of my own prompts and quotes to see how that works. I'm not sure how I will like it, so I will look into it before actually doing it. For some reason, I feel like it might be a bad idea right now. I'll have to think about it for a while.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/08/11.

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### Writing About The Past

It's morning time and I am still recovering from the gassing from last night. I had difficulty swallowing this morning because my mouth and throat were so dried. I'm thinking of going back to typing up my little floral J journal again, which is from part six of my compilation of writings. It's from a while ago and perhaps now is the time to go back to working on it. Sometimes time give a different perspective on what has happened to me. Sometimes It's difficult to look at things from a while ago because they are still happening right now. But maybe it will feel good to write about a time when I still had a place indoors to sleep and a shower every few days and a flush toilet at night, instead of just a pile of dirt.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/09/11.

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### Little Floral J Journal

So I got the idea to start typing up part six of my compilation of writings again. It's my little floral j journal. I typed up a few pages and found it went quite quickly. So perhaps I will sit down and get more of that done today, since the two year old party wanted to use the shaded table I was using. The place I found instead is a much better place to work anyway. This place is cooler and has power.

I think I will concentrate on getting further into the Little Floral J Journal today to see how much I can get done. I have been going very slowly on my Little Pink Spiral Journal recently, so maybe it is time to get more of this old stuff typed up and posted online and published. I get the feeling people want me to use y LifeJournal program less because I am adding so many pages of writing each day, I'm actually getting more writing done since I started using this program, not less. I think it's giving me the inspiration to get even more done. Maybe it's the most recent announcement that I was supposed to have died last night. I guess yesterday was Columbus Day and some people thought that would be a great day to have for my death so they could continue celebrating it for years to come.

I'm not really sure what motivated my stalkers. They seem to be a bit scattered lately. I guess the long arm of the law is starting to catch up to them with all of the arrests for the warrants out for so many of my stalkers.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/09/11.

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Success Quote From Frankl

Don't aim at success?-- the more you aim at it and make it a target, the more you are going to miss it. For success, like happiness, cannot be pursued; it must ensue, and it only does so as the unintended side effect of one's personal dedication to a cause greater than oneself or as the by-product of one's surrender to a person other than oneself. Happiness must happen, and the same holds for success: you have to let it happen by not caring about it. I want you to listen to what your conscience commands you to do and go on to carry it out to the best of your knowledge. Then you will live to see that in the long-run -- in the long-run, I say! -- success will follow you precisely because you had forgotten to think about it.

--Viktor Frankl

This is a very interesting and long quote. I do believe in having goals and setting out the steps to achieve those goals and working towards meeting the steps it takes to achieve greatness. I do think people get lost in the details and before they know it, they have succeeded. I'm not sure surrendering to another

person is always the best way to live a life. It would be nice if a life partner were on the same page so that there aren't conflicting goals going on at the same time, as there has been in my life.

I want to live and others want me to die and be dead. They have targeted that goal and have made my life miserable. I saw no need to do what my stalkers did to me. For some reason, they decided I was a bad person and told everyone to treat me horribly to teach me a lesson. I still don't understand why people decided vigilante justice was the way to handle things, since we already have a legal system in place. These are horribly cruel people who have been stalking me for years and years. I hope to be able to stop them from spreading their cruelty to more otherwise law-abiding people.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/09/11.

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More Done

I got more pages typed up from my Little Floral J Journal today. I already posted it. I felt like people were starting to get upset that I was working on it again, so they started doing things to make it more difficult for me to do. Some days I just push through and continue what I was doing. And other days I take a break or stop for the day in a hope that my stalkers will get tired of being cruel and move on with their lives. They seem to only think that my life is all that is worth living. I guess they don't value their own lives very much.

I've heard that some of these people are suicidal and are looking for me to take their lives so that they can call me a murderer. The whole thing is just ridiculous. Someone on a bus actually called me a murderer because they blamed all the wars in history on me, so they blamed all the deaths in those wars on me. I have no idea why anyone would want to blame one person for all the death in all of history. These people have huge issues and they are spreading their hatred wherever they go to try to convince more people to be as cruel as they are.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/09/11.

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## Writing To Inform

I want to get some writing done in my LifeJournal application today. It's late in the day for my first entry and I don't like it when that happens. I like to get something done first thing in the morning, but I wasn't feeling well first thing this morning and I had to try a different location before I felt better.

People seem to want me to go home because the game is all over. I don't have a home to go to, that's why I need people to pay the money they've been court ordered to pay. People don't get the concept that living a life requires money and they have cut off all ways for me to earn a living a normal way, so here I am trying to earn a living an abnormal way by being a writer and self publishing my own writing. Maybe they should buy my books.

For some reason people think I can just go back to my life and pick up where I left off. I was a teacher and I had a house and a condo. I can't go back to any of that. That's why I work so hard on my educational website. It's all I have left of my teaching career. I write to help me deal with everything. Making educational resources helps me feel better as well. Publishing my writing and my educational materials also makes me feel better.

I guess people don't really understand what has been going on in my life for all of these years. I've written over two thousand pages about what has been happening. Some people read it and some don't. I can't force people to read it, but it sure would help if they would. It helps to explain my situation and this whole disaster from my perspective. People play a game with my life and they think it has no consequences. They're wrong. There are consequences.

I do the best I can to get through each and every single day. I write and I type up what I write by hand. I post it on my website so anyone can read it and I publish my work in paper and epub format. I am working to make this information as available as possible. Now if I could just get people to read what I've spent years writing that would be fantastic. The reason why I want them to read what I've written is because they will understand that this whole disaster is a really bad idea to join in on. People need to stop the study/game/business instead of trying to keep it going in order to make their money back that they have been court ordered to pay me. I really don't know why any of them think that continuing to

do what they did to get into trouble will somehow get them out of trouble. It doesn't make any sense at all.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/10/11.

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### A Quilt Of Evidence

Diaries, in the end, are about making connections. About getting around your unconscious mind. About breaking into your own store of preserved memories, stories, projects. About stealing them back to the light of day. To keep a journal is to learn how to play. Deeply. Even when a page is recording hard, impossible things, if judgment is suspended, there's always a surprise or shift. Connections made over time suddenly link, opening and transforming.

--Alexandra Johnson

I can relate to this quote because it feels like I've been stitching together a quilt of evidence with my writing over the past several years. I write about the memories that stick out in my mind and it all ends up connecting together to form a more full picture of this stalking disaster which has been going on for decades. It's just picked up to a pace that I cannot hope to survive without assistance.

My life going forward should be about picking up the pieces and starting anew. I've started over time and time again. It's time for me to move forward with everything and hope people will finally do their jobs to help put an end to this wide-spread crime spree my stalkers have been purporting. They continue to spread their hatred and teach others how to spread the hatred. My writing seems to be all I have to fight against it.

Some people used to tell me that living my life well was the way to get through this. I have done the best I can to live my life well for a very long time. It's time for others to start living their lives well. It's

time for everyone to pull together and put a stop to the hatred and get things back on the right track so everyone can live a better life.

I have no idea why people thought they were in charge of drugging me. I have no idea of why people thought they were in charge of making up fake evidence against me. I have no idea why people decided it was a good idea to heap their hate on me.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/10/11.

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#### Calling Someone Crazy As A Way Out Of Trouble

It's Tuesday morning and I am alive and working to get through the day. I was up and out of the car early trying to breathe more normal air. The gassing in the car was bad.

Some people think I sound crazy when I describe what has happened to me. That's what my criminal count on. Many of the people who do this to me are from the mental health industry, so they figure they are safe because they can call me crazy and get away with anything they want to do to me or anyone else they feel like calling crazy.

There are even some people who want to come into my life just to they can call me crazy and try to get me locked up in a mental health facility. This is something people have been doing for years, so they are used to the process of just calling anyone they want crazy just to get rid of them. My grandpa was locked away in a facility because he burned down his garage a few times. People don't have things like that to point to in my case, so there are many people who don't look at this as a case where I need to be locked up. They don't lock up other homeless people, so why me? Do they really lock up anyone who says they are a victim? Let's hope not... That would only prove my point that they lock up the victims and let the criminals roam free.

Many people are trying to get themselves declared crazy so they won't have to go to prison. That isn't a very good scenario. I've learned there are people in mental health facilities who believe all mental health patients should be starved. This is not healthy and it is not helpful to anyone. So, getting locked up in a mental health facility where they don't care about hygiene and they don't care about patient health and they don't even try to help the patients is just not good medicine.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/11/11.

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### Roller Skating

Did you ever roller skate? What memories do you have roller skating with your friends and family? Where did you do it--on the street, at a rink, at the park? What skates did you have? What stories do you remember about roller skating?

I used to roller skate on the sidewalk in front of the house, but the sidewalk was uneven, so it was difficult. I did roller skate in a roller rink once and that was fun. I enjoyed ice skating better, though. I even have ice skates that have been custom made for me. I just don't feel safe ice skating anymore because of what my stalkers do to me, which could cause a bad fall and a bad injury.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/11/11.

