

## San Luis Obispo: A Litany of Betrayals

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IB4 will provide some context to this revelatory essay. So, in lieu of said context, I will attempt to catch you up to speed. I have been an identifiable target of powerful persons ever since 1992. Previously, the targeting was not something I was aware of. After 1992, I was given enough evidence to know that I was a target. This targeting would eventually lead to my failed suicide attempt in 1999. After that, my targeting became more intense and more specific. First off, I was misdiagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia. As a result, I was easy to gaslight in many ways, the most insidious of which was to gaslight me through the American mental health system and its lies re: the nature of my illness and ways to treat it. IB3 (and IB3R) both chronicle what I went through in my years of psychosis (2005 – 2009), which psychosis was brought on by the absence of the anti-psychotic medication I never should have been put on in the first place. Anyway, soon after I found myself pulled into a romantic relationship with a married woman not yet diagnosed with DID (Dissociative Identity Disorder). Her name was Isabella<sup>1</sup>. The nature of her illness was more complex than what the DSM-IV would have us believe, and we knew it. But her role in my targeting will be dealt with at another time. What this essay will focus on is my relationship to Transitions Mental Health Association (T-MHA) and San Luis Obispo (SLO).

Isabella lived in Lompoc, CA. We lived together there until I got arrested for Domestic Violence. There's a whole lot more to that story than meets the eye as well, but, again, this is about San Luis Obispo and Transition Mental Health. So. Skip a bit. After getting out of jail, I wound up alone in Santa Maria, CA. To rebuild my life, I started earning a Certificate in Human Services at Allan Hancock College. You know, since those of us diagnosed with mental health issues usually have two options: either continue to suck on the public teat or work in the field of recovery. Neither option is all it's cracked up to be, even when you aren't a target like me.

First, I lived in a room rented in a house. The other two rooms for rent were taken by one of two women each. The blonde suffered from mental illness, as did the brunette. The brunette was also a drug abuser. Having hit yet another form of rock bottom in my life, I started attending Church for Life. I asked to join a Bible study there, because I wanted to figure out whether my decision to leave the church when I was a teenager had been the right one. The overseer of that study suggested instead that I attend Celebrate Recovery meetings. Because I was an outcast and did not deserve to attend their Bible study, obviously. Once an outcast, always an outcast. I was serious about revisiting Christianity, though, so I agreed. Oops.

I met addicts struggling with drugs and alcohol and pornography, all looking at their struggles through the lens of the church. Sad thing was the eyes of the church were not forgiving. I witnessed well enough how it was that these "addicts" were attempting to remove their addictions for peace of mind and heart. But it had to be especially thwarting for a particular member to bear the scarlet letter of pornography addiction no matter what he did to elevate himself in the eyes of the church. Christ forgives. People judge.

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<sup>1</sup> Not her real name, but the name she asked me to use when writing about her.

This led me to push myself into my final episode. I went off my meds. Even though I was meeting people. Even though I had acquired maybe one friend<sup>2</sup>. Even though I was attempting to recover. I knew the path before me was nothing but demeaning to my spiritual integrity. The course of this episode will be revealed in IB4<sup>3</sup>. After this, I found myself employed by T-MHA in Santa Maria and living with Isabella once more in Lompoc.

Some of the people in Transitions Mental Health were genuinely invested in their recovery. They really did want to help others. The man who initially hired me was a good man. He saw that I really did want to be of service. He saw that I was capable. He made me a host for the Recovery Learning Center in Santa Maria. This meant I welcomed members most days to our social meeting place and helped keep them informed on planned activities.

Eventually, I took on other paid roles. I presented computer classes and handled calls to the Warm Line – not quite a crisis line, but a place for people to call to speak with an empathetic stranger for at least a little while. I was also invited to present to the Santa Barbara County Board of Supervisors on the topic of mental health and its relationship to privatized jails. I meant to do a lot of good, and people liked me, because I was – and still am – a basically likable guy.

