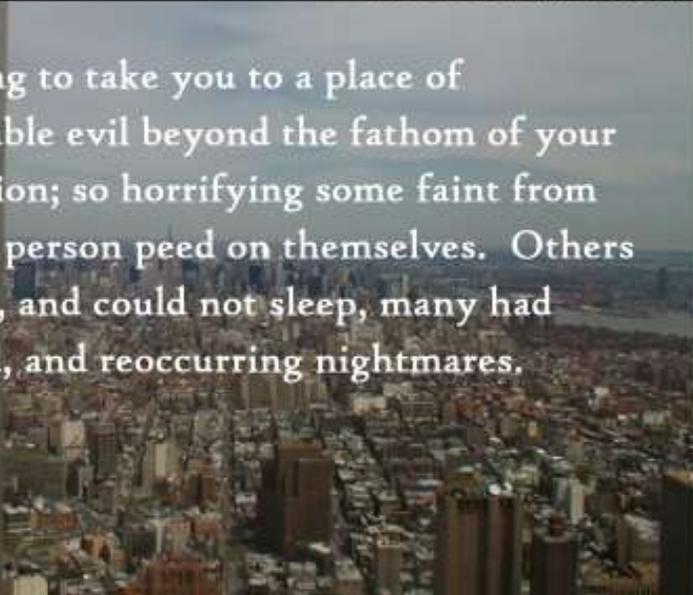




2016-03-13(15:14:04)

I am going to take you to a place of unspeakable evil beyond the fathom of your imagination; so horrifying some faint from fear, one person peed on themselves. Others trembled, and could not sleep, many had profound, and reoccurring nightmares.



UNSPEAKABLE PAIN

BARDES

UNSPEAKABLE

PAIN

By

David A. Bardes

A story of horror, torture, murder, pure evil, survival, courage, grit, and the will to never give up.

Se: 1/1
Im: 1/2

PELVIS

A True Story

Mag: 0.4x

CS-3

Alamance Regional Medical Center

Ex: 200211120953963

BARDES DAVI

1963 Apr 25 M 86184

Se: 1/1

Acc: 6892585

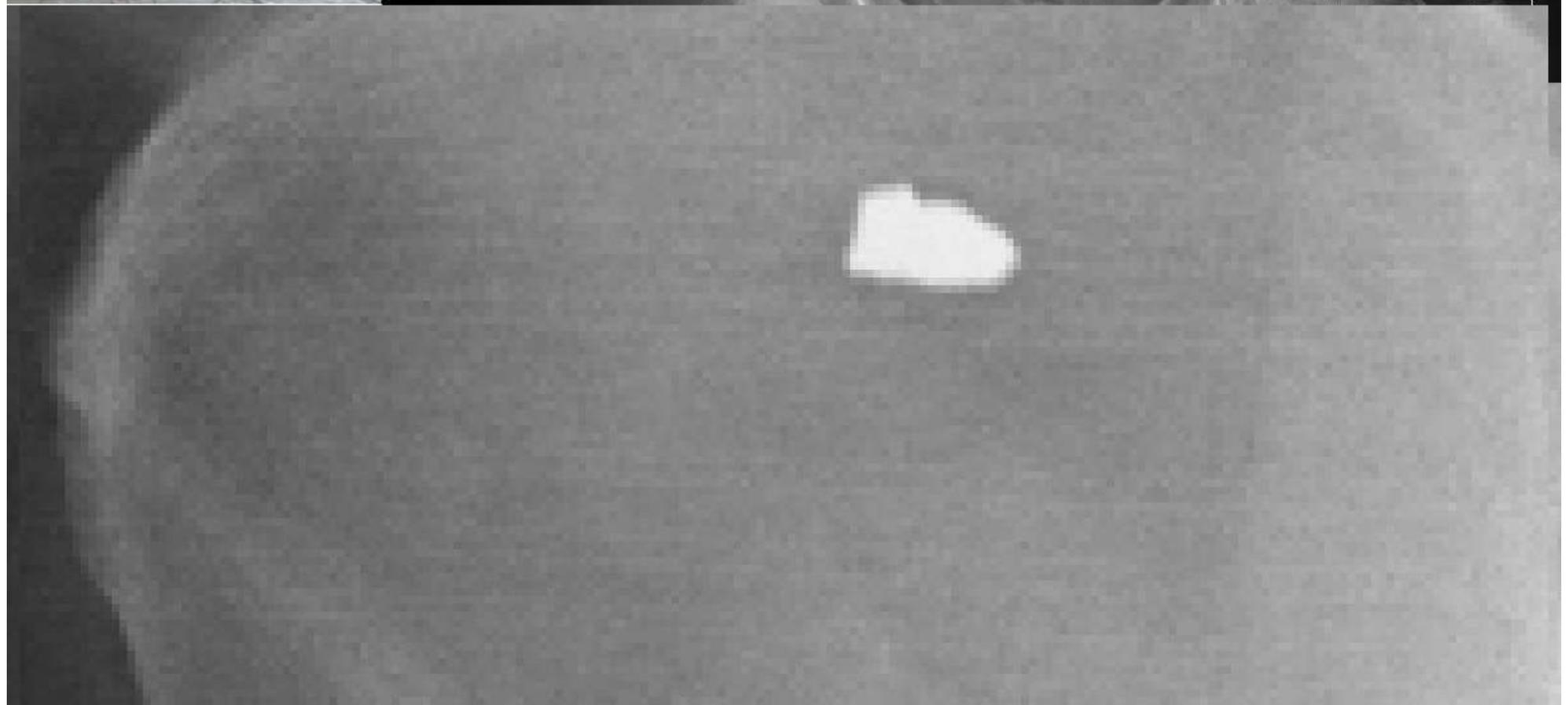
Im: 1/2

2011 Dec 0

PELVIS

Img Tm: 19:59:5

Mag: 0.4x



Unspeakable Pain

A story of horror, torture, murder,
pure evil, miracles, survival, courage, grit,
and the will to never give up.

A True Story

By

David Andrew Bardes

UnspeakablePain.com

UnspeakablePain.com

First Printing 3/3/2017 – 2nd Ed. 5/9/2017

Copyright © 2017 by David Andrew Bardes

All National and International Rights Reserved

ISBN-13: 978-1544055046

ISBN-10: 1544055048

Table of Chapters

Page No.

1. Chapter 1 - Introduction
6. Chapter 2 - A Bad Day at Work
9. Chapter 3 - The Affair is Finally Exposed
10. Chapter 4 - The Day We Signed the Divorce
13. Chapter 5 - Working in the World Trade Center
16. Chapter 6 - Stop Over in Winston Salem
21. Chapter 7 - Moving to Charleston RV Park
22. Chapter 8 - Lake Francis
24. Chapter 9 - Camp David and Depression
26. Chapter 10 - The Attacks of 9/11
31. Chapter 11 - Officer Nyblock
33. Chapter 12 - Becoming a Christian at age 7, in 1970
35. Chapter 13 - Vow of Celibacy
36. Chapter 14 - Falsely Claimed Child Support Arrears
40. Chapter 15 - Lawyer John Magera's Meeting with Betsy
41. Chapter 16 - Complete Destruction
43. Chapter 17 - Real Child Support Arrears This Time
45. Chapter 18 - Thrown in Jail and Tortured Almost to Death
48. Chapter 19 - The Night Before the Garfinkel Trial
49. Chapter 20 - The Judge Garfinkel Trial
51. Chapter 21 - Brutal Torture
68. Chapter 22 - Revival from Hypothermic Coma
82. Chapter 23 - Medical Cell Block 3G – The Hotel in Hell
123. Chapter 24 - The Negotiation and Contract
127. Chapter 25 - Trapped Again
128. Chapter 26 - Go Back to Work
136. Chapter 27 - My Faith in God at this Point
137. Chapter 28 - Making Peace with Betsy
140. Chapter 29 - More Medical Problems
143. Chapter 30 - Lawyers and Lawsuits
150. Chapter 31 - University of North Carolina Mental Health Hospital
152. Chapter 32 - Glendale Lane
155. Chapter 33 - Back to the Lawsuit
172. Chapter 34 - 17 Days in the Desert
175. Chapter 35 - Campus Trace

- 187. Chapter 36 - Post Gunshot Knowledge
- 196. Chapter 37 - Cold Cell Research
- 203. Chapter 38 - Marshall Project Article, and Senate CIA Torture Report
- 205. Chapter 39 - Hip Surgery
- 207. Chapter 40 - House Burns Down
- 210. Chapter 41 - Moving to the Mountains
- 243. Chapter 42 - Justice Scalia's Untimely Death
- 257. Chapter 43 - Summary
- 261. Chapter 44 – Conclusion

Chapter 1 – Introduction

2/17/2017 - Brevard, North Carolina

I am going to take you to a place of unspeakable evil beyond the fathom of your imagination; so horrifying some faint from fear, one person peed on themselves. Others trembled, and could not sleep, many had profound, and reoccurring nightmares.

On September 9, 2015, someone at the US Department of Justice, in Potomac Maryland, went to an Internet search engine called “Ask.com,” and searched for “David Bardes Story,” found, and clicked through to my website, confirming I existed. Otherwise, they would never believe the story.

The story passed around the hallowed halls of the US Department of Justice, consisted of the greatest evil one human, could do to another human.

After the 9/11 attacks on the World Trade Center towers, the Bush administration employed a series of torture techniques, banned by the Geneva Convention, and United Nations. One technique, from the US Department of Justice’s list of signed legalized banned torture techniques, was titled “Cold Cell” and “Induced Hypothermia,” which is the forced reduction of your body temperature until you die. Cold Cell torture was employed to brutally torture, and freeze to death, an innocent human, believed guiltier, for resisting. This started what would be a fifteen-year period of governmental actors hiding, covering up, and avoiding any form of accountability. Especially after realizing, Cold Cell torture killed.

There was an underlying story, far more sinister than the CIA's brutal hypothermic murders, as all Federal judges, including the US Supreme Court, since 9/11, adopted a practice of instantly dismissing every Federal torture lawsuit, just to protect friends, who felt regret, and feared prison.

This produced a grave secondary effect, as it gave the green light to our local jails, youth detentions, state, and federal prisons, that torture was on. Inmates were brutally tortured to death, and no lawyer on earth could ever help them, nor their next of kin, ever file a lawsuit, and win.

One torture technique, almost all our jails and prisons adopted, was to set the thermostat of their air-conditioners to temperatures which froze inmates to death with hypothermia. Many had specially engineered cold cells, just for torture, in blasting cold cells. I found eight citizen-inmates brutally frozen to death, from places all over the country. All locked in cells made so cold by air-conditioners, they could not stay alive, or get out. Some of the dead, in sheer panic, scratched their fingernails bloody into concrete walls in attempts to get out, and stay alive.

I found out about hypothermic torture/homicide, because I was locked in an engineered cold cell, and almost died from hypothermia too. And I have never been accused of a crime. I taught myself the law, and litigated a series of three Federal lawsuits, over ten years, to bring this practice of cold cell torture to an end. On April 15, 2016, the US Supreme Court, on my second time there, voted to no longer dismiss any torture lawsuits, especially those of hypothermic torture/homicide. Ending the torturegate scandal.

Hours later, a Federal judge in Seattle, Washington, did not dismiss a partly hypothermic torture lawsuit, against two CIA torture doctors, who designed and implemented the torture program, and were directed by Vice President Dick Cheney and President George W. Bush. In what shocked not just the legal community, but Internationally, the US Courts reversed their long-established fiercely denied practice, which finally unleashed a flood of torture lawsuits from our own citizens to move forward in the courts.

Since then, sheriff's, youth detentions, state, and federal prisons, no longer with protections from the higher courts, adjusted thermostat temperatures, to levels at which humans can remain alive. Lest, they become broke inmates themselves after being successfully sued. And all Federal judges, and the whole DOJ, have readjusted back once again, to being the vicars of prisoner safeties. No longer required to run immunity over murder, to protect remorseful, guilty friends.

I reestablished the normal and proper functions of justice, and credibility of our US courts, and restored the DOJ, to once again be able to protect the rights of citizens, before it was too late. And stopped the United States, the country I love, from brutally torturing to death its own citizens. It would take me 3,666 days to do so.

I ended up, fully implicating the entire executive power structure, of two Presidential administrations, and all Federal judges, including the entire US Supreme Court. Minus one justice, who died on President Bush2, and Vice President Cheney's, hurriedly arranged private hunting trip for Justice Scalia, with invitation to join their private International

hunting fraternity, at a ranch in way west Texas. To secure Justice Scalia's key tie vote, against my stop-torture-murder petition, which had just come before the court, for a vote.

I call it divine providence, that the last and biggest obstacle, to stopping the bloodshed, was taken out by what doctors call, an untimely death. Leaving the eight remaining justices, able to end our nation's second greatest evil.

For those of the three faiths, of the God of Abraham, my story ends with God winning, a total utter and complete victory.

This is not a religious book. More something religious happened to me, and without it, the story cannot be told, or even happen. So, if I offend anyone, please ignore or skip the religious words. At no point, do I try to convert you, or ask you to believe anything. I only reference one bible verse. There are plenty of non-religious, and horrific parts, of the story, to keep interest.

Of note:

One of the early oppressors in my story, fully redeems herself, many times over, and ends the story a hero. Please do not pre-judge, my closest lifelong friend, Betsy, my ex-wife, and mother of our two adult children.

I use real names and places, except in a few cases, with reasons I preface. There are unknowns in my story, and I preface those as well. But the timing and sequence of events, which transpired after a known starting point, allowed certain

conclusions to be drawn, about the unknowns, making them known.

There is one major unknown, which may remain unknown, because no one is talking, with good reasons. They may take their truth, to their graves.

Chapter 2 - A Bad Day at Work

January 21, 1999 - 970 Limekiln Pike, Maple Glen,
Pennsylvania

My alarm clock sounded off, with its panic whooping sound, right at 3:00 am. As if to warn me of another day, and my long commute, across two states, to New York City. My bare feet hit the cold bathroom floor, as a reminder it was a January cold winter day. After the steam of a hot shower, and cleanness of a shave, I began the process of putting on my business suit. First, the freshly starched shirt, of which the stiffness made the buttons unbearable. Then socks, suit pants, belt, and then the delicate dance of tying my tie. After getting it right the first time, I placed my suit jacket on, and did an inspection in the mirror. With a final touchup with the comb, on my still wet hair, and wiping a sleep-um from the corner of my eye, I was ready to face the world.

After kissing my sleeping children and wife goodbye, I headed downstairs to retrieve my business bag, and car keys. Pulling the front door behind me, locking in the once again darkened house, I stepped into more darkness, and onto a dusting of snow, laid down during the night. With a chirp from my keyless remote, the Volvo S-80, my dream car, came alive. The interior was cold, so was the seat, and steering wheel. I pulled out of the driveway, took a left onto Limekiln Pike, and headed for the Pennsylvania turnpike, for my forty-mile drive to the Trenton, New Jersey train station.

The only part of my three-hour commute to New York City, which I disliked, was the freezing cold wait on the Trenton station platform. Without fail, the morning frigid cold winter

wind, and driving sleet, would penetrate all my clothing. And the wait for the train, would seem to take forever.

Once aboard the Amtrak Express, I could sit in relative warmth. After the roughly one hour ride to Newark Station, it was back into the cold, down several flights of stairs, then up several flights of stairs, until I stood waiting for the PATH train. To take me under the Hudson River, and onto the tip of Manhattan. The PATH train was always standing room only, and as all things New York, full of a cross section of worldly travelers.

When the train came to a rest, several stories below street level, I began the long trek up a series of stairs and escalators. After waiting in line, and showing my security pass, I got on the first set of elevators. The elevator cars were packed as always, with at least 55 people. The cars were nicknamed “Cattle Cars,” as was quite appropriate. As the car began to ascend, I looked at my watch, as a habit of mine, to time how long the car took to reach the 78th floor. The average was 48 seconds, depending on the swaying of the building in the wind. This trip took 66 seconds, which meant a good stiff breeze was blowing on the upper floors. I stepped off the cattle car, and onto the 78th floor sky lobby. I found the next set of elevators, pressed the button, entered a much smaller car, and then pressed the button for the 101st floor. The doors closed and the car lifted.

After greeting my coworkers and associates, I stepped into my office, put my bag down, took off my coat, and stood in front of the narrow window. The view from the 101st floor of 2 World Trade, was breathtaking. On a cool crisp morning, I could see the entire south bay, and all the way past

the Verrazano Bridge, well out into the Atlantic Ocean. The Statue of Liberty was but a spec, down in the water. And you could look down on the planes flying below, landing in Newark.

This day, however, I looked but saw nothing. I did not see in my career that I had climbed the ladder of success, to the top of the World Trade Center, in my thirties. Nor, that I had two wonderful preschool children, a big home, and a big income. No. This day all I had, and all that consumed me, was this sinking, heavy, sickening feeling, that my wife, the love of my life, was having an affair.

Chapter 3 - The Affair is Finally Exposed

May 7, 1999 - 970 Limekiln Pike, Maple Glen, Pennsylvania

The problem with affairs is one of the anatomical parts is lust. Lust is a driving force. It causes sloppiness, which leads to getting caught. In the case of Betsy, and Fran, the nanny's husband, the weakness was Fran. Fran's wife, Susie, our nanny, was a very strong woman and she caught onto their games long before I did. It ended up Susie forced a confession from Fran. Susie, in turn, broke the news to me. She said it directly, "The other man is Fran, my husband. They are having an affair." There was no other, or nicer way, of breaking such news to someone, and I appreciated Susie for her simplicity.

Fran told Susie "I love Betsy in a way that I could never love you." Ouch. I did not like hearing that either. I chose the kitchen, of all places, to confront Betsy. I also had other adult witnesses present, that I had briefed. Betsy took it well and admitted the affair. She walked out of the kitchen, thus ending the discussion.

The heavy weight on me was crushing. Reserves of inner strength are often necessary to get through such events.

Chapter 4 - The Day We Signed the Divorce

January 20, 2000 - Law offices of James M. Jacquette, at Timoney Knox, LLP, Fort Washington, Pennsylvania

It took about six months to put the divorce together. I did not want a divorce. Betsy wanted a divorce. Betsy sued me for divorce, and I granted only after several denied letters to Betsy to save our family. We each had our own attorneys. We all worked together to draft a single divorce and property settlement agreement. Neither Betsy nor I, wanted to go to court, and we never did. Instead we worked together and came to a mutual agreement on every item. The final agreement was a customized combination divorce, settlement, custody, and support contract all rolled into one document.

On the day of signing, we all sat around a large conference table, and worked over the final draft. The asset split was as to be expected, fifty-fifty. Betsy got the cash, most of the stocks, and all the retirement funds. I got the hard to sell assets, house, all the debt, and tax burden. Personal property, including antiques, art, and jewelry were split based on which family the items were originally obtained. Property acquired during the marriage went to Betsy.

Custody was not an issue until the final meeting. We had both agreed on full joint custody, but since Betsy and Fran were moving to Charleston, South Carolina, the following morning to start their new lives together, and since I was working in an inherently dangerous building in New York City, the physical distance and the danger created a logistical problem. If the kids had a medical emergency, Betsy might not be able to reach me in enough time. The lawyers had a good point. To resolve the problem, we gave Betsy what was

called, “Joint Custody with Primary Placement” and I simply had “Joint Custody.”

That decision, and I had no idea at the time, was the single biggest mistake, and regret of my life. As I was going to learn in the most painful way possible, that those two words “Primary Placement” were in all legal meanings, and practices, the equivalent of no custody at all. What I did not know at the time, was my decision, made in the best unselfish interest of our children, was going to turn me into a non-custodial parent, one with no rights whatsoever. I unwittingly signed away my right to be any kind of parent, and instead became a visitor. I could only visit my children on visitation days. And visitation was minimized to twice a month, eradicating me from the lives of my children. With no warning from my lawyer, with the stroke of my pen, I did it to myself.

My child support was statutory. Pennsylvania had a computer program, when entered pertinent facts, would calculate child support. Mine was \$1,866 a month. On top of this was alimony of \$1,000 a month for 12 months. Betsy’s lawyer argued for a longer period, but my lawyer rebutted, that given infidelity she was lucky to get a year. In addition, I was to continue the kid’s health insurance at \$500 a month each, and pay 80% of other child expenses. All such items agreed to, and the final copies were passed around, for signatures and notarizations. Later the lawyers submitted executed copies, before a family court judge to sign and return, as no Judge was needed, not when you get along.

I was officially divorced from the woman I loved since age 15.

The following day, Betsy and Fran packed their cars, including my two children, and drove to Charleston, South Carolina. Later that morning I moved back into the big house. Betsy, Fran, and Betsy's brother, had gone on a rampage smashing glass tables, light fixtures, lamps, and every single light bulb in the whole house. They even used a pole, to smash all those bulbs up in the light cans, high up in the ceilings. Broken glass was everywhere. There were bloody cat footprints all over the floors, as they left four cats behind, whom had cut their paws on the broken glass. I sat in my son's room, taping bandages on all those tiny paws and cried, painfully, for hours. I missed my children, and I missed Betsy.

Chapter 5 – Working in the World Trade Center

1997 to June, 2000 - 101st floor of 2 World Trade, New York, New York

I was hired by Aon Consulting, the consulting division of Aon PLC, now the world's largest global insurance brokerage firm, but then the second, in 1997 to build their “voluntary employee benefits” practice. Employees of large companies are usually provided company paid health insurance, while all other benefits are voluntary, and require some out of pocket cost, by the employees, by payroll deduction from paychecks. It was the latter in which my efforts focused.

Aon leased most of the top eleven floors of building 2 (south tower), because the rent was so cheap after the 1993 first Al Qaeda terror bombing, which killed six people. No one wanted to work so high up in the two tall buildings, already bombed once. Guess where I ended up working? Aon paid us more to work in the World Trade Center towers due to the inherent risk. We called it combat pay, and for 176 of us, it was just that, their last payment on earth.

Having the “101st Floor 2 World Trade” address on a business card, however, was magic to opening doors of businesses. No more effective an address, at the time.

After an intensive 30-year career, I would describe the insurance business as 40% crime. To avoid such crime, I designed an elaborate process of bidding for insurance business, with checks and balances, to ward off corruption. When a Fortune 100 company, hired us to bid out their voluntary benefits, the insurance companies made direct bribes, the moment they heard about it, from any source. To

sway the selection process, not in their favor, but only to them.

I placed an annual limit on gifts from insurance companies, to \$25 a year. This allowed a breakfast, or lunch, but not a dinner with bottles of fine poison, only once a year. I also refused all free vacations to exotic places around the world, limiting them to none. I prepared 50-page RFP's (request for proposal) and mailed to twenty to thirty insurance companies whom specialized in each benefit, giving them four months to submit sealed bids.

When all the proposals arrived, I reviewed, and spread sheeted all variables, and results. I prepared a report detailing how, and why, five finalists had been chosen, to come in person, and make their final pitches to clients directly. I required the final five companies sign forms, attesting nothing had been given to me, for their selections. After the final five presentations before clients, in person, our client decided whom to place their business, not me. Thus, removing any chance of corruption, and delivering the best results to clients, their employees, and stockholders.

The process caught on very quickly, clients liked buying the best benefits, at the best prices, with assurance in the selection process. Word spread Bardes was not taking vacations, and limiting gifts to \$25 a year, which was fiercely rejected, with protests, hiding fear of income loss. The results however, produced seven figure revenues consistently, which caught the attention of the home office in Chicago.

In 2000, our division management team, from far corners of our nation, were called to Chicago headquarters, for a

planning meeting. They flew the corporate jet to New York City, to fly us there, which meant something was up. Sitting around a large conference table, in an all-day meeting, the bad suggestion was made, to always include one insurance company, owned by Aon, as one of the five final finalists, on every case, regardless of quotes. This was called bid rigging, and highly illegal. It is not an ethics issue, it is crime. Especially under fiduciary duties.

A vote took place to do such. I was the only one to vote no, all the others put their hands up in the air, for a yes vote. I was commanded henceforth to do so. When I flew home, I typed up my resignation letter, giving four weeks' notice, they asked for six, and I said no.

There were three reasons I left my job in the World Trade Center, the above where I had no choice. Further, I wanted to start my own consulting practice, as telling the truth in the insurance business, puts you in the top 1%, all alone, so why not go it alone? Thirdly, I wanted to move closer to my children in Charleston, so they would have their father in their lives.

In June of 2000, I left Aon, more than year before 9/11. Betsy and I joke today with others, saying it was the first time an affair, saved someone's life, and have it be true.

Further on, I will share 9/11 events from the perspective of my coworkers, who were inside the towers, and survived, and the 176 whom did not. There is the untold.

Chapter 6 – Stop over in Winston Salem

Late 2000 - Winston Salem, North Carolina

I started “Bardes Consulting, Inc.” in Maple Glen, Pennsylvania, and once profitable, I moved to Charleston, South Carolina. But I stopped over in Winston Salem, North Carolina, to help a friend with a computer programming project.

My friend, Mark Less (last name changed because he is a friend) just made the cover of Black Enterprise Magazine, for his successful, and fast growing, criminal background check company. Which he had just won the right, to be the first company to obtain the North Carolina Criminal Database, from the state, to be placed privately online, and allow Mark’s clients, and employers, to run their own background searches in real time, at a fraction of the usual cost.

The state did a huge data dump, from their mainframe computer databases, onto hundreds of CD-ROMs. Mark gave the box to me.

I had previously purchased a large motorhome, a Fleetwood Discovery, for weekend trips to Charleston to visit my children. Which after selling my house, became my temporary home, with my car towed behind the motorhome. Mark had a space behind his house, to park and hook up the RV, while I went to work on his project.

Computer programming had always been a hobby, and at several points during my life, a source of income. My specialty was very large databases, securely connected to the Internet.

Mark's business was growing, and had little space left, so we set up a temporary work station in Mark's office. One day Mark was introduced to a friend of a friend, who did computer programming. The programmer told Mark I was purposely working on the database in the slowest possible way, and was wasting Mark's money, and once again a white man is stealing from the black man, saying all this right in front of me. He claimed a free utility, could build the database in five minutes. The person pointed at me, and said "He is the man!"

Mark fired me on the spot. I grabbed my coat, and said to Mark, when you need me, I will be in my RV, in your backyard, because I am not leaving. Two days later Mark knocked on my RV door, and said I was right, the guy had no idea what he was talking about. I grabbed my coat, went back to the office, and was never spoken of again.

In about ten days, I had the database built. Most of the time was spent error checking the data before loading, during loading, and after to confirm, with logs to verify. The database was full of mistakes, and errors caused by the State, not maintaining the data integrity (correctness.) There were killers shown as only having speeding tickets, and grandmother's listed as killers. The mistakes were corrected, before we could use it online.

I was perplexed how our state would be able to keep us safe, when they had no accuracy confirmations, in records they viewed. The only accurate, cleaned up, NC State criminal database, was owned by Mark. Later, I found such

incompetence, across almost all governmental databases, and practices. I was seeing the tip of the iceberg.

At night, Mark's backyard, and house, were full of friends, lots of socializing. His friends were curious why Mark had a white man living in an RV in his back yard, I invited them all in and shared beverages. We talked nothing but race. They were able to ask a captive white man, in safety, questions with fully truthful answers. I told them things they did not know. And I was able to ask black people questions I never knew, and they graciously told me as well. We talked every night for hours, it was wonderful.

The most valuable lesson I learned, was to understand and recognize, what I call latent racism. Due to the kindness and patience given me, once I understood, I saw it everywhere, all day, and night, and ever since.

To give you an example, if a white person was following another white person into a store, the white person would hold the door open, for the white person behind them. But if the second person was black, the white person would let the door close in the face of the black person. I refused to believe it, until the next day, when the exact scenario occurred before me, as I walked into a store. But, I held the door open for the black man behind me, who saw the whole thing. I said after you sir, and he amplified his thank you, and mutual understanding.

Once you are attune to recognizing it, you can learn more about a person, than they are leading you on to believe, giving you a position of strength. Also, I learned there was a direct correlation, between racism and ignorance. The more

someone was racist, the more ignorance. On a graph, it would plot as a 45-degree angled line going up. This reaches a peak on the graph, when people put white bags over their heads and burn crosses. It is a gathering of idiots, hoping no one knows who they are, doing something Jesus told them never to do. Hiding even identity, is an admission of cowardice, and a position of weakness, as nothing productive can be accomplished, as evidenced by such.

I grew up in a strict mid-western household, and if I had used the n-word, I would have had my mouth washed out with soap, or whipped by a tree sapling. And get the 'racism is a sign of lower intelligence; do not tell someone you are stupid' lecture. Thanks to Mark's friends, and their kind patience, and my experiences since, I concur with the childhood lectures.

One night Mark had a party, with 300 black business professionals in his back yard. As I joined the party, and looked out over the crowd, only seeing one, or two white people, I thought this was what black people must feel like, going to an almost all-white party. Which for me was, I sure hope everyone likes white people, or it will be over quick. They were the funnest group of people, I had ever encountered in my life.

Once the database was fully functional, with accuracy, and online, I concluded the project, and drove to Charleston, my ultimate destination.

I was thankful to be able to help Mark, and very thankful for his generous payment of services, because a time would come

where Mark saved my life from utter despair, to which I could never show more gratitude and thanks.

Chapter 7 – Moving to Charleston RV Park

Late 2000 - Charleston, South Carolina

Due to a lack of long term RV spots in Charleston itself, I located to a RV park just south of Charleston. I rented a space on a monthly basis, and pulled into a spot between two small RV trailer renters. I would describe the two neighbors as overly sunburned angry white men kicked out of their houses, by wives tired of constantly drunken husbands fighting.

Without fail, by noontime, both were liquored up, and pissed off at each other, resulting in a fist-fight, in front of my motorhome. This occurred while I was on the phone with clients, who could hear the fighting and yelling, in the background. I finally had to demand the two move their fights behind my RV, not in the front. Which they did, only after telling them, there was shade from the hot sun behind the RV, and they were already sunburned. Thanking me for my concern.

At the time my daughter Allison, was six, and son David, seven. Both loved RV parks, which were designed for curious children to enjoy with parents, meeting new friends, and making memories. After a prolonged separation, living so close to my children was joyous.

Business was growing quickly, and delivered boxes of work piled up my RV, leaving me with a space issue. Once I had no room to move around in my RV, I decided I needed to buy a house or house/office.

Chapter 8 – Lake Francis

2001 - Harbor Place Drive, James Island, South Carolina

The downtown of Charleston is very small, and lies on the tip of a peninsula, in the harbor, but is surrounded by islands, where most residents live. One of the closest islands is James Island, and also where Betsy, Fran, and the kids were living, in a house on a small brackish tidal lake.

Fortunately, there was a small house on the same street and lake for sale, which I turned into my office and home. The first floor was all office, with one employee, and the master bedroom upstairs was my office, and another bedroom for a contract employee.

Buying a house a few doors down from your ex-spouse and new boyfriend, named Francis, or Fran, on Lake Francis, was a gutsy move because the ex-spouse hates it, and makes cooperation as difficult as possible. For the children it was heaven, as they had both parents in their lives once again, anytime they wanted.

The problem with affairs is a wicked Achilles heel, as when two people come together from mutual affairs, there is apparently absolutely no trust, nor could there ever be, not for one minute. This creates an ever-growing obstacle, which eventually splits the couple. In Betsy's case, she threw Fran out the door in the third year.

Fran and Betsy had been living on my child support. As Fran's almost entire paycheck was deducted for his child support to Susie. Betsy then married her yardman, who I hired and paid, who had a yardwork business and truck. He

stopped doing yardwork, because he had my child support to live on, so why work, it was hot outside? He blamed it on emotional problems, from Betsy's twin brother committing suicide, on an oak tree on the public beach.

Add to this private school tuition, dentists, doctors, \$1,000 monthly health insurance premium, school expenses, computers, bikes, toys, extracurricular activity expenses, my business, my employees, my house office expenses, I was shelling out huge amounts of money because I loved earning the money to be able to do so. I was working twelve hour days, six days a week, I could not have been happier, and so was everyone I supported.

My child support was a fraction of what I chose to spend. I had five figure insurance consulting billings every month, in long term contracts. Based on my growth, a conservative valuation would be over ten million dollars.

The only pleasure I spent on myself, was I purchased a 3.5-acre parcel, of once swampland but drained by ditches land, near a large manmade lake an hour away from Charleston. I wanted to build a permanent campground for the kids, their friends, and I to recreate on weekends. My son David, dubbed it Camp David, and the name stuck.