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### Courage Quote

...courage is not the absence of despair; it is, rather, the capacity to move ahead in spite of despair.

--Rollo May

People have told me I am brave. I say they are wrong because I am so scared all the time. I just try to hide it. Then they explain that being scared and going forward anyway is what brave is all about. So I guess I have to agree with them that I am brave based on their definition. But I sure do wish I didn't have to be this brave all the time. I sure do wish I could let someone else be brave for a while. I'm tired. Hopefully I will get a rest soon. Hopefully I won't have to suffer too much longer. Hopefully I will have money to pay for my life soon.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/11/11.

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Out And About

I decided to get a change of scenery today and go public transit adventuring. I wasn't feeling well at all, so it was nice to have someone else do the driving. There were a lot of people on the commuter busses. The trains were busy, too. I just wanted to get something typed into LifeJournal today. It felt important to me. I'm feeling ill right now, so I think I'll stop for now.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/12/11.

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Up Early

My stalkers woke me up at 4am this morning and I was soon standing outside of my car trying to get some fresh air to breathe. These people don't understand how cruel they are being, trying to gas me to death. It isn't legal and yet they continue to do it. I heard people talking about the game yesterday and it sounded like they got the message that people have been trying to kill me with this game. They've just

been milking it so they can get more money from people. It's a sad way to live a life. I hope to be able to improve my situation soon.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/13/11.

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### Ice Skating

Did you ever ice skate? What memories do you have ice skating with your friends and family? Where did you do --at a pond or lake, a rink, in a flooded backyard? What skates did you have? Are there any stories which come to mind about ice skating?

I was the first person to get a ribbon from finishing an ice skating class in the new rink in South Lake Tahoe. I got special skates so my feet didn't hurt from the rental skates. I earned my snowflake certificate as a Brownie in Girl Scouts at a local rink in Southern California. Our whole troop went for lessons and my brother raced around the edge of the rink. He like going as fast as he could. I enjoyed ice skating. I just wished I had someone to skate with in South Lake Tahoe. My boyfriend went with me to the opening, but then he wasn't so interested after that. He didn't even want to go with me the day I got my new skates because that was the day he got his new motorcycle. Oh well.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/13/11.

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### Confidence In My Abilities

Believe in yourself! Have faith in your abilities! Without a humble but reasonable confidence in your own powers you cannot be successful or happy.

--Norman Vincent Peale

I have a strong belief in myself and my abilities. I believe in myself more than anyone else believes in me. This self confidence comes from years of doing things on my own and getting where I want to go. These past few years I have had to endure so many people standing in my way, it feels like I'm being mobbed. They just fight so hard to be as cruel as possible. They have been trying to get me to kill myself by making my life a living hell. They hardly know me at all if they think that plan will ever work. It just isn't going to happen. So why even try? But they do try day after day and night after night. Over and over again they try to make me miserable enough so that I will kill myself. I don't know when they will understand that I believe in myself way too much to let that happen. I believe in my ability to stop this disaster and move forward with my life. It's just a matter of getting enough people to do their jobs properly. That's all.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/13/11.

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Type, Type, Type...

Type, type, type... I am working in short spurts on getting part six of my compilation of writings typed up and posted in the process of getting it published. I can't publish it until I get it typed up. It's not really in the right format at this time. I'm not about to hand over scanned versions of my hand-writing to publish a book. I might have several pictures of my hand-written pages in my picture books, but that's not what I'm placing into my compilation of writings. I want clear, easy to read typed text for people to enjoy reading. They can get my picture books if they want to see my handwriting. I know some people like to have my handwriting analyzed. I guess it's one more way people like to talk about me without talking to me. It's a favorite thing to do in this mess. That's one of the reasons this is so important for me to document. This mess in my life is affecting many other people and I have to find a way to take it down.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/13/11.

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## Defiantly Writing

This is me being defiant of my stalkers wishes. They wish that I destroy yet another career by not writing anymore. This struggling writing career of mine is all I have right now. I don't have anything else. I'm homeless and writing about what's going on in my life helps me handle it better than I would if I weren't writing about it. So the question remains as to why my stalkers are playing itchy itchy scratchy with me again after they've been told I'm not supposed to be drugged at all. What part of this is unclear? Why can't they grasp the basic concepts of right and wrong, legal and illegal? Don't their brains function properly? Don't they understand about free will? Don't they understand about freedom? Why are these concepts so hard for them? Perhaps they need some art therapy to get their minds off of stalking me and making my life a living hell. Maybe they can get a hobby.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/14/11.

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## Procrastination Quote

Procrastination is the thief of time.

--Edward Young

I agree with this quote. Getting things done means there is less to stress over and less to worry about. The stress and worry do take up time, so waiting to get things done when there is no reason to wait, doesn't seem to make much sense. I like to get things done when I can. I like to move forward, instead of looking back. I've been forced to look back at my life in order to help people get a sense of what I know about this disaster and how it has affected me over my lifetime. It's good and bad, but I know it helps end this disaster, so I do my best to do what I can to help get things resolved. I must move forward with my life. This treading water while people sit around not getting things done is not for me.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/14/11.

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### Abdominal Pain And Bleeding

I had extreme pain yesterday when I went to buy a book. I had anal bleeding later that day and it showed up this morning as well. I do believe my stalkers were trying to break open my intestines. This bleeding has happened many times before. These people are creating ulcers with their explosions of the capsules in my digestive track. This has continued for years. Either they've been trying to kill me for years or they are just flat out stupid.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/15/11.

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### Snow Living

**If you grew up in an area that had snowy winters, what kind of snow-related activities did you enjoy? Sledding or tobogganning? Downhill or cross-country skiing? Snowman building? Fort building with the associated snowball fights?**

**I grew up near the ocean, so there wasn't much snow, but I did get to go see the snow when I was little enough for my feet to fit into baggies (sandwich bags) so my socks wouldn't get wet inside of my sneakers. We just drove up towards Big Bear or Arrowhead and stopped along the side of the road. My brother and I got out and walked around in it and felt it with our hands and ate some of it. It was fun.**

**As an adult, I moved to South Lake Tahoe and to South Dakota and the snow in those two places was so very different. It was wet and heavy in Tahoe and it was dry and light in South Dakota. So the wind blew the snow on the ground up and into whiteout conditions on the roads in South Dakota. But there seemed to be more ice on the road in Tahoe.**

**I did a little cross country skiing and a whole lot of shoveling. I did hear quite the stories of my students and what they did in the snow. I did have a sledding accident when I was in college. I ended up upside down with the back of my neck up against a tree trunk. That was a wild ride.**

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/15/11.

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Reaching My Full Potential

**A sobering thought: What if, right at this very moment, I am living up to my full potential?**

**--Jane Wagner**

**I don't believe I am ever going to live up to my full potential. I just keep trying so hard and I keep achieving things beyond what I shoot for and I surprise myself all the time when I do things I didn't know I would be able to do before I tried. I surely didn't think I would have twenty books published before the age of 45. I didn't think I would teach at a charter school and at a community college. I didn't think I would be a site analyst. I didn't think I would be a textbook buyer. I didn't think I would be a Unit Leader. I didn't think I would be a Cabin Leader at an Outdoor Science School. Things just pop up and it's a matter of taking that opportunity that comes along and going with it. There's always something that can be done to make things better than they were. I guess that's why I still have hope that this disaster in my life will get better and my stalkers will stop harming me.**

**The current plan is to lock me up again. They never had cause before and they still don't have cause. The only place that takes Medicare isn't available for me to go there due to the way they exited me from the building. I don't think anyone will take me there anyway because that place was declared a danger and the police officer who took me last time wasn't supposed to take me there, anyway. My protection orders are such that I'm not supposed to be taken to any medical facility because I've been so harmed in the ones I've been to over the past several years. I am dealing with health care criminals and that is why I'm not safe in a medical facility.**

**Being a whistle blower has a price to pay. It is a long, hard life being a whistle blower. It's also a very dangerous occupation. I call it an occupation since it seems to be almost the only thing I do with my life these days. These people just can't seem to stay away from me. They cluster around me and cause all kinds of trouble for me as well as others.**

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/15/11.

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Family Pain

Good morning world! Here I am in a lousy mood and hoping for better times to come. I got some good feelings yesterday and I felt like my family was trying to ruin my life again. I heard a rumor that they've been telling people that I'm a fake stalking victim because I only think I'm a victim and there's no evidence that I am a stalking victim. That wrangled me a bit. That's what has been upsetting me for so very long. I hate how these people lie about the situation. It's just horrible. I want to move on with my life and I don't want anyone else ever saying I'm not a victim anymore. It hurts too much for them to be so cruel. There is tons of evidence and they don't have any right to say there isn't. I even heard them on the phone talking about some of my mail that states that money is supposed to be coming to me because of all of the law suits stemming from me being victimized. So how can they expect me to believe that they don't know I'm a victim?