Then, still in the vein of doing a lot of good, I published IB3. Oops (again). After publication, I gave it to the then-head of the RLC to read and give me his input. I warned him that it was not an easy read and that it contained a lot of questionable material. He said he read it. I thought he had, although the jury in my mind is still out on that one. Anyway, we talked about my book and what I hoped to accomplish in terms of creating in terms of my life a recovery story that might inspire others. In the interest of this, I asked him to pass along a handful of copies of my book to his colleagues in San Luis Obispo, to get their take on what they thought did and did not work. I hoped to use their guidance to make sure IB4 fell in line with contemporary recovery principles and highlighted the right topics. Did he pass out those books? I'm honestly not sure. One thing I do know for certain, however, is that I never heard anything back from anyone out of San Luis Obispo. Not directly, anyway.

This RLC director then placed copies of my book for sale in the RLC Gift Shop, a newly refurbished room aimed at spreading awareness of our community throughout the city. The only substantial feedback I received on IB3 was from a colleague of mine in recovery at the RLC. Jockeying to outshine me, she would eventually betray me – but I wouldn't figure that out for a few years. Other members of the RLC community either did not read my book, or if they did, they didn't want to talk about it. One member told me she found it offensive, but that was all she had to say.

As my relationship with Isabella progressed back in Lompoc, we were looking to move to a new apartment in that city. That's when the director of the RLC invited me to take on a "full-time job" with greater responsibility. I was to be a Work Assessment Specialist. My new director was based in San Luis Obispo, so I would have to drive to that location to meet with her from time to time. I got a feel for the office politics there, and they were toxic. My new director was a good person though, like the person who originally hired me a couple of years back at the RLC in Santa Maria. She told me she had not read my book because she had been instructed not to. I was good at my new job, and she knew it. Unfortunately, there was never enough work to sustain me. Also,

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<sup>2</sup> His friendship was a lie, though.

<sup>3</sup> If my life is not destroyed first.

it was during this time that I lost Isabella to an "accidental overdose." That's another long story that falls outside the range of this essay. Now living in Santa Maria after a break with Isabella that preceded her passing, I did my best to cope. Still working for Transitions Mental Health, I hoped things would pick up. I even went back to presenting computer classes on the side. I was isolated, however, and all my employers had to say was that I should get some counseling. I'd already had enough "counseling" to know I wanted none, and then the work promised me in my new job never materialized. Clearly, my promotion had been arranged to move me out of Transitions Mental Health altogether.

That's when I ran back home to Southern California. Got an apartment in Upland. Went a little crazy. I don't call it an episode because it was more spiritual than chemical in nature. Which distinction I cannot make in the limited space of this essay. Suffice it to say, I ended up in jail not because I broke the law, but because the officers sent to my apartment for a wellness check very deliberately provoked me and then put me under false arrest. They didn't even tell me I was being arrested. They spoke as if they were going to take me somewhere to be evaluated, when really they were taking me to the privatized jail in Rancho Cucamonga. There I was put through my paces for about three weeks. I left that jail having been inducted against my will into The Woods. I even heard later from someone who should know that dragging me into their gang at my age was technically against their code. Anyway, to get out, I pleaded guilty to Resisting Arrest.

What followed was a period of on-again off-again homelessness, followed by some time in a couple of psyche wards and then life in Long Beach and Bellflower. In one of the psyche wards, I remember a young blonde woman who told me I'd upset some powerful people and had better find a church or something for protection. But I already knew how toxic churches could be. I also knew I could not pretend to be a believer, even if my life depended on it. After getting out of there, and then getting out of another place I lived in in Long Beach, I moved to Bellflower and called my colleague from the RLC in Santa Maria for help. She suggested I sign up for AmeriCorps. So, that's what I did.

It was a ton of work getting all the paperwork together (online and off) to put in my application. For letters of recommendation, I asked Transitions Mental Health for assistance. They obliged, and I asked AmeriCorps for assignment somewhere in Northern California. I got accepted, but not there. Someone in Prescott, AZ (and Prescott Valley) expressed an interest in me. I said yes and did everything I could to pull up stakes and move from Bellflower, CA to Prescott, AZ. My parents helped me buy a new car in Prescott. One day, on my way to work in AZ, I went out to my car to find that the back hatch had been electronically unlocked in my absence. This happened one or two more times. It was gang-connected locals telling me I was being watched. I don't know that calling them gang-connected is right, though. I think what I am dealing with is at least cartel level, if not much higher, deeper and worse.