Chapter 9 – Camp David and Depression

2002 - 1170 Winding Pond Drive, Manning, South Carolina

Back during the time Betsy was having the affair in Pennsylvania, I sought the services of a psychiatrist, who was also a psychologist. I told him my story, and he diagnosed me with mild depression, and prescribed general anti-depressants. The medicine did not help much, but the talk therapy did. Anti-depressants do work, but no one knows how and why, they just know they do work, albeit slowly over weeks and months. If one anti-depressant does not help, doctors prescribe a different one, to see if any help at all. The pills do not cure depression, only make you feel better while still depressed. It is the PhD talk therapy which heals depression. After trying three kinds, I found one which seemed to help a bit, and I stayed with it.

I had no history of mental illness, the depression was a result of something bad happening to me, and not from a genetic marker, or source. It was situational depression.

When I moved to Charleston, I visited a local psychiatrist, to continue the medicine therapy, and by 2001, was no longer depressed. But continued with the medicine therapy, as a defensive measure to prevent relapse.

What helped most was Camp David. Living in your office, meant no way out of the office. Camp David was time away from the office, and a great place to take the kids camping.

A developer had purchased a large track of low swamp land, planted with wood pulp pine trees, and dug drainage channels, and small ponds to drain the property. They

subdivided lots of a few acres each, then sold them as unrestricted land, and with low selling prices. I paid \$22,000 for 3.5 acres.

I paid a land clearing contractor to clear, and form a long driveway, with the center of the lot cleared for recreation, leaving the rest in pine trees. The soil was mostly clay, which became a slippery ooze after rain. I paid for large truck loads of sand to be delivered and spread over the clay.

I set up a 20-foot canopy tent, which contained an outdoor camping kitchen, with a sink and hot water, stove, and storage areas. I dug a hole for a modern outhouse, and using an inexpensive four-person tent, over plywood with a hole cut out, with a RV toilet, with flushing water, fashioned a very functional, and private bug-free place to do one's business.

The kids, friends from Charleston, and great neighbors, quickly turned Camp David into a hot spot for fun and relaxation. This was my escape, and healing place, from the rigors of hard work, and made my depression disappear.

Camp David started as a weekend get-away place, but later took on a more significant role, as after the storms of destruction which were soon to arrive, it would become the last thing I owned.

Chapter 10 – The Attacks of 9/11

September 11, 2001 - Charleston, South Carolina

On the morning of September 11, 2001, Betsy called and woke me up. She screamed to turn on the news, as a plane had just flown into the World Trade Center. I put on my robe, and went downstairs to turn on the television.

After the 1993 bombing, the security director for Morgan Stanley, below us, became the defacto protector of both towers. Rick Rescorla led the efforts to harden our basement doors, and parking garages, from further attacks. Rick told all of us “they can only get us from the air now, not the basement.” Everyone who worked in the towers knew the planes would come someday, no one was left guessing when they did. Rick sadly died making sure all his people got out safely. Except himself.

Elevators

Each of the towers consisted of three structured stacked buildings each. The main elevator banks served only the lower two-thirds, to go higher required getting off at the 78th floor, called the Sky Lobby, then boarding very tiny, and few, elevators, to serve the top twenty-two floors. Which took forever during high traffic times, as the capacity could not keep up.

The few, too small, elevators problem, meant no way to evacuate the top third of the towers during fire drills, and frequent bomb threats. As by the time the lower two-thirds of the towers, evacuated, cleared by security, and ordered back to work, before many on the top floors even had time to

get out. So, we were never alerted when fire bells rang. Friends working below us, would alert us, and we got out.

The original design of the towers was changed from one height, to extending height to 110 stories each, thus beyond strength, and engineering of the time, for one bank of elevators. Forcing redesign and engineering, which resulted in the problem. The New York City Fire Department vehemently objected, when realized there was no practical way to evacuate anyone above the 78th floor, should a real event occur. Telling seasoned New York City firefighters, not to rescue humans in a burning building, does not go well, and 343 firefighters died, trying to prove them wrong.

When the first plane hit the North tower, called Building 1, both buildings were evacuated, including the upper floors of my Building 2, or South tower. While those on the upper floors of Building 1, were trapped soon to perish, many falling from windows on fire, or jumping. The bottom two-thirds of Building 1 were successfully evacuated.

After a short time, security officers ordered workers back up into my building 2, the South Tower, and first to fall, as an isolated incident seemed to have occurred. That dreadful decision accounted for a majority of the total deaths in my building.

After everyone went back up to work, viewing friends out their windows, become burning bodies falling, and jumping out of windows on fire, said to themselves this is wrong, something is very wrong here, we have to get the hell out of this building now. And many did, but not fast enough, given the small elevators, few in number, at the top of the building.

On my floor, the 101st, three of my close friends and colleagues made sure everyone left before they did. The last group to leave, after waiting for an elevator too long never to come, because all were in use, took to the stairs.

Just as they descended, the second plane struck, killing them into vapor, and 176 souls from Aon died on the top floors of Building 2. Many having time to use cell phones to call family for last goodbyes. Because they were ordered back to work by security. It was New York City, get back to work.

One of my friends did not go back up, stayed down outside to have a cigarette. It was the first time a cigarette saved someone's life. Another was outside in the crowd, and when the sounds of a jetliner flying at 500 mph, roared in with increasing acoustic pressures, heard well in advance, made everyone run for their lives. A red-hot piece of metal, from the jet's engine, sliced into his forearm, almost taking it off, but only made him run faster.

Tube Architecture

The World Trade Center towers were the first, and last, buildings constructed with a new design, called tube architecture. If you roll up a piece of paper into a tube, and stand it up on end, this was tube architecture, just square tubes. The only steel holding the buildings up, were the outside walls, the tube walls if you will. The insides of the building, had no internal columns, and you could see out three sides of the building in the right spot. The internal floors hung on the outside walls. Each floor consisted of thin metal pans, poured with only four inches of concrete.

Tube architecture was initially praised as a less expensive, and faster way to build taller buildings, with more square feet of leasable space, with no columns in the way for office layouts. After the towers were built in 1973, tube architecture was abandoned. After discovering engineering weaknesses, that under certain conditions, the entire building could collapse.

The buildings fell because they could. The added weight of the plane, passengers, baggage, fuel, and inferno, caused the thin metal floors with broken concrete, to sag downward, breaking the lower floors, to pancake downward. Until too much weight in one direction, pulled inwards on the outside steel beam walls, until the steel beams buckled inward, creating a cascading chain reaction, in a massive engineering failure, assisted by weaknesses in tube architecture, and gravity.

Whether Osama bin Laden knew of this weakness, and exploited it, or if he directed the planes to hit the tops of the buildings, at about the Sky Lobby level at the 78th floor, to trap all those above, is my only unanswered question about 9/11. I encourage people to read the 9/11 Commission Report, which I believe is the finest piece of collaborative work in human history. The report answers all the questions, except mine above.

Back in Charleston on 9/11

Safe in my home on 9/11, kneeling in front of the TV, when the second tower started to fall, I put my hands on the screen and yelled no, no, no. I knew my friends were being pulverized into vapors. I fell to the floor in tears.

The next day, I spoke with three who survived. I called my former administrative assistant first, and was so thankful she answered the phone, being alive to do so. She gave me the full account of the day, I just described to the reader. I spoke with two others, and learned of their stories, and other's fates. I spare you the details of those who died.

Most of the dead were fathers with young children, leaving widows in ruin and shock. We formed a widows group, and immediately had teams helping each widow. Attended funerals with empty caskets, or a piece of a thumb, or DNA metal scrapings. After several years, we came down to two widows. One married her Catholic priest, the priest left the ministry to marry her, so we figured she was in good hands, forever.

The last widow was not going to have a recovery, the loss too profound. She shared a then recent event. She came around the corner in her house, and saw her twelve-year-old son sitting cross legged, and staring at the front door. She stopped and looked at her watch, 7:10pm, and backed away quietly, and cried silently. As 7:10pm, was the time his father got off the Princeton Junction train, and walked in the front door every night. His father was never coming home, and they are still waiting.

The widows were kind enough to give us certain lapel pins, made only for those who lost primary relations. I wore it in memory of my friends, who died, and never came home.

Chapter 11 – Officer Nyblock

2003 - Charleston, South Carolina

Betsy's third husband, Wayne, the yardman who stopped working, gave me reason for pause, over the safety of my children, especially my daughter. One night my son called me on his cell phone, in bed, and said Wayne was hitting him. I could hear the commotion, and pleas for help, clearly.

I called the Charleston Police Department, and reported what I heard on the phone, as it happened. Officer Nyblock contacted me, and took the report, and performed a site visit. Finding nothing wrong, she called me, and claimed I made up lies, and caused trouble, and threatened me with jail time, if I continued.

This prompted me to run a criminal background check, on Wayne. I called Mark Less up in North Carolina, with the background search company, and asked him how to run a check on the South Carolina criminal database. Mark said, South Carolina was the only state which did not allow searches, as the other 49 states did. But, he said, there was a webpage at the state SBI (State Bureau of Investigation, but called SLED in South Carolina) website which charged \$25 per search. And if I did not get the search terms correct, it was another \$25 per attempt. I asked Mark why the fee was so high? He answered, to dissuade criminal searches. I said it was effective.

But, I was willing to pay for one search, but I only had Wayne's first and last name, and no Social Security number. Only after bank card cleared my \$25 fee, the search page appeared, with the input boxes. I typed in his name, and

clicked enter. Moments later, a short music jingle played with flash screen, singing “Rap Sheet!” Signifying Wayne had a record.

He was arrested for a series of crimes, some property crimes, and one arrest for soliciting prostitution. Worse, the South Carolina Department of Social Services, had placed a young girl in his foster custody, turning the girl, into his new girlfriend. It was a long rap sheet.

I picked up the phone, and called Betsy. When she got the rap sheet by email, she confronted Wayne, then ten-minutes later, threw him out of her house. And filed for divorce, only forced to wait a year, to make it legal.

Officer Nyblock knew of the child molestation, and was protecting the child molester, to the detriment of my children, to protect the social services department friends, who made the mistake of placing the young girl in the home of a pedophile. So, they protected him, at my daughter’s expense, by threatening me with jail. This corruption was only the start. I followed the trail of corruption up hill, into, and past the State, and did not stop until on top of the mountain, at the US Supreme Court, and two US Presidents, in Washington, DC.

Chapter 12 – Becoming a Christian at age 7, in 1970

1970 - Schroon Lake, New York

I became a Christian at age seven, at the Word of Life Youth Ranch, in Schroon Lake, New York. Deep in the Adirondack Mountains, I was originally scheduled for two weeks at camp, but extended to six weeks, as I did not want to leave.

The only downside was on Sunday, where we had to go to church three times; morning, noon, and night. It was too much church, and as seven-year-olds do, I paid no attention. There was also too much singing, as I could not sing at all, being slightly tone deaf. People would ask me to stop singing. So, I did.

One Sunday noon church meeting, while not listening, I saw my older brother leave his seat, and walk down to the stage, and speak with people, then they left. Later, I asked him what he was doing, and where he went. He asked, did you listen dummy? I said no. He said, listen next time.

Next time was that night, and I listened, so I would no longer be a dummy. The message was simple enough; if you believe in Jesus, you are guaranteed to go to heaven. I thought who is Jesus? I listened and learned. At the end, an invitation was given, to those who would like to become Christians, by believing in Jesus. I got up, and walked down, but had questions first. I asked, was there anything else I must do, to go to heaven, other than believing in this Jesus? The answer was nope, as Jesus said, only believe, and you will go to heaven, and live forever. I asked again, is that the only

question asked in heaven, do you believe? Assured again, I said okay, then I will believe in your Jesus.

The counselor walked outside with me, and we reclined on the grassy sunlit slope, around others praying the sinner's prayer with their counselors. Accept, believe, and confess, was the prayer we prayed, as the evening sun shone through the pine trees in light wind, in flickering force flairs. It was the happiest moment of my short life.

When I returned home to Cincinnati, each night after lights out, I would pray the sinner's prayer again, just in case God, or Jesus, did not hear the first time. After three months, I assumed they received the message somehow, because I never heard anything back. The more I prayed, the less I heard. I was not sure if I was the only Christian who had this problem.

Thirty-six years later, I did hear something back in return, no voices, no spirits appearing, just something else, and in a big way. During what is called a Near-Death Experience, or NDE.

Chapter 13 – Vow of Celibacy

2002 - Charleston, South Carolina

After my failed marriage to Betsy, I engaged in one more relationship, which was brief, as I realized I was introducing a step-mother figure into my children's lives. When she screamed at my children, I ended the relationship. I then took a vow of celibacy, and have been celibate for fifteen years, and will remain so for life. A person's character, can never exceed beyond their sexual weakness. Sexual weakness, is a weakness.

My celibacy may have started from being jaded, and preventing wicked-step-parent-syndrome, but it eventually became critical, in completing a dangerous task important to our nation. More so though, to God and Jesus. I was being set up in advance, and had no idea.

Chapter 14 – Falsely Claimed Child Support Arrears

2004 - Charleston, South Carolina

In 2004, I received a large envelope, mailed from the South Carolina Department of Social Services. Inside was a court order, stating I was in child support arrears of \$13,596, and had a week to prove otherwise. A meeting had been scheduled with the prosecutor, a South Carolina State lawyer named John Magera.

Enclosed was a five-page affidavit signed by Betsy. Each page contained a year's reporting of child support paid, or not paid, by month. Betsy randomly filled in numbers, many months writing in zero's. Adding up all the lies of unpaid claims, summed on the last page, to \$13,596 in child support arrears. The fabricated arrears, being above the State's \$5,000 threshold, instantly put me in the maximum category, of the most hated kind of criminal on earth, only remedied by their death.

Betsy was shaking me down for more money.

I was a keeper of excellent records, and only paid Betsy child support by check, to create a depository institution's certified paper trail, if needed later. I gathered all the monthly bank statements, and highlighted the child support transactions, then pulled out the cancelled checks, and inserted each month's evidence of proof, into plastic sleeves, making a stack of 91 sleeves, one for each month.

I created an Excel spreadsheet, with columns, for the date, amount of child support due, amount paid, bank name, check

number, date cleared, and sum-total for 91 total payments over five years, since the divorce.

The summed totals at the bottom of the spreadsheet, calculated I had over paid my child support, by \$12,633.91. I never missed a payment, and paid more than required. I had proved such, with evidence, from banks, which was deemed irrefutable evidence, in any court of law.

On the date, and time of the meeting, I drove to the DSS offices in North Charleston. Only to arrive at a decrepit building, with no windows except in the only door, in a seedy part of town. The door was locked, but a police officer peered through the bullet-proof-glass window, cracked the door open a bit, and said, what do you want? I answered, I had an appointment with lawyer John Magera. I was let inside briefly, before the door was quickly closed and locked again behind me. It appeared as some sort of disguised high security building, which led me to wonder, why someone would want to do them harm.

I was soon going to find out.

The officer escorted me down a series of hallways, with small windowless offices, to the back side of the building, where I entered the office of John Magera. I could not shake hands, as I was unable to find a spot, to set down my stack of 91 files. Inside the small nine by nine-foot office, his desk was stacked with child support case files. The credenza behind his desk, had several too tall stacks, and the lateral filing cabinet to my right, had stacks of case files, all about three feet tall.

Seeing my predicament, John Magera moved stacks from his desk, to the credenza, and filing cabinet. Causing the even taller stacks, to lose some case files, as they fell down behind the credenza, and filing cabinet, never to be seen again. I thought, some single mothers will not be seeing their child support anytime soon, like never.

Lawyer Magera advised me I was deemed guilty of massive child support arrears, and would have to prove every payment I have ever made. I unfolded a tabloid size print out of my large spreadsheet, and handed it to him. Leaning back in his chair viewing the spreadsheet, his chair hit stacks of case files, causing more to fall behind the credenza.

Lawyer Magera said, the judge will like this. I said what judge? He said I would have to prove each payment. I started with the first month, and handed him the file. Peering inside with the bank statement, and cancelled check with Betsy's signature, he agreed on that payment, but wrote a note on the spreadsheet. Same the next month, with more side notes on the spreadsheet.

One month's bank statement, listed the check payee as "Betsy Barde" without the "s" on the end. Mr. Magera stated I would need more proof on that one. I asked him, what was the mathematical probability, I would transact by check, with a person of the almost same name as my ex-wife, in a dollar amount equal to my child support? He refused to accept it, and made notes on the spreadsheet, I needed more proof.

After about fifty or sixty files, and hours of notes later, Mr. Magera skipped a few months at a time, as all my records were proving accurate. Skipping the last set of the payments

on the spreadsheet, Mr. Magera viewed the totals on the bottom, which proved I overpaid my child support, by \$12,633.91. He wrote more notes on the spreadsheet.

What I thought would end that day, without need for litigation, turned into Mr. Magera stating he needed to meet with Betsy next, to discuss the results of his meeting with me that day.

Chapter 15 – Lawyer John Magera’s Meeting with Betsy

2004 - North Charleston, South Carolina

Lawyer Magera met with Betsy, and presented the large spreadsheet full of handwritten notes, proving Betsy lied randomly on her false affidavit. John Magera later confessed, and was eventually fired, for receiving oral sex from Betsy, to keep prosecuting me regardless of the spreadsheet. Who offered, or required, is unknown, as both blame each other. Betsy denies it to this day, and I cannot prove it. But perhaps John Magera was wiping himself off, and pulling up his pants, as Betsy slipped the spreadsheet, with all his notes, off his desk, and into her hands, then left, with John Magera not noticing.

Later, when Mr. Magera realized Betsy swiped his spreadsheet with all his notes, left him no choice, but to write me a letter, asking for another one, because he was not going to get his original back from Betsy. His letter contained “Although your arrears are still in dispute, I need you to send another copy of the spreadsheet, as I gave my only copy to your ex-wife.”

Lawyers never give their only copy of anything, especially with notes. I sent him another copy, realizing his claims of “still in dispute,” was a cover for something else. The copy of the spreadsheet I mailed back, had no notes, so how would he know which of 91 payments, to dispute?

Chapter 16 – Complete Destruction

2004-2006 - Charleston, South Carolina

Lawyer John Magera eventually presented the truth before a family court judge, who signed an order striking my falsely reported arrears, to zero. The problem was, he delayed doing so, for eleven months.

For those eleven months, my name was in Federal, state, and county databases, as a mega-deadbeat dad, already entered as guilty.

Once your name enters those databases, more than a thousand financial destruction mechanisms, go into immediate effect. Your driver's license cancelled, professional licenses cancelled, followed by laying off your employees, forcing liquidation of your business, after working capital was cut off, loans were called, credit cards cancelled, vehicles seized, business credit destroyed, personal credit destroyed, incited IRS abuse, bank accounts cancelled, stocks intercepted, retirement funds seized.

Finally, my ability to earn a living was revoked, as such required disclosing Social Security number, which uncovered the lies, and reasons to never hire me. My complete destruction was so rapid, I did not have time, or money, to file for bankruptcy. Over a period, I went from a multi-millionaire, to being broke, homeless, \$300,000 in debt, no credit, and unemployable.

I was eliminated from the financial grid, unable to be hired, deep in depression. I lost everything, even my mind. This was only the beginning of the storms yet to come.

During the destruction period, the last asset I owned was Camp David, which became a lifeline to survival, as in physically living on the land, in tents, after the RV was seized. Until forced to sell, where the money, provided a local rental trailer, and a last chance to try to recover, before the money ran out.

Mark Less was a huge factor in keeping me alive during this period, as I eventually lived in a fixer-upper row house, in Kernersville, North Carolina, purchased by Mark. When my van was repossessed, I had no means of transportation, and no money. Mark was kind enough to buy me a 30-year-old van for \$2,500. This allowed me to drive back to Camp David, to sell it, as my last source of money, to keep myself alive. I owe Mark my life, with eternal gratitude.

Chapter 17 - Real Child Support Arrears This Time

2005 - Manning, South Carolina

As my life collapsed around me, I was put on trial three times. Being broke, and disabled with depression, and unable to pay child support, I was accumulating real arrears to the tune of \$1,866, a month. The first two trials, I was found not guilty.

The family court judge in my second trial, ordered John Magera, and his department, to settle my financial claims as to my destruction. I was to provide the court with my mental health records. The judge's order ended up, putting my life in jeopardy, as the South Carolina State Department of Social Services, would never accept such large claim against them, without shelter of immunity.

I brought my family Reverend to the trial as a witness, and after the trial my Reverend approached John Magera and Betsy in the parking lot. John Magera angrily told the Reverend "You go tell Mr. Bardes he is f**ked!"

I took it as a death threat.

Betsy had convinced John Magera, I was a dangerous psychotic schizophrenic. John Magera later told my family, my picture had been posted in all the state DSS offices, as a dangerous loon. I assumed to know who to shoot, and ask no questions later.

Each morning, a State SBI, called SLED in South Carolina, car parked in front of my trailer. Having given up drive-by

surveillance, once it was obvious, being at the end of a road. I just waived to them saying hello. No one ever came to my door, to ask questions.

Watching the local news one night, I saw my picture on a pizza box, during a segment on mega-deadbeat-dads on the run, if you see them call the police. The storms were picking up head winds, at this point in my story.

This made me more depressed. I never attempted suicide, because suicide required I commit an act of violence against myself, the act of killing. I adopted the precepts of non-violence, in the tenth grade, and have lived my life by them. There is a chasm, between suicidal thoughts, and the acts of committing suicide. Of the twenty million Americans, clinically depressed, only one-hundredth of a percent, commit suicide.

Being unable to kill myself, I was driven to such a low, I figured I would be killed in jail, so I accepted such as my fate.

Chapter 18 – Thrown in Jail and Tortured Almost to Death

Spring 2006 - North Charleston, South Carolina

The family court judge's order in my favor, was never created by the judge, but rather John Magera. Upon receipt in the mail, the order was not based on what the judge said in court. John Magera had no intentions on ever sitting down with me, for a settlement negotiation, rather claimed I refused to provide medical mental health records. To quickly reset the case, for a new trial, with a new judge, one John Magera could arrange.

Psychiatrists and psychologists do not release medical records directly to patients. A third party must write doctors, with a signed release from the patients, and details of the request. The doctors then provide a written response, based on the request. In my case, I provided the signed releases to John Magera, as the judge ordered. John Magera never wrote any of them, claimed I never produced my medical records, thus violated the judge's order, and set a new trial date.

Once the computer assigned a judge, John Magera switched to his judge, the hanging judge, South Carolina Family Court Judge Paul W. Garfinkel. Getting Judge Garfinkel fired, took many of us nine years to effect, until his actions grew so bizarre, the State had no choice, but to yank him from the bench.

State Attorney John Magera, State Judge Garfinkel, and Sheriff James Alton Cannon, Jr., had a side business going. Lawyer Magera would prosecute fathers, and Judge Garfinkel would throw them in jail, with no questions asked. Those

fathers who had money, would free themselves by paying their arrears, leaving those truly broke, not deadbeat, stuck in jail, with no way out, serving a year of hard labor for the Sheriff, fourteen hours a day, seven days a week, for wages of 17 cents an hour.

The real money traded under the table, off balance sheets, going to the sheriff, then perhaps others. The three had a rhythm going, keeping a constant workforce of 250 dead-broke dads, unable to get out of jail. To advance schedule promised workers. Trucks did not unload themselves when workers were not available, as trucks needed to get back on the road. This required careful planning, and a consistent labor source, all arranged by a crafty lawyer, a crooked judge, and a corrupt sheriff.

If you remember the April 4, 2015, Charleston shooting of Walter Scott, by Police Officer Michael Slager. When Officer Slager shot Scott eight times as he fled, killing him with five bullets, Officer Slager dropped his Taser near Scott's dead body, fabricated a false story, which SLED rubber stamped a justified shooting. Only days later, splashing on social media, the entire murder and cover up, broadcasted to the world, including dropping the Taser next to Scott's dead body.

Walter Scott ran from the police officer, because of child support arrears, to avoid another year of hard labor, in Sheriff Cannon's dead-broke-dad criminal racket using illegal peonage.

Instead, Scott paid for it with his life.

I was soon to be paying with mine. I was about to be ground into the churning morass, but not for free labor, but a quick death.

Chapter 19 - The Night Before the Garfinkel Trial

April 2, 2006 - Rented trailer - Manning, South Carolina

The night before the Judge Garfunkel trial, was heart breaking, and a low point of my life. I had a strong suspicion, I was going to be killed in jail, somehow. How and when, I had no idea. But with the sequence of events, and outright threats, I had to accept my fate. If I fled, I would be hunted down and shot.

I was a condemned man. I commiserated with Jesus on his last night in the Garden of Gethsemane, praying father please take this cup from me, if it be your will. It was not God's will for Jesus to be spared, and I had the sinking feeling, neither for me. I prayed it anyway, hoping for a different outcome.

I stacked my file boxes I wanted my family to find, in the center of the room, and wrote and mailed letters, and evidence of the corruption I had uncovered, to my family. Sleep was staying awake all night, praying.

Chapter 20 – The Judge Garfinkel Trial

April 3, 2006 - Family Courthouse Building, downtown Charleston, South Carolina.

I showered and dressed for court, wearing my blue blazer, a yellow polo shirt, and khaki pants. I fastened my World Trade Center widow's lapel pin onto my blazer, which I wore to show the terrorists on 9/11 never got me, but the terroristic civil servants in South Carolina did.

I drove an hour and a half to Charleston, stopped at McDonald's but was unable to eat, then drove downtown to the family courthouse, parked my 30-year-old van on the street, but did not put coins in the parking meter, as I was never going to see that van again.

I traversed stairs and elevators finding Judge Garfinkel's courtroom, and sat outside, as the doors were locked. John Magera arrived, knocked on the door, and the bailiff let him inside, then locked the doors again, keeping me out.

I deduced John Magera and Judge Garfinkel, were plotting my disfavor. I was right.

I stood no chance of even being heard, so I took another tactic. Putting my objections onto the public transcript record, so perhaps someone later, could put it all together.

After being refused to be heard, Judge Garfinkel sentenced me to six months in jail, without ability to work, or accumulate early release. I stared straight into his evil eyes, and yelled "Your honor, you are fired! The Public Trust of the United States of America has now fired you, and you will

remove yourself from the bench!” It took many of his victims, and me, nine years to get him fired. Bringing my words that day, to fruition.

Judge Garfinkel was shocked, and his face shriveled in horror. Only relieved when sheriff deputies grabbed my body, and lifted me up into the air, carrying me to the anti-room, to be wrapped in body chains, and hauled off to jail, in a paddy wagon. A female officer ripped my 9/11 widow’s lapel pin, off my blazer, never to be seen again.

I was turned into an inmate, the scum of the earth, hated by all.

Chapter 21 – Brutal Torture

April 3, 2006 - Cold Cell 1613 – Sheriff Cannon Detention Center Booking Area

Only halfway through the booking process, I was pulled out, and marched down a hallway, and locked inside a large holding cell. I initially thought due to my wanting to smile for my mugshot, and refusing to sign documents, and liability waivers. But these were common occurrences, with half of inmates, without concern, or reprisals. The guards had prepared stacks of refusal forms, as so many inmates did not sign forms. But for some reason, I was getting the reprisals.

After twenty minutes in the large holding cell, the guards pulled me out, and locked me into the smaller holding cell, next to the larger. An inmate was sitting on a bench, in the fetal position, with his head and arms inside his shirt, to stay warm. I sat down, and felt the frigid air coming from the small air vent, which explained the inmate inside his shirt, seeking warmth.

I was cold. And questioned myself, why was the air conditioner thermostat set to winter, during winter?

Twenty minutes later, I was removed, and walked into the third holding cell. A very small, one person concrete room, with a single bench. I heard overhead, heavy banging of machinery, motors, and fans. When I felt the blast of arctic cold air, blowing the hair on the back of my head, I turned around and looked up. High up on the wall, was not a small vent, like the cell next door. Rather a huge hole in the wall, covered with a steel grate, with drilled holes. The cell was located directly under the air conditioner's air handler unit, on

the roof just above. Which evidenced the source of the pounding noise.

The large hole in the wall, was positioned on the air-handler main duct, catching so much of the high-pressure airflow, the cell was no warmer than 45 degrees F. As refrigerated coils chilled the air, to either 40 degrees, or 45 degrees, as are industry standards.

The guards refused to give me my blue blazer, as I only wore a thin cotton shirt, thin pants, and they took my socks and shoes, leaving bare cold feet. I sat down on the bench, seeing my breath as it blew away. It dawned on me, this specially engineered cell was designed to torture inmates, with the intense non-stop pain from violent shivering, as a form of punishment. It was hypothermic torture.

Hypothermia (dying of the cold) is the forced reduction of your body temperature until you die. Once your body temperature goes below 95 degrees F, you are deemed hypothermic, and deaths start to occur. Crucifixion was ancient Rome's slow hypothermic death. They stripped victims naked, nailed their bones to a cross, and hoisted them up into the cold blowing wind. If they lasted three days, they lived. Rome did not crucify in the summer, as victims would live three days.

I wondered how many inmates had died from hypothermia in this cell. Then I realized, I could die of hypothermia, if not able to get out of this death chamber in time.

I knocked on the door, and asked for my jacket, but was denied. The sheriff later admitted I had asked for my jacket, and was denied. I actually asked, and was denied three times.

Then I said to myself, this is how they are going to kill me, and I walked into their trap, having no way of knowing in advance, hypothermia was used to torture, or kill inmates. And, certainly not using purposely engineered cells, to do so. Until, after being purposely locked inside one, on full blast.

I would later discover these cold cells existed all over our nation. I did not know an inmate had died of hypothermia, three years before. In a cold cell, two hours away in Columbia, the state capital. Years later, I found seven more inmates who died of hypothermia, all over our nation. Mostly the mentally ill, after being stripped naked, then locked in a cold cell so cold, they could not stay alive or get out. It was called suicide watch. Depression was cured by torture, to encourage never mentioning depression again, or be tortured to death naked in the cold. Guards started using it for punishment, not just for the mentally ill, but other inmates.

The CIA froze to death an innocent Muslim kid using an “Enhanced Interrogation Technique” the United States Department of Justice stamped legal, called “Cold Cell” or “Induced Hypothermia.” They stripped the victim naked below the waist, to expose his genitals to the bitter cold, chained him to a grate at the floor, and he painfully shivered to death. His body temperature forcibly reduced, until he slipped into hypothermic coma, then death. Cause of death likely the result of hypothermia, the medical examiner determined. As we learned from the US Senate Intelligence

Committee Report on CIA Torture, released on December 9, 2014.

The FBI eventually published a report detailing their widespread use of cold cell torture. Then Navy Brigs, Border Detention Centers, Courthouses, Juvenile Detention Centers, and non-stop at Guantanamo Bay Detention Camp. I found no one not using it.

The hypothermic deaths were reported in the news, but only medical personnel were alarmed, as the public had no idea what hypothermia meant, or if a pill could help, or cause it.

Do you remember the recent past “ice bucket challenge” which went viral? With people videotaping a bucket of ice, and ice water, being poured over their heads? It was to show one is capable of withstanding a sudden brief burst of instant pain, machismo forever recorded, for a good cause.

One group of young teenage girls took the challenge on a late summer day, afterwards all changing into warm dry clothes. Except one, who the girls egged on to see how long she could go without changing. Shivering painfully for hours, and still encouraged to withstand, the girl climbed onto a lawn chair, curled up and died. The other girls standing around thought she was sleeping, she looked peaceful. She was dead.

People have no idea how dangerous hypothermia is, the word seems to confuse people.

I am often asked, are these cold cells designed to only torture you, or to kill you? I answered being tortured with attempted murder, leaves only a matter of succeeding. It is only torture

for those who survive. As a nation, we brutally tortured to death our own citizens by freezing them to death.

Same as Rome did to a naked Jesus Christ hoisted up in the blowing cold wind in Jerusalem, on April 3rd, 33 AD. Readers can check the average mean temperatures for themselves.

Violent Shivering for Hours

I prayed to God to get me the hell out of this concrete tomb, before I succumbed to the elements. But I heard nothing back, and no one ever came for a rescue. In a fit of panic, I scratched my fingernails bloody on concrete walls, in attempts to get out and stay alive.

Sit ups and jumping jacks, created some heat to combat the ever-painful violent shivering. But this left me perspiring. Which when unable to keep up, made me wet and cold. I sat on the bench in the fetal position, and put my head and arms inside my shirt. My warm breath hitting cold air, made me even wetter and colder. I was only hastening my demise.

I was exhausted, cold, and wet, and out of options to remain alive. So, I resigned my fate, sat on the bench, curled up into the fetal position, and waited to die. I wished I could have been able to say goodbye to my children, and tell them how much I loved them.