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/16/11.

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Snowy Teaching

If you grew up in an area that had snowy winters, describe the hubbub that went along with school cancellations associated with heavy snowfalls.

I was a teacher in a place where there were snowy winters. My school didn't have snow days, so we got out earlier than the regular schools. I drove around in the snow to get to my students, so they couldn't say they didn't have school. They got their work done and they got out of school earlier than everyone else. That was one of the advantages of being in a charter school, instead of a regular school. Having teachers come to the homes, rather than having the students come to the school made a huge difference for a lot of these students. Some of them even worked harder when they knew the teacher was putting out all of this effort to help them. They liked having the special attention and being able to ask questions and actually getting answers. It was nice to have someone hold their hand, so to speak, through the difficult time of high school.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/16/11.

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## Duty Of Intelligent Men Quote

Sometimes the first duty of intelligent men is the restatement of the obvious.

--George Orwell

Yes, that is true. I'm not sure why people have been so horrible to me throughout this disaster in my life, but sometimes it's just easier to say it's all illegal, so don't do it. People will learn one way or another not to harm me anymore. It's just a matter of how difficult the lesson needs to be in each of their individual cases. Some of these people are unwilling to live lawful lives in a peaceful society. They must be handled in order to restore order and lawfulness in this land.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/16/11.

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## People Watching Over The Situation

I'm here in the park, typing away at my writing and posting to my website. My latest updates are followed by many people both in court and out of court. There are more people who have been assigned to watch over the situation because this looks really bad. There are people and groups assigned to help people and they don't bother. That's a sad note on our society. I wish there were better things to say about this country. I think it's an embarrassment that I have been allowed to suffer this much for this long. But there are people who are involved with the cruelty who don't care what their job description says. They are set to be as criminally cruel as possible and they expect to get away with it all, even if it ends up being murder.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/17/11.

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## Spring Thoughts

How did you know that spring had arrived? Describe the smells, sights, sounds, taste and feel of one of those days when you knew spring had just arrived. Can you remember this feeling when you were young--say, in elementary school and other times when you were older--such as in high school or as a young adult?

I remember the new buds on the trees and plants that signaled it was growing season after the dormant winter. I remember getting excited because the school year was almost finished and it was almost time for summer camp. And then there would be a new school year where I was one year closer to graduation. I was in such a hurry to get out of school and on with my life without my family around.

Going away to college was my get-away from my family. It felt so good to be so far away and have them not interfere with my life anymore. But then they found other ways to interfere and I looked for a way to move on with my life with the purse strings cut. Now I'm homeless because of all that the study did to destroy my life. My family heavily participated with key pieces of information that haunted me for years. They wanted me to have remote controls in my body. It's amazing how cruel my family is.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/17/11.

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## Advice

The advice of their elders to young men is very apt to be as unreal as a list of the hundred best books.

--Oliver Wendell Holmes

For some reason the study had a whole lot of ideas about how they wanted to rule my life like dictators. They called it helping. They were trying to get rid of all of the things people found annoying about me without actually talking to me about any of them to hear what I had to say about any of it. These people are strange to say the least. They never took into consideration that I like who I am and I don't care about what certain people have to say about what annoys them about me.

Why should I care about rude people's opinions? Why should I care about my family's opinions? They don't seem to care one bit about my opinions or how I feel about myself or how I want to live my life. So why should their opinions matter to me at all? It seems to me that a study decided to take people's money and say they would abuse me as much as possible just to satisfy what these people paying the money wanted. That's all the study ever did: abuse me. They even said the study was never meant to help me. So why do they even bother with telling anyone that they have anything helpful even in mind concerning me.

Now it's all about revenge and harming me as much as possible so I will somehow want to take my own life. These people are so far off the edge it's hard to even explain who they are and what they do. No one thinks it's possible for people to be this far out of reality with what is socially acceptable, much less legal. So I continue to suffer because these people are who they are... hardened criminals. They love to be paid to commit crimes. They also are willing to have their own lives taken for the sake of harming me. It makes it very difficult to put a stop to their criminal activity when they don't even care about their own lives.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/17/11.

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Gloriously Sarcastic

I'm feeling super sarcastic today, since I haven't had a whole lot of sleep, thanks to the sheriff and I know there are people who want me dead and I don't have the money promised to me and I don't have a place to sleep and I don't have anywhere to go because things are such a mess... At some point in time I do need to get my laundry done and then I need to figure out where to get my hair washed and then I need to find out how to get some money to pay for food and I certainly need to find time between riding on

trains and busses to get my writing typed up because that's what's driving all of the court cases and we can't have that be idle.

I'm really here for the support people need to help me. Of course none of these people are actually seeing anything through to make sure I get the help they say they are getting for me, but who knows, I might luck out and someone might accidentally help me when they weren't even trying to help. Accidental help is the main way I get help these days. People don't really get the concept that they are supposed to do their jobs properly in order for me to get actual help. Now that so many things are so messed up, people don't have any normal ways to help me and they will have to find a creative way to help me, like giving me a house that someone owns who owes me money so I can at least have a place to be, instead of having nowhere to be. I might be able to eek it out if I had a place to cook my food and park my car for free. Who knows? I might actually survive if someone finds some way to get me my money so I can get a house to live in and recover from this ordeal, instead of letting my stalkers have their way and watch me die a horrible death.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/18/11. Now tell me. How sarcastic is it to cry out for help in a desperate situation?

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Feeling Loved

I found myself to be in a happy mood this morning. I had some food that made me feel good and I was just feeling wonderful all over. I was just happy to be alive and it made me feel like someone cared about me and loved me. So this morning I'm feeling loved. That's a whole lot better than feeling hated. My stalkers usually surround me with their hatred. It feels so good to feel good feelings. I haven't had enough of that in my life, not just lately, in my whole life. I heard a rumor that someone let my mom know where I was so she could offer me a place to stay and she wasn't interested in seeing me or offering me a place to live or even knowing how I was doing. She blames me for what has happened to her, rather than dealing with the fact that she did harm and that is why she is in the position she is in right now. I don't know how to get over hearing my family plot my homelessness and my death. I just have to try my best to get through each and every day. I will live my life the best I can. That's the only way to see myself through this disaster.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LlifeJournal on 10/19/11.

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## I Survived Another Night

I survived another night. I am here. I am writing or typing if you will. I am tired and I don't know how I will get through the month on the money currently in my bank accounts. I do hope someone stops lying and actually gets me my money so I can move forward with my life. I'm tired of being homeless.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/20/11.

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## Fast Wake Up

I woke up late this morning and had to move quickly because there were people where I was. I was a little scared because they wanted me to drive into cars, instead of driving safely. So these people were not looking out for my best interest to say the least. It's scary how many people want to harm me. I heard they were working on a house where they were going to load it up with a bunch of the devices that harm me. That's been done many times before and has messed up many different rescue attempts that were really set up to be my death. It will be interesting to see what comes of these people's plans.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/21/11.

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## Time On My Own

What did you feel like on Saturdays or Sundays, when you didn't have any school. Did you have a routine for Saturdays and/or Sundays? What were your favorite and least favorite parts of the weekends?

Weekends were boring. I liked school better than being at home. But some weekends I got to do things with Girl Scouts and when I was in high school, I got to go to band competitions on Saturdays. Those things were fun, but staying at home was not fun. I didn't like being around my family. I stayed by myself more and more the older I got. I got myself to be part of a book club and I bought books that looked interesting and that kept me busy learning new things. I learned a lot of different solitaire games and played cards by myself a lot. I tried to teach myself sign language. I watched The Benny Hill Show.

Now that I'm an adult, I have found that living on my own suits me just fine, except for the loneliness. I enjoy cooking for myself and doing arts and crafts and developing my writing and watching movies. I also did exercise routines from time to time. The exercising helped with my bad back that was in and out of pain through the years. I found Pilates and swimming laps did the most to help the back pain go away.

I really got into making quilts and scrapbooking when I was living in South Lake Tahoe. I was working on making quilts for the entire family. I truly enjoyed doing that. I would come up with ideas or get ideas from kits or books/magazines and then I would go to work. There was one book I bought just because I liked the cover design so much. I finally made it for my brother's wedding gift. I gave it to him and his wife. It turned out fantastic. It wasn't quite like the cover on the book, but it was pretty close.

Now I guess I don't have anyone to make quilts for anymore. I don't understand how people could want my life to be this pathetic. I don't understand why people could possibly be this cruel. I'm tired of being homeless. The only reason I'm homeless is because I'm a stalking victim and my stalkers won't stop harming me. I heard someone say that MIAs aren't supposed to be killed because they're so useful. How about because they're human beings who haven't harmed others?