Not wanting my books to interfere with my work in Arizona, I pulled them from publication for a year. Toward the end of that year, I still had some male stranger call me on my work cell and accuse me of having called his daughter from that number. It was a lie, but that wasn't the point. The point was to harass me. Also during that time, I had a very capable psychiatrist who evaluated my condition as follows: Major Depression, with (only) a History of Psychosis. Nothing more. Anyway, when my stint with AmeriCorps ended and I refused to sign up for another year, the director of the company who hired me in Prescott Valley moved out of state. So did my psychiatrist. Once more, I was on my own.

So, while still living in Prescott, I trained in Phoenix to earn a Peer Employment Training Certificate in hopes of re-entering the mental health field. For work I taught English to Chinese students online. But the Prescott underground didn't want me in Prescott anymore. They not-so-subtly harassed me both in public and in my own home. So, I fled to Peoria, where nothing changed. I was still a target. I took on a job in Mesa – a hell of a commute – but my coworkers there, all young white techies, saw fit to harass me by staring at me while I was working. It was a simple way to distract and intimidate. It worked. That's when I gave up on all things Arizona and fled back to San Luis Obispo, still thinking that maybe the mental health provider that had "saved" me before might do so again. Talk about being deluded. But I had no other option, and both my betrayer colleague and my former director said I was welcome to return. So, I did. Another oops.

When I arrived in San Luis Obispo, I met with the now-former director of the Santa Maria RLC. I say now-former because he had been moved in my absence to The Growing Grounds – an orchard owned and operated by T-MHA. It provided people diagnosed with mental illness a place to work with their hands and grow things for the community. Had he been demoted? Maybe partially on account of me and my book? I suspect so. Not that I could ever prove it. So, in meeting with this man, we had a heart to heart, the upshot of which were the following takeaways: 1. I should live in my car and volunteer at The Growing Grounds until I found an apartment. 2. I should attend Hope House (SLO's version of Santa Maria's RLC, where I used to work) as a member in recovery. 3. I also learned through a slip of the lip that this man, who said he had read my book, maybe had not read it after all. Whatever it was he muttered in terms of specifics, I definitely heard the following loud and clear: he had mishandled IB3 and in so doing brought shame upon me, himself, and Transitions Mental Health. Fuck. I wrote my memoir honestly and presented it to him with integrity, and he and T-MHA shit on me in return. Fun times. But the fun was just beginning. I was in San Luis Obispo now, and there were prices I had to pay.

So I didn't have to live in my car, my parents paid for my stay in a local motel while I attempted to secure an apartment. This took a month to accomplish. I went to a number of places, but whereas I am usually able to land an apartment with relative ease, I got denied repeatedly. Then, I got an offer from a complex located near the local college. If I wanted to choose the unit, I would have to wait at least another two weeks before move-in. If I took the unit they had ready unseen, I could move in in just a couple days. Since my parents were already concerned about the cost of the motel, I jumped on Apt. A.

But first, I have some unsettling events to relate. I knew right away I was socially 86'd in that town. People who should have no reason to know who I was already did, or soon got caught up to speed. It's not like they told me they knew who I was. I had to figure that out myself. That's how rumor works. People talk behind your back but very rarely to your face. It's easier for everybody. The liars that is. As for the victim, well, not so much. In addition to the general antagonism of the town toward me, the following happened at the motel. I walked out to my car in the morning to get something out of the trunk. A cleaning lady was standing under the awning in front of my car. She had her cell phone out. She wasn't taking video of me (which people in public have done from time to time), but she was definitely watching me. As I reached for my keys, the hatch of my car unlocked. I looked over. The woman smiled. Aren't cell phones neat? Having been through so much social abuse already, I shrugged it off and got what I came for from my trunk. Then I went back to my room. I'm guessing that's not the reaction she was looking for.