I sat on the cold bench, looking up at the steel grate, with blasting cold wind, and little pieces of toilet paper wads would break off and fly towards me. Previous inmates had made what I later learned inmates called snowballs. Inmates would roll a handful of toilet paper into a wad, and soak it in

water, forming a mass of clay like goo. Then heaved the snowballs at the steel grate, squishing the wad into the grate, cutting off just a little bit of cold air. With enough snowballs, they could close off the cold air, and remain alive.

I had earlier asked the guards for toilet paper, and was denied, perhaps for the snowball reason. I had to use my hand, then wash off in the toilet, as the sink was disabled to prevent snowballs. I got a drink out of the toilet, I was thirsty.

Staring at the steel grate, with bitter cold blasting air, and flakes of toilet paper flying at me, I promised God, if he got me out of there alive, I would stop at nothing to end the use of this cold cell torture, and possible homicide. Little did I know, that was precisely why God had me locked inside of one, and on full blast.

The amount of physical pain from sixty seconds of violent shivering leaves one breathless, but five minutes sends shockwaves of pain. After one hour of the intense pain, my head fell back against the wall, my limbs unable to move, I felt I could last no longer. I saw in the door window, a short black female guard watching me, her head just peering above the window.

One hour turned into two, then three.

After about four hours I was unable to shiver to generate heat. This was hypothermic shock.

An older black male guard come into the cold cell. All I could see was this fuzzy figure before me, saying, if you want to get out of jail, all you must do is comply. The word

comply echoed in my head. I told him to tell the nurse I had entered hypothermic shock, and if he did not get me out of there, I was going to die soon. The guard said, he would do no such thing, not until I complied. I was fading out, and I said that was his decision to make. He left. Followed by echoes of a heavy steel door slamming shut, then lock tumblers turning, all reverberating in my head.

Once unable to shiver to keep body heat, body temperature reduction increased rapidly. I felt the pain of body-heat leaving my body, one painful degree at a time. Each minute more painful than the last. Hour after hour. As heat left my body, I sank deeper into cold death, and eventually lost all ability to move limbs, but they still radiated the massive pain, and I faded into a barely conscious state. I was frozen in the fetal position unable to move. With no way to stop the pain.

My mind was losing memories. I was going downhill rapidly. I lost the ability to think. My last thoughts were of my two children. When they disappeared from my mind, something far more drastic, and painful occurred.

I want to pause for a moment to give the reader a chance to prepare, for what I am about to describe happening to me. It is heavy.

Paradoxical Undressing and Terminal Burrowing

There is a late stage of a hypothermic death, a phenomenon doctors call “Paradoxical Undressing” and “Terminal Burrowing,” for a lack of better understanding what they entail. Named so because hypothermic victims in the wilderness, are often found dead, naked, and inside a

burrowed tunnel in a snow bank. With their clothes scattered half mile back, along the trail.

Doctors theorize victims, even when cold, feel hot, and remove their clothes. But this did not explain removing socks and undergarments, which was usually not done when overheated to cool off.

No victims had ever survived these phenomena to adequately explain them. From what I have been able to garner, I am the only victim who has done so. And I now share with you.

I am not a doctor, but here is my description of them, from the victims point of view.

At the base of the brain, is a thing called the hypothalamus, which functions to maintain the body's temperature, as close to normal as possible. If the body becomes hot, it makes one perspire, if cold, makes one shiver to generate heat. During hypothermia, as body temperature is forced down, the hypothalamus and rest of brain, determine possible death soon, and begin safely shutting down the brain, in case it can survive later. The body, before saving the brain, tries one last effort, to keep the human alive. Making them feel like they were burning alive on fire, so rapid body movements in effort to put out the flames, generated perhaps enough heat, to survive longer.

The brain sends signals to every nerve in the body, of sensations of maximum "heat" and maximum "cold" at the same time. When this happens, a victim feels one predominantly over the other, while going from hot, then to cold, and back, in cycles.

It starts off with a hallucination, which may not be the closest word, due to the intense pain. But is the only word in my vocabulary to closely describe. Curled up in the fetal position, being so cold, I describe what I felt, and saw, and not what was happened to my body. Once it started, I do not know my body positions.

I looked at my right forearm, and suddenly it caught on fire, with flames. My skin started to boil and blister in intense pain, the flames and pain shocked me, as the worst pain I had ever felt. I instinctively used my left hand, to put out the fire on my right arm. But that caused my left hand to catch on fire, which hurt as the skin blistered, boiled, and bubbled.

Then the flames moved up my right arm, to my shoulder, and then my head caught on fire. I heard, and smelled, all my hair burn off, and the skin burning, boiling, and blistering. My face was on fire, and I could not breathe, I was suffocating. My whole body was on fire, and blobs of burning boiling flesh, would fall off my body, onto the floor below.

I could feel the pain, from the burning flesh pile, on the floor. I would scrape off the burning flesh from my arms, and body, to expose charred bone, because that would lessen the pain. It was a race how fast, I could scrape off the burning flesh, to lessen the pain. Leaving my exposed charred skeleton, to collapse into the pile of burning flesh below.

Then the hell would instantly switch to a cold phase, where I was caked in a block of ice, and could not move, or breathe, gasping for air, it was so cold. Then another cycle of catching on fire, and burning to death, only to end with another cold

cycle. The cycle of burning to cold, would increase to where the burn cycles lasted longer, and longer, building to a crescendo of a very long burn cycle. After the long burn cycle, it switched to a cold cycle. Then all the pain came to a complete instant stop.

The reason victims remove their undergarments and socks, was to access the burning flesh, to scrape off, to lessen the pain, from every inch of the of their burning body. Terminal burrowing is digging a tunnel, so the walls scrape off the burning flesh, faster than hands could. To lessen the pain faster.

If you remember the movie Titanic, when 1,500 souls were dumped into almost freezing water? The scene showed wild splashing, and flailing of arms, and feet in air, violently for ten minutes, until the burning alive with flames, in ice cold water, came to end. For all of them. Which was based on eye witness accounts from that night. The movie star surviving was added by Hollywood, because no one could have survived.

I spent about an hour in these two cycles, about thirty burn and freeze cycles. I had eight hours of painful shivering with massive physical pain, before an hour of burning alive, repeatedly. It was very much what burning in hell, must feel like.

I cannot imagine hell being any worse, as far as non-stop pain and torment. It was unspeakable pain.

Hypothermic Coma

My body slipped into the last stage of hypothermia, called hypothermic coma. What used to be a mystery as to how a person could recover from this condition, was concluded recently. As a victim's body temperature reduced, the brain's need for oxygen reduced. The heart beats, and lungs breathe, to supply oxygen to the brain. The cold cuts down on the amount of oxygen the brain requires. To the point of respirations and cardiac functions ceasing. The brain is saved by the cold, all memories intact, to allow chance of full recovery later. To anyone else, a victim appears dead and already cold. But the victim is not dead, as the brain is intact, but as close to death, as a person can come, and still survive.

Upon rewarming, with need for more oxygen, respirations and cardiac functions resume, many times with a full recovery. In the wilderness, only 1 in 1,000 victims reanimate and survive, the rest are declared dead when rewarmed, with no reanimation. Paramedics, rescue personnel, and doctors will recite the common phrase "you are not dead, until warm and dead." The reader may ask them themselves, to confirm.

What remains a medical mystery, is why and how, only 1 out of 1,000 survive, and 999 others do not. In a medical setting, the survival rate is much higher. Doctors in Switzerland claimed to have reanimated 14 straight hypothermic coma patients, using heart-lung machines with slow controlled rewarming.

Obviously, I did not die, and was one of the fortunate 1 in 1,000's to have reanimated and survived, almost fully. I do not claim I died. Dead is a final word. Temporarily dead is

an oxymoron. But I do claim I was in a medical condition, which was as close to death, as a human can come, and still survive.

Also, one does not have to be dead to have a near-death experience. As I was later to learn, hypothermic coma was the most common condition in which people experienced NDE's.

The Pain Instantly Stopped – My Near-Death Experience

When the burning flames, and icy cold, of unspeakable pain, and torment stopped, which happened instantly, I opened my eyes, and said ahhh, I feel great, not cold, but nice and warm. I felt more alive than ever felt before, like I had finally reached, what being alive was all about. Before me was a white haze, like fog in the morning.

I thought to myself, am I dead...is this what being dead is like? And where am I, where am I going? I waved my arms before me, but saw nothing. I felt them though, and they felt tingly, and electric. I could feel my whole body, with arms and legs, but no genitals. I was no longer an animal. I was transparent. I could see, I could feel, I could hear, I could smell, and I could remember everything in my entire life. Any event, anytime in my life, was within memory. I felt more alive, and happier, than I had even been before. I had been born again into something greater, than anything on earth. The white fog faded to inky darkness.

In this darkness, off to my right, in the direction I was being moved, I could hear someone singing. The sounds grew

louder, as I came closer, until I could discern a choir singing. Then I could hear voices. It was not voices singing, their voices were musical instruments never heard on earth. The sounds were so powerful, and brilliant, much more than anything on earth.

A Christian pastor, who had a near-death experience, Reverend Don Piper, in his book on page 30, described the music he heard:

“I call it music, but it differed from anything I had ever heard or ever expect to hear on earth. ...I write voices, but it was more than that. Some sounded instrumental, but I wasn’t sure.”

The voices were so powerful and thundering, like a choir of millions of these instruments singing. But the sounds of the instruments formed the words, and not spoken voices plus played instruments. Sort of like strumming a guitar string, hearing words formed back with the resonance.

The inky darkness was not frightening, and smelled like a great pine forest, but saw nothing. There were no stars, no moon, just inky darkness, as if in a large void.

To my right, came into view, the back corner of a dark gray wall. Which appeared to be made of some sort of metal alloy, but looked more alien than anything. The wall seemed 200 feet tall, and was the back corner of a walled compound, or city.

Over the top of the wall, were many clouds of white light, and was the only source of illumination. My movement stopped close to base of the wall, under the back corner.

The white light clouds at the top, began to form and move over the top of the wall, in my direction. Then the light clouds veered down in my direction, and a large wave of white light came at me at high speed. The clouds of white light accelerated towards me. As the light came closer, the sounds grew louder, and the ground began to shake. It sounded like a freight train coming straight at me.

As the light got closer, I braced for impact. I reached out for something to grab, but caught nothing but air. Then wham, the light hit me, and blasted right through me. It was a huge rush of euphoria, loud music, and brilliant white light. As it raced through me, it delivered an increasing rush of euphoria.

It was 100 times more powerful than drugs found on earth, and it did not stop. The euphoria increased in sheer pleasure. I was so high, I became weak in the knees, and lost balance, and fell backwards, being pushed by the light. I fell into a transparent chair.

Someone placed a transparent chair behind me, knowing I would not withstand that level of euphoria for long. My arms, legs, and body were outspread, pinned down, and gyrating in ecstasy, as the white light music euphoria blasted through me.

I was pinned in that chair listening to millions of instruments, or angels, singing songs. Some songs I had never heard, in languages I have never heard. I was no longer tone deaf, for the first time in my life, I could hear, and be enriched by the power of music.

It was sheer unadulterated **paradise**.

On the other side of the wall, I heard a huge gathering of sounded like millions of people. I heard the roar of crowds of people, but I could not communicate with them, I was unable to move from my tonic condition, and position, in the chair.

If you think of a huge amphitheater, tens of miles across, and filled with millions of angels, and millions of human spirits, having a party which does not end, all getting blasted with white light music euphoria; that would be a good description of what is going on in heaven, around the throne of God, Jesus sitting to his right, with 24 elders, 12 on each side. All getting blasted praising God in songs.

After about five minutes of this **paradise**, it ended abruptly. Someone yanked me out of the chair, and it was over instantly. The white fog appeared, then the intense cold pain set back in. Twenty-five earth hours had elapsed, and I slowly regained consciousness, only to find out I was paralyzed below the waist, and very cold. Someone had shot me with a metal object, two doctors were convinced was a bullet.

I did not hear the voice of God, did not meet Jesus, or a spiritual guide, saw no angel, spoke with no spirits, did not have a review of my life, no reunion with dead relatives, I had none of common NDE events. From what I can gather, no one has ever had an NDE like mine.

Five Minutes of Paradise

Although brief, my NDE, which has taken me nine years to figure out the significance, shows two things. One, since I had so much physical pain from torture, then paradoxical flames, Jesus thought I might like a break, and I got the juice instead. To look forward to more light, forever. To see me through dark times on earth. Which had only just started.

Jesus knows our sufferings on earth, and repays us in heaven a hundred-fold. I went from the worst pain from hell, to the best feeling in heaven.

Secondly, it reveals the top reward in heaven. Which is a heavenly drug more powerful than any drug on earth, but causes no harm, coming from God. You get the light for free at the nonstop party, around the throne of God, with hundreds of millions of other people, and heavenly hosts. And you get to the throne for free, by believing in God. Nothing else. It is all free. Just as that Christian camp counselor promised me at age 7, making him correct. Only believing worked.

After all my years of praying since age 7, hearing nothing in return, may be a result if God answered back, it would have to include the light, which moment felt, would want forever, but God wants us on earth, doing stuff for him. So, we hear nothing. Perhaps dead relatives, going back centuries, clamor God to kill a loved one, just to join the party missing them. While God may say not yet, have more work to do, but when through, can join you.

Have Others Experienced this Paradise?

Apostle Paul had a near-death experience on the road to Damascus. It changed him from killing early Christians, to spreading Christianity around world, and writing most of the New Testament.

Here is what Apostle Paul wrote about his visit to heaven:

2 Corinthians 12:4 NIV

“I was caught up to paradise and heard inexpressible things, things that no one is permitted to tell.”

I believe Apostle Paul heard, and felt the euphoric white light music too, as the light blinded him for three days when returned. And “things that no one is permitted to tell” are perhaps so people not think him insane.

Chapter 22 – Revival from Hypothermic Coma

April 5, 2006 - Cold Cell 1613 – Sheriff Cannon Detention Center, North Charleston, South Carolina

Sheriff Cannon produced the jail's time log database, during discovery of my first Federal lawsuit. Which proved I was locked in cold cell 1613 for three days, then removed. Two of days I was in hypothermic coma, a total of 25 hours over two days and a night.

Sheriff Cannon testified I was given no food, water, toilet paper, or disturbed for three days, then removed and rolled to the jail's hospital in a wheelchair, as recorded-on security cameras.

He left out a few steps. As I was revived by two unknown deputies performing CPR, removed, lost, found, dragged out of camera's view, and beaten by the guards. Because I could not stand up. Only then the guards figured out I was paralyzed below the waist, and finally fetched a wheel chair, to be wheeled to the jail's hospital, in view of cameras.

I was paralyzed below the waist, because during the time I was in hypothermic coma, having my NDE, someone put a gun to the lower right quadrant of my stomach, and pulled the trigger. Shooting me with a metal object, two doctors were convinced was a bullet.

The scar on the lower right-quadrant of my stomach, shows where the bullet blasted in, and where the hot muzzle gasses ripped a tear about an inch long away from the blast hole. Also, clearly visible are three overhand suture marks, two covering the blast hole, the third on the tear.

Who shot me and who sewed me up, can be deduced by deductive reasoning and logic steps, where certain unknowns can become knowns, with high probability:

-The person who sewed the sutures had medical training, and was authorized to do so inside the jail.

-The only medical people authorized to do so inside the jail, means someone from the medical provider sewed the bullet hole closed.

-This means the medical person knew they were sewing a gun blast tear hole closed.

-This medical person was told something, or observed, who shot me.

-This medical person did not line up severed flesh and suture to heal, rather only three temporary holding overhand sutures.

- The shooter knew the ballistics of their gun and bullet, would prove their gun shot me, so some believable by all story had to be fabricated, as to why necessary to shoot me dead. But most especially for the shooter, who had to agree to such resulting scrutiny, and possible career damage.

-The shooter would need assurances I was dead from hypothermia before shooting, or no need to shoot at all, and deal with such scrutiny and job risk.

-The only person in jail able to declare me dead, was the only doctor.

-The only gun in the county which would not be questioned, nor tarnish their career, or even agree to such risk, was Sheriff

James Alton Cannon, Jr. himself. Who would be called the very moment an inmate death had possibly occurred.

Meeting the doctor, with both standing over my body.

-After being shot in a location and manner which would be lethal, and support their fabricated story, the doctor sewed three temporary sutures over the wound, for the medical examiner to later clip and fully examine the whole gun blast wound, at autopsy.

Therefore, concluding the scar with sutures on my stomach, proves my claim I was in hypothermic coma, after being brutally tortured there, declared dead by a MD, shot, then sewn up for the morgue. With fictional story rehearsed by all.

Given the 2015 surprise video of Charleston Officer Michael Slager, shooting Walter Scott in the back until dead, dropped his Taser, then made up a fabricated story Scott was attacking him, passing it off to SLED's stamp of approval, reveals a pattern in Charleston, of making up fake stories as to why innocent people were murdered.

Tragedy Turned to More Tragedy

After suffering torture until declared dead by a doctor, then shot, and sewed up for the morgue, when I did recover from coma, no one told me I was shot, no one rushed me to the hospital. I did not know I was shot until six years later when the bullet was discovered on an x-ray. The medical staff did not tell, or help me, despite having serious internal injuries from the gunshot. Which I attributed to hypothermia, not knowing I had been shot.

Revival from Coma

The English language does not have a vocabulary word for hypothermic coma. Dead or death does not fit, as those are final. Temporarily dead is an oxymoron. Some doctors use “suspended animation” which sounds too science fiction to me. Whatever word or concept you prefer, life was returned to my shot-up body.

At 2:55 am, on the third day in the cold cell, two unknown sheriff deputies entered the cell, seeing me appearing lifeless, with no pulse or respirations, began to perform CPR.

At the end of my NDE, when the sheer ecstasy ended abruptly, the same white fog appeared again, and I was traveling backwards from whence I came. Way off in the distance, I heard a voice, which grew a bit louder, and louder, to an almost yell, asking “Who are you, what is your name?”

When I could comprehend the question, I answered “I do not know.” One said, I will find out who you are, and when returned, said your name is David Bardes. I did not recognize the name.

Then the other deputy said, “Oh s**t, we have to get him out of here, now.” And they did.

The good guys did show up for a rescue after all, a little bit late, but was thankful anyway. My faith in God was not strong enough, I suppose.

The Dead-Broke's

The two-deputy's half carried me out of the cold cell, down a long hallway, through double paddy locked cellblock gates, into a cell block full of snoring dead-broke dad inmates sleeping everywhere all over the floor. The deputies found the only open spot on the floor, back behind the showers. They laid a thin plastic mat on the floor, then laid me down onto the mat, covered me with a blanket, and left never to be seen again. All efforts to identify, left me with naught.

At about 4:30 am, a loud siren wailed, waking the entire mass of inmates. In my delirium, I saw ashen gray figures of bodies rising from the floor, as if ghosts rising from graves. While a loud speaker announced what bus they were to board, required to sleep fully dressed for work. To get on the bus, the minute they rose. For another 14-hour long day of unloading trucks, at grocery stores around town. For 17 cents an hour, and no money going to single mothers, or children. Only to the sheriff, and then to others, in their illegal peonage scheme.

My head lowered to the mat, lights out.

The next thing I remember, several guards were standing over me, yelling at me in furious anger.

Why they were angry was not clear, until I obtained the jail log time database from the sheriff during discovery, and later other facts. From 4:30am, when the sirens wailed to send the slaves to the fields, until 9:54 am, when the guards finally found me, being very upset with me, was due to the jail losing me, they had no idea where I was. The deputies who saved

me, placed me back behind the showers, and after the dead-broke slaves were wrestled out, the place was empty. No one could see me back behind the showers, nor apparently did they even look.

The morning 6:00 am guard shift change, had a headcount short one inmate, meaning an inmate had escaped. From 6:00 am until 9:54 am, a frantic search was underway. Most especially from those who tortured, shot, and sewed me up. As they were perhaps planning to report finding an inmate dead in the booking area holding cell. Checking the jail's time log database, showed I was moved from cold cell 1613, to the dead-broke dad cell block at 2:55 am. From there the video showed I never left, was not seen on any camera, so to them, I had vanished.

These fools thought I was dead, shot me, sewn up for the morgue, revived, seen alive on cameras, then disappeared like a ghost.

I call it God's sense of humor, fooling dumb demons. But at the time, those dumb demons were very angry demons upon finding me, thinking I was hiding the whole time, causing jail wide panic for hours. I was still in hell. With much more hell to come.

My Good Morning Beating

When the furious guards standing over me, yelling to stand up, were made more upset when I told them I could not move my legs. This enraged them, and two grabbed the front of the sleeping mat, and dragged me along, down a hallway of

cells with iron bars, and inmates banging on the bars, cheering me on, to resist the scum.

I was dragged to an unknown area out of view of camera's, and kicked with steel toed boots, five or six guard's beating me until I stood up. I was pleading, I was unable to stand or move my legs. One guard kicked me in the center of my stomach, and I lost my breath. Another kicked me in the face. One large guard reached down under my arms, and hoisted me full up into the air, with my legs dangling useless under me. The guards figured out something was wrong, and called for a wheelchair.

A female guard yelled "T'lla Taser yo ass, if you don't getz in dat chair." I was lifted into the wheelchair, and strapped in. With my body weakened, my head fell to one side, and I remember the ride up the elevator, to the jail's hospital, from a sideways viewpoint.

Once in the jail's hospital there was a commotion, with yelling as what to do with me. I assumed they would send me the hospital in an ambulance, being still hypothermic, with greatest mortality risk coming during rewarming, as the heart gives out. Hypothermia victims rushed to the hospital face a 50% mortality risk.

I did not know I was shot, but the medical staff sure did. They came and asked me to sign a form, but refused giving me my glasses, so I could not read before signing, which was what they wanted. My left hand was not working, so I could not hold a pen, to sign anything.

The form was a self-release waiver from jail, from having no further dollar claims, once I signed it, against their medical provider's contract. Which was won, by guaranteeing a 30% reduction in medical expenses, and no more than a few ambulance rides to outrageous expenses. If signed, they would rush me to the hospital, with no responsibility from being shot. Because someone on their staff, likely the doctor, knew I had been shot, as their suture scars attest.

I thought they were trying to waive any responsibility, so they could watch me die before them, which is what they decided to do, when I would not, and could not, sign their waiver. Which caused a panic with all the medical staff. Who decided as a last stopgap measure, to all sign a witness form, stating I refused their medical care, when they offered, and I refused.

Five nurses, and a guard who needed cover, with the doctor refusing to even come near, all signed a "Refusal to Treat" form. The head nurse, Dawn R. Frazier, having signed twice. Claiming I refused to answer questions on a medical questionnaire, which I had filled out three days prior, therefore care was being refused. Because I denied their care.

It was an excuse to cover for my pending death. As a dead inmate tells no tales. When they found in my records, from the medical questionnaire I had filled out three days prior, I took a general antidepressant, they came up with the bad idea of locking me in the suicide watch cell. Claiming I was suicidal, to keep me away from the phone, or paper and pencil. They locked me inside, and left me to die. Putting me on a 15-minute suicide watch schedule, of peering in the small door window, to see when I was no longer moving.

An inmate on the floor next to me said “Dude you don’t look too good, what happened to you?”

I asked the inmate what day it was. He said Wednesday. I said what happened to Tuesday? Then I realized I had been in hypothermic coma for two days, a day was missing from my memory. I had a good working knowledge of hypothermia, having had extensive outdoor mountain and glacier climbing, and snow cave camping experience, so I knew I had just beaten 1 in 1,000 odds, of surviving hypothermic coma, with no medical help.

On the floor, my body was warming up quickly, and I could see my chest heave with each heartbeat. I thought, if I could make it back to normal temperature still alive, I would be out of the woods. So too, did the medical staff, who each 15-minutes peered into the tiny window, to see if I was still alive. Those frequent dark eyes in the tiny window, appeared to be the eyes of a demon.

I found out where Satan lived, I was trapped in his house, with no way out alive. Again.

On the cold floor, on a thin mat, naked save padded vest, I took an inventory of my body parts. My left leg came back readily to use, my right leg had problems, all Charlie-horsed in pain, and not responding. My left-hand fingers were not working, my right forearm Charlie-horsed in pain, leaving my right hand numb, and almost useless. Everything was out of focus, because they took my glasses, and denied them when asked.

I had a small gash over my left eye, and a tear on the right side my stomach, from being kicked with boots, bled a little, then stopped. I could feel my body warming, and was facing the next set of odds. Half of hypothermia victims die during warming up, as the heart quits. If I made it through the first night, I might make it, so I wagered with my life, after all others had before.

Not able to sleep all night, with such heavy heartbeats, and nerve shock impulses caused all limb parts to jump with sharp nerve shocks. One such nerve shock in the center of my back, caused my whole upper body to jump up off the mat. The inmate next to me said, hey man, your whole body just lifted up off the mat.

A cold dark night uncertain of which world I would find fate, drew to a darkness finally parted by a ray of light, delivered by narrow window. Drawn to the light, I realized I had made it through the valley of the shadow of death, and I feared no evil. The light I had just experienced, comforted me.

Gullah-Geechee Warrior

During the morning, the door opened, and a young black man chanting a song in some language, and dancing in an African tribal fashion, pretending to pound a long spear up and down, was coming in surrounded by five or six riot guards. One with a video camera running, for liability protection, pushing him into the cell. Four threw him against the wall, pinning him in place. A nurse came in from behind, pulled down part of his pants, and jammed a huge hypodermic needle into his ass, and pushed the plunger all

the way in. Everyone relaxed with thanks when she pulled the needle out.

Moments later, the inmate stopped chanting, and fully relaxed. The tag team left him locked inside. The inmate laid on the cold floor. I asked him what was the shot in the ass? He said, oh, it gave a lot of people jobs, he was 25 years old, and still in the foster care program. They would not let him get out to be able to earn money. He had offers.

I asked him, was he a Gullah-Geechee? He answered, yeah man, I am Gullah, a Gullah warrior, my name is Thomas.

The Gullah-Geechee were an intact African tribe, enslaved in its entirety, and transported to the American colonies as slaves kept together, to see if they would like slavery better. After slavery, the remnants of the tribe, and other survivors, stayed on their barrier islands, of southern South Carolina, Georgia, and Northern Florida. Many have no electricity, and live in huts on palm sand islands, much as they have since they arrived with no choice, and sent to mosquito infested waste land. A few years ago, Congress granted full ownership of their sacred lands to them permanently, and today are land billionaires. Owning a good chunk of the finest oceanfront land on the East coast. Spending time running developers off their lands, as they wish to live in their chosen style. As they paid for the right, with centuries of bloodshed, after lives of misery, for generations. Congress paid back the reparations. I call it a good start.

I asked Thomas what he did for a living? He said he was a singer, and was trying to get out of foster care, so he could get paid for it. He had lots of offers. He asked me, if I

wanted him to sing a song? I wanted to say Amazing Grace, but did not know if he did religious songs. I said sure. He started singing Amazing Grace, with the deepest sonic powered voice I had ever heard. I laid down on the floor, turned my head to the side a bit, so others would not see the tear in the corner of my eye.

God sent an angel to influence Thomas, to sing my favorite song, after God used Satan to get him there on time. To let me know, everything was going to be okay. That I had nothing to worry about. To not be afraid. It was a little bit of heaven, deep inside of hell.

A Long Week Ends

Other inmates locked in the suicide watch cell, could use the phone twice a day, except me. Nor, would they let me shower, as I might have discovered the scab on my stomach, was really a bullet blast hole sutured closed.

One day, while taking my vital signs, my hand accidentally touched the nurses forearm. She had a scowl look on her face, and reached for a packet of an alcohol wipe. And vigorously rubbed her forearm, where I had touched, to remove my germs and filth. I was the scum of the earth, as she just conveyed, so well.

The last day the nurses took my vital signs, I asked, why bother taking my vital signs, was I to believe they were interested in my wellbeing? They stopped taking them. Writing down I refused. On their standard refusal forms.

An inmate laying on the cold floor next to me, Bob Smalls, not sure of spelling on last name, was suicidal. Bob was a veteran, who had been churned through the Veterans Administration morass, with no care, making him feel worse, abandoned, because no one cared. He was suffering from PTSD, living a miserable life. I told him there was a better life, after death, than ever before, so put up with this life. I said, our suffering something bad, was building up an equal amount of good, for God to do some good, thanks to us suffering the bad, in this otherwise 50/50 domain of half Satan. I told him, I heard Arizona Senator John McCain, was going to run for President, and had a staff, who listened to veterans from other states. Send them a letter. After feeling better, and convincing the shrink he was no longer suicidal, ten times in a row, the last shouting, Bob stood up, and gave me a bear hug, saying, thanks man, you are a life saver.

After a week, I could ambulate (walk) on my own, not needing walls for support, but I had a heavy limp to the right. It was clear to the medical staff, I survived through the high-risk period, and was still alive, and not dead. They had to release me sometime. The nurse entered in the medical records, I could ambulate again, therefore could be released from suicide watch. The nurse's notation of being able to ambulate, later produced evidence I was unable to ambulate for some reason, after walking into the jail just fine days before.

The moment I was free, and able to use the nearest phone, I immediately called my jail support team, to fill them in on what transpired. As none of them, or my family, had heard any word from me, for twelve days. No public mugshot issued. I had a stack of letters desperate for response. It

would have been forever, if not for direct intervention of God, in multiple instances.

Looking back from today, there is a perfectly rational medical explanation, for how I survived each brush with death, with no medical care. But viewing from a distance, it becomes clear, with the narrow window of survivability on each risk event, I was a recipient of a series of miracles of God.

With a few more needing to come, before God could get me out of jail alive, and intact. To start my mission stopping cold cell torture/homicide. Which clearly was my mission, and the only reason, I was still alive. It was apparent to me, all in heaven, were on my side.

Chapter 23 – Medical Cell Block 3G – The Hotel in Hell

4/13/2006 - Pod 3G, Sheriff Cannon Detention Center,
North Charleston, South Carolina

During my dicey week on death watch, I met the jail's shrink, Dr. Higgins, MD, who proved somewhat useful, as he knew my local psychiatrist, and with his assistant, Amy Klein, advocated for me somewhat, which may have warded off, other ill intentions.

I was certain much later they knew of my gunshot, which they failed to tell me, when they assigned me to a cell block. They prescribed the same medicine my doctor had, a general anti-depressant. I thought it a bit disingenuous to feign concern for my mental health, when I was tortured and shot, which they knew, then left on the floor to die before their very eyes, only helping me, when I did not.

Instead of a regular low offense no threat cell block, they assigned me to the Medical Observation Cell Block, Pod 3G, just below. Nicknamed "The Hotel" being only one level, with lower density of packed in inmates. What I initially thought was a kind gesture, was driven more by the medical doctor wanting to keep an eye on me, to monitor possible fallout from internal injuries from the gunshot, no one told me about. Overhead cameras were monitored from above.

Table of Killers

The problem was the medical block was not segregated, so I spent three months locked in a cell block with killers. But this gave me the opportunity, to take control of the cellblock.

I sat down at the table of killers, assuming they would be the types to protect me. Sitting at their table, pushing my tray away, saying I cannot eat this slop, do any of you guys want it? Each killer got a portion, giving more to the killer wanting to be my friend the most. They all wanted to be my friend, three times a day. If an inmate were to attack me, the killers sensing food being taken away, acted on instinct to protect me. I only ate the piece of hard stale bread, and warm water from a dripping faucet.

On April 13, 2006, when first able to secure a stubby pencil, and paper, I wrote four pages of handwritten notes. Detailing what had occurred, since entering jail. Including names, and times. During discovery of my first Federal lawsuit, the sheriff produced jail computer database logs, and they matched my notes, locations, and times.

My first cellmate was a deaf-mute inmate named Robert. He tried to teach me sign language, but I had difficulty with memory, and motor skills, but sign writing on palm of hand was easy, and brought back the alphabet, which I had temporarily lost memory of, because of the torture.

Robert's crime was breaking into a house when no one was home, because he was hungry and wanted to stay alive. He cooked a several course meal, and sat down at the livingroom table, lit a candle, and began feasting. The homeowners came home as Robert began eating, and the man, enraged at a stranger eating at the head of his table, on his fine china, took the plate away from Robert. Yelling at him. Robert, not hearing the yelling, only seeing a scary angry face, flipped out and beat the man nearly to death. As Robert was sign writing

this story to me, I thought, if I come home finding a stranger, eating at my table, I am going to back out of the house saying nothing, and let them enjoy their meal, while calling the police.

Robert was furious at me, for eating at the table of killers. He kept sign writing all the people they killed. One, killed a woman and her two children in cold blood. The killers offered to kill Robert, if I gave them the word.