I am an extremely helpful and useful person. I wish people could stop violating my rights and start being good people who don't commit any crimes. I wish people could finally do what needs to be done in order to get my money to me so I can continue on with my life. I don't think that's too much to ask. The money was awarded to me, that makes it mine. People don't have a right to keep it from me. I need help in resolving this problem because there are just way too many people committing crimes against me and I have no way of moving forward with my life without assistance with the all-out crime spree against me.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/21/11.

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Happiness Is Doing

**The great essentials of happiness are something to do, something to love, and something to hope for.**

-- Unknown

**This is a cute quote. I like the idea that happiness comes from having something to do, something to love and something to hope for. It sounds very reassuring. I'm working on having all three of those things in my life. I work hard at it. I'm typing away right now to have happiness in my life. I believe a person has to take action to make good things happen in their life. So, I follow my own philosophy and I take a lot of action...**

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/21/11.

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**What was a typical weekday dinner at your household? Did your family eat together usually? What was the conversation like? Was the feeling warm and talkative, or formal and conversation contained? Where did you generally eat and how did you feel about your family dinner?**

Whenever my dad was home, we ate at the dining room table. When he wasn't home for dinner, then we could eat on TV trays in front of the TV or in our We didn't talk too much at the dinner table. Every once in a while there would be something interesting to talk about or we would talk about things happening in the future, like camping weekends coming up or family vacations or something else that would change the plans for the family.

I remember my brother saying how nice it was to eat at his girlfriend's house because the family talked during dinner and enjoyed themselves. I guess I had the same feeling that our family didn't enjoy ourselves at the dinner table. I remember my mom having me tell my dad that I got my first bra. I wasn't sure why that was considered dinner table conversation, but that's what she wanted. I just wanted to have a bra before I got to junior high school because I didn't want the kids to tease me for getting one in the middle of the school year. It was a practical issue.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/21/11.

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Encouraging Quote

**Flatter me, and I may not believe you. Criticize me, and I may not like you. Ignore me, and I may not forgive you. Encourage me, and I will not forget you.**

**--William Arthur Ward**

**What a well said quote. I believe in this very much. I have had way too much of everything, other than encouragement and then there is always the flattery that I don't always believe anyway. At some point in this disaster in my life there were people who were going to try to convince me that I was beautiful when I don't believe it. It sounded nice that people actually wanted to help me believe something good about myself. I fear all of those people are gone off the list of people who will be in my life. I know they are gone off of the list for a reason. I just feel sorrow that I had hope for them to cheer me up and that isn't there anymore.**

**I have trouble being passed from group to group when the new people don't understand the problem and they go and hurt my feelings without even caring to know what I've been through. That was the whole idea of getting people to understand the situation, so people would be supportive and understanding and wouldn't hurt my feelings like my stalkers have been doing for a very long time. I was supposed to get a rest from the cruelty. I was supposed to get a rest from the**

**negativity. I was supposed to be allowed to recover from this disaster, not driven deeper into it by the people who were supposed to be helping me in the first place.**

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/21/11.

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### Being Drugged Against My Will

I'm being drugged against my will again by my stalkers. They still don't get how illegal and harmful it is. There are still people trying to kill me. There are still people trying to force me to kill myself. There are still people who are trying to get people to think that I'm supposed to be drugged as part of some kind of treatment plan. There are a lot of things in court about how I'm not supposed to be drugged at all because of my grave situation. Any drug entering my system could make my condition worse and bring me closer to death.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/22/11.

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### Doing The Job Right

It's a day like many other days, when I wonder what I will do if the money runs out because no one saw to getting my money to me so I could use it. They were too busy trying to take it for themselves. People don't understand how easy it is to be nice to someone. They would rather be as cruel as possible. There were actually people who were trying to pretend they were with me as their excuse for using the coupon codes created in order to settle law suits with some of the fast food places who got sued on my behalf. It's sad to think that these people could have had this food anyway, had they just done what they said they were going to do. Their lives would have been much better if they had actually done their jobs.

There were people complaining last night that they had to do their jobs or else they would go to prison or get executed. I found it sad that people were only willing to do their jobs when they were threatened with imprisonment or death. What would have been so hard about just doing their job because that's what they were supposed to do. I guess there are a lot of people in this area with zero work ethic. I find that sad. I was told a job worth doing is a job worth doing well. If you're paid to do something, then in order to keep that paycheck, you have to continue to do the job well.

Why is this such a difficult concept? I'm not getting why these people see fit to goof off and not bother to do their jobs properly. It makes no sense to me whatsoever. I guess they figure they should do as little as possible to just get by, instead of doing the best job they can do. I just don't get it. I have worked very hard in my life to get promotions and to change careers. I know how much work it takes to be successful. Why don't others want to be successful?

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LlifeJournal on 10/23/11.

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### Being A Pathetic Victim

I feel pathetic. I'm so tired of things going so wrong in this world. I'm eeking out another month because the money I'm supposed to have isn't here yet and because my stalkers want me to spend all of my money so I will starve to death. Hopefully they will figure out soon that making me look even more pathetic is what is driving the law suits and the sentencing. I have done everything I can think of to get these people to get the concept. The worse they treat me, the worse things get for everyone.

It's funny that at one point people had decided just to ignore me and go on with their own lives and not be so into harming me. I laughed at that. I have wanted my stalkers to leave me alone and go on with their own lives and stop their crime spree. They didn't get the concept of why I was so happy my stalkers were finally going to leave me alone and stop committing crimes against me. I don't know why they can't grasp simple concepts that other people understand. No one wants to be a crime victim. So why continue to commit crimes and create more victims? It doesn't make any sense at all.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LlifeJournal on 10/24/11.

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### Helping A Victim

It's sprinkling right now, so I don't want to do too much typing outside at the moment. I also need to charge the laptop soon, so I will keep things short for now. I'm not feeling all that well and people are still trying to get me arrested for just existing. People don't seem to understand how important it is to help me to help quiet things down. The worse people treat me and the longer this disaster goes on, the worse it is for everyone. Why can't people understand this? What is so hard to grasp?

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/25/11.

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### Law Enforcement Saving Me

I wonder how much money law enforcement owes me currently. I bet it's a lot of money. I bet I could buy a house with just part of the money law enforcement owes me. Wouldn't it be nice if law enforcement decided it was actually their job to uphold the law, instead of breaking it? Maybe law enforcement could start paying me the money they owe and life would start getting better because of the good example they show everyone.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/26/11.

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### Thursday Morning

I made it to Thursday. That's an accomplishment. I heard someone talking about laughing at me starving and being homeless. That person finally said that it does make him look cruel to laugh at a genuine victim suffering because he was unwilling to help at all. I don't know how long it will take for people to wake up and realize that laughing at someone's misfortune doesn't help anyone.

On the flip side of things, this disaster does give me an opportunity to show how strong I am and how well I handle difficult situations. I know this will pay off eventually, but for now this is a tough road to handle. I got very cold last night and there were stalkers around multiple times last night. One called me illiterate.

I'm happy about my newest publishing adventure of creating educational booklets. I thought the first one went together very well and looked good and well filled out. I tried not to have a lot of blank space. I want to cram as much as I can into those few pages. I think I did a great job. I even figured out how to get the formatting to work so it will show up in the iBookstore soon, along with my fixed version of 60 Flash Fiction Pieces. I think Chickidoodle Fun is a great title for my educational booklets.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/27/11.

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### Doing Wrong?

Here I am on another chilly morning. I guess I narrowly escaped another attack on my person. I think I'm always narrowly escaping attacks, since they are so frequent. There was a car with its lights on behind my car last night, so I didn't go back to my car at that time. I waited until that car was gone, but then there was another car in its place. Someone made a comment that people were trying to write me up for having my car parked in a legitimate place to park. I'm tired of people pretending that I have done something wrong when I have done nothing wrong.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/28/11.

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### Staying On Track

Here I am... Looking at the weekend, square in the face. I wonder what will happen next in my life. I got to pet a nice dog this morning and I liked that. There were people who were concerned about me this morning. It's interesting to see people genuinely concerned, instead of fake concerned because they're supposed to be concerned. I just have to continue to hold onto my course and stay on track. I have to do the best I can to continue forward. Today is one of those days when I feel like I'm having a difficult time sticking to the daily routine, but I will do it. I want to feel better from what I endured last night. It was a clear attempt on my life. I just have to move past it and stay alive and stay sane. That's my job.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/29/11.

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### Cheering Myself Up Through Education

My whole body feels worn out. I feel like I've done all that I can do at the moment. I decided to create another Chickidoodle Fun booklet to cheer myself up. It makes me feel so good to create something I think could help inspire people to want to learn. I try to make sure there are fun things to do and that it has a mixture of activities with different skills presented. I try to see how teachers might use the booklets in the classroom or as enrichment or for test taking skills or preparing for the Exit Exam. I wonder if the home school and independent study groups would enjoy using them. I think they would like it for some students who need to focus on only one book at a time, yet they still need practice in multiple areas at the same time.