While I was still living at the motel, I walked or drove to Hope House – the social gathering place for people diagnosed with mental illness maintained by Transitions Mental Health of San Luis Obispo. When I first joined there, I fit right in. I knew the energy of the place. Hell, I used to be a host and an instructor at Hope House's Santa Maria counterpart, the RLC. I was confident and friendly and felt welcome. That soon changed though, as rumors began to spread. It wasn't just a problem with the other members, either. It was rooted in a number of the workers there, too. It took two events related to Hope House to sear into my mind just how much of a target I really was.

The first of these events was a gathering at a local park for members and staff of all the recovery houses: Hope House (SLO), RLC (Santa Maria), Safe Haven (Arroyo Grande), Life House (Atascadero), and Helping Hands of Lompoc (Lompoc). Even though I knew a number of people there, the only ones who were happy to see me were a couple of the members of the Santa Maria RLC. One other member I recognized very creepily brought up the topic of the local prison. The way he said it harkened to ways I have been threatened with incarceration over the course of my targeting. Also of note was the conspicuous absence of one of my old co-workers from Santa Maria. She had a love-hate relationship with me. She had a crush on me, which crush she even confessed to me verbally. She didn't use the word "crush" specifically, but I know what I'm talking about. She also resented my relationship with Isabella. The two members who were still friendly with me reminded me how things used to be for me at the RLC. Now, however, I was exhausted, and they looked worn as well.

But what really sinched things for me was what happened on Hope House grounds the day after I signed the lease on the latest apartment I'd been corralled into: Apt A. I was smoking a cigarette in the smoking area with a handful of the other members when two uniformed officers approached. They said they were with probation. They said they were looking for Apt A. One of the members piped up, "There is no Apt A. The apartments here all have numbers." Then one of the officers turned with his back to me. He reached his arms around his back and formed a letter A with his fingers. If that wasn't aimed at me, I'd love to know how that was just "coincidence." I didn't freak, though. I just waited for the officers to leave. I then moved on with my life; or at least what life my abusers would allow.

When I moved into my new apartment, it seemed nice enough. Except for the incredibly porous stucco ceiling. I even saw a spider crawl *out* of the ceiling once. It also had a heater that wasn't hooked up right. It wasn't a danger, but it also didn't work. This was during the summer, though, so I didn't even know about it at the time. A lot of the rest of the complex felt oddly inhabited. I later deduced that this was probably because a number of the residents there were either members or associates of the local "cartel". The first real sign of this I got was when I brought my cat (originally adopted in Prescott, AZ) from the shelter taking care of him in Ontario, CA up to my apartment in San Luis Obispo, CA. My cat was a fixed black male. He was a super kind cat. We got along really well. A neighbor from upstairs on the opposite end of the building spoke with me a bit. I'll detail her weirdness in IB4, but for now, I just want to say this. She asked me how my cat was doing. I said he was fine. She said she was surprised because she could swear she'd cut my cat's throat with a knife. This reminded me of a story Isabella told me once about one of her cats, who had supposedly been mutilated by a jealous lover during one of our periods of "estrangement."

Now, I am not going to lie. I was a little screwy in the head by this time, after all I'd gone through since Isabella's passing. Also, during this time, COVID-19 was beginning to take its toll. This meant that even the toxic lifeline of Hope House was taken from me. Due to social distancing, all in-person groups were shut down. They would eventually be replaced by online versions, but that wasn't going to happen for quite a while. But before all of this went down, let me tell you more about my experience of Transitions Mental Health and Hope House during the time just before COVID.

I signed up to volunteer in the main office at T-MHA. My supervisor asked oddly invasive and suggestive questions about me and my life from time to time. The questions were subtle, but still it became clear to me that she was digging around and trying to figure out my triggers. She also told me that there had been significant changes in personnel since I worked there a few years ago. She said those changes were for the better. I knew right away the opposite was true.