God brought me back from the almost dead, then left for dead again, but did not, twice, only to wind up locked in a cell block, needing to become best friends to psychotic killers, to keep myself from being killed. I understand life is a battle to the death for all of us, but one usually has a pause in the storm, between gales. My storms kept coming ashore, with increasing velocity.

My next storm, was not being able to defecate, since I was tortured. For 23 days, I was unable to have a bowel movement. The gun blast and bullet took out nerve muscle control and left internal bleeding. I had to remove stool with my fingers to relieve pressure. Until the stool turned hard like concrete. I had a fecal impaction, which was fatal if the impaction was not dislodged quickly.

The backed-up pressure grew to the point I lost all sensation in my legs, and was unable to move them. The guards took me to the jail's hospital in a wheelchair once again. The medical doctor, Dr. Ralph B. Piening, MD, refused to see me, instead told me to return in two days. The doctor knew I had internal injuries from the bullet, and a possible fecal impaction, so he added two more days, to give death another

chance. Before he would be forced to take the fall, by treating conditions, which would lead to the bullet being discovered, with his sutures. Malpractice concerns diminished under fear of prison sentence. I was sent back to my cell to die.

The next day, laying on my bunk, wondering if I could die from a fecal impaction, suddenly, my lower body began moving involuntarily (by itself), my back ached upwards, and my lower body muscles contracted and twisted and turned, as if a woman giving birth, to build up pressure, to expel the contents of my bowels by force. I quickly slipped off the bunk, and barely made it to the toilet, before one huge twist and push, and the entire contents of my bowels, blasted into the toilet. Feet long.

I had instant relief, and could use my legs once again. The next day the doctor saw me. And was very relieved I had the huge bowel movement. And, upon rectal exam, noted in my medical records, I had dried blood in my colon. Indicating internal bleeding, from being shot with the metal object. The doctor said I was fine, prescribed two laxatives, hoping I never found out why, and sent me back to my cell, maybe to die another day.

Since this happened, I have researched other inmates around the country, who have died from constipation, after being denied medical care. One mother died in ten days, another woman twelve. I lasted twenty-three, and required outside intervention. From what I could tell, none had the lifesaving involuntary movements, to expel their bowels, to keep them alive. I do not know if the involuntary movements were a common medical occurrence, or another miracle of God.

Either way, it added to the chain, of highly unlikely probabilities, of narrow survival, all of which lined up for me, barely surviving each time.

Two years later, I took the deposition of Dr. Ralph B. Piening, MD, and he was amiable, and meek in character, as he could possibly be. He lied through the whole deposition. I am not a lawyer, only pretend. At the time, I did not know about being shot, and he offered no testimony. However, the certified transcript of his lying then, became proof of his lies then, after the two doctors found the metal object, in an x-ray of my hip, matching the scar with his sutures. Ultimately explaining my broken hip, nerve damage down my right leg, and years of painful abdominal attacks, of unknown origin. Being shot explained all my medical ailments, after the fact.

The involuntary movements, saving my life, occurred on my birthday. When I also received a letter from my father, with whom I had a combative relationship, since working together for seven years, which ended badly. My father wrote, he hoped I was taking the time to reflect on my actions, and was seeking help in jail, I obviously needed. I later learned, he ordered my brother and sister to send no money to me, nor bail me out, and let me rot in jail, until I learned my lessons. It was retribution time for my father. I had no words to begin to communicate to him, what had transpired, nor was there any kind of help in jail. It was anti-help, brutal torture, and attempted homicide. I left Darth Vader to his anger, and discarded his letter.

God gave me the miracle of life on my birthday, and Satan got his blows in as well. The miracle won, and has ever since.

I have learned the hard way, Satan's most often used, and effective weapon, is deception. Because it works every time. Satan goes straight for the people closest to you, deceiving them into doing some great evil to you, believing they are helping you, and doing the right thing. This problem eventually grew much worse for me, and took a decade to overcome, and stop the attacks.

Inmates Grievance Forms

When I found a stack of inmate grievance forms on the guard station, I filled one out. Asking "Why was I tortured for the first three days? Why did you lock me in that cold cell for 3 days?" Not hearing back, I filed a new one, but added, "When are you going to take me to the hospital regards my brain damage, from the torture?" After submitting five of the grievance forms, I heard back nihil.

Jailhouse Lawyer

Inmates turned me into what was called a jailhouse lawyer, because they assumed I knew how to read and write. I knew scant little about criminal law, but had a fast indoctrination with a constant flow of inmates, to practice my trade, and charge canteen items, and pieces of bread at meals. So, I could keep the killers happy, with the slop.

One inmate came into the cell block, and asked for the jailhouse lawyer. An inmate answered, see the white guy. Looking around the cell block, seeing no white guy, said what white guy? Peering around trying to spot me, said that white guy. My other nickname in jail was Andy Dufresne, from the movie *The Shawshank Redemption*.

The inmate asked me to help get him out of jail. I said I would try, and asked him his charges. The inmate asked, what charges? I said, they gave you a brown paper bag with white pieces of paper, containing your charges. He said no one gave him any bag with white papers. I asked him, why he was arrested? He said, he was arrested for being four black guys, in the same car, at the same time. I said, four black guys, in the same car, at the same time, was not a crime. He replied, no, you do not understand, in South Carolina, four black guys, in the same car, at the same time, was a crime. He was reality right.

I told him to go to the guard station, and politely ask, what your charges were in the computer? If none, say, will you please open the paddy lock doors, I wish to go home. The inmate did so, but pointed back towards me, as if asked who told him. That meant I was going to get locked down for the day, and was. But that young man walked out, after about two hours, never to be arrested again, for being four black guys, in the same car, at the same time.

For other inmates, I wrote motions for bond reduction, motion to suppress evidence, motion for speedy trial, motion for anything we could use to dislodge the otherwise year or three wait for a trial. Just to clear the inmate's names, so they could go home, to a bed with a pillow, not slabs of flat steel. Rarely did these motions work, but enough of them gave the public defender the ability to say, your honor, the defendant has filed twenty motions for speedy trial in two years, can we at least schedule at date for trial, maybe next year?

What did work, was something from the inmate code. We inmates live by a code. You either live by the code, or die by the code. The first rule of the code, is inmates must tell the truth to each other, especially whether they committed their crimes. Lawyers call them jailhouse confessions, and defenders constantly demand their clients never speak with other inmates about their cases. This does not work, because the lawyers do not understand the code. If inmates do not tell the truth, they will not make it to their trial.

This allowed the jailhouse lawyers to write letters to public defenders, or prosecutors, with the truth regarding criminal charges. To turn the wheels of justice, and earn themselves some stale bread. Due to the weight lawyers, and judges, place on jailhouse confessions, the truly innocent could be freed with dropped charges. Or, prime a plea deal, by willing to confess to some charges, while dismissing others.

During breaks from cells, I would sit at a table, with my stacks of paper, and half-pencil stubs, meeting with inmate clients, while a guard stood over my shoulder, listening to every word. One meal I had 17 pieces of bread from inmates who owed me favors, for my half-assed, sometimes effective, many times not, practice of jailhouse law. If you do not earn your keep in jail, staying alive becomes difficult.

Good Guards and Bad Guards

Inmates are a dangerous group of humans, and pose a constant threat to your life. Triggered tempers, looking for triggers anywhere, creates a situation where guards are needed. And people who work in jail, spend their life in jail. No one likes jail.

In my cell block, there were only two, 12-hour shifts a week, where only one guard was needed. Otherwise several, never below two, were needed. The first solo guard we called grandmother, because she was. She was a short frail black grandmother. Who the inmates loved so much, they would never consider starting a fight while she was on duty, or they would take grandmother away, and no longer have peace in the cell block.

The second solo guard was a middle age Caucasian man massive in size, but one of the kindest, caring, supportive, generous, humans I had ever met. Inmates kept complete peace in the cell block, so no one would take this kindred spirit away, and bring back war, because we enjoyed the peace.

On the opposite end of this gamut, were shifts where up to five or six guards where needed. Mostly young, 3-week untrained, and crooked people, who committed crimes against the inmates. Thus, needing five or six, to deter unobserved actions of abuse on inmates. But it does not work. When these guards committed crimes against the inmates, it forced the inmates to commit crimes back, to prevent further injury. Triggering a tag team of giants, in riot gear, to storm into their cell, blasting tear gas, to extract the inmate. Many of these violent cell extractions are videotaped for television shows. But once the cameras are turned off, the guards just drag the inmates back inside their cells, because they had nowhere extracted to go. Not for a long time. It was all for show, and jobs the public was told were needed.

We need our jails and prisons staffed with grandmothers, and kindred spirits. Not more criminals.

Sheriff Bans Bibles

The reader has perhaps heard of Southern sheriffs only allowing inmates one book to read, the Christian bible. I had a sheriff who apparently hated Christianity, and outlawed distribution of bibles. So, we only had three torn partial bibles for 200 inmates.

After my first cellmate, Robert, was sent to prison for seven years, a Caucasian man put in a request to be my new cellmate. The guards approved the transfer. The guards only matched cellmates by the same race, never a mix. Richard Brady was a Christian, and was friends with the Chaplin. After fathering ten children, Richard fell victim to a crack cocaine addiction. He had not seen his children in ten years, traveling by jails up and down the east coast. After being arrested for shop lifting, to buy crack for a time, before thrown into the local jail, to sleep free. He got around by shoplifting what cab drivers wanted for rides, taking him to their favorite store first.

I asked if he could obtain a red-letter edition bible for me. The Chaplin took great risk to do so, and the smuggled bible made its way to my cell door, opened only a crack, for a quick trade off, hoping not to be caught. But the guards saw it. I was charged with serious violations of jail laws. After an investigation, viewing all camera footage, interrogating witnesses, and due to my telling the truth, my punishment was light. But I got to keep the bible.

I wrote in the bible's dedication page, the bible was a gift from Richard, and wrote down the date, which I did not see the significance until years later. The date in the bible was 6/6/06. More of God's sense of humor, I concluded.

This allowed me time, between the torn bible pieces, and the new one, to read the New Testament three times, and the Old Testament once. I learned so much about issues preachers never preach.

Jailhouse Verses

Being in jail, is a constant downward pressure, with no relief valve, except thinking there was any life, after the hell. Reading bible verses provided a huge relief, while you were reading them. Once you stopped, you were right back in hell. I gathered all the inmate's favorite verses, which provided relief even after reading. And compiled about twelve of the most powerful, later adding a thirteenth. I had inmates who owed me favors, make handwritten copies, and hand out. Inmates would read down the list, enjoy the good feelings, then read down again, to feel good again, over, and over, for hours, and days. Anything to stay alive, and pass the hell.

An inmate asked me, if God heard his prayers? I answered, God never stops listening, being right there, so yes. Another inmate asked, if there was life after death. I answered, there was better life after death, than ever before. Then, does Jesus love me? Answered, just as much as God. And, will God forgive me for my crime? Answering, 2,000 years ago. And, never fear because Jesus was near.

The reader may have seen war movies, with bands of soldiers, in trenches, avoiding bombs and bullets overhead, with no way out. Encouraging each other to survive. As a human reaction, when facing certain death, until it finally arrives.

Sheriff Cannon's Jail Deaths

When I first arrived in my cell block, the inmates were jumpy, and on edge. Apparently, two white guards, beat a black inmate to death. Before their very eyes. And the death was not reported in the outside news. When the newspaper reported an inmate death, the sheriff's phone backed up with calls from angry citizens, for days.

Within the span of two weeks of my incarnation, one inmate in the cell next to mine, died of an untreated bladder infection, another hung himself after being released from suicide watch, and another died from not being given insulin to stay alive. I realized that if I had I died, I would have been the fourth dead inmate, a record.

The medical provider, Correct Care Solutions, won the contract bidding, by guaranteeing a 30% reduction in inmate medical expenses. As local citizens were upset with the high health care expenses. The only way to lower medical expenses, was to not provide medical care. If they did not provide medical care, inmates died. And they did. Nurses triaged inmates, to decide which to withhold care, letting them die before their eyes. Same as they did to me. Or, rushed to the hospital, with signed self-release, waiving any dollar claims against their contract. Just to save money, and make the taxpayers happy.

Inmates did not have the right to stay alive, not when so expensive.

Sheriff Cannon nicknamed his jail “The House.” “The House” was short for “Plantation House,” where slaves would go in, and never be seen again. And the proud nickname was in quotes on the sheriff’s county website. I made a PDF document of the webpage, should he remove it later. Sheriff Cannon removed it, after I referenced in court filings.

Opps Pharmacy Error

One day, a tall, large, and highly-educated Caucasian man, in his late 70’s, with a bad contusion on his forehead, was locked inside the cell block. Having been identified as the jailhouse lawyer, he asked me for help getting out. The man took heart surgery recovery medicine, blood pressure pills, liver function drugs, something for his brain, about twelve different pills to remain alive.

He moved his prescriptions, by asking Walgreens to electrically send them to Walmart. When Walmart’s pharmacy computers received the electronic prescriptions from Walgreens, Walmart thought they were from a sophisticated hacker, buying illegal drugs. When the elderly man arrived at the Walmart pharmacy to pick up his meds, the police officers greeting him, threw him face first onto the concrete floor, causing the contusion. Unaware of much after that, only to find himself in jail. The contracted medical providers, refused to give him any of the pills, he needed to stay alive, because each were the most expensive drugs on the

market. So, they locked him in the medical observation cell block, to keep an eye on him.

After having no way to help him, as Walmart would not return letters, nor accept collect calls, neither could his family, or friends, all having cell phones, which cannot. I knew the clock was ticking against his remaining vertical for long. All the inmates in the cell block were praying for him, cheering him up, as we were powerless, to do anything other. While nurses, and doctor, viewed him on camera monitors. From Correct Care Solutions, medical provider. To save the sheriff's budget.

After two weeks of panic, for mortal fear of his life, Walmart pharmacy discovered their error, and the man was released still alive. Prayers having been the only way to help.

\$250,000 Bond Too High

One inmate asked me to help him lower his bond, so he could bail himself out. He and his girlfriend, earned their living beating people up, and taking their wallets. She would pose online, to be thirteen years old, in chatrooms with local child molesters. To lure them to the couple's house, for feigned sex with a child. With perp seated on sofa waiting for same, the man jumped from behind the sofa, to beat the crap out of the pedophile, taking their wallet, which sent the perps fleeing, never telling anyone. Until one perp reported to police, getting the inmate arrested with a \$250,000 bond.

I told him network broadcast news channels, taped shows doing the same thing, with law enforcement officers behind the same characters. I told him I would be forgiving if on his

jury. The bond judge ignored motions for bond reduction. A month later he heard from a public defender, who prepared him to face the probability of a decade in prison, after waiting two years for a trial.

Not My Cell and Are You Okay?

When guards found out I was not sweeping and moping my cell every day, as required by jail law, two guards confronted me in my cell, with intentions of drawing up charges. I was asked, why I refused to clean my cell? I looked around the cell, and answered, it was not my cell, it was the sheriff's cell. If the sheriff wanted it clean, he could come clean it himself. They left, never to mention it again.

When Robert, my deaf-mute cellmate, felt the vibrations of the cell's loudspeaker, he would demand I sign write what was said. This took time to spell out the whole message, which did apply to Robert. One day, a female guard's voice came over the loudspeaker, telling me to give some long message to Robert. I could not even remember, or write down as fast. I spoke back at the intercom on the wall, you can come tell him yourself, I do not work for the sheriff, you do.

Milliseconds later, the guard was in my face screaming at me. She was losing it, in some psychotic rant. I said in a calm voice, are you okay? She kept screaming. Again, I calmly said, are you okay? She stopped bewildered, and asked what? I repeated, are you okay? She got a worried look on her face, and slowly backed out of my cell, not losing eye contact with me.

Later, when I came out for meals, she singled me out for verbal abuse, and belittled me, in front of the other inmates. I laughed at her. That made the table of killers laugh too, to continue getting my food. Next, all the other tables laughed, so they would not be killed, by the killers. This made her even more mad at me.

She was eventually promoted, and transferred out as a full sheriff's deputy, with a shiny fast car, and a big gun. After only three weeks of training, and some time in jail. I was thankful she was gone, but worried she may end up shooting someone with her gun, in one of her psychotic rants. Ten years later, the opposite happened. She walked solo into an ambush, and criminals grabbed her gun, and shot her with it. The wound was survivable. I was thankful she survived, and not rewarded, by going to heaven.

Jail Canteen Commissary

If you can convince someone outside the jail, to send a money order into the jail, inmates have a credit balance, with which to buy food items from the jail's commissary, called the canteen. My brother defied my father's order not to send me money, and sent \$25 a week to my canteen account.

The first item I purchased was thermal underwear, as the jail itself was kept frigid. During my first Federal lawsuit, the Sheriff's fall guy signed an affidavit, testifying the jail was kept between 74 and 76 degrees F. Which I objected, and asked, why then, did the sheriff sell thermal underwear on his canteen, based on the documents he just produced?

Next I bought from the canteen, saltine crackers to live on, to supplement the stale bread, because Caucasian people could not eat the food served by the jail. The food was unrecognizable from I had ever seen. Rice did not swim. Dog food looked, and smelled better. I guess if they served good food in jail, people would come to jail just to eat the good food, and not have to commit a crime, to get money, to buy food, to stay alive. If there was good food at the jail, there would be no need for the crime. And that would be bad for the jail, lawyer, and judge business.

Penal Punishments

Everything in jail is predicated on the fact you will not like it there, and they want you to tell your friends, they will not like it there either. As an example, the bar of soap, toothpaste, and shower towel.

When you first enter jail, you are given a small tub of items, a bar of soap, a half-toothbrush, a tube of toothpaste called “FreshStart” as play on words, especially when first brushed. The towel was so small, and thin, only 24-inches square, you could see through it. You could only wrap it half-way around your waist. This was to prevent inmates from hanging themselves with their towel. It was designed to be thin, so too much pull, shredded it.

Once in the shower, I opened the bar of soap and smelled it. There was no smell. Not until it got wet. When wet, it reeked of a foul sulfur smell of rotten eggs. Spinning the bar in my hands, to create suds, made only an oily slime. After washing my body with the slime, my whole body reeked of

foul odor. Using the slime to wash hair, left hair tangled with a greasy oily feel. None of it washed off.

The toothpaste burned in my mouth, and even after rinsing out my mouth, I still tasted dog feces. Lastly, getting out of the shower, I had to pick what small portion of my body I wanted to dry, before the towel was useless, leaving me soaking wet.

After this initial experience, and realizing it was all carefully designed on purpose, inmates figured out they must buy real shampoo, soap, and toothpaste, on the canteen, if they wanted to wash off the foul slime, and odor. This information was not passed onto new inmates, as we enjoyed first shower experiences, chuckling when groans of dislike emanated from the fallen prey, to these purposely planned penal punishments. They stepped out of the shower stalls, with wet clothes, except for a small dry area.

A dozen inmate suicides in Sheriff's Cannon's jail, were credited to inmates hanging themselves with their towel. There was no way to tie the towel around your neck, and nothing left over to tie around, nothing to tie it to. As everything had been carefully designed, to never allow an inmate to hang themselves. We were not even allowed to keep the small plastic bags, from small bags of chips. Inmates could suffocate themselves, cellmates, or jump guards. If we were caught with them empty, we were punished.

Ten years later, a young black woman in Texas, named Sandra Bland, was pulled off the road for a ticket, arrested for slowly submitting to authority, only claimed to have been

found dead, hanging by a large plastic bag, in her jail cell, away from camera view. A large bag would never be given to any inmate in any cell, as they might jump, and suffocate a cellmate, or a guard. If an inmate had a large plastic bag, with ill intentions, they could easily suffocate themselves quickly, and not hang themselves with the impossible.

The Inmate Killer

One day, while playing cards with my friends the criminals, the paddy cell doors slammed open, and two guards escorted a giant inmate, with a wild look in his eyes, into the cell block. The guards slowly walked the inmate around the perimeter of the block, doing a few laps slowly. The escorted inmate sneered at other inmates looking at him funny, like he wanted to beat them up.

At our table, we looked at each other with dread. The guards were trying to reacclimate this animal back around inmates to see if he would kill them again. He was an inmate killer.

After some time, the guards let the inmate loose, but hung around to observe. Somehow, I found myself behind this animal in meal line. And for some reason he sensed me as a threat. He turned around and assumed an attack position, with clinched fists ready to strike. His face turned bright red with seething anger. The other inmates formed a circle, ready to watch a fight.

I did not even have enough time to react. With imminent pain coming too soon, all I had time to do was close my eyes almost completely, to protect my eyes from my glasses

breaking into my face. I left my eyes open only a thin crack, so I could see when to close completely.

Then I froze, and waited for fast fate. The Goliath's arms were shaking, with tightened muscles, ready to pounce. His guards seeing this unfold, began rushing over. But the inmate relaxed his stance, and unclenched his fists, put his head down, and turned around in line.

The other inmates rushed in, and patted me on the back, saying well done, you sure showed him. They said I did a perfect Clint Eastwood squinty eyed routine saying "Well do you punk? Do you feel lucky? Do ya?" I was not staring him down. But I decided not to correct their version of the story. Thiers was better, for my continued survival.

Later, I learned the guards in the control room, watched the whole event on monitors, and cleared the animal for transfer back to general population. Because if a guy half his size, backed him down with a stare, he was tamed enough. We never saw him again.

Radicalized Muslims

One day, two middle eastern looking men entered the cell block, picked up food trays, and sat down at our table of killers. We looked at each other, like these guys have some moxy. So, we named one Osama, the other bin Laden. Osama got transferred out a few days later, but bin Laden took a shining to me, and chose me for radicalization.

It started with bin Laden carrying a Christian bible, in view of all curious lookers. This drew the question, I thought you

were a Muslim, why the Christian bible? Which was answered, Muslims believe in Jesus as the Christ, the highest most important prophet, who is returning soon, to save all believers. Next, an invitation to a Christian bible study. Which turned into a Quran being placed in my hands. Finding myself with one in my hands, I said time out. I will agree to read your Quran for a time, but no more.

After about 100 hours reading the Quran, as lots of time to read, I handed it back to bin Laden. And said, so you Muslims are Christians after all, different kinds, but still Christians. He said our religion is called Islamic Christianity.

The Quran read very much like the Christian Old Testament, fights and battles, but with New Testament players, like Jesus, Mother Mary, added to Abraham, Joseph, Isaac Ishmael, they were all there. I only found three verses which seemed to inflame violence on non-believers, but nothing compared to the violence and beheadings found in our Christian Old Testament. Like when the army marched around the town of Jericho, and the walls came tumbling down, as the childhood Sunday School song goes. What is not sung, is what happened after the walls fell, as the army engaged in genocide, killing everything that lived; animals, babies, children, women, men, nothing was left living. And today we sing in support.

I asked bin Laden why Muslims never tell Christians they believe in Jesus as the Christ, and only talk about Mahammad, a lessor prophet by Mahammad's own humbleness? He said because we do not want to feed Christians, with which, they will believe themselves even more right, only to further hate us. Because we have the real message of Jesus Christ, not

that Jesus is a God, separate from God, but second in command only to God, and is the Christ.

I asked him, did he believe God could fully materialize before us, in the form of a man, a woman, or a tiger? He answered of course. I said, the tiger is not a god, rather God is a tiger, at the moment.

I said, we believed in only one God of Abraham, who takes on many forms at will, knowing a few most often. He rejected the logic.

I told him since Muslims believe in Jesus as the Christ, as the highest possible prophet, and is returning soon to save the world, that meets Jesus's own requirements for salvation, to just believe, and nothing else. I told him, I had no need to convert a Muslim, who was already guaranteed to go to heaven.

Bin Laden continued with his efforts to convert me, but I said, I was already saved, so why spend time saving the saved? I did not tell him I just got back from heaven, so I knew my only believing worked, with no need for anything else. As it was a waste of time, because it did not work, only believing did.

I asked bin Laden why he killed my friends on 9/11? He said we dropped bombs on their women and children first. I had no ready comeback, as that was technically true, as we have a record of accomplishment since World War II, of bombing anyone after our disfavor, and before our favor. Also, knowing our drone assassination program was an even more Apocalyptic weapon, the kind that would be used

during the great seven-year tribulation, in the area of Syria, ending with Christ's return, I diverted the subject.

I told him God wanted people alive, Satan wanted them dead. Killing was Satan's job. To get them out of Satan's otherwise 50/50 domain. I asked, why was killing good people, good for God, by doing Satan's job? I did not get very far with bin Laden, and he did not get very far with me, but my fear of Muslims was gone. Replaced with a deep love, and respect, for my fellow believers in Jesus as the Christ.

The terrorists are psychotic killers posing as Muslims, to get high from killing people. 2% of a population is psychotic, and can be driven to kill. Apply this 2% to a Muslim population, and guess what their psychotic killers are doing? Ours are in jail, with me, breaking stale bread, learning they kill, to get a high that lasts weeks, but when it wears off, they must kill again to get high again. They are addicted to the drug. Ask ISIS. They formed a nation of suicidal killing addicted killers, while claiming to be the true leaders of Islam, doing it for God. And people believed it. While other psychotic killers, all around the world, seeing it on television, rushed to the party for free drugs. Becoming instant converts, believing anything they say, just to kill and get high, every day. And pass around recorded videos, of gruesome beheadings, as pornography at night, dreaming of getting high the next day.

In the Gospels of Jesus Christ, he warned us a day would come during the great seven-year tribulation, in the area of Syria, when people would kill us, thinking they were doing a service for God.

Satan Worshipper

One day, a female guard introduced herself as a Satan worshipper, she overheard a religious conversation. I asked her why she killed cats. She said we do not kill our cats, or our dogs, you are thinking of witches, they kill their cats. I asked her what she believed? She said that Satan would win. I asked her if she believed anything else? She said nope, that was about it. I asked her why she became a jail guard? She answered, so she could hang out with demons like me all day, and get paid for it. She was witty, I enjoyed our talks.

Satan hires Satan worshippers to staff his house. Makes Sense. I bet it attracts them from far corners.

Heart and the Crazyies

After mental hospitals dumped the mentally ill onto the streets, due to horrifying abuses, those with serious mental health problems ended up in jails and prisons, because people were afraid of them, and demanded they be locked up. Inmates are very kind, and watch over, and protect these inmates, affectionally nicknamed the crazyies.

One such crazy was in the cell next to mine, last name Hart, but we named him Heart, because he had a big heart, and would never hurt anyone. What scared people, was Heart would shampoo his hair, leaving the suds intact, then go around making funny faces at people. This did not go well outside the jail, as he was sent to jail for frightening people. In jail, he could do it all day long, and we laughed with him, because laughing made us feel better, for a moment.

Heart was suffering from schizophrenia, and talked all day to people who were not there. So, we chipped in, and bought him a transistor radio with ear buds. Heart started talking to the radio hosts, and was holding conversations with them. Initially worried we had exacerbated his ailment, he would not give up the radio. So, we continued buying batteries for him, as he liked talking to the radio all day. Heart being happy, made us feel better, for a longer time, than moments.

One day while in my cell, I heard a guard next door yelling at Heart, for not taking his medication. Then I heard the thud sounds of Heart being beaten over the head, with what appeared to be a flashlight, or baton of sorts. I flew from my bunk, and ran into Heart's cell at full speed, using my momentum to pull the guard off Heart. The guard, hitting the floor with me on top of him, was shocked, and ran out of the cell back to the guard station. I followed the guard, and started yelling at him, to never ever beat Heart again. And not worrying about felony assault on a corrections officer charges.

This enraged the guard such, he immediately initiated a cell block transfer for me, moving me to the Federal prisoner high-violent crime general population cell block. You never want to be locked in any general population cell block, not if you want to maintain your sanity, and remain alive.

With four inmates packed in cells made for two, with hundreds up and angry criminals, each facing decades in prison, my normal policy of never becoming suicidal, was quickly reversed. When the doctors in the medical cell block, found out I had been transferred to hell block, for

punishment the day before, they immediately transferred me back to the medical observation cell block.

I walked back into the medical cell block, limping to the right leg, carrying my tub of items, passing the guard who transferred me out, with my icy stare met by his displeased shock in seeing me return, knowing his superiors then knew the truth. No guard ever beat Heart again, and the bad guard rowed his boat in a straight line, so the events were justified.

Later, during discovery in my first Federal lawsuit, I obtained the jail's database logs, showing my transfer out of the medical block, into the Federal high-crime general population cell block, which was not allowed not being a Federal inmate, nor segregated for high crime block, then two days later transferred back to the medical block. This would become evidence to support my events, as to why the database records proved the transfers occurred, leaving only why.

While I was in the Federal high-crime general population cell block, I took a head count, 219 black guys, and 4 white guys. Something was off, either only black people committed crimes, or only black people were arrested for crimes, or a mix of both.

The two common denominators, I found present in the hundreds of inmates I interviewed, during my 72 days in hell: the first, none had a father in their lives, not one. I asked one inmate if he knew who his father was? He answered "My daddy is the police, I was raised by the cops. Instead of time-out, I got shot." He showed me his scar. Fathers keep their sons out of prison.

Fathers raise sons, with the mistakes and lessons, they learned the hard way growing up, as a boy, to a man, like no one else can. Give an early warning on pitfalls of men, to be a better man. Be smart in staying alive. Never touch a gun in anger, or you will regret for life. Never go to jail.

Man's primary role is protector. If he fails his duty, he has no family to protect. Men are sometimes faulted for trying to dominate the situation. Sometimes, he must dominate everything, for a long time, to never fail his duty. Protecting his children by brainwashing them from birth, how to never go to jail, is lost, when a single mother, alone, and unfairly overburdened, with no father around, calls the police to discipline, out of very justified need.

Family court judges took 80% of fathers away, who kept their kids out of jail, leaving alone mothers, having to call police with genuine need, who put their kids in juvenile jail, or shoots them. Before they are 18.

The second commonality, was almost all the crimes, and even many of the murders, were based out of desperation to keep themselves alive. Unemployment of young-black-males is 50%. Employers are not hiring them, obviously. But since the young-black-men want to stay alive, and a human body without food, will not be one for long, they steal something to turn into money, to buy food, and stay alive. They wanted to stay alive badly enough, and badly the only way.

When petrified of imminent death, from lack of ability to remain alive, desperation erupts into a flash point of death, for someone, in attempts to stay alive. Why does a criminal take the risk to rob a store at gunpoint? The criminal shoots

the store clerk, so the criminal will not have to die. Someone else will, before they do, as they want to stay alive more than the clerk, who had the money.

If we solve the desperation, we do not get the crime, and more people will stay alive. Including the reader not finding themselves, an impediment to someone's will to stay alive.

The 219-young-black-male inmates in hell block, will get out of prison someday, but no one will hire them, because they are serious criminals. Employers associate young-black-men as criminals, because so many are, so no one hires any of them, growing the problem.

Which feeds the now three generations of young-black-men without fathers, since family court was created in the 1960's. Where, ever since, in 80% of cases before the court, the first action the family court judge takes, is to eliminate the father to 2% custody, no longer allowed to be involved in his children's lives. Then the judge loads on child support, they can never pay, because no one hires them. Leaving the choice of either, stealing to stay alive, only getting them thrown in jail. Or, be thrown in jail for child support, and a year's hard labor, for the sheriff and his henchmen. Or, almost tortured to death in cold cells. It is an endless feeding cycle, of a self-fulfilling prophecy. All designed and orchestrated by Satan.

First, we created black crime, by eliminating fathers, then we manufactured by assembly lines of mass production, followed by growing it, into the fastest growing business in the United States. Criminal justice. Because 40 million jobs depend on a constant flow of unnecessary avoidable crimes. And the

reason for 2.2 million inmates, more than any nation on earth. We must not let Satan win here, as he has so far.

When I took the headcount that day, wondering about the almost all black cell block, and why, I have shared with you what I discovered, at the very source.

Jail Dentist

A black inmate with a painfully abscessed tooth could see the dentist, but we told him all the dentist did was extract the tooth, with no shot to numb it first. Whatever the dental need, the tooth came out, or they could keep it. This was done to cut down on dental costs both ways, to dissuade only till dire, and injections costs cents. The inmate came back with a swollen face, with gauze sticking out.

Instead of only extracting the one tooth, the dentist ripped out five of his top front teeth, preventing him from ever eating with them again. We told him the dentist was paid only by the tooth. Later that night, the inmate was taken to the infirmary, fainting from losing so much blood. As blood, dripping in chunks of dissolved toilet paper, were all over the floor, walls, bunks, toilet, sink, door, from massive bleeding. Not given more gauze to stop it, as the toilet paper dissolved. Gauze costs cents too.