I guess I'm trying to guess what people might want in these booklets as much as I am trying to cheer myself up by saying I accomplished something today. I put these booklets together because it makes me feel good as well as to help others. I feel selfish sometimes when I do things that make me happy and that's the real reason I'm doing them because I feel like I should be concentrating on what would help others. Since I like to help others, it comes more easily to do both at the same time. I like to enjoy what I am doing for a living. I'm not actually making a livable wage from my writing, but I am doing better than average for an educational author self-publishing my books.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/30/11.

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Trying To Do My Best

I'm trying to do the best job I can. I do everything I can think of to fix this disaster. I am still working on creating my educational booklets. I enjoy making them and I like the feeling of accomplishment I get when I complete each one of them. I'm waiting for the problem at LuLu.com to be fixed so I can finish the publication process. I'll call them if it goes on too long. I have high standards and expectations, but not everyone can meet them, since I have so many stalkers standing in the way.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 10/31/11.

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Karma

I just spent the last of what I had on one of my credit cards. I spent down the last of what was in one of my bank accounts the day before yesterday. It would be nice if someone who said my money was going

to get to me would actually make that happen. Yesterday I was led to believe that I would get the same million dollars that other stalking victims have been getting. I haven't even bothered to look yet because I didn't believe a word he said. It seemed like the same false hope they all give me. They just lie and then make their plans for doing me in or locking me up so it doesn't matter that they lied to me. That's what they call legal. I guess the chips will fall where they may. I know there are people who are pretending to be on my side. They have their own motives. I know it will be next to impossible to ever have real friends in my life. I just have to deal with the scum I have to deal with who don't give one bit of care for my wellbeing because they are scum and they don't care about anyone or anything. They just don't want to get caught, so they play along and pretend to be on my side and they pretend to do what they're supposed to do. I guess they will get what's coming to them if there is any truth to karma existing,

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 1/01/11.

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Wondering What My Stalkers Will Do Next

I wonder what else my stalkers will do to me today. I wonder how else they will come up with a way to make my life a living hell. They do enjoy this game of making my life a living hell so ever so much. Some people think they will have an easy time faking some evidence to get me convicted of some crime I didn't commit. How interesting will that be? Maybe I will actually get to say my peace in court, like they all get to do.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/02/11.

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I Want To Believe

I feel like I just made it through a very difficult time in my life. I want to believe that things will get much better very soon. I want to believe in people doing the right things. I want to believe in people doing their jobs correctly. I was very scared when a man came towards me with a garbage bag in his hands. I guess my imagination went wild and I wondered if he were going to smother me with it. It seemed way too scary. He was not picking up trash or plastic bottles to recycle. He was walking straight towards me. I'm going to find things to cheer me up today. I'm not doing all that well right now.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/03/11.

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Hope

For some unknown reason, I feel a little bit better today. For some reason, the fourth of November, 2011 feels vitally important and I feel better about knowing something big might happen to save my life. It's exciting that my life could be in less danger soon. It's exciting to think I might be able to buy a house soon. It's exciting someone might be fighting for me on purpose instead of by accident. Wouldn't that be cool? I continue to look towards the future so that I can gather the courage to carry on each and every day. I get my hopes up on a regular basis. But there is hope. It's just very slow in coming.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/04/11.

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Good Morning World!

Good morning world! I'm still here and alive and that's what counts. I'm going to look for things to do to make myself feel better today. I already feel like I need a nap. I woke up with the signs that I put up a good fight. It's too bad I have to fight off my attackers night after night. I wish I could find a better way to survive this mess. I wish I could curl up in a nice comfy bed after taking a shower and soaking in a hot bath. I need to find a way to recover from this disaster. Why did this have to happen in the first place?

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/05/11.

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Oxygen

I don't know how long it takes me to get over inhaling all of these horrid gasses. All I know is that they replace the air I'm supposed to be breathing and lower the oxygen level in my blood. This makes it so I don't have very much energy to do things because of the lack of oxygen. I was in pulmonary intensive care with leg wounds because I had so little oxygen in my blood when a police officer in Rapid City, South Dakota took me to the hospital to have my legs looked at. There were so many drugs in such high quantity in my blood after being attacked while living in the woods they couldn't figure out how I was still alive. People already know I work very hard to stay alive. They already know I have a strong will to live. It's just a matter of waiting for people to do right so that I can move forward with my life and try to recover from this disaster. There is no reason whatsoever to keep my money from me. There never was. All these people are doing is adding up the money they owe to me by refusing to follow court orders. This is the choice these people have made.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/06/11.

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#### Hope For The Future

I wonder what it will be like to be in a house I own. It's been a while. I think it will feel different this time around. I truly enjoyed the feeling of home ownership in the past, but this will be a whole different world for me. I have to know it will happen. I have to believe in it happening. It just has to happen. I'm planning out the order I will do things and how things will go for me in my new life. I like to think of moving forward with my life, rather than my life spinning around in circles like it is right now. I have hope for the future.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/07/11.

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#### Desire For Freedom

It's a lovely day in the park today, but the rest rooms were not open when I got here. I guess the early morning person wasn't around to unlock them. I am tired and I feel better that I did a few days ago. I don't know how much longer I will have to live this way, but I hope it's not too long. I need to move forward with my life and fill it with happiness and joy and laughter and fun. I want to explore different arts and crafts

and make things that will make other people happy. I like to bring joy to people. I like to help people. I want to go forward with my life, instead of turning around in circles all the time. I want to share what I have to give to this world. I want the opportunity to soar with my creativity. I want the opportunity to live life to its fullest. When will people understand my need to be free? When will people start following court orders?

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LlifeJournal on 11/08/11.

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### The Future

I like making an entry in this journal each day. I would also like to get back to using some of the other features of this software. I like the prompts and the quotes available here. It's similar to what I've been doing on my own with books, but it's more convenient in this computerized format. I often wonder what my life will be like once I have a safe place to live. I wonder if I'll be dancing around in happiness. I wonder if I'll be scared and want to curl up and hide. I wonder if it will be a mixture of the two. I wonder when I'll be able to trust people again. I think it might be a case by case situation. There are some people I feel less afraid of than others. I do have to be careful because I have a tendency to fall for people who end up harming me through this study/game/stalking disaster. So moving forward with my life will be a challenge and will take courage on my part.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LlifeJournal on 11/09/11.

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### Plain Old Tired

I sense an impending attack on my person. I don't understand why people are this way. I also don't understand what can be done to handle the situation. My clothes this morning smelled like someone intentionally gassed them so when I put them on I would smell of the gas. They're airing out right now. I don't know how to get past this disaster. I'm so tired of people lying and not doing their jobs. It's just truly annoying. I'm just plain old tired right now.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/10/11.

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### Wondering Around In A Daze

I feel like I'm wondering around in a daze. For some reason I thought money would show up in my bank account today. I was wrong. I'm not sure when it will. I'm not sure when people will start getting their acts together and transfer my money into my bank account. It isn't a difficult process. I don't understand what they think waiting is doing to help me. It just makes it look like they are just like the rest of my stalkers, trying to make my life as miserable as possible. The money could have been in my bank account years ago, but people were so into being cruel, they couldn't see their way to help me. There has been turnover at the banks, but still I sit and suffer. I continue to wait for people to do the right thing and I continue to be disappointed. I expected more out of people. I expected human decency. I don't think that's too much to ask for. It seems like the right thing to do to help someone by doing your job. That's how things work. People help each other by doing their jobs properly. Refusing to do a job properly causes all sorts of problems.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/11/11.

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### Not Enough Sleep

Here is another night where I don't get enough sleep. It's early in the morning right now. I am wondering if I have to renew my monthly modem usage or not. I don't even remember which card I used last time or if it has any room on it. So I am a little weary of what will happen next. I get the feeling that people are waiting expectantly right now. I'm not happy about what's happening and I'm not liking all of the company. Some of it's okay and the rest isn't.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/12/11.

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## Getting My Life Back On Track

I want a way to get my life back on track. I want to get lost in doing something that distracts me from this disaster. I want to relax. I want to eat what I want, when I want to eat it. I don't want to be afraid of being impoverished ever again. I want to move forward with my life. Someone tried to snap my neck yesterday. It did pop, but I survived the incident. I'm not sure why my stalkers are still playing with my body by remote control. I heard someone say they were just keeping an eye on things, but they were causing all sorts of problems because the people they were trying to help had court orders to cease and desist this activity. I'm really not sure why people are destroying everything in their lives by trying to destroy everything in my life. It doesn't make any sense to me.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/13/11.

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## The Money Is Coming Soon

I wonder when the promised money will get to me. People have been letting me know in so many different ways that the money will get to me very soon. They talk about emergency funds and they talk about the money gathered into the holding accounts and they talk about the failed transactions and they talk about the law suits and they talk about how people are going to start buying my books and all sorts of things like how wonderful my life will be and how soon I will be in a house and they also talk about how miserable they plan to make my life once the money gets to me and I find a place to live. The plan is to kill me once I find a place to live, that way it won't be so public when I'm being tortured to death. I wonder what they will think of next?