Additionally, when I had first started volunteering and was waiting to meet with a supervisor in one of the cubicles there, the following event took place. A Hope House member who was just "stopping by" came up behind me and – I shit you not – pulled from his pocket a small aerosol mister. Before I was even aware of his presence, he squirted me with it, drawing my attention. After inhaling this mist, my thinking blurred a little. It wasn't overwhelming. I did recover. Still, I had been chemically dosed in-person by some asshole from Hope House. I reported it to my supervisor. She did nothing.

During this time, at Hope House, I started a writing group. But as the social tide there turned against me, I got targeted by off-hand remarks clearly intended to make fun of and demoralize me. And if I confronted any of the other members with questions regarding my being targeted, they never answered directly. This was how I'd been messed with for years, so it wasn't anything new, just exhausting. Then, after a month or two of disrespect from all things Transitions, COVID-19 got Hope House to shut its doors. This left me even more alone than before, in a city firmly under the control of my abusers. So. What was I to do?

Still not fully aware of how deep a hell I was in, I tried to build a life outside of Hope House. I started, pre-COVID, by doing two things. The first was to look for work with Transition's help, which meant I had to sign up to receive assistance from the very same program I used to work for: Supportive Employment. I needed Transitions to help me find a job. Of course, all they managed to do was assign me to a trial work period that did nothing but wear me down. They also edited my resume in dysfunctional ways. So, I finished the trial work period and withdrew my interest in the program. It was post-COVID by the time I got out of there.

My other attempt at building a life pre-COVID was to join a local writer's group. It was nice to meet up with people in person and talk about writing. Some of my fellow writers were decent people. Others, not so much. Eventually, the group became so toxic (and toward the end, I myself threw in a few toxins of my own just to give the finger to the leader) it disbanded. It was resurrected for a time under different leadership. That might still be the case. I don't know. Anyway, even within a writing group, I was an outcast. Talk about demoralizing.

When Fall and Winter rolled around, it got cold. I tried to turn on my heater, but it wasn't working. So I called the gas company, and a worker kindly came out and fixed it. He said he wasn't supposed to do that, for whatever reason, but he did it anyway, which was nice. Turned out, it had been disconnected in some fashion, but he got it working. I didn't use it a lot, though, mostly because I had to use fans to keep the air flowing from open window to open window through the

apartment on account of the dosing. When my second Fall/Winter rolled around, I tried to start the heater up again. It had been disconnected a second time. I didn't do it. My cat didn't do it. And no one other than me was supposed to be in my apartment anyway. But, when I'm being targeted like I am... well... whatever, right?

Occasionally, I went out to bars. There were two bars I liked. One was within easy walking distance from where I lived. Our writing group met there a couple of times. When the writing group ended and COVID was a thing, I remember asking one of the waitresses if it was okay for me to smoke on their patio. They said it was, so I did. Later, the manager or owner or whatever, told me I couldn't come there anymore because I had supposedly continued smoking when a customer asked me not to smoke. That never happened, but people who harass me have no respect for the truth anyway, so why should I be surprised? The other bar I liked was one a bit more social. There were even a few people there friendly enough to start up conversation with me, and that was nice until word about me got around and my social connections there started to dry up. The cherry on top was when I came in one night after I'd been 86'd from that first bar, only to be told I was 86'd from this one, too. Small, vindictive town. I had done nothing to upset the patrons of either establishment at those establishments. But because my reputation either preceded or closely followed me, they got upset all the same.

Then I found a job. I landed it for two reasons. One, I changed my resume back to something more workable. Two, I was interviewed by a nice professional based out of San Diego, rather than Grover Beach, where I ended up working. I delivered cannabis products with my own vehicle within a reasonably wide delivery radius. I got a lot of tips. But I ended up getting 86'd out of that job, just like I'd been 86'd out of those bars: unprofessionally. Sadly, during this time I was using a fair amount of the product I was delivering. This impacted my thinking in negative ways. So much so that I became less grounded in consequence. This meant I acted out. My acting out made me more of a pariah. But still no one in my mental health circles or in public ever called me out on it, except one time, when a neighbor and a couple of his friends harassed me for something I had said to him several weeks previous. What I said was threatening. But I only said it because I did not realize at the time that he was not the person I thought he was. You see, my previous upstairs neighbor had moved out, and my new neighbor had just moved in. But I was never made aware of this, so when I threatened him, I thought he was my previous neighbor. Who was my previous neighbor? Let's spend the next paragraph on him, shall we?