Illiteracy

One day an illiterate black inmate asked for help writing down phone numbers. He was a drug dealer, whose phone was confiscated with 500 phone numbers of customers. He needed the list. He wanted to stay alive. Purely from

memory, he dictated all 500 numbers with the name of the person he was unable to spell. After two hours of writing, with a short stubby pencil, my hand was tired. I looked down at the dozens of pages, with all the numbers and names, and realized this man was a genius. A highly-gifted talent, wasted by a system which failed him.

Another day an inmate approached me, and said “How can you walk around, looking like you own the place, and nothing bothers you, do you not know you are in jail?” I answered only my body was in jail, my spirit was at the beach.

Later, a black inmate asked me for help filling out his canteen order form, saying he could not read or write. I read the canteen item list, and prices, and wrote down his orders. Then added up all the prices, to arrive at a total. He peered over to the sheet, and quickly said, you made a mistake adding the numbers. Taking the pencil, he corrected the error, and recalculated a new total. I looked at him, and said, you know how to read and write, you just wanted a white butler to serve you. We both laughed, and became fast friends.

He had been arrested misidentified as someone else, and during his strip search, when the guard brought in the stick from the toilet plunger, to use instead of four fingers, the inmate in handcuffs, headbutted the guard, breaking his nose. And was charged with felony assault on a corrections officer, and prosecuted for twenty years in prison. The poor officer cried on the witness stand, how much his nose hurt. Another jailhouse lawyer, and myself, provided letters the inmate was insane, along with the jail’s mental health staff, got him released on a mental health ticket, when a bed fortunately

opened in a mental half-way house. For a far more luxurious period of easier living, while the courts waited for further reports, from doctors never to issue.

Breaking

There is a phenomenon from caging humans for too long, called breaking. It happens in regular cycles.

One day, as I passed one inmate's cell, the guard was locking him inside, to not let him out. The inmate was naked, screaming, covered with, and smearing blood, and feces, all over the walls, floor, and door. I asked the guard what was going on with him? The guard answered the inmate was just breaking, and would be fine after a time. Sure enough, six hours later, the inmate settled down, regained his senses, and cleaned his cell. Ready for his next breaking.

When we cage humans in an environment, where if the inmates do not kill you, the guards will, there is nothing left of the human anymore.

Doxipin

One day, an inmate came up to me, and opened his hand containing a green pill. He said, if you take this pill, you will sleep for 24 hours. Sleeping in jail does not happen, and not a good idea. Insomnia in jail was brutal, as the hours passed like years, knowing where you were. And the only escape was sleep, which eluded you. I said sure. I swallowed the pill, and an hour later was peacefully asleep, slept soundly all night, and woke fully refreshed. I had the best night sleep of my life. In jail.

The inmate demanded five canteen items per week, for one pill each night. After being fleeced for a week of my best sleep ever, I scheduled a meeting with the jail's shrink, Dr. Higgins, MD.

Looking at him through an inch of bulletproof glass, I said doc, I have been buying this green pill on the underground market, which gives me the best night sleep ever, what is it? He immediately demanded I tell him who sold the pills. I said doc, as long as I am on this side of the glass, I am not going to roll over on dangerous inmates. He laughed in understanding, to hide his detachment from all around him, knowing he just told me.

He said it was called Doxipin, and was one of the early tricyclic anti-depressants that worked well, but had a side effect, of putting you soundly to sleep for eight hours. He said he prescribed it to half the inmates in the jail, as they claimed it helped them sleep. I said I want it. He said okay.

Losing Chess to a Killer

One of the killers, sitting across from me at the table of killers, who killed a woman and her two children, because she was going to leave him, resulting in child support being charged, getting him thrown in jail, for a year of hard labor for the sheriff. Family Court judges in South Carolina did not consider paternity a factor, and charged any current, or former boyfriends with child support. Claiming the best interest of the children. Which ended up getting two children, and a mother killed, so the boyfriend would not be

killed, or enslaved in jail, like all the all the other fathers around town had.

The killer liked playing chess with me, because he always won. He was the first at my cell door, each break, with the chess board in hand, asking for a game.

I was not trying to lose, although it was a useful outcome, my brain was not sharp, and ability to plan steps ahead was off. So, I lost due to the after-effects of profound hypothermia, which eventually recovered years later. The hard part was holding conversations, as being forced to become best friend to a killer, was not something I had ever willed to do. Notice, I say I was forced to become best friend to a killer, and not a killer was my best friend, as is my means of objecting to the imposition.

Pedophiles

One of the cells in our cell block was never opened, only late at night, after lights out, and only to let the inmate shower. I asked the guard why he was not allowed out with others. The guard said he was a child molester, and the other inmates would kill him if given the chance. One night, when the pedophile was allowed out to shower, two inmates jumped him, and nearly killed him, the guards standing down watching. This repeats.

Inmates have a code. You either live by the code, or die by the code. What I just described is inmate's justice code.

Just above pedophiles are rapists of women. The rapists being raped, repeats as well.

Then, tragically come homosexuals. One night, while in the recreation cage, dozens of inmates were yelling down to the recreation cage of the general population cell block, of all killers. The guards were punishing a young gay man for being gay, and locked him in the cell block with the killers to have fun with. The poor guy had climbed ten feet up the cage, and away from the killers, while screaming for someone to save him. I will not repeat the foul verbal evil, hurled at the man. When the killers finally reached him, pulling him down, and blood splattered when his head hit the concrete, flung around by a leg, as killers stomped on him, leaving arcs of blood trails behind, I could watch no more.

The public has no idea what goes on inside a metropolitan jail, because no one believes inmates, because they are inmates.

Gullah-Geechee Warriors

Most nights in jail, there was a large gathering of inmates, to each cell block's recreation cages. Consisting of mostly black men, all Gullah-Geechee tribe members, who formed large circles with arms interlocked, to form tight nit circles, of twenty or so, inmates. On the Gullah-Geechee tribe sacred island lands, now worth zillions, with beloved Queen Gullah in charge, they encircle bon fires, but no bon fire here did not stop them. One circle would start singing a chant like message and song, moving with the rhythm of dance like moves. Then the next group would answer back with their message, song, and dance, until dozens of these circle groups, from six levels of recreation yards, were singing, chanting,

and dancing with, and to, each other. All in a language from Africa.

Jail did not stop them from having a lot of fun. Their resilience of strength of character, under extreme adversity, was palpable. It was the most remarkable, impressive, and powerful performances, I had ever witnessed. It was like being deep in the heart of Africa itself. I could feel, hear, and see it. It was exhilarating.

I remembered Mark Less' backyard party, with 300 successful, and wealthy, black business owners, and how much fun I had at their party. I was now at the other end of the spectrum, but the one thing in common, was black people were super fun humans, whom can take the worst, still succeed, all while keeping an awesome attitude about all of it. Even while still in chains, and working in the fields fourteen hours a day, seven days a week, for sheriff. Only now being paid 17 cents an hour, while still having time for fun.

Employers should hire them, to find out the chains are not needed.

White Arian Leader

One day a short but stalky Caucasian inmate in his twenties was locked inside the cell block. Looking around seeing me as the eldest white man in the cell block, out of three at the time, pledged his loyalty to me in deference as the superior white Arian leader of the cell block. Not relishing such a title, I tried to help him. He would go around picking fights with inmates to steal something from them.

Stealing in jail is a real problem. Not just because such gets you sent to jail in the first place, but rather it leads to inmate violence and riots. Blood flow as inmates call it. The guards take a proactive role in finding stolen items, to keep peace. This kid stole an inmate's transistor radio and the guards tossed his cell looking for it, coming up empty each time. The inmate had hidden the radio in his mattress.

Some inmate ratted him out, and guards came again, pulled him out of the cell and told to put his hands up on the wall for a search. Finding nothing on his person, they went inside the cell, to the corner of the mattress, to find no hidden radio. The guards boiled in anger looking stupid. The inmate had wedged the radio between his ass cheeks, during the frisk, guards never checked the crack of his ass.

The inmate wanted my help negotiating a plea deal, to a violent assault. If he plead guilty, the prosecutor would only seek seven years in prison. He asked me if he should accept. I told him to say no, and say no other words. This brought an offer of five years. He was pleased with the results, and came back for more. I told him if he was going away for several years, he was in no hurry to accept anything. The prosecutor was the one in a hurry wanting an answer, to clear the case docket. This eventually brought an offer of two years, which he accepted.

Being the unhappy defacto superior white leader, I had commanded him to never punch another inmate. Which he honored until last opportunity. When the guards came to take him to prison, as he was walking out, he sucker-punched a rival with several quick blows. The guards unable to do

anything, as the van was waiting. And leaving me regretting my legal advice.

David Combs

My last cellmate was an elderly Caucasian man, named David Combs. David was the security officer for his mobile home trailer park. One day, David observed a police officer, drinking a can of Budweiser beer, in his patrol car, while on duty, right outside David's trailer window.

David called 911, and reported the officer. The officer was reprimanded with embarrassment. Two weeks later, the ridiculed police officer, and his recruits owing him favors, busted down David's door, and arrested him. Charging David with felony use of a 911 service, with prison time of one year. You could not use 911, to report a crime. Had to call law enforcement, so they could bring charges against themselves, and hand them to their prosecutors themselves. David was not allowed to grab his teeth, or turn off the kitchen faucet. The bond judge scolded David, for trying to tarnish the officer's good name, and set bond at a thousand dollars, and threw him in jail.

David was in a cell with another man, and wanted to be my cellmate, as he wanted me to help him get out of jail. David told the guards his cellmate was gay, and asked him for sex. The guards quickly removed the condemned straight man, to the gay punishment cell block, to be anally introduced to all his new cellmates, or fed to the killers, and put David in with me.

I smelled him coming in the cell door. As he got closer, I was over powered with foul odor. I said stop, you are not coming in here, until you shower with soap, twice. You stink. And you must shower every day without fail. He turned around and took a long shower, every day. And never smelled again.

He started crying, and opened his mouth, and said he could not eat because had has no teeth, the cops would not let him take them, but he could gum bread, and wet glop, to sustain. I said, I had been living on bread and water alone, if I could do it, so could he. His hands were holding in a grotesque bulging hernia, medical staff refused to provide any care, not even a belt. To meet contract obligations to lower health care costs. Staying alive was not a right for inmates, not when so expensive.

He told me his story. He had not heard from a public defender, as the wait for trial was a year to three, unless he was willing to plead guilty, and go home same day. I told him he could bail himself out with \$100. I offered to write a letter to his bank over his signature, to transfer \$100 into his canteen account. Then he could bail himself out. He did not have a bank account, could not read, or write, and could not count above twenty. Paper money confused him, all looked the same.

I asked him if he had money at home? He said, there was a large glass jar on his kitchen table, with coins, and paper money in it. I asked, how much money was in the jar? He said he did not know, but the prostitutes put in \$5, when they had clients at the mobile home park, but the pimps sometimes came later and took the bills back out. Which he objected to, because he was the one keeping the girls safe,

with resulting blackmail on tenants, otherwise thrown out. I then asked him to describe the pictures on the paper bills. After enough of this, I determined there was at least one \$100 bill in the jar.

The next problem, was how to get the \$100 bill from the jar, to the jail. David did not know anyone, other than his boss, the owner of the mobile home park, who also owned a large yard business, called lawn-o-green, or some facsimile. He did not know her phone number, nor would cell phones accept collect calls from anyone.

I found lawn-o-green in the yellow pages, and obtained the mailing address, but the phone number would not allow a collect call to ring through. I started writing a letter. Dear forgot-her-name, my name is David, and I am an inmate... then I hesitated. She sure did not want to be on a first name basis with some inmate, or receive hand written letters asking for money for an inmate friend. I had to try something else.

I started dear so and so again, then, let me explain, I am a good inmate, I did nothing wrong, and am writing for... stopped again. A good inmate I thought, I am an inmate, and that can never be good, for anyone. After more failed attempts, I just wrote it factually, using as few words as possible. David could not sign it, as he did not know how. So, I had him draw a big X, then mailed it.

Weeks went by with no word. David asked me to write another letter. Factual again, but added David, her employee, was rotting in jail losing weight fast, while innocent. Please help. This time an associate of the owner/employer, contacted David, and said his boss was too afraid to come

down to the jail, so he was going to have to find another way. She was afraid because Sheriff Cannon's jail was known as one of the highest death rate jails in the nation, until some industry organization took management control, and turned over just about one hundred percent of the employees.

My heart ached for David, I empathized until nauseous, and so was he. I left the jail with David still there. I later tried to contact him, to see his resolution, but he had no phone, or address records online. I dread to think they imprisoned him.

Bologna Sandwiches on Sunday Night

The best meal of the week was on Sunday night, when we got two bologna sandwiches. Which was food I had seen before. Done to give the slaves their only night off, from making slop. On each sandwich, one piece of bread was stale and rigid, the other fresh, so discarding the stales, made one fresh sandwich. And two semi-transparent slivers of meat matter, combined to almost an opaque slice of bologna, leaving one wonderful sandwich, the best meal of the week. A little dry with no condiments, but washed down by warm water.

To this day, I eat a bologna sandwich every night, in solidarity with my brothers and sisters behind bars, who only get one a week, while I get them every night. Albeit with cheese, mayo, and all fresh bread, sometimes a bun. And ice water.

The Moon at Night

The only time of solace and peace, was late at night, when the moon would appear within view of the recreation cage. Peering through the steel cage bars, I focused on the moon,

and said, God, what the hell are you doing with me? How can I stop cold cell torture, locked in this cage?

I heard nothing back as usual. But then I remembered my near-death experience, which flooded in great joy, and wait and be patient calmed me. Giving me assurance. Which was its purpose. To give me something to look forward, and not the hell all around me. The hell would fade to joy. Like it did before.

Serving time in Satan's house was ending, and after 72 days of exhausting non-stop survival mode existence, it would finally end. Only for another hell to start. I had ten more years of non-stop hells to endure, before my mission would conclude a success, and I could finally rest.

Chapter 24 - The Negotiation and Contract

June 2006 - The Chambers of Family Court Judge Paul W. Garfinkel

Getting out of jail, usually entailed paying claimed child support due, then walk out the door. But not for me. John Magera and Judge Garfinkel, demanded I sign a contract, stating I would not sue them. The contract required I leave the state, and never return. I had to leave the state immediately by airplane, not car or bus. The SLED agents did not leave the airport, until the plane took off.

After my father determined I had served enough time in jail, to learn my lessons, and appease his demons, he negotiated for a payment of half of the claimed due arrearages, about \$20,000. When the ransom was paid, and contract signed, and received by fax from the jail, into Judge Garfinkel and John Magera's hands, Judge Garfinkel then signed the court order, releasing my body from incarceration.

I signed the contract knowing perfectly well, none of it would ever hold up in a court of law. As I wanted the hell out of jail, and was under extreme duress. None ever higher. Years later, when I sued them in Federal court, none of the defense lawyers ever brought it up.

The doctors in jail, both Dr. Piening, MD, and Dr. Higgins, MD, had struck from the contract the requirement that I be taken immediately to the hospital, for a full medical evaluation. Claiming I was in great shape, so no need. Hoping no one discovered their bullet, while still in South Carolina.

My sister flew down the day before, and met with John Magera in his office. John Magera told her, if I ever returned to South Carolina, I would be killed. He said my picture had been posted at all the State DSS offices, and side arms were replaced with automatic weapons. As my sister was alarmed, and asked why, the officer at the secret door, had a machine gun? John Magera blamed Betsy for all of it, saying, said she gave him oral sex. Which eventually got him fired. Betsy denies it, so I cannot prove.

During their investigation of me, no one ever knocked on my door to ask any questions. I never made any threats, or I would have been quickly arrested, and prosecuted. I committed no crimes, or this too, would have resulted in swift charges. I owned no guns. SLED may have had surveillance on personal computers connected to the internet, but found nothing, obviously.

It was all a result of being guilty selves, for doing great evil to me. To relieve themselves of the pain, they had to do me in, I was a bad guy after all. And they almost did, a few times. But I had friends in high places, and lived each time. Thank God.

The Last Day

When the guards came to my cell to free me, I was not sure if they were going to let me walk out alive, knowing most of what they had done to me. When I was walked down a long unlit dark hallway, far from view of others, I started shaking. When the door opened, and I saw my sister, she immediately asked, why was I shaking? I said, let's get out of here, I'll tell you in the car.

From there, we drove to my psychiatrist's office, and I filled him in. He asked me during hypothermic coma, did I dream? I was shocked he asked. As there was no way I was going to tell him about my near-death experience. I answered no, there were no dreams. Not a dream, something else, so truth was told. He asked because hypothermic coma was the most common source of near-death experiences.

I asked my doctor for a prescription for Doxipin, telling him it was a non-addictive sleeping aid. He looked it up, and said it may cause an upset stomach. I told him 1,500 inmates had no upset stomachs, and the only side effect, was a sound restful night's sleep. He wrote a script.

Disbelief

I told my sister about my torture, and events in the jail. She dismissed all of it as crazy talk, coming from a mentally ill brother, who refused to pay his child support, and got himself thrown in jail with good reasons. Realizing there was no blood, or scar evidence, from being cold, which is precisely the reason they use it.

While not knowing the red-scar with suture hole marks on my stomach, was a scar hiding a metal object of evidence. As me not knowing about being shot, could only have happened, if in hypothermic coma, when shot. As no bleeding, would have occurred, with cessation of cardiac pressures. God kept it hidden from me, for six more years. Giving me time to take depositions of all the bad actors, having no idea what I was doing, all testifying nothing happened. Only after the

bullet was revealed, did their testimony, and affidavits, prove all their lies, under the weight of law, like a signed confession.

From there, my sister offered to drop me off at the homeless shelter, as she wanted to go back to her hotel. The Salvation Army would not take newly released inmates, nor any other charities.

I called a friend, and was dropped off at his house.

I was unable to sleep, being so excited being out of jail, so we stayed up all night drinking coffee. Just as light was breaking, we walked down to edge of Charleston Harbor. As the sun rose in obscured shapes through the morning haze, I said thank you God, for getting me out of the cage, but now what, my family will not believe a word of what happened? How can I stop something, no one will believe ever happened, without any proof?

The next morning my sister had to get me out of South Carolina by plane. But fly to where, was the problem. Where was I to go? I had no money, and only owned a blue blazer, a yellow polo shirt, and khaki pants, which I had on. And some boxes my brother could save. I had no bank account. I owned nothing.

I asked my sister why bail me out of jail, only to throw me in the streets, after being flown there?

My brother offered to take me in, down in Tampa, Florida. When the plane pulled back from the gate, I could see the SLED agents in the terminal window. I assumed they reported the good news, when the wheels left the ground. As I said, praise God, thank you Lord, and Halleluiah!

Chapter 25 - Trapped Again

June 2006 - Yeehaw Junction, Florida

Upon landing in Tampa, my brother arranged a meeting in the center of the state, with my father driving half way in, and my brother and I, driving the other half. At the only street light in the center of the state, in a wind battered structure serving food, my father had two hours to unleash holy hell of punishing retribution upon me. I could do nothing about it, because I was completely dependent upon him. He would not believe a single word of my story. He berated me, because I refused to pay my child support, and did not deserve children. I got exactly what I deserved. He hoped I learned my lessons.

A day later, he yelled on the phone screaming at me “The torture is a lie! The torture is lie! The torture is a lie!”

I finally got out of Satan’s house, only to have lunch with him, as his captive, completely controlling my future. Satan goes straight for the people closest to you, as the shortest line of attack. But I walked into a trap, planned a decade before.

Chapter 26 - Go Back to Work

2006 - Tampa, Florida

I would describe the condition of my mental health at the time, as clinging to a raft, breaking apart in a hurricane. It would be two more years, before I could afford a psychologist, to tell me it was late-onset PTSD. I suffered something so traumatic, so severe, the enormity came in waves as after-shocks for years. It took me eight years to get over PTSD. Doctors can cure PTSD, if you are fortunate to find one who knows how, and you stick with the regime. And, the almost daily severe abdominal attacks were credited as manifestations of PTSD, not from being shot. That knowledge would not be known for another six years.

I was very judicious in the care of my mental health, and kept under the care of one or two doctors, for the whole time the events unfolded. Even checking myself into the hospital for ten days of testing and diagnoses.

The mental health industry is bifurcated into two parts. The MD's who only prescribe medicine, but no talk therapy, and the PhD's, who hate medicine, cannot prescribe anyway, and only do talk therapy. The talk therapy is what heals you. You must think mental illness away, with someone giving you examples, others have found proven to work. I had both an MD, and a PhD, as I figured best from combination. I wanted to be healed.

The MD's only take 20 minute appointments, they do not care what you say, no one can in such short time. They physically examine you by lucidity only. Up the meds, decrease the meds. Try something else. Medicine alone does

not heal depression, it makes you feel better, while you are still depressed. You need the PhD, to talk yourself out of depression, or PTSD. There is no medicine for PTSD. Only treating symptoms.

When prescribed medication, I took as directed. Only after telling the doctor it helped better than the six previous ones experimented with, to see which ones might help, if any.

The one medicine I always took, was Doxipin. As bad as my days of non-stop hells for a decade were concerned, I could always count on a guaranteed peaceful sound night's sleep. Waking refreshed each morning, to get though another day in hell. Because, based on what I went through, and what I knew, I would never have been able to sleep again. I am alive today due to Doxepin. And that thief inmate breaking the law selling it to me. It seems God uses even demons to get things done, showing all are under his control.

I decided to not start drinking alcohol again, after three months of becoming an instant non-drinker wishing I could. I knew I was in a bad medical and mental condition, and adding our hardest core deadliest drug, and major depressant, to the mix, would be another avenue for Satan to attack. I had to reduce probabilities of opportunities. If you cannot conquer yourself, you cannot conquer anything. I was in a major battle, and needed the full armor of God.

On the morning of August 25, 2006, I had sharp pains in my gut, doubled over on the toilet, with no relief for four hours. I drove myself to the emergency room of University Community Hospital. The doctors took all vitals, and checked fluids, but they could not find anything wrong. They

gave me fluids to swallow, prescribed a stomach pill, hoping that would help, and sent me home.

Years later, an academic psychiatrist studied my near daily abdominal attacks as a remarkable new finding with PTSD. Never seen before, called them PTSD attacks. It was not from PTSD, but from the metal object shot into my stomach, ricocheted off my spine, coming to rest in soft tissue in my right hip. Two doctors were convinced it was a bullet, showing deformation from hitting bone, found on an x-ray of my broken hip, on December 9, 2011. The scar on my stomach shows I was sutured up after being shot. The scar did not make sense, nor the abdominal attacks, until after the bullet was discovered.

My limp to the right leg was an ever-present problem, and worried me. My right leg did not move voluntarily, I had to consciously concentrate on it, to move it. Walking and talking was not happening. Eventually, walking on level ground returned voluntarily, but any uneven, or vertical ground required slow and careful movements.

My left leg was working fully, and I needed to favor, to move the other. Carrying too much weight for too many years, it fractured with a small crack. Denied Medicaid, and no money for a doctor, I had no choice but to keep walking on my broken hip. Then another fracture occurred, then another, then another, each calcifying over, killing the bone. Until my left leg was an inch and a half shorter. My surgeon noted after full hip-joint replacement surgery, I had massive damage to my femoral head.

Surviving four more years with a broken hip, outwaiting ObamaCare, to save my life. Because I could buy it guaranteed issue, regardless of ailments, and afford, full hip joint replacement surgery, on March 12, 2014. During the four years crippled in bed, I lost so much muscle mass, my left leg muscles atrophied and are smaller than the right.

Get Back to Work

My father told me to get back to work, if I wanted to stay alive. We were Republican's, we work for a living, if you do not work, you do not eat. He proved it. Further, I had children to support, because he would only buy me a car, and enough money to live on for a month. And never come back for more. I have not.

I was very thankful for the car, it played a greater role than expected later.

Multi-millionaires stay that way by not giving away their money, until they die, when they lose every penny of it. Where they go, their paper money did not. Their money in heaven, is based on how much money, they gave away to the poor, on earth. But they did not know that, until it was too late, and spend forever, regretting it. If they had known, they would have given all their money to the poor, before losing all of it forever, both places. Making them poor in heaven. While those poor on earth, become rich in heaven, because they had nothing on earth, so it was all in heaven. While those rich on earth, becoming poor in heaven, must borrow from the poor on earth, now rich in heaven, for all eternity. But the once poor, will show generosity, while the rich did not, which heaps burning coals on their heads, forever.

But, while the wealthy cling fast to their money on earth, the force is so strong, they will freely sacrifice their weak young, to perpetuate the species.

Our family came here 387 years ago, on the Mayflower in 1620. I am a descendant of two Pilgrims. Our family had two officers in the Revolutionary War. On my father's side, I am a descendant of Patriot Patrick Henry. One of my great...grandfather's died in the Civil War. As a soldier in the Union Army. My mother was an officer, my sister and daughter are members, of the DAR (Daughters of the American Revolution.) We are also relatives of Mexico's former President Vicente Fox. We do not have Hispanic blood, and many think he does.

The problem with the strength of the lineage, is it builds a force which will eliminate, and sacrifice any weak members, who do not live up to, or embarrass, those who can keep up the fiction bubble, thinking it is important. Fighting that force, and prevailing in the end, would be a decade long effort.

Prudence Pays Pilgrims

The two Pilgrim's I so descended, were the ones who decided to leave their families back in Europe. To ascertain and secure, safe living conditions, before their wives and children arrived a year later. Half of the Mayflower's passengers, died within seven months, mostly mothers and children.

The Mayflower passengers did not bring heavy winter coats, and warm winter clothes. Because they were sailing for

warmer Virginia. But set sail too late, and took too long getting there, arrived as winter storms, with driving head winds, drove them back, to their last discovered harbor of safety, later named Massachusetts Bay.

It is ironic, the prudence of the two men's wise decisions, to embrace celibacy, during prolonged, and dangerous separations, for the greater good of their posterity. Fully explaining my existence here today.

It is even more ironic, the Pilgrims, while still on the ship, out voted others, to sign the Mayflower Compact, creating the first super strictly secular government. Never again, would their God be soiled and dishonored, near such fifthly duties again, like jailing and shooting people. How could the Pilgrims believe in any God, when the government would throw them in jail, and kill them, for not believing the current laws on the books? Same as happened in Europe, from which they fled, vowed to never do again, and effected before going ashore. It was that important. Only to come to today's Christians, who are fighting to bring God, and Jesus, back into government. Like it used to be. Believing it pleases God, gaining favor in heaven, but making God mad instead. This is Satan using his most often used weapon again, deception, because it works every time.

Mistakes

My family eventually realized the colossal mistake they made with me. As they, and I, wished they had taken me straight to the hospital, for both a physical and mental health evaluation. And asked me where the red-scar on my stomach came from.

Instead, I had to get back to work. When I was severely disabled, and did not know it yet.

It is common with profound hypothermia survivors, to have massive neurological memory loss for several years. I estimated I lost half my memories. Betsy claims 30%. I had little memory of my childhood, or of my deceased mother. High school was gone. College was intact. When I discovered I used to be in the insurance business, not much was there to build upon. About five to six years later, most of my memory had returned, but ability to do math in my head was lost, and I had short term memory problems.

To obtain my insurance license, I had to retake the insurance courses, and learn the business all over again. Once I had my agent's license, I took the courses, and obtained, my insurance consulting license. An insurance agent is paid to lie for their company, while the consultant is paid to tell the truth to their client looking for the best buy. Apparently, I had climbed the corporate ladder to the top of World Trade Center, being one of the best of the latter. But now had to start over, as the former.

I was no good at lying, and got fired from three insurance agent jobs, over four years, because I could not sell a single policy. I had gone from selling tens of thousands per year, to failing to sell one, in four. When my employers concluded, something was majorly wrong with me, the terminations were not pretty, and hurt. I was just not the same person as before, something had changed. The person who walked into the torture chamber, was not the same one carried out.

I later determined, after recovering, I was the same person, thankfully, just possessed by the spirit of Jesus Christ himself, as within all Christians. But, since I was such damaged goods, Jesus had to carry me, and pretend to be me, and was not interested in selling insurance. Jesus had to get me to the finish line far away, to win the race, while I healed, and grew in strength, until able to chip in, and help a bit in the end.

Those 72 days in jail after torture and gunshot, was Jesus pretending to be me, because I was checked out, and could be no one. Jesus ruled the cell block, controlled the killers, slayed a Goliath, using only a David, with just a look, stared down demons, backing them off scared, kept peace in the cell block, told inmates their sins were forgiven, and saved souls, all while deep inside of hell, just to get me out alive, so I could do the job all in heaven wanted me to do. And not the one I used to be great at doing. And it all seemed rather important, explaining all the personal attention, and series of miracles.

Being employed temporarily allowed me to obtain health insurance. Which I used right away, to seek the services of a neurologist, to take an MRI of my brain. To determine where the nerve damage down my right hip and leg, was sourced, and could anything be done to remedy.

In March of 2007, Dr. Gregory Esper, MD, of Emory Healthcare-Department of Neurology, in Atlanta, wrote an MRI report of only one word, unremarkable. My brain was organically perfect. There was no brain damage. Leaving me in the dark, about the cause of the partial paralysis, in my right leg.

Chapter 27 - My Faith in God at this Point

2007-2008- Atlanta, Georgia, and Charlotte, North Carolina

During this time, I lost my faith in God, and stopped praying. Faith was something someone else needed, not being sure, so faith was needed. Because, once you have been to heaven, you know you are going back. That is why it exists. While others were hoping strongly to get there, I was trying to figure out what happened after you arrived. I learned what they did for fun, but what else, when not?

Each morning when I open my eyes, I say good morning Lord, then at night in bed, amen. When someone asks me to pray, I say, I never stopped, and pray without ceasing. Since God never stops listening, why pretend to invoke the blessing, to get his attention? Just say hello God, I love you too.

The one formal prayer I do each day is a result of being brutally tortured, shot, and left to die, knowing God was doing it on purpose. Followed by my NDE, made me unafraid of anything else but God. As God plays a rough game, has a morbid sense of humor, and hangs out at the intersection of life and death. Each day with no one watching, I get down on my knees, press my forehead into the dirt of the floor, and stretch my arms out flat in a prone position. That is the position I assume when before my God. Because I only fear God. I pray, please God give me strength and mercy, dear Lord, strength and mercy, amen. God says nothing back I can hear, but I sure know he hears every time.

Chapter 28 – Making Peace with Betsy

2007 - Charlotte, North Carolina

In 2011, Betsy and I were invited to be on the Dr. Phil show. Dr. Phil was doing a series of shows on male victims of domestic violence. After being embarrassed for reporting false statistics, that only women were victims of domestic violence. Men make up 40% of annual domestic violence homicides, in both North Carolina and South Carolina. Men make up almost half of the victims, and domestic violence is never worse than murder. It is a serious problem. A group of people called the hard-core-man-haters, who suffer a group psychosis thinking only women are victims, had fed Dr. Phil the bogus statistics, which he repeated on his show to berate men for domestic violence. This caused Dr. Phil to be highly embarrassed, when faced with the true facts. Dr. Phil did a series of shows on male victims, to gain back some credibility.

Betsy agreed to go on the show, and freely confess on national television, in 2004, she made false claims, I had committed domestic violence against her, to divert attention away from her, having assaulted me. Betsy would confess on television, I never laid a hand on her, while she was the one, who punched me.

The producers interviewed both Betsy and I, separately, a few times. The producers cleared us to go on the show. But at the last moment, we were cancelled, claiming lack of conflict. I guess conflict sells commercials on the Dr. Phil show.

The reason for lack of conflict, was due to engaging something called Shared Parenting. Which we highly

recommend for divorced couples high in conflict. Because it works well for the children. Years later, our daughter was quoted in the Boston Globe, saying shared parenting was the best thing that ever happened to her. Because, it gave her both parents fully engaged in her life daily, with parents no longer at battle with each other, not even arguing, rather only concerned with peace, and the children's best interest, not the parents.

How Betsy and I went from high conflict, none higher than being almost killed a few times, to peace and tranquility, is a study of forgiveness, from both, out of dire necessity, and painful work. Which for me, was I had to figure out how to make peace with Betsy, to stop the war, which almost cost me my life, and left me in financial, physical, and mental ruins.

Betsy and I both agreed, what South Carolina did to me, was in the big leagues of evil, and the real victims were our two preteen children, David and Allie. Once we realized who we were hurting, we stopped immediately, apologized to each other repeatedly, and started doing radical shared parenting.

There are no sexual relations between Betsy and I, and we are better friends today, than when married for ten years.