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LlifeJournal on 11/14/11.

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## I Wish

I wish the remote controlling would stop. But it never will. I am destined to be human bait for the rest of my life. I think someone was had this morning because they actually thought I was more than one person. Now that they have realized I am one person, they don't know how to proceed. Some people want me both alive and dead, hence the protection orders. Wouldn't it be nice if the drugging stopped? Wouldn't it be nice if the gassing stopped? Wouldn't it be nice if I was living in a safe place, such as a house I own outright? I wish I had my happily ever after. Some people say I will live happily ever after because I look at the bright side of everything. So I make the most out of whatever I have in my life. At least I can laugh at my stalkers' stupidity.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/15/11.

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### Difficult To Wake Up

It was strange sitting and listening to others talk about me. I felt like I couldn't move. I know people tried to use the remote controls to wake me up, but it didn't really work. So people were wondering if I was paralyzed or even dead. I'm tired of being so close to death because of all of the cruelty thrown in my direction with all of the overdoses and pain and inability to breath air. Why are these people allowed to roam free when they are so criminal and out to kill me?

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/16/11.

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### Avoiding Executions

Hello world... I am still alive and awake and alert and enthusiastic about staying alive. It can be scary having people talking about killing you because of the whim of some man who decided to hand fast to me. Murder doesn't even phase these people. I'm not sure they even understand the difference between murder and execution. It's an important distinction they should look into. I heard someone say he knew what day he was getting executed and that was why he was where he was last night. He was told he would be executed in the morning. Perhaps he did something last night that caused his execution. Perhaps he should have been law abiding and he could have avoided that execution. I keep trying to tell people they need to stop committing crimes and they just don't listen to me.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/17/11.

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### Transfers

A man said each day would get better and better for me. I think he thought the money was being transferred into my bank account from the holding accounts from the payments people have made for their court ordered payments. Those transfers have not been started. I heard the latest person in line to be in charge of that job doesn't want to do it until I'm dead. What a guy...

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/18/11.

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### Breaking Away From My Family

I wonder if my family will send me greeting cards this year. I don't know what I expect from them. I don't know how I expect to carry on a relationship with them. It's difficult coming up with ways to handle that situation. I'm sure there will be a way for me to handle the cruelty my family heaped on me. It is still difficult to believe what they have done, even though I have been there to witness it. I don't understand how anyone can be that cruel to their family. It's clear that they have only been pretending to like me for many, many years. It does make it easier to live with looking for ways to get out of visiting them over the years. Now I'm actually in the area and I have no intention of going to visit. This is a step forward for me to find my freedom from my family. I need to break free of them and find a way to survive without them in my life. They have brought too much hatred into my life with their lies in the study and continuing to find people to continue the study and harm me. It hurts.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/19/11.

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## Law Enforcement

How many warrants for people's arrests do there have to be before people actually put in the big effort to pick them up? Why can't law enforcement do their jobs properly? Why do they harass the victims and let the criminals do whatever they want? Why can't they even follow orders? Why is it that they seem to think that they will never be caught behaving badly? Why do they think they will keep their badges when they go on like this? What part of law enforcement has to do with harming people on purpose for the fun of it? There are way too many people who decided to join law enforcement to be bad guys with badges. They seem to think they are above the law and don't have to answer to anyone, even though they are public servants.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/20/11.

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## One Day At A Time

I do my best to continue to trudge along with my life. I just keep placing one foot in front of the other and plod along. What am I supposed to do when I can't get people to do their jobs properly? Am I supposed to ignore the fact that I'm homeless? Am I supposed to ignore the fact that people still show up on a schedule to harm me? Am I supposed to ignore the fact that I am still being drugged and poisoned on a regular basis? I just try and try and try to get the concept across to people one day at a time.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/21/11.

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## Doing Right

I don't know when people will get this money to me. I don't know where I have to go in order for people to understand how important this is. I don't know how people will get the concept. People seem to be so full of hatred that they don't wish to live good lives. They seem to hate themselves as much as they hate

others. They don't even help each other in any way that would even help them. But they don't like being in trouble, so maybe there is some hope that they will start to see people get into so much trouble that they will start doing the right thing just to stop the trouble people are getting into because they refuse to do anything right.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/22/11.

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### Drugged Excessively

I actually got to see one of the cars go by with someone inside who was clicking those remote control devices set up to drug me against my will, illegally. It was very sad. I know there are a lot of people who think they won't get caught and think no one is on my side and think they can get away with this illegal behavior. This mess just continues until we can restore order again. This illegal behavior is part of the problem and adds to the weight of how cruel this is. I hope people find a way to get my money to me and help me get to a safe place to live. I don't know how to stop everything because there are too many people doing it and spreading it to others. But we just have to chip away at the problem bit by bit. I saw some people doing the right thing in creative ways and I was happy to see it happening. At least some people are listening and trying to fix the problem.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/23/11.

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### Being Thankful

I am thankful for being alive. I am thankful for being strong enough to handle this disaster. I am thankful for having such a strong educational background and work experience and intelligence to find ways to handle this disaster in a way that could bring it to an end with me still alive. I just continue to work at it each and every day.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/24/11. Happy Thanksgiving!

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## Non-Existent Sex Life

There are people who have been trying to get someone they can trust to be in my life so I'm not so lonely. They have been trying to find someone who I can trust not to harm me to help me deal with the horribleness of being a stalking and rape victim. The problem is they continue to run into people who negatively participated in the study about my life without even meeting me or just making things up they knew were not true or they played the game about my life or the end of my life and they have already been labeled criminals. So it looks like being safe will win out over being with a loving person in my life. The safest I can be at this moment is to live on my own without any love interest in my life. It's very sad to look at things this way, but my safety is most important. I will work on finding ways to handle the loneliness.

I would rather be lonely than feel terrorized by yet another sicko in my life. I've had way too many sickos hovering around me for years now. I will have to be contented with self love for a while until a suitable man comes into my life. It's very difficult for stalking victims and rape victims to move into new sexual relationships because of all of the pain from the previous relationships. Most of the men who would like to be with me want to be physically harmful towards me because of being into spanking for their own pleasure, without regard to my own pleasure. That's the subculture I have fallen into that refuses to allow me to live my own life because they actually think they own me as if I was a piece of property and should not be considered a human being with human rights and constitutional rights. These are some of the sickest people I have ever heard of in my life.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/24/11.

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## Feeling Sorry For Criminals

Here I am and here I stand. People will find out sooner or later that the constitution is more than a piece of paper in a museum. There is a problem with people not knowing how to do their jobs properly and not wanting to do their jobs properly and it is causing pain and suffering and all out chaos. I will do everything I can to right the wrongs I run into, as anyone is supposed to do. But life goes on and my life has been lessoned. My quality of life is not anywhere where it should be. I'm stuck with life being miserable and trying to make the best of it and there are still people who think they can just be as cruel and rude and incompetent as they want over and over again and they think there are no consequences for their actions. I feel sorry for people who don't heed the warnings to start doing right.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/25/11.

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I Still Have Hope

I'm still recovering from deadly gas from last night. I'm not really doing all that well. People are still trying to kill me before I get the money I'm supposed to have. I just have to keep holding onto my belief there is a better life awaiting me when I survive long enough to get this money so I can move on with my life. No one knows how soon I will be able to get a house, but I still have hope.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/26/11.

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Here I Am

I want to move forward with my life, but I'm wondering how that will happen. I'm tired and I'm scared. I have had so many close calls where I was almost killed over and over and over again. Every day I do my best to get through the day. Then I have to survive the night.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/27/11.

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Drugged Again

I'm not feeling all that chipper this morning. I'm struggling to make it through each and every night. People are working os hard to make my life such a living hell on the way to murdering me. I'm tired, but I'm not

out of fight to fight off these unwarranted attacks. I have no intention of being dead any time soon. I don't want these people to have the luxury of saying they were finally able to murder me for the fun of it.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/28/11.

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Fixated

I got out of my car part way through the night last night because the gas was too bad. I wish my stalkers would want to move on with their lives and leave me alone. But I guess that's not in the cards. Stalkers have their mentality of being fixated on me and there is no changing that. That's just the way they are. I guess we all move forward one day at a time and do our best to survive this disaster.

**Notes From My Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/29/11.

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The Lessor Of Two Evils

I don't like to feel scared. I felt very scared last night. I felt scared enough to take off in a hurry and go to a place that isn't very safe, but it was more safe than I was where I was, so that was the plan. Sometimes I have to take the lessor of two evils.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 11/30/11.

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A New Month

Here I am in a brand new month. This is my birthday month and I hope to live a better month this month than last month. Hopefully there will be less drugging this month. Hopefully I will feel better this month. Hopefully the money will get to me this month.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LlifeJournal on 12/01/11.