This was the guy who I'm pretty sure dosed me from time to time through the porous stucco ceiling of my apartment. He lived upstairs of me. He also sometimes made a sharp knocking noise – not quite rhythmic – against the ceiling of my bedroom. It was like audible "Chinese water torture." I never met the guy, although one time early on when I was kicking it in my living room he and his surfer friends were carrying surfboards on the stairs just outside my apartment. He looked in and made eye contact, then thrust his chin in "greeting." We never spoke or interacted before or after... except when he was torturing me through his floor and my ceiling. This history, and all the other garbage I endured in San Luis Obispo, is why I said something threatening to someone I thought was him one time when I was walking to my car and he (not he, my new neighbor) was going up the stairs.

So now let's talk about how I was harassed by my new neighbor and his two friends. Having been living and suffering in this apartment for about one and a half years, I had moved my bedroom mattress out into the living room, since the knocking wasn't so loud there and I had

more control over airflow than I did in the bedroom. It was around 2am. I was asleep, and someone was knocking loudly on my front door. Having gone to bed fully clothed that night, I quickly opened the door and asked what was up. The biggest of the three young men did most of the talking. I don't remember how he started our conversation, but he said I had threatened his friend and that he was there to protect his friend. He asked to come inside; he seemed eager to see my apartment, probably because he'd been tossing rumors around for whatever reason about what was in my apartment. But that's mere speculation on my part, I'm sure. Like my belief that at least one of the men had their cell phone set to record what they hoped was about to happen that night.

Anyway, not about to give them permission to come inside out of concerns for my own safety, I said I would come out. Having closed my door behind me, I sat down on the bottom of the stairs going up to the second-floor apartments. This gave them more physical advantage over me than they already had; they were three, I was one. It did spin them off their game, though, which gave me the opportunity to skirt their line of questioning without ever admitting I ever threatened anyone. Rather, I brought up the fact that what they were doing right now might be considered harassment. The big one backed away from that in a joking manner. Probably because he knew the cops would be on their side, not mine.

As he talked and loomed over me, the big one spit again and again over the course of his diatribe on the ground. He spit deliberately and in a way that clearly signaled he was itching to fight. He also made a telling statement. He said I did things I didn't remember. He said this, of course, because he was assuming things about not only my mental health, but my mental capacity as well. It gets into mind control, too, but I won't talk about that here. Finally, when I mentioned again how I was being targeted, this a-hole had the balls to say, "Come on, you love it."

The one who was my neighbor seemed a gentler soul. The other one, the shorter on, he was dangerous – or at least his energy seemed much darker than that of either of the other two. Eventually, perhaps at my neighbor's request, they calmed down and the big one did introductions. The big one gave me three names. I didn't even attempt to memorize them, as I had no reason to suspect they were real. My neighbor even apologized for not having ever introduced himself to say hello. I don't remember the order of everything that happened that night, it being late and me having to deal with the stress of being threatened. At any rate, at some point they left. I went back inside. Then, maybe an hour later, there came a knock on my door again.

When I answered the door, it was the big one and the small one. My neighbor was not there. They were still itching for a fight, and they accused me of having lied. Not taking the bait, I simply told them they had no idea what I had been put through during my time so far in San Luis Obispo. So the big one took a different tac. He pretended to be chummy with me and told me I should party with them sometime and that he could get me girls. Not taking this bait either, I told him to feel free to come by whenever he'd like. Then we said goodbye. I closed the door and never saw those two ever again. I never saw my neighbor again either.