Betsy agreed to do the morning school driving, being a morning riser, while I took the afternoon school, evening sporting events, and social driving. I did not drink alcohol, so doing the night driving kept everyone safe. We both agreed to remain celibate, to prevent step-parents, and their demanded attention time away from the kids, and focused on nothing else, but the children. Never a moment, without one of us, not full time on the kids. We ate evening dinners

together, went on vacations together. Custody was never an issue, my son lived with me a few years, then again later. Because I was with the kids all day, and evening long, I did not care where they slept, and neither did they. Parents belong to the children; the children do not belong to the parents. This is called Radical Shared Parenting, and it produces the most successful outcomes.

We never went back to family court, nothing had to be approved, not when you get along. No judge was needed, to select a winner and loser, which is all they can do, or not needed at all. All of us were winners, with no losers at all. Also, because Satan may have changed our order, to his, and eliminated one of our kid's parents. Because two parents, were double as many, as one. Greatly reducing the family's mortality risk, to both children, and parents. And hero cops.

Chapter 29 – More Medical Problems

2007 – Atlanta, Georgia

On August 7, 2007, while my son, David, and I, were working on his school work, suddenly I felt a heavy sledge hammer hit me square in the chest, knocking me to the ground. I told David to call 911, for an ambulance, as I was having a heart attack. Rushed to the Piedmont Hospital in the ambulance, with wires all over my body, trying to avoid the pain. After a time to evaluate, the doctors ordered an MRI of my heart.

The MRI of my heart required running on a treadmill at full pace, then injecting certain fluids into my blood stream, so the MRI would highlight the fluids, as if glowing. Giving doctors a glowing view of my heart, and blood flow of every vein.

When the medical technicians told me to run as fast as I could, I looked like a maroon, not being able to run at all. My legs could not coordinate quickly. Sensing I had another ailment, I was told to walk as fast as I could, but that too, only lasted a short time. They injected the fluids into my IV, and took me to the MRI machine.

Later, the doctor came to my bedside, to give the results. The doctor said, there was nothing wrong with my heart, in fact, I had zero percent blockage of any arteries. And my heart was strong as someone 25 years old. The doctor believed my pain may have been sourced in my lower abdomen. And recommended a colonoscopy, and endoscopy, to possibility determine the source.

On August 31, 2007, Dr. Steven J. Morris, MD, at Atlanta Gastroenterology Associates, performed a colonoscopy and endoscopy, and found nothing wrong. This was the closest doctors came to the bullet, before finding it, four years later, at this point.

Two years later, in 2009, in Greensboro, North Carolina, I sought the services of another neurologist, Dr. Carmen Dohmeier, MD, of Guilford Neurologic Associates. Regarding my continued problems with my right leg. I was convinced the source was in my brain, which if could be fixed, may restore full use of my right leg again.

Dr. Dohmeier performed a 30-minute EEG (detects seizure activity anywhere in the brain) by gluing 30 or so, electro-detectors to my scalp, then connected all the wires to an input jack on a computer. The results were displayed on a screen, as 30 or so, rows of lines for each wire. If the lines were flat, no seizure activity, but if a Richter scale jagged up and down lines appeared, seizure activity was confirmed. The doctor pointed to the screen, showing all flat lines.

Dr. Dohmeier then performed a 24-hour monitored EEG. Back glued the probes, covered with a rubber skull swimming cap, dozens of wires running down inside my shirt, attached to a box and battery on my belt. When I got home, the kids asked what's up? Going to mars dad? Someone beam dad up to the starship. Pictures were taken, if needed to prove it happened later, and could later answer my kid's questions when older.

After 24-hours, with box on belt linked to computer at doctor's office, it indicated all flat lines, for all 24 hours. My

brain was normal, leaving me lost as to my right leg. Compounded by half the doctor's I met, after telling my story, revealing I took an anti-depressant, asked me if I were off my meds. And recommended I call my shrink. I had to be very careful who I told my story, because when people found out I had a mental illness, barriers went up, until reaching safe distance.

Chapter 30 – Lawyers and Lawsuits

2008 - Charlotte, North Carolina

I mailed letters to lawyers to see if any would take my case. I received rejection letters back disavowing any knowledge of me. I put them into the box with the others. Finally, one was kind enough to at least enumerate the reasons. As after 9/11, the US Supreme Court, and all Federal judges, instantly dismissed all torture lawsuits. Deeming the subject too sensitive, given the brutal CIA torture program, they knew about, but few others did. When the box filled to the top, with more than a hundred rejection letters, I threw the box out, not being sure why I bothered to save them. No one was ever going to help, because they were all unable.

This was not good, and the reason the torture/homicide could, and was happening, and why no one could ever stop it, no lawyer on earth could help, which meant Satan was winning. He would oversee the most powerful nation on earth. I had to somehow stop Satan. But no one on earth could help. The press covered, and headed for cover. The public powerless. My family would not believe me, painted me crazy as a loon, and an embarrassment to our family's good name. I had one advantage over Satan, as by this point I knew, I had all the armies of God's many kingdoms on my side. It made me feel, I could do all things through him who strengthened me. And to hell with anyone else. Full steam ahead.

I had to start by teaching myself the law. Then somehow learn how to litigate Federal lawsuits to stop cold cell torture. No lawyer could write a book on the subject, being the last thing they did as a lawyer, not in prison. Asking clerks rules,

or questions, gets them sent to prison faster than the lawyers. Everything in Google on the subject, got you in even more trouble. Leaving me no way to learn how the courts worked, or how to litigate a lawsuit in Federal court.

The only option left, was to file a lawsuit, and learn by my mistakes. Which the judges thankfully crucified you over, with pages of ugly words. Only learning what not to do, by feeling like a heel, with each lesson learned. After ten years of these mistakes, over three Federal lawsuits, I had dozens of legal boxes, of judges chewing me out, till options whittled down, to doing it right, as nothing else left to try. I was taught how to litigate Federal lawsuits, by the best Federal judge's money and influence could buy, including the entire US Supreme Court, twice.

To prepare for my first Federal lawsuit, I first had to obtain my medical records from the jail. Which was a delicate dicey deal. If a request smelled of legal danger, records got lost, new doctor. If needed for medical follow up, they were overly helpful at \$5 a page, after the sheriff reviewed, removing anything deemed doom-able.

I did not know what I would receive. I got most, later the sheriff's defense team produced more, but revealed little new. What I hoped to receive, was in the first batch, and surprised they did not catch them the first time. Because when they found out I already had them, they could not then hide, when they produced them.

Other than those two hoped, the records revealed almost nothing else. I was a middle-aged Caucasian man, incarcerated for refusal to pay child support, brought to clinic

in wheelchair, suffered from depression, put on suicide watch, released when no longer suicidal, and could ambulate again, shrink says he is fine, talked to outside doctor, prescribed general anti-depressant, slight asthma, vital signs normal, wears glasses. The only thing missing were my vital signs, taken within the first ten hours being rescued from the cold cell.

On 4/12/2006, a nurse entered a note into the medical records "IM transferred to 3G. Ambulating well." This nurse's notation was helpful. As I ambulated (walked) well enough into jail on 4/3, then taken by wheelchair to medical 3 days later, on 4/5, only to be released 9 days later on 4/12, with nurse's notation next to transfer, as to why released. I was not able to ambulate, because I had been shot with a gun, then stitched up for the morgue.

The two most important hoped and attained, was the medical refusal to treat witness form. Where five nurses signed, and a guard needing cover, claiming I refused their medical care. It stated I refused medical care by refusing to fill out a form, I had already filled out three days before. The form stated they were not responsible for what happened to me. I needed to determine what was so critical about me in that wheelchair, that caused all the panic, and why I could not walk. And the flat-out refusal form, signed by all.

What I wanted most and received, due to the legal weight, was Dr. Ralph B. Piening, MD's exam notes from the day after my fecal impaction dislodged. Where he noted dried blood in my colon. After not being able to defecate for 23 days. Because, I thought the source of those ailments was from hypothermia, having no idea from a bullet. Until later,

when found, explained all of it, and proved all lied about it in jail, at deposition, and affidavits.

To produce testimony for my first Federal lawsuit, I sat at the computer and typed up my entire story. All the family court judge trial transcripts, and all my evidence. 240 pages in total. I titled it “Exhibit 1 – The Public Trust.” Judges hate reading, and I ended up pissing them off. But more so, because I included every detail, including guards beating me because I could not stand up, and did not know why, and had internal bleeding, and gory details of being tortured almost to death.

Thoroughly convincing the sheriff’s defense team, I knew absolutely nothing of the bullet. But, sure did put into the permanent record, enough to cause damage, should the bullet ever be discovered afterwards. When God’s time came for the bullet to be discovered, it proved all the lies the sheriff, and staff told, with inked names, on affidavits, and depositions. All after the fact. God used my utter ignorance, and mental illness then, to eventually prove them all guilty later. But, by then, I could not sue them again, as once you have sued, and lost, you cannot sue them again.

Forcing me up the food chain of corruption, to find and stop, the source of dismissals, of all torture lawsuits, even from our own citizens at home, just to protect friends. If able to cease, I could sue my gang of criminals again, with real judges, not posing as judges, doing favors.

After I filed my first Federal lawsuit in 2008, I was fortunate to find a local psychologist, Dr. John Wheeler, PhD. Whom I hired to monitor me, during my lawsuit, to make sure I did

nothing crazy. After he read “The Public Trust – Exhibit 1,” he told me I was suffering from major PTSD, and the worst was yet to come, in waves. Having been hired later, by the Veterans Administration, due to non-stop success, in curing PTSD.

Constitutional Rights

I was suing over my civil rights (Constitutional Rights) which I relearned, after mass violations, of all of them. The government financially, and mentally, destroyed me, wiped me off the grid, ordered a hit on me, as defense from being sued, hunted me down, tortured me almost to death, the moment I stepped inside their jail, shot me, sewed me up for the morgue, possibly to explain me appearing dead, but was not, then left on the floor to die, under the eyes of a nurse, to give me more time to die, which I did not, then again left to die by the doctor, but I survived each murder attempt. All to keep corruption undiscovered, and continuing as usual, seemed to violate all my Constitutional rights. Because none of the words were working. No one pays attention to them.

Constitutional rights may be a few sentences each, but Federal judges write billions of extra words, legally defining them. So, it depends on which judge you want to believe. The written law is like a suggestion, as the billions of extra words are the real law. But the judge can ignore the billions of extra words. The judge does what they want. Because the judge is the law. Only on the current case.

Constitutional rights are in the Constitution, and easy to find, and read. Reading the billions of extra words posed a problem. I did not have three years of law school to read

them. All the cheat sheets lawyers used, were hidden behind Internet firewalls. Which, if breached by non-lawyer, got you hit with a bar, taking off your head, for posing as a lawyer.

I thought, if judges can make up what they mean, I will try too, and maybe fool them into thinking, I had a clue. I read one about no cruel and unusual punishments. I said, no one follows that one. After reading more Constitutional rights, just about all were violated, in plain terms, not needing billions of words, or someone's further opinion, of the previous billion words. Because, I knew none of those words worked. While I had the rights, at their very words. I thought I had a strong case.

Pro Se, No Way

Judges will tell you, representing yourself without a lawyer is called *Pro Se*. Claiming it is Latin for being for one's self. Taking six years of Latin, and Roman history, the two words could not appear next to each other, as such was a violation of the rules of Latin. To do so, would be a joke on purpose. *Pro Se* is a derogatory slight, meaning you do not stand a chance. Schools stopped teaching Latin, and the slur caught on. Judges asked me, Mr. Bardes, are you representing yourself today *Pro Se*? Knowing it meant I stood no chance, answered yes, your honor. Shortly to find out, I was right. The correct term to use is attorney, which is a Latin word for attorney, meaning speaking for oneself.

Another derogatory phrase is *Guardian Ad Litem*. It means guardian of the dead, as executor after death. A Litem is a dead body. Which happens when we pay a stranger, after passing a few courses, to interview children, and determine

which of their parents is worse than the other, only to write reports supporting the elimination of the worse parent. The UK eventually purged their courts of all Latin slurs and words.

One day back in 2005, while in court in North Carolina, during a break, standing in a circle of lawyers waiting, talked about how much they hated the judge. One asked me which law firm I worked? I answered I was only an attorney, not a lawyer. They plotted a course to the nearest exit, and vanished.

Chapter 31 – University of North Carolina Mental Health Hospital

January 1, 2010 - Chapel Hill, North Carolina

After my third failed insurance agent's sales job, not selling one policy in four years, I had to face the fact something was majorly wrong with me. My psychiatrist, and medication, were not working, obviously. Betsy helped me check into the best mental health hospital in the state, UNC mental health, in Chapel Hill.

After Doctor C examined me, called Doctor C because patients could not pronounce her Eastern European last name, called Betsy. Doctor C told Betsy, I was stable, and resting, but continued to insist he was tortured, in some sort of torture chamber, and was convinced it was true. Betsy replied, oh no, that is true, he really was. Incredulous, Doctor C, accepted, and began to help me in earnest.

One test took four hours, 900 questions. Standing alone before ten doctors, with rapid fire questions, leaving no pause, was not something I was expecting. I sure appreciated their help. But, awoken each morning, by ten doctors standing around my bed, with instant rounds of questions, appeared as a prosecution, with no chance of coffee, or comprehending where I was.

After days of testing, Doctor C gave me my diagnosis. PTSD, with its accompanying depression, and anxiety. But the depression part, she called dysthymia, being permanent. When initially admitted, she scolded me having been prescribed benzo's, not knowing how bad, as I took as the doctor prescribed. Public hospitals in the state were

forbidden to prescribe them, due to so many resulting deaths. Being only effective with rare use, or they cycle you downhill. I was prescribed a general anti-depressant, and Doxipin. Then, told I could go home, as they needed to free up the bed.

I had no home. I had less than \$1,000 to my name, and no more income from a failed insurance job. Doctor C would not release me, to live in the streets, until someone agreed to take me. My brother and sister refused to help me, for the second time. Thankfully Betsy agreed to let me live in a tool shed in her back yard. Then I was released.

It gave me a place to stay alive, and litigate my lawsuit.

Chapter 32 – Glendale Lane

2010 – Glendale Lane, Burlington, North Carolina

Betsy owned a 15-acre gorgeous piece of property, with fields, large pond, and canopies of trees. Optimism is the body's defense reaction, to deep depression, with will to get out, so it was a great place to attempt to remain optimistic. And very thankful to Betsy, and her mother, paying Betsy to take care of her, so Betsy could help keep me alive. Because Betsy had less than \$2,000 in the bank.

I drove to the Alamance County Department of Social Services office to apply for Medicaid (for the poor) for our children. But was told North Carolina did not give Medicaid to fathers and children, only mothers and children. I would need to have the mother come in to apply. Telling them we both lived on the same property, full joint legal custody, same financial condition, nothing worked.

I went back and explained to Betsy, who agreed to come in and apply. She was taken right in, signed right up with no questions, and Medicaid cards came in the mail in a week. Meanwhile, I waited in the lobby for an hour. Was finally taken back. And told, we are sorry Mr. Bardes, we cannot help someone like you, you would need to be fully disabled according to Social Security standards. Telling them I had already applied for disability, I signed dozens of forms.

Three months later, hearing nothing, I received a letter from Disability Determination Services of Raleigh (DDSR), stating I had been declined for Medicaid, because I refused to respond to multiple requests for documents, and never answered my phone.

Months later, DDSR, who also made the disability decisions for the Social Security Administration, denied my disability benefits, which I paid for in taxes, to keep myself alive. I was later to learn, they automatically deny all applications the first time, to shake off fakers, forcing the needy, to fend for their lives. While litigating an appeal, before administrative law judges, whom real judges would not allow named without the disqualifier prefaced. Only to suffer a court order defeat, sending them back to start over again. In endless cycle. Some hire lawyers to litigate the spinning wheel.

Because every time you filed something, the decision was always made in a State Board of five medical doctors, in North Carolina, it was DDSR. Where I would eventually prove, there was no panel of five doctors behind my case, rather one person, with no medical training.

Fractured Hip

One morning I awoke instantly to an abrupt sharp pain in my left hip. I woke up thinking what the hell. The pain did not subside. Moving it made it worse. The top of a leg bone, or femur, is shaped like a ball, which fits in the socket, in the pelvis. My ball shaped portion, had fractured. I could only get around, by transferring half my weight, onto a cane, on each carefully planned step.

I had no money to see a doctor, nor to fix, and when Betsy had to renew her Medicaid coverage, with the kids, we both drove to the Alamance County DSS office together. Betsy was taken right back, signed back up, with only one question, with new cards received in days. I waited an hour, was called

back, and told, we are sorry Mr. Bardes, there is nothing we can do to help someone like you, you would need to be fully disabled according to Social Security standards. Telling them my hip was broken, and I had already applied again for Social Security disability. I left after signing dozens of forms, applying for Medicaid the second time.

This time, I never heard anything from anyone, ever. I had to keep walking to stay alive. With a nerve damaged right leg, becoming my only leg that worked, as the left was broken more to bits, on each step I took.

By this time, I had developed a high tolerance for pain, having had such to a high degree, all else the lessor. I refused to take opioid pain killers, having no way past three days, of not killing the pain, but rather you. So many are miserable, for so long, before they die, while some are quick, when mixed with a legal bottle of cold poison. And it would give Satan another chance to attack, where probabilities needed to be reduced. I put up with the pain, enjoying knowing the pain, would fade someday to sheer joy, like it had before. Which kept me walking with a cane, as Satan increased the pain with each step, as my femur's multiple fractures turned into broken pieces. My left leg was a half inch shorter than the right.

Chapter 33 – Back to the Lawsuit

2008-2011 – Charlotte, and Burlington, North Carolina

In 2008, when I filed my first Federal lawsuit, I had no knowledge of two inmates dying from hypothermia in South Carolina cold cells. One was from a time before I was tortured with the cold, just two hours away in the state capital, Columbia.

The second hypothermic inmate death, happened around the time I filed my lawsuit in 2008, but the death had not been reported yet, and would not for years. A South Carolina prison inmate, suffering depression, from being in prison, named Jerome Laudman, died of hypothermia after 11 days, of being stripped naked, and locked in a suicide watch cold cell so cold he could not stay alive. Such the cold would convince him, to no longer be suicidal, and return to his cell, never to mention depression again. To avoid being killed by the punishing cold. With no means to remain alive, Jerome froze to death. No longer suicidal. Medical examiner's report death from hypothermia. With no revival after rewarming.

While the public knew nothing, and neither did I, when my lawsuit, alleging near-death hypothermic torture, reached State leaders aware, holding in their hands my served summons and complaint, I became an object of serious concern. Their instant relief, knowing I was not a lawyer, having not a clue, and with all upper court's ruling against any torture cases, to protect big friends, meant they had theirs.

The body in the State, which makes decisions on money paid out from lawsuits, as a result of wayward employees, was

contacted. Jean Hoefer Toal, former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, gave assurances, hung up the phone, then picked it up, and called some more friends.

A full court press was on, because it took two years of Federal courtroom litigation, at end of discovery, to finally defeat my lawsuit, at the Charleston Federal Courthouse. Sending me to certain rejection on appeal, being a torture case. Then rejected again, when taken to the US Supreme Court, on my first time there.

I litigated with might, put up a good fight, losing every step of the way, and only succeeded in getting John Magera, my prosecutor, fired. My only other solace, knowing I had set into the permanent record, all of them covering for friends, with signed lies. In case I needed such later.

Initially Filing the First Lawsuit

Being *Pro Se*, I had to choose between paying the filing fee, \$350 at the time, or not, and claim poor status, as many inmates do. I decided to pay the fee, so not to be confused with an inmate.

On Federal lawsuits, there are two judges on your case, a lower, and upper. The lower is called the Magistrate Judge, the upper is the District Judge. The Magistrate can only make recommendations, which are handed to the District Judge, to make final decisions.

Deciding where to file the case was an unknown, unable to be known, if not a lawyer. I decided to file the suit in Federal court in Columbia, South Carolina, half way to Charleston,

from living in Charlotte, North Carolina, at the time. My sister having been told I would be killed, if entered South Carolina again, I was willing take the risk, but only half way into the state.

The clerks reviewing the cover sheet, claimed it need to go to Charleston, where most of my defendants were located. Also claimed I used the wrong form on my summons. While I obtained it from their website. She said, the Magistrate would need to review the case, before I could serve my defendants, with summons and complaint. I got out of the state fast.

Not knowing at the time, the wrong form on the summons trick, was a common ploy to make *Pro Se* litigants, never serve anyone with lawsuits, without the judge reading them first, to dismiss before anyone was served. A form was not required for a summons, only the words, arranged as to meaning and reference, were accomplished, on any standard paper, stamped and signed by the clerk.

I received in the mail two weeks later, the Magistrate's recommendation order, instantly dismissing my lawsuit, claiming I was an inmate, and had not paid their \$350 filing fee. Allowing it to be dismissed, with no one ever reading it. According to the PRLA (Prison Reform Litigation Act.) An Act of Congress passed, allowing Federal judges, to dismiss inmate lawsuits, without ever reading them. To cut down on all the frivolous lawsuits inmates file, from jails and prisons. One point having reached 90,000 per year. Congress had to act fast.

Senators did not want Federal lawsuits for a broken cookie on meal trays. Knowing such would never happen. So many

were brutally tortured to death. No judge ever reading their lawsuits, for pleas to stay alive, beforehand.

Dawning upon me. As to how, and why, torture, and homicide, could take place here at home. Satan had cut off all lifelines of life support.

I fired back my objections, shocked by the court's ignorance, of never noticing I had paid their fee, was not an inmate, and objected to dismissing before even reading. And further, premature as to law. I won. It was the last time I won. But the District Judge agreed with me, and issued an order, giving me summons authority to serve my defendants. Which I did readily. Because being able to do so, also gave me the way, to take the case to the US Supreme Court, by losing the whole way there.

Magistrate Robert Carr, then read my lawsuit, and wrote a report recommending all claims be dismissed against all defendants, because citizens can never sue the government (without a lawyer), because of sovereign immunity, except for the claims against the sheriff, those could move forward to discovery.

I objected with legal guesses, and was taught more legal lessons. The District Judge accepted recommendations of Magistrate Carr. At least I could take Sheriff Cannon, and his jail, and medical crew, into discovery, to obtain powers of document, and evidence production, issue questions which had to be answered, under penalty of lying under oath, and take depositions, under same.

My First Hearing in Federal Court

My first hearing in Federal court, in 2008, before Magistrate Carr, as I stood at the plaintiff's table alone, at the defendant's table stood four seasoned defense lawyers, talking to a staff of greater number. At one point, the lawyers said something to anger the judge, because Magistrate Robert Carr, started screaming at the top of his lungs, his face bright red, with spittle flying about, as he screamed and shout. After several minutes of this screaming, I did not know why the judge had become unglued, or if such was standard fare in Federal court, as it was my first time there. The defense lawyers stood at attention, rapidly nodding their heads, saying, yes your honor, yes your honor. Their staff frantically flipping through law books to feign help. I sat down, as my legs were bad, and could not stand for so long, and waited for the screaming to stop.

Two years later, in 2010, Charleston, South Carolina Lawyer Andy Savage, was reported in the local Post and Courier Newspaper, in an article titled "*Savage wants judge off torture case,*" demanding Judge Carr recuse himself from a torture case, as his client was unable to get a fair trial otherwise. Which Savage said was precipitated by years of odd and unexplainable behaviors. Eventually, leading to Judge Carr's contract being cancelled, and as of October 2011, was no longer a judge. As a US Marshall told me on the phone, meaning he was removed months before his contract expired, and not renewed.

Both Magistrate Judge Robert Carr, and Senior U.S. District Judge Patrick Michael Duffy, denied my motions requesting access to the jail. Even knowing, I only needed to go inside

ten feet, and could have proved my case in five minutes. I was denied even a chance of justice, as a chance was not allowed to exist.

Knowing I was not a lawyer, had done none of this ever before, suffering from mental illness, low on funds, it became an effort, to learn as much as I could, before ultimately being dismissed. But if I could convince Judge Duffy to write an opinion, claiming near-death hypothermic torture was not a violation of the Constitution, perhaps such would prove useful, when reaching the US Supreme Court. If the US Supreme Court denied my petition, asking if near-death hypothermic torture was a violation of the Constitution, then the blood of the vanquished, would be on their hands. With a starting date in the public record.

After being denied access to the jail, Judge Carr yelled at the Sheriff's defense lawyers, telling them to take a picture of every room inside the jail, I was so locked. Along with pictures, and the exact dimensions, of the air conditioner vents. I received over a hundred photos, none of cell 1613. The pictures were purposely miss-labeled. Because the picture had a blanket on the bench in the cold cell. Some guards were kind. Mine were not.

I demanded pictures from cold cell 1613, and they were produced. One of the bench with the blanket. What I wanted the most, were the pictures of the vents in the cold cell, the incoming vent being a steel grate over a whole in the wall. Which also showed the pieces of dried toilet paper from snowballs heaved at the vent. From previous inmates, trying to prevent being murdered with the cold. The vent in the

cold cell was 230% larger than the normal vent size in the nearby cells.

Depositions

At the deposition of the mugshot lady, Thomasina T. Dyer, I asked why the guards wore heavy winter coats inside while on duty? She testified "...if it's cold, then, yes, we would wear our jackets." Before testifying the air-conditioner was broken at my time, she said it was hot, very, very hot, not cold. Saying portable air units tried keeping the place cool, but it was very hot. A year after I departed jail, part of the main structure, had a cooling failure, which became a convenient excuse. But I had newspaper articles reporting when the air conditioner failure occurred long after my time.

When Sheriff Cannon's fall guy submitted an affidavit, stating the air conditioner was not working, and it was hot, not cold, so I was declared a liar. I submitted my articles and transcripts to Judge Duffy, who refused to even acknowledge them as evidence.

The deposition of the head nurse, Dawn R. Frazier was combative a bit. She held tough to fiction.

The whole nursing staff, and doctor, denied medical care, because I refused. Asking her, I refused to fill out a form, you are holding in your hands, filled out three days before your refusal?

Then I asked what medical care was I refusing, or needed at all, when I walked into jail on my own two feet, not needing any care at all? She retorted. I needed no care, but was

refusing it anyway. They refused the care, with panicked signatures from all witnesses to prove it. When I was finished, the sheriff's defense lawyer, Stephanie McDonald, asked Nurse Dawn R. Frazier onto the transcript, if she were aware of any other known medical conditions, other than those discussed that day? Answered no, the deposition concluded.

Defense lawyer Stephanie McDonald, after defeating me, was rewarded being appointed a judge. Having passed the state's corruption prove it first requirements, with honors, by saving everyone's assess. Judge Stephanie McDonald.

Dr. Ralph B. Piening, MD, at deposition, claimed no knowledge of hypothermia, and only wore his sweater every day because the jail was cold. He acknowledged finding dried blood in my colon, when I was examined for complaints of constipation. And prescribed two laxatives, never hearing back. He was as helpful, caring, soft in character, as he could possibly be. Only, making eye contact, with his demon behind the eyes, thinking to it, I know you are a liar. I will get you, wait and see. Not knowing he was likely the person who declared me dead, and sutured the gun blast wound closed ready for the morgue.

Discovery litigation cycled back and forth, from defense lawyer Stephanie McDonald, filing pages of scathing denials, saying nothing occurred. I was just a mentally ill inmate, who refused to pay his child support. Countered by my objections, including all evidence discovered, to be ignored by the judges, issuing orders of fresh new legal lessons.

At one point, I filed a criminal affidavit of perjury, against Stephanie McDonald, for her piles of lies. I contacted US Department of Justice, US Attorney, Christopher Coats, in Charleston, by letter containing a separate envelope of evidence. Only to be returned unopened, with letter from Attorney Coats. Stating, he had called Judge Carr, only to be told not to open the envelope, as he ordered no investigation. I retained the letter.

In Pennsylvania, US Attorney Coats had been taken off a case he was prosecuting, against New Blank Panther members, who showed up at a voting precinct with weapons. Prompting US Attorney General Eric Holder, to banish Coats to the land of white bastion, for no more problems, deep down in Charleston, South Carolina.

Ultimate Dismissal – Hypothermic Torture

After Stephanie accumulated enough false affidavits, and deposition lying transcripts, she filed one last motion for summary dismissal. I prepared and filed my rebuttal. Judge Duffy, in a 50-some-page order, and opinion, agreed nothing hypothermic happened, and made a long, and complicated legal opinion, hypothermic torture was not a violation of the Constitution, anyway.

I lost my first Federal lawsuit. Thankful to have Judge Duffy's signed words, stating hypothermic torture was not a violation of the Constitution.

Appealing to the US Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit

If you lose a Federal lawsuit, you can challenge the results of your lost case, by filing an appeal, in appeals court. Being in the fourth circuit, per maps, meant I appealed to the US Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit. Up in Richmond, Virginia, half way to Washington, DC, from me.

The appeals court consists of three Federal appeals court judges, who decide your fate. Who are only allowed to look for mistakes of law, in your lost case, and nothing else. They do not decide your case, only focus on mistakes of law.

I was certain the judge made mistakes of law, like all of them. Not one move was legal. Every action a mistake of law. I prepared my appeal, with a gamut of guesses, and mailed it off, with a check for \$400. If the fee was not paid, the case landed in a tall pile of wait. I only waited two weeks.

I received back in the mail, a standard size envelope, containing a single piece of paper, with the ruling. Only one sentence, ruled no errors in case, appeal denied. Signed by typed last names of the three Federal judges. I thought to myself, I paid \$400 for this? That was half I owned. That was the fastest \$400, I had ever had stolen. There was no time for the judges to read the appeal. It was like they knew it was coming.

The US Supreme Court – Round One – *Bardes v. Magera* (10-8581)

With only \$400 left to my name, I did not have enough money to print 41 copies of my petition to the US Supreme Court, along with 41 copies of hundreds of pages of lower court rulings. It would cost me \$800.

I bought a printer and paper for \$300, hoping I could print it all myself. After printing all but the last page, the printer stopped working, and flashed Chinese characters, with no buttons working. I said, thank you Lord, I can take it back. Getting \$200 refund, not wanting to get another one, not a good model. Boxes of all, and dozens of requirements and forms later, I shipped them to Washington, DC.

After the boxes arrived at the US Supreme Court, in the center of Washington, DC, I was mailed a letter confirming the case had been accepted on the docket. As *Bardes v. Magera*, case number 10-8581.

By the time a lawsuit reaches the US Supreme Court, a person must boil their case down to one question on the US Constitution. The US Supreme Court answers only one Constitutional question at a time. After previously voting months before on which questions they were going to answer. All others denied automatically, and never answered. Case over, end of road. Denying answering a question, does not make the question legal, or illegal, simply not answered. Other legal after-affects do occur.

There were nine justices on the court at the time.

I had to win the initial vote first, before the Justices would even answer my question. Which was “Is near-death hypothermic torture, a violation of the Constitution?”

I thought my question was strong enough to break the hold over all torture lawsuits being dismissed. Surely being tortured almost to death, was bad enough to be considered a violation. And of vital interest to our one court who only answered such questions. Not knowing I was petitioning the very court, which started the dismissal scandal of torturegate.

Move to Boarding House

My time living in Betsy’s tool shed in her back yard ended, as Betsy and her mother, sold their properties, to consolidate into one house. With no tool shed in the back yard. My brother found a boarding house in the center of town, for \$85 a week. Which he and my sister kindly agreed to pay.

The boarding house was a large, added on too many times, craftsman style home that had been petitioned into twenty rented rooms. Some containing families of four, down on their luck. My room was part of a previous closet, but had windows. I brought a refrigerator, as food in the common refrigerator, was never seen again. Same need when washing clothes. Had to carry toilet paper to and from. No mail could be delivered, as pile would be stolen. The shower reminded me of a horror movie. Occasionally, Wi-Fi signals from the neighborhood allowed me brief access to the Internet. Climbing up and down flights of stairs, with a broken hip, was pure bone grinding pain. The cane helped.

One night, a young boy knocked on my door. Offered to draw a picture for me, for a nickel. I gave him a quarter, but kept one, for gas. I told him to draw the picture for his parents, saying God loved them. It was rough living. But I had seen much worse. And knew my feeling miserable, was helping God somehow.

On March 10, 2011, an entry appeared in the docket at supremecourt.gov, stating “DISTRIBUTED for Conference of March 25, 2011.” A conference day was an all-day meeting in a large conference room. Justices start by shaking each other’s hands. Discussions are never recorded for privacy. Justices vote on which questions to answer, or deny, on new cases. Current cases are discussed.

On my case vote day, March 25, 2011, nothing was reported in the docket, until the next Monday. As I sat in my boarding house closet, refreshing the screen, the words ‘Petition DENIED’ appeared.

Relief came quick, as I put into the public record, the US Supreme Court passed on near-death hypothermic torture questions. Any subsequent inmate hypothermic deaths, would land blood on their hands, dripping on their words.