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### Ready To Move Forward

I don't even know what to write today. I'm still feeling low on energy and I have a headache, but I feel happier than I have in a while. I feel like someone or some people are looking out for me. I feel like there are finally people who might make a big enough positive difference in my life that they will be able to get enough money to me to buy a house. I feel like I'm almost done with being homeless. That's a good feeling to have even if it isn't true. It will at least get me through things for a while. I'll be so happy when I have a place to live and own it. I'm ready to move forward with my life.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/02/11.

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### It's Sad

It's sad that people want me to go back to living with my family when my family yelled at me to go homeless. It's sad that they wanted me to be homeless, but it's even more sad when they don't even care that I'm still living in the area and waiting for them to pay the money they owe me. There was no reason for me to be homeless if they had just paid the money they owed. There are so many people who could have paid me the money they owed me to prevent me from being homeless and starving and being attacked night after night. I'm not sure why my stalkers decided it was such a good idea to keep my money away from me. It just caused so many more problems that didn't have to exist. There are so many more people in trouble who owe me money now because no one cared to stop what was being done to me. People just thought it was a whole lot of fun to harm me as much as possible in any way they could think of over the years. I don't understand why these people don't understand how that harms everyone to make it popular to be cruel to people for the fun of it. I guess there are some people who don't understand

why anyone would help anyone. That's sad to think there are people who don't understand the concept of helping people. How much cruelty is there built up in these people who don't believe anyone should help anyone?

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/03/11.

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### Learning For Everyone

Yesterday was a pretty slow day. I spent a lot of time resting. Some people decided I'm not working up to my potential. I think being a stalking victim and being homeless does tend to keep me from living up to my potential. There are many more things I could be doing with my time if I had a place to live and my stalkers stopped committing crimes against me. I could be making educational materials and quilts. Both of those activities sound like a great way to spend my time. I can work on my art and help people in education. That sounds wonderful. There are people out there who like my educational materials and they find the students enjoy them as well. Getting students to learn and like learning is a huge task, so I like to do my part to help get kids excited about learning. I want them to be life-long learners. That's my goal. I want to help people learn how they learn so they can figure out how to get their information and understand what they are learning so they can be more productive citizens in the community.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/04/11.

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### Not Much To Say

I don't have much to say right now. I'm feeling too cold and I'm not in the mood to type. I have hopes that this day will bring good things. I just don't know what.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/05/11.

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## Surviving

I made it through my birthday and lived to tell the tale. I didn't do much for my birthday, but at least I made it through the day alive. It's hard to handle being surrounded by people who want to harm me to the point of death. That's a lot of baggage to carry around. People are still looking for folks to be with me once I have my own place. I don't know what it will be like once I have my own place and I don't know how long it will take for me to feel safe enough to have a sexual relationship again. It's been so long since I've been able to participate in the decision to have sex while I'm awake. I know it will be with people I don't know, so I will have to find out what they will want with me, since I am in the middle of a group of people who like to be harsh and I don't know if I can handle that after everything I've been through as a rape victim and as a stalking victim.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/06/11.

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## About Last Night

It was interesting seeing and interacting with people who are involved with the study and the game. I think I've even seen one of the people before last night. I think I remember him laughing at me for my misfortune and not having anyone to care about me and how pathetic my life was. I think it was hard for him to see his own life be disrupted by having to move suddenly. I think they were told they were getting a taste of what it was like to be me. I think these people were even afraid I was going to break into the place they were staying and do things to them in the middle of the night. That is a scary feeling. I know it well. So maybe they did get a taste of what my life is like day in and day out, night in and night out. I even heard them talking about how I thought they were idiots trying to steal my trackable property. I don't think that stopped them from trying. That's just the way they are. They put their all into making my life a living hell.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/07/11.

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## Feeling Safe

I wonder how much closer I am getting to death. I wonder how much pain I will have to endure. I wonder when I will be able to get a place of my own to live. I wonder when I will find love in my life. I wonder how safe I will be in my new home. I wonder if I will have to get a second home to get away from my stalkers. I wonder if I will ever be able to get away from them. There are so many of them, and even though people are being handled by the legal system, things are still a long way off from getting good enough so I feel safe.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LlifeJournal on 12/08/11.

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## Mixed Feelings

I have mixed feelings about skipping a day of updating this journal. It was important to finish of the little floral J journal because I was scared and I had the feeling I needed to get it updated and finished. The last few pages had some interesting entries. I don't know how I feel about typing up a journal from when I was locked up in a health care prison in South Dakota. I guess it needs to be typed up and posted so I can put it behind me. The second journal from that time is so hard to read because the drugs were making it hard for me to control the muscles in my hands to write legibly. I truly believe I was on my way to my death. People think I've been sentenced to death by health care. It's a very sad predicament. I know I'm supposed to help fix this mess, but it is so much larger than I thought it was. I'm not giving up, but it is so much more difficult than I ever thought it would be. I was living in a fantasy land where I actually believed people did the job they were supposed to do. I haven't been able to get law enforcement or health care or lawyers to do what they are supposed to do to save my life. None of these people seem to think saving a person's life is all that important. I'm sickened by the things I have found out along the way about how people view this world we live in.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LlifeJournal on 12/10/11.

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## A Reprieve?

I wonder if I got a one night reprieve or if this will be a trend. I heard someone saying things were starting to taper off. I liked that idea. I still have things to be afraid of, but maybe some people are finally getting the concept that I shouldn't be murdered. That would be a huge step in the right direction. I enjoyed going to different places yesterday. It was like a breath of fresh air. It felt good to go on a drive and see some beautiful landscape and seascape. Taking a long drive used to be my favorite thing to do to relax and enjoy myself. It has become problematic since my car got turned into a death mobile. I look forward to getting a different car very soon. I also look forward to getting a house to live in very soon. I will continue to cross my fingers and hope for the best.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/11/11.

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#### Rumors To Destroy A Life

There are so many rumors that some people are trying to stop that I can only hope to get through this disaster with my life in tact. I will have to start all over and rebuild my life again. I will have to continue to replace things in my life. I will work hard to make a fun and comfortable place for me to live when I finally get to buy a house for myself. I hope this happens soon.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/12/11.

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#### Getting Past It

I don't like what my stalkers are doing. I guess lately law enforcement has been asking my stalkers to do things to me, but they refuse because I'm non-responsive. I want to move forward with my life. I want to stay alive. I want to have a safe place to live. I want this disaster to be behind me forever. There is no way to do all of that, but I can try to get past at least some of it.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/13/11.

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## Rules

It's hard to carry on when people sit around looking for as many ways as possible to make my life a living hell. My stalkers are really bad. They are causing so many problems for me and for others that people are going to get fed up with them and find ways to move forward without them messing things up in this world. It's already started. There is a point where things get so bad that drastic measures are used. It's called rules of engagement. When things hit a certain point, there's no going back. It's how wars are fought and it's the way things are handled in difficult situations.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/14/11.

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## Adventure Time

Here I go, off on another adventure to stay alive instead of getting killed by the people who want me dead or are too stupid to know they are on their way to kill me with what they do to my body. It should be an interesting evening and day. I hope it is better than yesterday.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/15/11.

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## Pretending

Today is a day of hope. I have renewed hope that things will dramatically improve in my life. I am also working on getting distance between me and my family. I'm afraid of people in my family wanting to harm me or to have others harm me. I feel more safe to stay away from them. I drove up and down the streets

where I grew up and where my grandma live just to see the houses one last time in the middle of the night. It seems so strange that they would involve themselves to the point of there being so much evidence that people have no choice but to charge them in court and have them convicted of various crimes. How could I have grown up with people who just pretended to like me? How did I survive?

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/16/11.

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### Not Too Chipper

I'm not feeling all that chipper today. People tried to wake me up in the middle of the night again. They figured out people are exploding capsules of gas in my digestive track and then leaving it in me so I get sick from it. That's been going on for years. People thought it was fun to blow me up like a balloon with the capsules of vaporized alcohol in my digestive track and the blockages in my digestive track. The people who started this cruelty didn't know how out of control things had gotten. They made this so wide spread that they have no way of stopping the cruelty. Some people are working hard to destroy the supply of the capsules of all kinds. I applaud their efforts. They never thought of a way to get the capsules out of me so they wouldn't clog my liver. They never cared because they were trying to murder me by calling it a mercy killing. They don't seem to care about my feelings on the subject. I want to live, not be dead. One day maybe they will understand that my opinion counts for something. They seem to be too busy ignoring me because they think of me as a non-human being with no rights whatsoever. They couldn't be further from the truth.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/17/11.

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### Running From Criminals

I feel like I have to act like a criminal just to keep the criminals away from me. I don't actually commit crimes, but it sure is hard to stay away from the criminals after me. They know what they are doing is illegal and they know I haven't been convicted of any crimes, yet they refuse to stop. I;m not sure what to do about it, other than do my best to stay alive. People say tomorrow is a good day and my life will start getting better starting tomorrow. I will wait to see what actually happens. I've been lied to so many times by these people who don't bother to do their jobs to make sure things get better for me. There are so

many lazy people who don't bother with doing the smallest parts of their jobs that could actually make a huge difference in my life. I only end up getting accidental help by people doing things they don't even think will help. In fact they are trying to harm me and it ends up helping by getting them taken care of by the legal system, since failure to prosecute is a crime.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/18/11.