Around this time, I started letting my cat go outside. After maybe a month of that, the other upstairs neighbor who'd talked about having slit my cat's throat left a note on my door. It asked if I was okay and said that my cat had been visiting other people in the apartment complex. My cat wasn't home at the time. I went upstairs. The neighbor and a couple of her friends were



smoking weed with the door open, so I stood outside and said I was okay but thanks for asking. She barely acknowledged my presence. Then I went home, and over the course of the next several days, noticed my cat had gone missing. I never saw my cat again.

I'm not going to detail everything in this essay. But I will list the following. Someone shouted in the vicinity of Hope House that he wanted "to break his (my) jaw." At the local gym, other people stared me down to make sure I knew I wasn't welcome. At Hope House, I had members and/or staff I thought were friends turn out to be just the opposite. One of them told me proudly that his people "had guns." Another said I was just a baby who needed to learn how to talk and carry a weapon. He even held a rope or a belt in his hands as he spoke of being strapped to a chair and tortured. The saddest of all was when a seemingly nice enough member told me about someone who had been doing things that made Hope House look bad. She meant me. But she wouldn't admit it. She was just fucking with my head. And it worked.

Here's something else that happened at Hope House worth recording here. I made friends at Hope House, and these friends usually proved false. Those that seemed more inclined toward genuine friendship, however, simply up and disappeared. I don't know why. I could speculate, but I'm not going to bother here. Rather, I will top off this "mystery" with the following event. I was attending a COVID-19 Socially Distanced music listening group toward the end of my time in San Luis Obispo, which meant that EVERYONE in the group by then had it in for me. The group was interrupted, however, by a person I'd encountered only a few times more than a year ago. He was going off the rails, yelling at everybody and accusing them of being liars. However, when he noticed I was there, he backtracked enough to suggest that ALMOST everyone there was a liar. Because he knew I wasn't. Because he knew I too was being victimized by the iatrogenic care bestowed upon us all there at Hope House.

Finally, here is a gloss of the story of my online experience in San Luis Obispo. A necessary understanding for my readers here is that I have been hacked non-stop since well before 2009. Lots of monitoring and experimentation. Sometimes outright noticeable hacking. I frankly do not remember the ins and outs of what was wrong with my computer network this time around, but it had something to do with my Apple TV. It would stop mid-show and display other anomalies that made me aware of how insecure my network was. My router was getting hacked too, but in ways I don't remember. Anyway, at one point I went to the Apple store in San Luis Obispo for work to be done on my laptop. It was an ordeal, particularly because a couple (or three) young male computer techs there were deliberately unhelpful and did their best to aggravate me. I believe this is because they were more interested in hacking me than helping me. Why?

Because a little while after they had finished their work, important files were stolen from my Apple account. What was stolen? Work files (like resumes and letters of recommendation, etc.), as well as my books and other unpublished writings. Personal files having to do with Isabella were also missing. All of it was clearly aimed at preventing me from moving forward with Infinite Book 4: Recovered Dreams, as well as employment in general – not to mention inflicting emotional turmoil. Thankfully, I was able to contact Apple Support over the phone and online, and they were able to retrieve a lot of my stolen files. Not everything, though. I still had to reassemble my resumes and I lost a ton of incredibly valuable writing. Additionally, I had to contact my publishers to get copies of those files that had gone missing. Messed up shit.

Another hack job that occurred around this time was a Russian love-interest phishing attempt. Describing the ins and outs of my thinking during this time and through this experience

will require IB4 to do it justice. Suffice it to say, I never truly believed this woman was real, but I did allow myself to pretend I did, to see how far it would go. It ended when I carelessly shared my Facebook password, thinking I would still be able to recover my account after the fact. That proved to be wrong. I lost my account. I also suspect the phishing was connected in some way to those local Apple employees who likely hacked my iCloud files. Anyway, not fun.

When I decided to leave San Luis Obispo, I called several places around the central coast, looking for somewhere to live. No one returned my calls. I had been 86'd yet again. I did get to move, but not in-state, and the rental company I signed up with was suspicious. But that's another story for another day, one I hopefully will be able to tell with a happy ending in a few years, rather than more of the same. But I'm not holding my breath.