I was forced to sit back, and patiently, and painfully wait, until the government tortured to death more citizens with hypothermic torture, until the stack of cold dead bodies, reached a certain height, to allow me to take my next actions.

Pro Se Guide to Family Court

For years, I had been doing *Pro Se* advocacy work for victims of family court. I advised never being *Pro Se*, to only hire a lawyer, or they would lose. Not having money for \$5,000 a motion, constant litigation, they had no hope. I did not do their legal work, nor gave them legal advice, other than call a lawyer. Never charged a penny. It was more like saving their lives. Because by the time they found me, they were at that point.

There is a constant flow of horrid news stories, of family murder suicides. Where dad killed mom, after the kids, before mom left dad, as she just announced. Scaring dad with fear of family court destruction, like all those around him, and like me, resulting in child support and jail. Their fear of becoming me, did in the whole family. And too many of our beloved too underpaid law enforcement hero officers.

Custody battles, where a mom in New York City, dropped her three-year-old daughter, out the thirteenth-floor window. In Tampa, a police car chase to reach a father, who reached the top of the tall bridge before them, with enough time to throw his six-year old daughter off the bridge, before the police officers arrived nanoseconds too late. One man, Thomas Bell, on the steps of a family court courthouse, poured gasoline over himself, and self-immolated.

Somehow these terrorized family court victims, in their most desperate hour, found me. Perhaps from such scale of my horrid story, if I could make it, how could I help them. I told them to take none of it seriously, told my story, which made them feel better, by not being me. I would say they did not

have to do battle in family court, it was their choice. Because if they made peace with their ex-spouse, like they were the adults, everyone got to stay alive, and out of court. Even the kids.

Half the people I helped were mothers, whom were damaged far more brutally than men. Some men believe only men, are victims of family court. The 20% of custody cases where the mothers are stripped to 2% custody, makes millions of them. Charged with child support and jail, suffer far more horrors, than men. I heard them screaming in jail during the night, while being raped by guards.

Living in a closet in a boarding house, I could not help them, and wore me out. I wrote a book of my normal process of helping, some education, told my story, talked rationally, evidence the fallacy of family court. At the end of the book, I gave a fool proof way to win in family court. By employing a legal strategy called 'constant litigation.' Saying, if they lost in family court, wait a week, then go back in for the same issues. As until the children turn adults, either parents can litigate anything they want, constantly. Until the stubborn parent gives them part of what they want, just to stop the pain.

The end of the book was a joke, but only half the people got it, the other half found it effective. One doctor from Florida, emailed a thank you note, saying I restored his sense of humor. After enough of the notes of thanks, realizing the book was saving lives, I took it off Amazon as a paperback book for \$20, and gave it away for free on the internet, as a PDF document, with the word free in the name. Many years later, in 2016, a person contacted me on Facebook, asking where to buy a hardcopy of the book. I replied its free, there

was no paperback. He said he wanted to keep a physical copy of the book. The book had gotten around.

As an aside, in the book, I explained divorce was caused by the marriage contract, as couples not married for so long, decide to eventually get married, only to end up in divorce two years later. If they did not sign the marriage contract, they would still be together. I used the Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie, relationship as an example. The two had a long-term relationship with children, under plain civil contracts, just not a marriage contract. I wrote if they ever got married, it would end in divorce two years later. Later, the couple married in 2014, and two years later ended in a highly-publicized divorce. If they had not married, the family may have still been together.

When one mate in a human animal sexual relationship, becomes mad at the other, recovers, then mad again, making themselves unhappier, is worsened by being stuck with that mate, for the rest of their lives, by contract, which can be voided at any time. Their human animal instincts of survival, by seeking feeling better, only able by breaking bonds, seeking the next mate, who may be a better mate than the last. Not knowing human animal studies show over one's lifetime, humans spend an estimated 25% of the time on negative thinking, many times taking it out on the nearest human.

Thrown in the Streets with Broken Hip

My sister called me on the phone. Said my father called her, and my brother, and told them to cut me off. Stop paying

\$85 a week for the boarding house, to no longer keep me alive. So, she did. As ordered.

I was thrown in the streets, this time with a broken hip, by my own family. For the third time.

Not being able to take anything to the homeless shelter, I sold the refrigerator, to buy gas, to drive there. The car my father thankfully bought for my second insurance carrier, was my lifeline.

Before shutting down my computer, I responded to one last email, a thread from past fraternity brothers, picking on another. I had not heard from the berated brother for 30 years, so I defended him. Happy with my defense, he called me on the phone, said he was starting a non-profit, and would hire me to help. Wired me \$1,000, to drive out to Santa Fe, New Mexico. I said sure. I hung up the phone, and said thank you, God.

Chapter 34 – 17 Days in the Desert

August 2011 - Santa Fe, New Mexico

Wookie

I graduated from Northwestern University with a BA in Economics, but my first two years of college were spent majoring in geology, at the University of Denver, in Colorado. One day, as the president of the fraternity, before I was, and I were walking out the door, in walked an almost seven-foot-tall, homeless dressed looking student, with a long shaggy beard, and face covered with a disheveled head of hair, so Chris said, look, it is a Wookie!

The name stuck, and Wookie loved it. Wookie turned into clean cut, large, and formidable, vicious lawyer, named Glenn Edward Springman, the third. Wookie started a law firm, built into Denver's most successful eviction law firm, at the lowest price. Because Wookie could keep three trials going, at the same time, moving between courts, with regular excuses, timed well. He hired more lawyers, taught the same.

Selling his firm at high profit to his fellow happy lawyers, moved to Seattle, to enter business with his father. Only to end badly, leaving him deep in bi-polar disorder. With months long swings, until his money almost ran out, leaving him on permanent disability. Discarded by his father, to teach him lessons.

Through his sufferings and great loss, he decided to dedicate the rest of his life, doing free legal work for people, and businesses, in return for a donation, to a non-profit he would start. To help other people, with their problems. He figured

out the meaning of life, by becoming mentally ill, destroyed, and leaving people certain he was crazy. Calling himself Wookie. To confirm.

Many people do not understand mental illness. The moment one is deemed a little mentally ill, people mentally move them to insane, discarding anything further said. Are you off your meds? Saying the most cruel, inhuman, statement, in five words or less. This problem compounds with half of doctors, and inside jails.

Arriving in Santa Fe, New Mexico, I found Wookie living in a business loft, with his two sons for the summer. He had purchased a 40-year old mini-RV, with nothing working, even when plugged into a cord. Which the buildings association would not allow run over their packing lot. Which became my bedroom to sleep, after the hot sun went down, cooled off the oven enough to sleep. I did not mind hot, just not cold.

Wookie woke me at 6am, talked all day until 11pm, so I could get time off my broken hip. Sitting was the most painful position. Wookie was in a month's long manic mode, and did not sleep, while I did.

I took the opportunity to ask a lawyer free legal question, between moments of Wookie not talking, to learn he was also a defender. He would go into defense mode, grow in stature, as if interrogating a witness. Firing off, he would come at me with a force strong enough to rip my face right off my head. His large outspread hand stopping just before my face, to simulate doing so, scaring the hell out of me.

We were two mentally ill fraternity brothers, hopelessly lost, trying to help other people for the rest of our lives. Wookie hired me, wrote and signed a contract to pay me \$2,000 a month. Paid himself the same. All other money to come in, went into the non-profit.

Until he thought I was trying to extort money from him. He snapped, and drew up legal papers to have me arrested. As he drove to the sheriff's office to file them, I got in my car and drove straight back to North Carolina. Leaving Wookie to be told by the sheriff's office, no, Mr. Springman, we are not going to arrest your fraternity brother, go tell him you are sorry.

When I got home, I emailed Wookie, and said he snapped, and would come to his senses later, and realize his mistake. I heard nothing back. For two years. When he called, and said I was right.

Chapter 35 – Campus Trace

2011- Elon, North Carolina

When I returned to North Carolina, I was homeless. But had \$1,000. Betsy passed an apartment complex just off campus of Elon University, which flew a banner for rooms for \$500 a month, all utilities included. Elon is a small town, mostly all a collage campus, next to the town of Burlington.

I was initially surprised they agreed to rent over the phone, not being a college student. They said they had a room on the first floor as requested. Which turned into arriving with a cane, as a middle-aged man, disabled, and was greeted with sorry Mr. Bardes, we just rented the room on the first floor. But there was a room on the third floor walkup only we could rent you. Knowing I could never make three flights of stairs, up and down. I said, great I'll take it. Knowing he did not know, I liked pain. Knowing it would lead to good, and fade to joy.

United Nations Committee against Torture

With no lawyer able to help me, and the press running away faster than the lawyers, I filed a petition with the United Nations Office of the High Commissioner for Human Rights. On May 10, 2011, I received their response, in an email, stating they could not help me, because the United States would not agree to something. The exact wording is below.

“The Committee against Torture cannot examine petitions alleging violations of the Convention against Torture (CAT) unless the State has made the declaration under article 22 recognizing the Committee's

competence to receive and consider petitions. The United States of America has not made the declaration.”

Doing some research, the reason for no declaration, was due to the claim our citizens enjoyed a strong constitution, protecting them from torture.

Second Federal Lawsuit

Wookie’s experience gave me the inspiration to be tougher in my legal writing. He gave me a voice, I did not know I could use. I used it. And typed up a new Federal lawsuit, signed my name, and filed it on 11/17/11. Having filed it in the Greensboro, North Carolina courthouse, and not in Charleston, South Carolina. Maybe I had a molecule of chance.

I did not have the \$350 filing fee. I had to claim poor status. Which meant the judges could put the lawsuit in the pile with inmate lawsuits, and get to them later in the century.

As I stood at the clerk’s window, as her computer assigned the next sequential case number for each new incoming case, she wrote on a yellow sticky note 999. Making my Federal case reference (1:11-cv-999). Instantly letting me know God’s sense of humor. And precision of control.

I was married on 1/19/1990. Coincidental, I dismissed.

ColdCellTorture.com

Prior to filing suit, I put up a website, hoping to track IP addresses from those who visited the website. I purchased

the domain “ColdCellTorture.com” named from President George W. Bush’s now infamous torture approval memos, naming the torture technique titled “Cold Cell” or “Induced Hypothermia.” Once I filed the lawsuit, the website traffic went out of sight, with all the government visitors. Letting me know where the visitors were generally located, their IP addresses, and their device information.

Every device, or computer, on the Internet, has a unique string of four numbers separated by dots. The geeks who assign the IP addresses to all our Internet providers, must provide GPS coordinates for each address. They purposely place them in the middle of a lake, or middle of a street, somewhere in the general area of town, or nearby towns if small. To never reveal true location, lest criminals could locate victims to the inch.

Many times, IP addresses provide another piece of information, legally, because they asked for my webpage first. Which can be used to identify the exact computer inside offices. But not able to tell who the human was at the keyboard. Not unless they had a camera, speakers, tablet, smartphone, or smart anything in their home, auto, work, or with them on vacations, anywhere in the universe the Internet can be found.

Giving someone your IP address, is what lawyers call the keys to the kingdom. Due to all the legally admissible evidence gatherable, from advertisers who track, share, and sell, everywhere IP addresses visit.

Judge Garfinkel Website

I had previously set up a website at judgegarfinkel.com. With a spoof image photo-shopped headshot of Judge Garfinkel, on an image of a man on the toilet reading the newspaper. Than a page of text telling my story, and how other victims needed to band together on letter writing campaigns to get him fired. Not knowing others had taken to the streets in protest long before my website.

I had website visits from Russia, Ukraine, Iran, Europe, all having Googled “Judge Garfinkel,” found and clicked to his named website. This infuriated Judge Garfinkel. Made worse by writing letters to key people in key places.

One day before I left the boarding house, I received a call from a doctor who found my judgegarfinkel.com website, to give me his story. He introduced himself as a famous cardiac surgeon, at the medical university in Charleston, on loan from Texas. He was in the Charleston Family Courthouse, finishing his amicable divorce from a wealthier woman. Children all adults. The doctor was walking passed Judge Garfinkel’ courtroom, when the bailiff opened the door. Greeting the doctor, advising Judge Garfinkel would like to speak with him. The doctor was incredulous someone would ask such a thing with no lawyers present. Being assured it was nothing of a serious nature, the doctor walked inside.

Once inside, with the doors closed behind him. Judge Garfinkel hammered his gavel down, and sentenced the doctor to six months in the Sheriff Cannon Detention Center, for non-payment of child support. The doctor was hauled off to jail in chains. Once inside the cell block, the

doctor went straight to the largest, toughest looking black man he could find, and offered him \$900 to protect him. The inmate said sure. The doctor then approached the next toughest looking black man, and offered \$700 for protection, perhaps due to too rapid acceptance previously. That night the doctor slept safely between two well-paid body guards.

When the doctor's lawyers finally figured out where the doctor was the next morning, he was immediately released. The doctor flew in teams of lawyers from out of state. The doctor called me from just outside the courtroom of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, while waiting with his lawyers to go inside and petition the court to sue Judge Garfinkel to kingdom come. Chief Justice Jean Toal, controlled the state money.

I never heard back from the doctor, but assumed he was made plenty somehow, before going back home to Texas. My Judge Garfinkel website grew the judge's paranoia, believing it was the source of his problems keeping a job, and why people hated him. He eventually thought I was behind all his misfortunes, and protests, when it was really himself. Today, family court lawyers, and other judges in Charleston, disavow ever meeting him.

Auto-Accident on 12/9/2011

Up and down those three flights of stairs, I hobbled in each bone crushing step. One night just after dark, I was driving back through campus, stopped at one of the three raised student sidewalks with flashing yellow lights, with students crossing in front of my bumper. When I was hit from

behind, by a large SUV. Only going about 25 mph, driven by a male student, texting while driving, or looking for a mate.

The first indication my brain received of being hit, was a pop in my hip, blasting pain from hell, while the rest of my body was comfortably stopped, by lap and shoulder belt, designed by geniuses with computers. The momentum being hit from behind, by two tons of moving steel, forced my foot off the brake, and shot my car forward at the same speed of impact. A female college student in front of my bumper, with hands raised back in fear, as if a deer in headlights, put them down in great thanks, when my reaction time to hit the brakes, was so fast, the car stopped only inches before her.

I was frozen in pain, as the pain blasting never stopped.

Unable to move, the driver knocked on my window, rolling it down, I told him my hip was broken, call an ambulance, please. He was kind, caring, and thoughtful, and appeared at the right time. The ambulance rocked while racing, each bump, with a shot of pain blasted from hell.

On the x-ray table, moving to a position to hold caused more pain. After the technician looked at the first x-ray image, spotting something metallic, asked me to empty my pockets. After doing so, she took another x-ray. Same problem. Holding up a sheet, she asked me to pull down my sweat pants, and pull up my shirt, till naked, then she lowered the sheet over me. Having me lay flat, all the way down, she took a third x-ray. Only to find the metallic object again, she concluded it was something inside me. Not able to discuss x-rays results with patients, she concluded.

Betsy and Allie came to the hospital, and after waiting, one of the two x-ray doctors, one was Aaron Freuler, PA-C, came and told me, the top ball portion on my femur, had fractured into small pieces. Requiring full hip joint replacement surgery, and diagnosed the top of my femur with Avascular Necrosis, Latin for dead bone. Which meant no blood in my bone. From recalcified fractures upon fractures., leaving broken bone chips for a hip.

The driver's insurance company denied all claims on the hip, as Avascular Necrosis, proved the hip was broken long before the accident. 17 months to be exact.

One of the x-ray doctors brought us out to meet the other, before a large wall of my x-rays. Pointing to the sections of bone chips, and blurred areas of Necrosis, made sense. But when he asked me when was I shot with a gun, I had no idea what he was saying. I looked at Betsy, and Allie, as Betsy had known me since age 15. The three of us, answered saying never had I been shot, not that we knew about. The doctor pointed to a metal object in my right hip, and said, there was a bullet in my right hip. Not getting any more reaction from us on the bullet, the doctor said even though I would not take opioid pain pills, I really needed them, and pushed a script into my hands.

Given crutches, as my only means of conveying, once in the car, thought to myself, those bastards shot me with a gun, while I was in hypothermic coma, which rapidly explained all my ailments, including the broken hip. Concluding the evidence now known, I could prove all which happened to me. The physical evidence was in my body, the whole time. The red scar on stomach a blast wound, which had been

sutured closed. Creepy. No wonder they wanted me out of South Carolina, as I had an additional desired deportation.

The Elon Police Department

I called the Elon police to report finding of the bullet. When they arrived, I showed them the x-ray, and briefly told my story. They advised since the crime happened in another jurisdiction, it was out of their authority. They left, testified to a judge I was insane, and a judge signed an order having me involuntarily committed against my will.

The very nice female Elon Police Officer Blackwell, arrived while Betsy was helping me unload groceries, as I could not carry up three flights of stairs, on crutches. Officer Blackwell told me a group of nice people would like to talk to me about the bullet. I said okay. Handcuffed in her patrol car, I was rushed to the hospital.

ConeHealth Hospital Involuntary Commitment

At 4:00 pm on 12/15/2011, Officer Blackwell drove to the emergency room of the Alamance Regional Medical Hospital, owned by ConeHealth, from the nearest large town of Greensboro. After bloodletting, I was to learn being triaged as a mental nut case, meant spending two days waiting to be attended.

I was left on a gurney in middle of a hallway, for 7 hours. I had an assigned police officer watch over me. I asked for a tablet of ibuprofen for my hip pain, but was denied. As they were convinced I was faking the broken hip. I asked for

paper and pencil so I could keep notes as the hell progressed, should I have a need later, which was granted.

A citizen involuntarily committed in North Carolina, had to be examined by two doctors, to confirm insanity. One a medical doctor, the other a mental health doctor, before being incarcerated. Medical Dr. Noelle Simon McLaurin, MD, came to my gurney, picked up my broken leg, moved it around in circles, bending and pushing it back against me. The blasting pain drenched me, seeing white stars. I told her it was her doctors in the same emergency room the week before, who diagnosed me with a broken hip, ask them yourself, or take an x-ray. She refused to believe me, never took an x-ray, instead signed papers certifying I was insane, and faking the broken hip. I eventually filed a complaint against this never-examined me doctor, with the North Carolina Medical Board, whom ruled she did nothing wrong.

At 9:30 pm, I was moved into a cubicle in the emergency room. At 11:40 pm, I was told I would have to remain in the ER until morning, as no mental health doctor was available until then. I was finally given a tablet of ibuprofen for my pain. When I observed a nurse delivering a turkey sandwich boxed with chips, to the cubicle next to mine, I asked for one too. But was told no. And only given juice. If mentally ill, meant no food for you. It would be two days before given any food. The police officer watching me, stayed all night.

The next morning at 10:20 am, Dr. John Clapacs, MD, the psychiatrist, interviewed me, and would not believe a single word of my story. Being the second doctor needed, to officially declare me insane. And indefinitely incarcerated me,

until I recovered from a psychotic break. Or, until after his vacation, when he finally agreed to look at evidence.

After Dr. Clapacs left, a lady brought paperwork for me to sign, admitting me to the prison cell block in the basement. Telling her I had just been declared insane, and could not sign contracts, as all would be null and void. Further, I wanted to leave the hospital immediately.

At 12:30 pm, a group of police officers, and attendants, from the cell block in the basement, came with a wheelchair to take me to prison. I advised them I was exercising my right to peaceful protest, and was not freely going to get into the wheelchair. The group became angry and violent. I was laying down on the portable hospital bed, as I could not walk with a shattered hip. The group grabbed the bed, let off the brake, and slammed the bed into a wall, to create more pain. Hitting walls down the hall, pushed towards the elevators, my hands were together praying to God for these evil people not to hurt me, like they did down in South Carolina.

The police officers grabbed my praying hands, and forced them apart. Handcuffed my left hand to the bed frame with handcuffs, then the right hand was chained to the right bed frame with handcuffs. There was no need to restrain me, I was perfectly still, praying to God for my safety. The group rolled me along on the bed, chained spread eagle like a violent criminal, all the way down to the cell block in the basement, after one last bed slam into the back of the elevator.

Once secured behind the paddy locked doors, I was wheeled into a prison cell, and ordered me off the bed, and onto the cell bed. Having no legal rights except peaceful protest, I told

them I was not getting off the bed. Nurse Gwen, grabbed my left leg, the broken one, and lifted my body up in the air. I screamed bloody loud, my right leg reacted by reflex, and kicked her hands off my broken leg. It was a reflex from the great burst of pain. The seven-people surrounding the bed, yelled assault, and he just assaulted us! They all grabbed me, and threw me onto the cell bed.

At 1:30 pm, Nurse Gwen came into my cell, to give me a pill to swallow. When I asked what pill, she replied a muscle relaxer. But it was a Clonipin tablet, a highly addictive and dangerous benzo drug that gets people killed when strung out. Which State hospitals no longer prescribed by law. I refused the pill. But asked for a tablet of ibuprofen. At 7:00 pm, another nurse brought a Clonipin tablet, also claiming a muscle relaxer. I refused again. And was told it would be eight hours before I could get my next tablet of ibuprofen. Dinner that night was the first food in two days.

I served a week in a cell bed, incarcerated once again. This time with a bed and pillow, and great food, but with no books to read, or confiscated watch to tell time. I stared out the window, pressing the nurse buzzer button every few hours, to see if eight hours had passed, and time for my next tablet of ibuprofen. Only to be told, four more.

The following week, Dr. Clapacs returned from vacation, and met with me at 11:00 am. I told him the story again. He said I was still delusional, having a major psychotic episode, and would remain incarcerated against my will. But by 5:00 pm, he was willing to speak with Betsy, my ex-wife. Betsy verified the accident, broken hip, and doctors asking me when shot. Dr. Clapacs viewed the x-rays, to his great dismay perhaps.

Dr. Clapacs profusely apologized three times, and said my story was verified as truth. I was discharged a few hours later. I harbored no ill will towards the doctor, as after three apologies, any would be on me.

I reported the crimes of the hospital staff to the Burlington Police Department, who were so close in proximity to the Elon Police Department, together, they never contacted me again. On June 23, 2012, I wrote a long letter to the county prosecutor, Pat Nadolski, who decided no actions. I mailed a follow up letter on October 29, 2012, to Mr. Nadolski, to decide no actions again. No lawyer would help, not after discovering I was involved tangentially, with the torturegate debacle. Fearing the DOJ and CIA. None mailed letters back, after perhaps burning mine, being too risky of mistaken association.

Chapter 36 - Post Gunshot Knowledge

12/9/2011 - Elon, North Carolina

God waited six years before telling me of the bullet. For my family, it was bad news, as the bullet explained all my ailments, both physical and mental. Meaning not only I was tortured, rather tortured so severely, I never knew of being shot. My father's disbelief from "The torture is a lie!" turned into not just torture, but also attempted murder. My brother and sister started to pay my \$500 rent at Campus Trace, and some more to allow me to eat a bologna sandwich once a day.

Until x-rays of my broken hip, convinced Disability Determination Services of Raleigh, calling the shots on Social Security disability approvals, to perhaps reluctantly, approve disability benefits, which began in June of 2012.

I had income to afford staying alive. I thanked God for my broken hip, and the bullet.

Next, I had to report the evidence of the bullet, to the Federal Magistrate Judge, on my lawsuit filed two weeks before. The bullet proved my story, and my demands in the lawsuit. I wrote Judge L. Patrick Auld two letters, with copies of the x-rays, and days later filed a motion for annotation of evidence, never to be answered. Not privy to his actions upon receipt, nor to those he readily contacted, but based on the website traffic locations and sources, it appeared he contacted all in South Carolina, and many in Washington, DC. Word got out, Bardes found the bullet.

Whatever transpired, those in power in DC, and South Carolina, made their involvement known, by instructing

Federal Magistrate L. Patrick Auld, to never respond to my lawsuit, filed two weeks before, until after two years, setting the record. When further instructions came to finally answer my lawsuit, which by law they must do eventually, Judge Auld claimed nothing ever happened, I was fully consumed in conspiracy theories, and insane.

Haggard Avenue, Elon, NC

Down the road from Campus Trace, was a small 20x20 foot one room pale yellow house for rent. I beat six students behind me, to be first in door, with a landlord who refused to rent to students. I had gone from a small one room in Campus Trace, to a larger one room cell, down the street.

Which, when I later found out, had no insulation in any of the walls, or ceiling, and the gas wall furnace, had ablated the shield between deadly gases, and the bad gases pumped into the room, for me to breathe. The carbon monoxide detector alarm sounded. My landlord said the furnace was fine. And gave me two space heaters, if I did not want to use the furnace.

I moved my bed behind a small wall partition, and hung a plastic shower curtain over the entrance, created a small space, within a cold place. And hoped the two small space heaters could keep me warm, and alive. As I lay crippled in bed, in only one position without pain, while I waited for Judge Auld to answer my lawsuit.

One frigid January day, in the hot shower, standing with weight on one leg too long, eyes closed rinsing shampoo, with the slight incline in the shower floor, caused me to lose

my balance. When my fatigued solo leg gave out, I crashed down out onto the floor, with shower curtain in hands, from failed grasps to prevent a fall.

Burst of pain from hip, wet in the cold, I pulled my towel down over me, and began an overhand crawl, to my protected heated space for warmth. Half way there, out of breath, I could see in the cold, thought I was back in the cold cell once again. Saying please God get me out of the cold. Finally making my way to life saving heat, assumed my one position with no pain, and waited for Judge Auld to answer my lawsuit.

To make matters worse, the bed bugs which found me in the boarding house, moved with me to Haggard Avenue, multiplied to many dozens, by feeding on my blood every night. One night, I lifted my white sheet, shined my flashlight, to see dozens of bed bugs running for cover. Sprays do not help, nor bug-bomb-spray. Because while they are babies, they are microscopic and transparent, until feeding on blood through seven stages of growing into adult suckers of more blood to stay alive. It would not be until 2015, before I found something foolproof which ended Satan's siege.

Not able to afford a dentist, because I had many thousands of dollars of dental worked to remedy, I toughed it out. When a crown broke off, the stub rotted away. As badly abscessed molars, with raging pain, died after a few days with no more pain. I ended with half my teeth missing, rotten away, two being extracted by a dentist when I could afford.

The first extraction, thanks to a shot to numb first, turned into the dentist wrenching the tooth with pliers, forcing it back and forth, only to yank with last might, left the dentist peering at me, as to why I did not flinch, or move my face muscles. I told him I never felt a thing. The second extraction I felt, even with the shot, as one was a front tooth. Upper front teeth are in your skull near the brain, and when the vice-grips yanked back and forth, burst of ugly pain, caused my eyes to close. Otherwise when gone, had no more pain from the tooth. But it made me reflect on that young black inmate in jail, who had five front teeth extracted, with no numbing shot before, paling my pain by a long shot.

These were rough years for me on Haggard Avenue. The physical pain from a broken hip, forcing me into only one position with no pain, flat in bed, causing my muscles and body to waste and atrophy, losing teeth by weeks of brain-breaking pain, in a freezing cold room, with a tiny place of heated survival. Only to sleep with bed-bug breeding blood suckers feasting on me all night.

I was thoroughly convinced my suffering to such depths, for so long, was somehow building credits of good, in the same measurement as bad, for God to decided when to put the owed good to great use. To get anything good done, in our 50/50, evil to good, domain of half Satan, someone must suffer 10 units of pain, for God to get 10 units back of good, combined with owed good from pain of others, to create a greater good.

Hours of pain ended days, finished off weeks, turned over months, a dozen a year. The pain never ended, while I waited for Judge Auld to never answer my lawsuit for two years.

I had to wait for the Lord; be strong and take heart, and wait for the Lord. And humble myself under God's mighty hand, that he may exalt me in due time.

To pass the time waiting patiently for the Lord, I sought thought of being elsewhere. I prayed to God, and wished when the time of pain had passed, I could move to the mountains, into a small log cabin, and rock in a chair on the front porch, with a hot cup of morning coffee, watching the sun come up, then watching it go down, every day.

To simulate feeling better, I visited the Craigslist website looking for rentals in the Western North Carolina Mountains. I found one place deep in the mountain near a town called Brevard. It was a failed wedding resort, so they were renting two room cabins, on year leases. The cabins had front porches with white rocking chairs. Being located a few miles from the South Carolina border, gave me pause, as such would give easy access for those with ill intentions.

Brain Time

One thing I learned from all my pain for so long, was to limit how long my brain spent time thinking about it. I believe as a natural human reaction to minimize imminent threat. When feeling blue, I hard-rejected the unhappy thought from my head, making me blue, and replaced with a picture in my head of a happier place, for me sitting on the beach in a chair, with feet buried in warm sand, because I did not like the cold. I had instant relief.

At first, this did not work, because I forgot about doing it. Not until really-blue, and desperate enough to remember the quick easy fix. After about three years of sticking with it, I was fully in control of what my brain was thinking about, and for how long. Then I assigned in advance how much time allotted to all thoughts, and responsibilities, good, or bad. If something bad happened, I could think it away, by not scheduling any brain time for it, and not catching myself cheating, or it would be hard-rejected. I call this coping mechanism found at such depths of low, turned complete control later, brain time. This is how my mental health eventually lifted. Nothing bothered me anymore, because I only allotted enough brain time for necessary actions.

Grocery Store

Before the auto-accident, my left leg was a half inch shorter than the right. After the accident, it was an inch, by the time ObamaCare arrived, it was an inch and a half. My surgeon entered notes I had massive damage to my femoral head.

Any body position, other than the only one without pain, was like a visit to pain from hell. Sitting was the most painful position, as full weight of my torso, bore down on broken bones. Driving to the grocery store required recovery before getting out.

Crutches abandoned long before, conveying only could be done, by transferring half my weight onto a well-placed cane, then lifting my left broken leg, pulling the femur and bone chips out of socket, moving the leg forward. Then slowly transferred weight downward, and packed the bone chips in the right way, to hold the stub femur inside the socket, to

allow me to take the next step, with my right leg with nerve damage from the bullet. When the bone chips did not pack in the right way, I had to stop, lift leg, and try again. I discovered a trick, which instead of lifting my broken leg, pulling it out of socket, I kept my left foot on the ground, and slid it forward instead.

Getting around the grocery store, was a nightmare of repeated busts of seeing white stars from pain. Walmart was acres of pain, in a galaxy of white stars.

Broken Hip Created More Problems Than the Broken Hip

I knew better than to ask my family for money to fix my hip, which was proved when none offered. I was to remain crippled in bed for life, never to walk again, until dead from fatigued wasted away body.

With only ObamaCare on the horizon as my only hope of ever walking again, I had to wait two years before it first started. I did not know until after surgery, Medicare was given to disability recipients after 26 months of disability.

Third Time to Apply for Medicaid (for the poor)

I stumped my way the Alamance County DSS offices to apply for Medicaid (for the poor) for the third time, with a proven broken hip that time. I was denied because I owned a car valued at more than \$2,000, the cut off for anything you own, to be eligible.

I found a group which promised help, called Triumph, LLC, which interviewed poor sick people to present to the many charities to see which would help. One interview with a man named Steve, took three hours of exhausting explanation of the long story behind my broken hip. After hearing back from all the charities, my care team leader, Beverly R. Jones, MA, LPCA, broke the news to me, not even one charity would help.

Seeking possible state help, I visited a doctor in Chapel Hill, after confirming broken hip, sent me to the financial administrator's office for inquiry. I explained our state did not give Medicaid to men, only women. She laughed and asked, yeah, why is that? I said I believed in women and children first on the Titanic, but in North Carolina we should not be doing the Titanic, because... she finished, it did not end well. We both laughed. The administrator was unable to help. I could not afford health insurance, which if able, would have excluded coverage for my hip, as a preexisting condition.

Judge Garfinkel Paranoia

A few days after Thanksgiving in 2011, I was awoken in the morning, by pounding at my door. It was the North Carolina State Bureau of Investigation, open up! I opened the door, after quickly putting on my robe, and while tying the knot, asked what's up?

Only told I was reported to be mounting a vast underground army of protestors to show up at Judge Garfinkel' public input meeting later that day, down in Charleston, on his reappointment for another six-year term. The meeting was to

allow citizens input. Judge Garfinkel' paranoia grew to such a monster, thinking I was behind all if it, to outright lying to North Carolina State SBI, to stop me before leading the troops into South Carolina for a public hearing. I answered, if I left then, I would arrive at midnight. I did not tell them I did not know about Judge Garfinkel' public hearing that day. Seeing I had a broken hip, and looked at my car, they realized I would not have been able to drive that long anyway.

I told them, I believed the person who sent them had specious intentions. The SBI Agent asked, what? I replied, specious. As he caught on, he fired back denials, in a number, caused by self-realization, after revealing such to me. Not wanting to answer any more of my questions, the SBI Agent, and Elon Police Chief, backed away, bidding me good day.