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### Family Hurts

I don't know what to say to my family. They don't understand what they've done to me and they don't understand why they are in trouble with the law. They expect to be cruel to me and then have me pull them out of whatever mess they are in. I'm tired of being abused. I'm tired of being used. I'm tired of hearing what they say about me. It hurts too much.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/19/11.

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### Harmfulness

I don't know what can be done to fix this situation. I've tried so many different things to stop this, but things only get done in small increments. It's hard to get criminals to follow the law and live a lawful life. They prefer to commit crimes. And apparently it's sport to harm me.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/20/11.

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### Making The Most Of It

Here's to hoping for better days... I will do everything I can to make my life as good as I can under my circumstances. I still fight to stay alive every single day and night. It wears on me over time. I am very tired and I feel worn out. But I'm not giving up. I will continue to look for the positives in life and make the most of what I can.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/21/11.

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### Wasted Resources

Last night was not good. It was not good at all. It's hard to get the point across to people that they are just being plain old stupid. It's hard to get the point across to people what their jobs are. It's hard to get the concept across to people that watching me fight off my attackers is not a sport. These people have lost touch with the reality of my being a horribly victimized person. They are so out of control they have to have special instructions about how they are not allowed to harass me, since they think harassment is part of their job description. Some people actually think they are supposed to antagonize people and make their lives a living hell. That's what they think they get paid to do. It's a waste of resources to employ people who are incapable of doing their jobs properly and absolutely refuse to do as they are ordered to do. What a waste.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/22/11.

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### Cruelty

I've been looking for things to come in the mail to help me get through the month. One of the letters I got let me know that investment money was kept from me. That's very sad. I was hoping for that tiny check to come in to help me through this difficult time, but I guess that isn't so. I'm stuck with a difficult situation again because I believed people who said I would get the money this month. I don't know why people try so hard to make my life so horrid. It doesn't make any sense to me at all. They seem crazy to me. Why on Earth would people try so hard to make my life so miserable? I guess they blame me because they don't know how to live a life. I think that's their own fault. They can learn and ask questions and work towards

being better educated and that would fix the situation. These people don't want to learn how to read and they don't want to know how to live a lawful life. They think committing crimes is the most fun in the world.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/24/11.

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### Human Decency

I wish I could get people to understand the issues at hand. I wish I could get people to do the right thing. I wish I could get people to stop hunting me and stop harming me with gas and remote controls and forced drugging. It's hard to live a life when people insist on making my life a living hell. Someone just exploded more capsules in my right lower leg on the outside side of my leg. It feels like things creeping around inside of me as the exploded capsules move the other capsules out of the way as they explode. It's truly disgusting that people actually think this is the way people should be treated. It's even more disgusting that people think they should kill people for the fun of it. How horrid is this world with people who go around declaring mercy killings in order for people they don't like and then having people go out and kill them. Some of them do it themselves and others get people to do it for money. The hunting of humans for sport is a very bad thing indeed. When will human decency come into play?

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/25/11.

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### Getting Past This Disaster

There are people who still want me dead. There are people who still want to kill me by gassing me to death. There are still people who want to kill me on a holiday so they have more of a reason to celebrate that holiday. It's sad that people want to hunt me down and murder me for the fun of it. But that is the situation I live in these days. I write about some of what goes on, but some parts I don't want to write about. Some parts scare me too much to write about in my journals. So I just leave those parts out. People don't understand the kind of fear I deal with on a daily basis. They don't understand what it is to be terrorized and tortured and have people attempt to murder them. It's hard to explain the feelings that go on during this. I guess there are a lot of people who are happy about the rumor that I've been captured as a prisoner because they think that means someone has control over me and that's what they wanted

all along. The only thing is that these people seem to want me to do what I want, which is feel better, recuperate and do what I enjoy doing. So my stalkers are getting eliminated one by one and I'm finally going to be protected, since that is what I've been begging for for years. I don't care what they call it. If they call it something that gets my stalkers to leave me alone finally, then fine. No one else has been able to control my stalkers, who are the ones who need to be controlled, so this sounds like a good solution to the problem. These people who are telling people to back off sound like the best group to help me get past this disaster. No one else has been willing to do anything to help me get past this disaster.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/26/11.

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Full Recovery?

It's scary when seeing the morning light scares me so much. I worry that something worse will happen to me than has already been done. I get scared and I just hope that things will get better so that I can survive through this disaster and into my recovery from it. I heard people are expecting me to have a full recovery. I think that's the PC way of saying they don't want me to have any more issues due to this stalking disaster. So many people contributed to my poor health and the physical issues I have because of what's been done that people don't want to be in trouble for this condition being permanent, so they are hoping for a full recovery. I'm hoping for a full recovery because this situation makes me angry. I don't like what's been done to me and I don't like how people have hunted me down and tried to kill me over and over again. It's horrible.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/27/11.

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Scary Life

Here I am in a place where I can be inside while typing and charging my phone and laptop. It feels good to have a place where I can be inside. I do get cold sitting outside in the early mornings. I don't know what more I can do to make things move faster towards my improved living conditions. I certainly put in a lot of positive thought towards improving my life and I look for new ways to improve it. I have to be careful with the money I have left to make sure it lasts as long as possible. It's really not very much money. I have to be very careful not to spend too much on food. I try to keep the gas bill for the car down, but this month

has required a lot of driving to get away from my attackers. I truly wish I had a place I could call home, so I wouldn't have to be out in the cold and out trying to run away from my attackers and I could just lock them out of my house. I don't know how else to make this mess better other than asking people to get me the money I'm supposed to have so I can move forward with my life.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/27/11.

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### Hopefully Living My Life

This is a scary world. I heard someone come down the hill near me last night. It's a very steep hill and there isn't any way of getting back up where they came down. It's a bit of a slide with piles of dirt or small rocks that have fallen down. For the most part, last night was better than most. I have hope that things will improve greatly in a short while. I don't know if they will or not, but things should start to look better because they just have to. Things just have to get better. They can't continue this way anymore. I need to be allowed to live my life.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/28/11.

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### Continued Education

What else do I have to say today? Some days it seems easier to write than other days. I suppose that's true for all writers. I do consider myself a writer and I do consider what I write to be important to many people. I would like to get back to creating educational materials for people to use in the classroom and at home. I think that is a very valuable skill I have. I like making educational activities to help people learn and enjoy learning. It is so important for people to know how they learn and to be lifelong learners. Our society is such that it is too complex for people to know everything with just a k-12 education. It is even too complex for people to know everything with a four year degree after k-12 education is completed. People need to know the value of continued education when they have the time and ability. Many people learn new things by getting books from the library or purchasing books to build their own personal library. Many people take classes in the community or at local colleges. Some people learn from each other. There are many educational opportunities on television or in the movies. The news and newspapers and magazines are also good sources of educational material. People have a variety of choices for how they

continue their learning throughout their lives. Reading is very important. I hope we can find a way to help everyone learn to read in one way or another.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/28/11.

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### Some People Think

I am sad that people lied again about me getting money. I hope people will start doing what they are supposed to be doing in the near future. This whole disaster is a huge mess. I am very tired of people breaking the law and not obeying court orders. It's tiring to see so many people build up their hatred for me just because they didn't want to obey the law. I'm tired of people thinking it's part of the fun to be cruel to me. I'm tired of people taking turns harming me throughout the day and night. I'm tired of people blaming their misfortunes on me when it happened because they chose to break the law. I'm still hoping for people to get their acts together and start doing what they're supposed to do and get this money to me. I did hear someone say they finally understood why law enforcement was saying I should get the money. They finally understand that I don't have any money to commit any crimes. I guess they were hoping I would steal when I was hungry enough. I think we have gone through this enough to see that I just reduce the amount of food intake in order to squeak by with the tiny amount of money I have been given. The crimes they want me to commit cost money.

Some of these people think a sting operation means faking evidence. They don't understand it's just people committing crimes right in front of law enforcement and getting caught. Some people think all law enforcement is doing wrong so it doesn't matter if people commit crimes right in front of law enforcement. There are some people who actually want to keep their jobs, so they actually do their jobs properly. So some people actually get arrested and prosecuted and convicted. There are people who are waiting for me to get charged with charges to go along with being classified as incarcerated in some computer system. Someone said it was a mistake and there is no way of undoing it. I say all of this mess was a mistake and there is no way of undoing it. I've already been victimized. There is no way of undoing that. That's why I'm supposed to have this money. But people are just hateful and they are doing anything they can think of to make my life a living hell. That's just the way they are: cruel.

**Notes From The Author:** This was entered into LifeJournal on 12/30/11.

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