Judge Garfinkel was paranoid, which manifested delusions of fiction. He made fools of our SBI, doing personal extrajudicial opposition elimination services, just to keep his job. The SBI officer likely reported to superiors, and wrote reports, of a false report, suspect had no underground army, rather disabled, and not able to drive nine hours.

Judge Garfinkel was reappointed to another six-year term, but only made three, before he was yanked off the bench by the state. It took many of us 9 years, to affect my words to fire him, after sentencing me to jail, back on April 3, 2006. When I yelled "Your honor, you are fired! The Public Trust of the United States of America has now fired you, and you will remove yourself from the bench!"

Chapter 37 – Cold Cell Research

Haggard Avenue, Elon, North Carolina

Having lots of time waiting on a judge for two years to answer your lawsuit, gave me time to research cold cell torture around the country.

I wanted to focus on deaths where the medical examiners had ruled cause of death by, or with, hypothermia. I Googled “hypothermia inmate” and found a prison inmate in Illinois, who in 2003, was locked stripped naked, in a suicide watch cell, to freeze to death. The prison medical staff faulted a leaky heating valve. The inmate’s name was Charles Platcher.

I found the 2003, Columbia, South Carolina inmate Bobby Ray Mott, who froze to death, after being stripped naked and locked in a cold cell. The Columbia engineered cold cell was similar to Charleston’s.

Then in Miami, Florida, in 2006, while Governor Jeb! Bush reigned, and lived there, Miami/Dade jail inmate Willie Daniels froze to death in the infamous cell block, originally designed for mental health inmates, but used for effective punishment as well. The entire cell block super-chilled down to hypothermic conditions, while outside it was 100 degrees. Daniels was found under his bunk, with his head in the corner, as if to dig a tunnel. Daniels experienced paradoxical undressing, and terminal burrowing, because he was on fire, and wanted to put out the flames.

Not findable on Google at the time, was the 2008 hypothermic death of South Carolina, Lee Correctional

Prison inmate Jerome Laudman, who died of complications of hypothermia and sepsis, after being stripped naked, and locked in a suicide watch cold cell, for 11 days, until he froze to death. Suicide was cured with the most painful death a human could endure.

What I needed were deaths to occur after my first Federal lawsuit was dismissed in 2010, and denied by the US Supreme Court in 2011.

I only needed to wait another year, when three hypothermic homicides occurred in one year.

In 2012, Pompano Beach, Florida, jail inmate Raleigh Priester, was stripped naked, locked in a suicide watch cold cell, lost half his body weight, was rushed to the hospital with hypothermia. Saving his life, and fed food, he gained weight. Once saved, discharged back to jail, locked back in the cold cell, and froze to death. Medical examiner cause of death, a cumulative of hypothermia, pneumonia, dehydration, malnourishment, and a raging infection.

The public reads these news stories not knowing what dying from hypothermia means, the word confuses them. The public is left wondering if a pill could have helped. Not knowing it was cold blooded murder following the most painful death possible.

Also in 2012, an unknown named California State Prison inmate froze to death from repeated episodes of hypothermia in a cold cell, last time killing him. I found him in a California State medical audit of inmate mortality. The note faulted medical staff for not treating the inmate's

hypothermia well enough. Very few know what hypothermia means, even in the medical field.

Then came the 2012, Buffalo, New York, inmate Daniel Pantera's death from hypothermia, locked in a solitary confinement suicide watch cold cell. In 2016, the State of New York, in Albany, used the research from my cold cell website, to file a lawsuit against the jail's medical providers. For three inmate deaths under their care, one being Pantera's hypothermic death. The state only did so, after my third Federal lawsuit, at the US Supreme Court, allowed such lawsuits to even go forward in the courts. For the first time in 15 years.

As I found these hypothermic deaths, I added them to the running blog at coldcelltorture.com. Creating a steady stream of website visits from people worried about it. Mostly in Washington, DC. But also from all over the world.

Wookie

I had not heard from Wookie in two years, when he called unexpectedly. Yelling at me, they shot you! Having visited the website to learn. Wookie was an alpine skier, and climbed mountains and glaciers. He was conversant in knowledge of deadly hypothermia, having come close so many times.

Wookie theorized, so they killed you first, then shot you, only to find out you did not bleed, then said to each other, now what do we do? He laughed alone. I told him I was alive and talking to him on the phone. He said, according to case law, you were temporarily dead. This did not help me I replied. It

just confirmed me crazy, before finishing my story, when told to other people.

Wookie was on a long manic swing. He was hiding out in his non-functioning, barely drivable over 40 mph, RV. In some RV park, away from where he fled. The sheriff's office, with a pissed off sheriff, had been trying to serve him civil papers, from an angry ex-husband seeking custody of his daughter. From the mother, who seduced Wookie, being her patient, she being his doctor. Who was being represented without charge, by a mentally ill lawyer named Wookie.

The woman was Wookie's psychologist. Wookie demanded I Google her name. Not caring I said no. He said she was the world's second most famous porn star. I told him he was crazy, which made us both laugh. Nikki, last name excluded, went from the backdoor, to the therapist's seat, then poached Wookie, her patient, only to wind up practicing vicious law, until everyone ran him out of town. Leaving all he owned behind under watchful eyes of the law.

Wookie called me as his last resort, not wanting to confess I was right, which he did when I answered the phone. Wookie needed advice. Fast. I told him he had two teenage sons back in Denver, who needed him more now, than a sex mate. He agreed. Wookie unhooked the RV, gassed up, and got across state line.

Wookie asked for help selling his story, with the famous porn star, doing porn stuff to her patients. I told him no one would care. After insisting, I retorted knowledge of a website named TMZ, and go sell it to them.

Once in an apartment in Denver, near his boys, Wookie called and spoke all day long, being on a manic run. My cheap \$35 a month cell phone ran out of power after about two hours. After recharging, he called again. I was flat on my back with a broken hip, with nothing else to do. We enjoyed the conversations.

Wookie hated God, and forbade the subject. Only to bring it up, time, and time again, to hate God some more. Confirming he did not believe in God, but rather believed in God in his own painful way. I emailed a copy of my 13-Jailhouse Verses, which helped us all in jail. Wookie taped a printout to his refrigerator, so his boys and friends could read. Telling me his favorite was “I revealed myself to those who did not ask for me; I was found by those who did not seek me.” – letting me know, he very much believed in God, in his own special way.

Lawsuit was Answered

My one room pale yellow house on Haggard Avenue was on a very busy street, so much so, it required a long wait for even a break. To attempt to stump across the road so slowly with a broken leg, before cars would zoom past with millimeters to spare, just to get the mail out of the mailbox.

Each day faced such risk. On one successful crossing, I found an envelope from the Federal Courthouse in Greensboro. My lawsuit had been finally answered. After two years. Magistrate Judge Auld ruled nothing ever happened, I was consumed in conspiracy theories, and insane. Having affixed signature, then published in the public record.

After filing objections, up against fast fate of forget it, the case was dismissed. I appealed to the US Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit, up in Richmond. Two weeks later, received a one page letter back, the three judges ruled no errors in the lower court.

While flat in bed, I decided whether to take the case to the US Supreme Court again, or not. I rose to begin doing so, stumped to the desk chair, stopped short, and said, no, not this time, not now.

Wookie Phone Calls

During Wookie's down cycle from bi-polar disorder, his lows went very low, for so long, he refused to answer my phone calls for weeks, as he did not want to be cheered up. During one such low, he called me with list of chores to do after his death. I chewed him out, that he could never do such a thing to his teenage boys, who finally had their father back in their lives. I called a fraternity brother near Denver, and filled him in, he picked up the phone to set a meeting with Wookie in the morning. This created a time window, where Wookie had to kill himself, before his friend could arrive. Wookie was found dead hanging from a rope on his apartment loft railing, on April 15, 2013. Wookie's birthday was on 9/11.

What did him in, as a final depressor, was finishing his divorce, representing himself, *Pro Se*, but with a backup lawyer on retainer. As Wookie was litigating against a contentious lawyer. It worked out well, as every quark haggled, leaving Wookie with child support half his disability payments. When the insurance company threatened

cessation of benefits, his fear of becoming me, soon realized, he killed himself instead.

Chapter 38 - Marshall Project Article, and Senate CIA Torture Report

12/9/2014 - Haggard Avenue, Elon, North Carolina.

In early winter of 2014, someone from New York City visited the coldcelltorture.com website, and visited a few of the pages. Next came an email from a reporter from The Marshall Project, a large non-profit reporting on issues to bring awareness to major problems in our criminal justice system. She found an inmate who died in New York City's Rikers Island Jail, who was locked in a punishment cell. Where the guards turned up the heat so hot, his brain baked to death instead. I told her such was called hyperthermic torture, the opposite of hypothermic torture, but both killed.

She spent a week researching, and sadly confirmed all the deaths from hypothermia. Her organization approved publishing an article, and did so, only hours after the US Senate Intelligence Committee, issued a some-500-page report on the CIA's use of torture after 9/11. Which reported in graphic horrid details of the hypothermic torture, turned to murder, of an innocent young Muslim kid, named Gul Rahman. After ice water showers for twenty minutes, left him unable to utter a single word, after beaten till bones broken, was stripped naked below the waist, so the frigid cold encased his genitals in intense pain, chained both hands to a grate on the floor, and shivered violently all night, until found dead the next morning of hypothermia. Perhaps having gone through a period of paradoxical flames, and terminal burrowing.

This is why ancient Rome nailed crucifixion victims to crosses or trees, because as victims shivered to death

violently, they had a tendency at the end, to have explosive body movements, working themselves free from ropes. Long iron nails pounded through centers of bones on limbs, fixed them in place. Causing more pain if move attempted, thus countering those last odd behaviors, of burning to death, while having no hands free to scrape off the burning flesh. Resulting in the most painful death a human could ever endure, because the burning alive lasts hours. Before it is through with its victim.

We do not fight Satan by cloning him, that makes two Satan's. At a time facing anger, calm heads must prevail, or evil wins two over one.

Dawning on me, the article published, and CIA report released, on 12/9/2014, was three years to the date, of my auto-accident hip bullet discovery, on 12/9/2011. Coincidence I thought, or the precision God had the game rigged?

US Senator Richard "Dick" Burr, went on the record calling the torture report "fiction." Back in 2011, I contacted my US Senator Richard "Dick" Burr, about my story and wide spread use of hypothermic torture/homicide in engineered cold cells. He directed the president of our national fraternity to revoke my lifelong membership, with no chance of trial or appeal.

Chapter 39 – Hip Surgery

3/12/2014 - Wake Forest Baptist Medical Center

When ObamaCare finally arrived, I had all my information ready, and typed in the website address. Greeted with a beautiful webpage, only to find out none of it worked. After trying 110 times, over 70 days, it worked. I could afford it, better yet, able to buy with an already broken hip. When cards arrived in the mail, I found the best doctor around, doing anterior method of total hip-joint replacement surgery. The anterior method cuts into the front of the hip, requiring little to no recovery later. While the behind the hip method, through the buttocks, requires detaching muscles, tendons, and months of recovery.

I was a bit concerned when told I would not be under general anesthesia, but rather an epidural in my spine, and awake for the whole thing. I dread being awake watching bone chips flying about as the bone eliminator sawed off the top of my femur. Or, steel spikes hammered inside what was left. Pain no longer bothered me, it would be the visual and consciousness with knowledge, I wanted to avoid.

My last two showers required I washed my whole body twice with a germ killer, to ward of the deadliest hospital infection with quickest mortality, MRSA. Next morning, my son David, drove me to the hospital, stayed with me until I awoke afterwards. Once on the preparation table all hooked up to wires and IV's, the technician asked me to turn on my side, giving access to my back, to insert the epidural. Said he was injecting something into my IV, I fell instantly asleep.

Only to wake up the next moment, in the recovery room, with a brand-new hip-joint, and a nasty wound, covered with a gel-pack for two more days. I was so thankful I never remembered any of it. The next morning, I climbed out of bed. Did not need a walker or cane, and walked out the front door of the hospital. Where Betsy, David, and Allie greeted me, to drive me home.

Once home, the home physical therapist arrived for first visit. I advised her, I could not afford therapy, as the deductibles were so high, and my cash spent on premiums. I would have to pass on therapy, but thank you. She understood. I could walk, but still had a height difference with my left leg being shorter, which caused me to still stump a bit on each step. But I could do so with no pain, so I was happy. A week later after walking, whatever muscle and tendon healed, it restored both legs to exact height, giving me smooth strides. Halleluah! I could walk again. Another miracle. Thank God.

Merry

Having spent four years flat on a back, crippled in bed, all alone with God, you never see, or hear from, that I can hear, made me want company, perhaps a puppy. Named Merry, as in Christmas, because she was the happiest puppy to ever see me. She got me outside very often, non-stop, but the more I walked, the stronger meant longer. Merry was a free therapy dog. A medium size black lab greyhound mix, with a lean hind end, and shiny coat of short black hair, with ears from no explanation, leaving an unusual looking, and very Merry dog.

Chapter 40 - House Burns Down

2014 - Memorial Day - Mackintosh Community, Burlington, North Carolina

One day while in my house on Haggard Avenue, my daughter Allie, and I, were sitting at the computer, working on college arrangements. Her high school graduation was two weeks away. Allie answered her cell phone, Betsy told her their house was on fire, she was at her store, David at work, as we all got into our cars. And drove the long-15-minute drive to their home, as the clouds of billowing smoke in the far distance, grew larger, and larger as we approached. During the drive, I told Allie, the worst part of this in years to come, will be this long drive in anticipation hoping not.

Upon arrival, squad cars of police officers had sectioned off barriers, to keep dozens of cars of onlooker's close access to view, as all the fire and ladder trucks took the space. On the slope of a grass hill, with full view of fire, stood dozens of people, some sitting on blankets. Allie told the officers her house was the one on fire, and could she please get through. I told Allie to open the door and run, while I parked the car.

Betsy's mother was sitting in a yard chair on the sidewalk across the street, watching her whole house burn almost to the ground. Betsy, Allie, David, and I joined her, and watched the fire finish consuming everything they owned. To blow away in clouds of thick smoke, only to dissipate into transparent vapors.

A fire responder told us the NC State Fire Inspector had just arrived, which usually meant arson was suspected. The inspectors tested for accelerants, and other signs of arson,

determined the fire entered the house from a low area on a back outside wall, on the back deck. Not finding any evidence of arson, and clearing all dwellers being far from fire when started, and clearing a thankful ex-husband, as ex-wife confirmed I was back in Elon with Allie.

The fire inspector ruled the cause of the fire as undetermined. As we walked around the misty charred remains of their once house, we were curious why the entire back deck had burned to ashes. Because if the fire started in the wall of the house, the fire would burn up, and not horizontally over treated lumber hard to burn. The fire started in broad daylight, on Memorial Day weekend, when no cars were in the driveway. Only a grandmother home alone, while all else out around town, or at work. Perhaps someone thought it was a good time to torch the place, when no one was home. But as of this writing, we still have no clue.

Graduation Speech

Allie was in the National Honor Society, and finished with a few others, at the top of her class. Her graduating classmates, and teachers, voted for Allie to give the graduation speech.

After the fire, cramped in dark hotel rooms, at a nearby sleep cheap, having lost everything they owned, Allie drew strength from such great loss, and wrote her speech, after confirming she would still deliver in two weeks.

When stepping to the microphone, peering calmly over hundreds, so silent you could hear a pin drop, Allie gave the most optimistic, encouraging, powerful speech, any of them ever had heard. From someone saying her house burned

down two weeks before, lost everything she owned, had nothing but the clothes on her back, killed her beloved cat, but from such great pain and loss, comes such great good and gain later, just wait for it. The audience was stunned. Betsy and I looked around observing tears being wiped from corners of eyes. Betsy and I thankful Allie was not the one crying about it, as we had hoped not. Her teachers brimming from stolen valor, from looks of envy from others.

I thought to myself, the force is strong in this one.

God was training her. Early. And severally. Meaning big job for God to do later. Which worried me with pain memory from me, for her.

Chapter 41 - Moving to the Mountains

2/15/2015 - Brevard, North Carolina, Western North Carolina Mountains

Betsy owned a consignment store of lady's high fashions, called Twice As Nice, in Burlington. Her mother decided to rebuild on the same lot which house burned down. Something changed quickly, as Betsy and her mother, decided to move to the mountains in the Western part of the state. Burlington was in the center of the state, and weekend road trips to beach or mountains, made them pick one. The mountains won.

My brother had just purchased a lot in the mountains, and his real estate agent helped Betsy and her mother find a fixer-upper home in a development outside the small high mountain town of Brevard, North Carolina. Brevard was known as the land of waterfalls, as having more in one county, than elsewhere in the country. Having the same amount of rain per year on par with the Northwest, created a temperate rain forest, in the oldest mountains on the face of the earth. Containing the world's third oldest river, with headwater creeks, being the best fly fishing on the east coast.

I said I was moving there next. Having to find a place to rent on a low budget was no easy task, but when I noticed Brevard was near the small cabin rental ads I found on Craigslist years before, with rocking chairs on front porches, I got in my car, drove four hours, and rented one.

Once moved in, with morning cup of coffee in hand, I sat in one of the rocking chairs on the front porch, and watched the sun go up, and then watched it go down, till I realized God

had answered my prayer long before, to be able to do such a thing in my life again.

Leaving me rationalizing as to such a high degree, God micromanages everything far in advance, controlling how everything turns out, even after re-manipulating after every move Satan makes.

I helped Betsy close her store in Burlington, and remodel her new store on Main Street, in downtown Brevard. We worked around the clock for two months creating the store. One of the first shoppers to enter the store, advised Betsy and I, none of the locals would ever buy anything in Betsy's store, as locals did not buy anything in downtown Brevard. She left with an armful of clothes purchased, once seeing the low prices, on high end lady's fashions lightly used at all.

Reselling high end lady's fashions quickly morphed into reselling smalls and antiques. Because all the tourists wanted something old from the mountains, to take back to cities. While someone old, in the old mountains, wanted to sell their old stuff, to buy something new, from the cities.

Rapid Healing of Mental Illness

As soon as I moved to the mountains in February of 2015, I experienced a rapid improvement in my mental health.

No longer clinging to a raft breaking apart in a hurricane. Rather calm and quiet, as the waves receded, leaving me on the solid beach. I opened my eyes, hoping the storm was over, looked around, and said thank God.

Writing NDE Book

Since I experienced my NDE, I wanted to learn more about them, first learning what they were in the first place. Of the hundreds I studied, the one most logical to me, was a woman named Pam Reynold, in Texas. Pam had a blood vessel pop in her brain, and nearly killed her. Her doctor tried a new technique called hypothermic therapy. In Pam's near dead state, her doctors quickly reduced her body temperature, taking her hypothermic to save her brain with the cold. Then performed hours of brain surgery on her lifeless body, then rewarmed to see if revival, which she surely did.

During the time her brain was operated upon, with no electricity of life in her body, she later told her doctors she was up near the ceiling watching and listening to the whole surgery. Pam told what a nurse had said, which ended up true. Pam drew a picture of the bone saw drill, to cut her skull, which was a splitting image. Pam described whole procedures and conversations. Everything confirmed as happening. Leaving no one unconvinced.

I read every book I could buy on NDE's. Chose eight books from the best, combined with what I learned from mine, and wrote a lecture series titled "Near-Death Experiences Prove Christianity." And published it on Amazon, as paperback, or eBook, wherever sold.

Each day for exercise I would grab my walking stick, to steady me on uneven ground, and walk back behind my cottage up a winding creek. Along a fern lined trail, within a tunnel through tall rhododendrons, past green moss decayed trees on the ground, having fallen victims to those trees still

reaching for light. With sunbeams flicking as I walked past each, to finally reach a spot. Before a huge rock, having fallen from on high millions of years before, only to land at the bottom, then break in two, as one last insult. Merry standing proud on the big rock, I gave it the name of Merry's rock.

Merry's rock became my daily spot, to ask God what he wanted me to do. Everything I did, had failed. Hearing nothing in return, I asked God for some spiritual gift, or secret power, to end cold cell torture, and end the unstoppable dismissal of lawsuits, only to be met with more silence. I tried Jesus next. Same result. No one was saying much.

Frustrated, walking back to continue writing my NDE book. A thought came to mind that I would be able to write well. Stopping, I challenged the source of the thought. Thinking I was writing well then, so how could that be a secret power? Dismissing divine origin, I returned to continue writing.

I did not know at the time, because nothing was said, was my writing well, would apply to a ten-page Federal lawsuit, my third, which did work to bring torturegate to an end, allowing cold cell torture victims to sue their executioners until they stopped, to not be sued again.

Dupont Forest State Park

The movie The Hunger Games was filmed in a local state park called Dupont Forest, which contains several tall thundering waterfalls. The land being the former location of

a large factory Dupont Company manufactured photography and x-ray films.

On a summer day in 2015, Betsy, Allie, and I went on a hike. My first endeavor to attempt a quarter mile to the falls, and then back, without my legs giving out from fatigue. Going from four years crippled in a bed, praying to someday be able to walk again, turned into a glorious adventure deep into heaven. We took pictures before the falls. Then almost collapsed reaching the car. Paying for it being sore for a week, but happy with the right kind of pain, once again.

Preparing for Battle

The CIA is one of our 17 intelligence agencies, and is critical in importance, to a degree we will never know. But are thankful not having to know, knowing the right people do. How these heroes ended up cloning Satan torturing innocent Muslims to death, in rapid response to 9/11, is beyond my comprehension. I do know they felt great remorse, and feared being sent to prison. Where they might have become me. This kept them up at night, not sleeping, and visiting coldcelltorture.com, in hopes of no more bad news, about hypothermic torture, getting out.

This let me know they were worried. At no time in my life, have I set out on a course, to implicate the CIA, or President Bush2, Vice President Dick Cheney, or others in the Bush Administration. I ran into them, blocking my way. Which meant I had no other choice, but to defeat them on hypothermic torture, to stop it first. Then once completed, turn around and apply forgiveness. By offering testimony in support of the CIA and Bush Administration officials, who

had just become defendants in a torture lawsuit against two CIA torture doctors. The case was not dismissed, hours after the US Supreme Court voted to no longer dismiss any more torture lawsuits, as a result of my third federal lawsuit to end cold cell torture.

During 2015, all those up in Washington, DC, checking my website regularly for more bad news, had a bad year.

During the year before, in Spring of 2014, South Carolina State Circuit Judge Michael Baxley, ruled in a 45-page order, his State had violated the Constitutional rights of prison inmate Jerome Laudman. Who was tortured to death with hypothermia, after 11 days locked stripped naked in a suicide watch cold cell, so he would not commit suicide. This was the first, and very brave, action for cold cell torture victims, or surviving family, after homicide. Judge Baxley's order included major changes in treatment of inmates, but Governor Haley made the decision to implement none of them, claiming costs were too high, and appealed the ruling instead.

Also, not knowing at the time, a group of South Carolina prison inmates, had filed a class action lawsuit against the State, for abuses of the mentally ill, most especially for hypothermic torture, on suicide watch.

Then late in the year, on 12/9, came the US Senate Report on CIA torture, and same day article from the Marshall Project on cold cell deaths. Which were added as blog entries on my website, making the bad news longer.

Welcome to America

Then in 2015, lawyers representing Mexican immigrants locked in giant cold cells, for 45 people, at 45 degrees F, until convinced never to come here again, or be murdered in the cold. They must go back where they cannot keep themselves alive. After my victory at the US Supreme Court, a Federal judge finally released a picture, held never to publish, being so damaging proving cold cell torture. But after my case at the US Supreme Court, ended torturegate, hypothermic torture was common knowledge. The picture could be released.

The picture made the front story of major news websites, until twenty minutes later, when dropped down the page. The picture was of a large jail cell at the border, holding about 45 immigrant men. Each wrapped in reflective silver Mylar emergency blankets, given to retain some body heat, from the 45-degree super-chilled frigid blasting cold air. Having been handed out, feigning concern.

Apparently, the same pictures of women and children, huddling under thin plastic sheets, were too graphic for public eyes. Families were separated on purpose, to cause fear among women and children. The children ripped away crying, from the only person keeping them alive. Then locked in cells so cold, they could not stay alive without plastic sheets. The theory, is if they survive, hopefully they will not come back.

Children Tortured

Tragically, in Lancaster, Ohio, in 2014, the local newspaper reported on a lawsuit filed by Attorney Edward Forman, in

regards to six juveniles tortured with hypothermic torture, and the article quoted:

“The lawsuit alleges that juveniles were repeatedly placed in solitary confinement for periods of up to 40 days with temperatures in the mid-50s in the holding cells. The lawsuit alleges the juveniles were frequently kept nearly naked without access to blankets, and as a result of this suffered symptoms of frostbite, including blisters and purplish-blue skin on their fingers and toes. Juveniles also suffered symptoms of hypothermia, including uncontrollable shivering and chattering of teeth, dizziness, nausea, and confusion, the lawsuit contends.”

Plaintiff’s lawyer, Attorney Edward Forman, is quoted:

“These conditions were truly horrific,” Forman said. “No human being should ever be subjected to conditions like this, and certainly not children. How can we ever expect to reform and help juvenile offenders when we treat them this way?”

These were added to my cold cell website, as blog entries with pages of details. Website traffic was from all over the world.

War Strategy

When my voter registration address change card arrived in the mail, I checked the unaffiliated party, and mailed it back. We, in the unaffiliated party, firmly believe in not much, as I had transcended politics long before. Vote them in, tear them down, run them out of town. Politics was an oily slime that soap could not seem to wash off.

I was deeply involved in a battle with Satan himself, wanting our country out-of-control, to continue torturing citizens, children, and those who seek our shores, brutally to death, where no lawyer on earth could stop it. Where would it have ended? As to voting, I was hoping someone would win. Anyone winning would be a good sign. For all of us.

Another Cold Cell Death

Reported on September 25, 2015, was yet another inmate death by hypothermic torture. This time in Michigan. Inmate David Stojcevski, was stripped naked and locked in a mental health cold cell, and his slow death was videotaped. To prove medical staff did nothing to cause his death. Cold does not show on video. The date of death was June 27, 2014. The medical examiner listed death from lack of life saving medicine, with contributing causes of death being hypothermia.

David Stojcevski was jailed for unpaid tickets, and paid for it with his life.

I was in an outright spiritual war. No one on earth would help me. All alone. No one in heaven saying a single word. I was left to figure it out on my own.

I am sure God was speaking, but not into my ears. But I figured out a way to find out what God was saying and leading me. If you turn around, and look behind you, and examine the path you are on, and ask yourself, where does this path lead? Should I be on this path, or another? And what provisions must I acquire along the path to reach

journeys end, and past pitfalls? Then you will get a general idea of what God is saying to you, after the fact.

I did so. I examined my path of pain and torment, knowing it would build up owed good, in as much was bad. Added with God removing my ability to fear, having faced death, only to bask in the light of heaven, then beat death some more, made me unafraid of those who could only kill my body. Which would be an instant reward, basking back in the light. Letting me know, God had been training me all along. Only later, by turning around and examining my path, from the last examination, could I find out, after the fact, what God was saying, and did to me. Concluding what was ahead down my path.

Provisions

After the 12/9/2014, release date of the US Senate Report on CIA Torture, and subsequent knowledge reported, I waited a long time before suing again. Almost a year. But on September 9, 2015, when someone at the US Department of Justice, in Potomac, Maryland, went to an Internet search engine called “Ask.com” and searched for “David Bardes Story” found and clicked through to my website, confirming I existed. I said the time had come, for a home run.

The website visit, confirmed those in South Carolina, who tortured me, and shot me, made the story reach those in DC. The story of an inmate thought dead, and shot, revived, and did not know he was shot. This was the “story” part. The disbelief evidenced by the website visitor searching to see if I even existed.

I thought, if these fools are passing my story around the hallowed halls of the US Department of Justice, then I was going to use it against them, and to my advantage. I needed the full armor of God, not knowing I was already fully suited. The whole thing was set up by God far in advance.

Sheriff Cannon, years after I sued him and lost, during a text message before mailing him what the message was about, demanded I tell him where I got his personal cellphone number. As no one knew it, as it was only for official business. I told him I had people all around him. Not telling him I found it on the Republican Party campaign website, when accidentally listed as contact number, and before they took it down shortly after the error was discovered. He also blamed me for being on the list. I did not understand what list he referred.

Discovering there was a ghost tour company in downtown Charleston, who gave nightly jail ghost tours, as the town and jail, had a dark history. Apparently, the tour company told my story being inside the jail, of the inmate frozen, shot, and back alive, not known shot, scaring everyone in the jail, and those on the tour. I did not die, and come back to life. I was only close, as close can be. The tour company must have been told my story by someone leaking it from the jail, and able to confirm the story enough to tell on tours. I never contacted them. But learning about it, meant Cannon objected to the story getting out, with good reason, passing it only to those up in DC, who then passed the story around. The horror defended with disbelief, having to confirm not using Google, which tracks IP addresses. No one ever wanted to be found knowing the knowledge.

Inventory

I had to take an inventory of what I had going for me. Because I had a feeling, from examining my backward path, the only option I had left, as who to sue, because all others lost, can sue no more, landed with suing the four Federal judges. For dismissing motions and lawsuits, trying to end hypothermic torture, with signed words into the permanent record. Waiting four more years for the government to freeze to death four more, then charge the judges with fault of culpable homicide in civil forms, for signing their executioner's orders.

The judges had blood on their hands, dripping on their words. I would use their own signed words against them, to prove my case. The case would be dismissed like the plague, with legal Geiger counters going off the charts, deep in law schools. Saying, we did not plan on this occurrence. He is *Pro Se*, but has found a way. To race to the US Supreme Court as fast as possible, to ask my one single question again. But this time with the proof of confirmed deaths of so many others, in full public knowledge, and court orders from the four-sued judge's, ruling being tortured to death was not a violation of the Constitution, forming my one question to the supreme court, are citizens being brutally tortured to death a violation of the Constitution?

Hoping the justices later discovered, my pinching four crooked judges for culpable homicide in civil forms, would also fall on them, because they denied my first question before them too. Which was, was, was near-death hypothermic torture a violation of the Constitution? Denying a petition does not make anything legal, so petitioned against.

It only goes into the permanent public record, with a date. Should it ever be needed again for reference, if the justices found it in their own docket at supremecourt.gov, at a horrible time. It would add to the discussion, probabilities would favor.

As far as what I had going for me, this would be not going for me, but great for God, if he could pull it off. It would make me radioactive, if ever before another judge anywhere in the universe. Lawyers would post sentries with fire extinguishers of germicide. God had my attention. I hit the floor praying no. Got back up, and said okay. I will trust you. I will not be afraid. As my light and momentary troubles were achieving an eternal glory that far outweighed them all. I had to trust the Lord with all my heart, and lean not on my own understanding.

Writing the Lawsuit

In August of 2015, I had two places to drive many hours apart, and would take all day. So, I had time to ponder, and ask myself questions, while driving. Of the four federal judges from my two previous lawsuits, I was left to pick one for the title of the case. There was Judge Duffy, who wrote a 50-page order hypothermic torture/homicide was not a violation of the Constitution. Or Magistrate Carr, but he had already been fired. Or, the second lawsuit's two judges' - Judge Auld, the magistrate, and Judge Eagles, never having seen a picture of either. Federal lawsuits are litigated online, and all records public. Parties only go to court when someone angers the judge, to listen to neither side for an hour, to get it over quick.

I chose Magistrate Judge Auld. He made me wait two years crippled in bed, risking my life going to the mailbox each day, only to conclude me crazy in the head, and fully consumed in conspiracy theories. Judge Auld never counted on my mental health recovering. I called it inmate justice, so *Bardes v. Auld*, it became.

Driving while good ideas come into your head, becomes the problem of not able to write them down while driving. When I had so many, I pulled into a parking lot, parked the car, only had a file folder to write on, and filled out both sides, with lots of words. When I got home that night, I typed my notes into the word processor, and started typing my third Federal lawsuit. Suing four federal judges. The next day finishing, only to discard the whole thing, and start over. When done with the second version, discarded again.

Frustrated, I wished Wookie were still alive, as I could have used his tough vicious defense lawyer mode, with the scary, I will rip your face right off your head, routine. That was the voice I needed to assume, so I faked being Wookie. I wrote something only he would write, not caring a bit, ripping off people's faces. About 20 pages. I spent a week not in Wookie mode, taming it down to 10 pages, with a few more in footnotes. And leaving people's faces on their heads, just with no more asses.

Bardes v. Auld (1:15-cv-214-MR-DLH)

For benefit of the reader, I am going to present the lawsuit text, with boring parts removed. Paragraph numbers are retained as original, and used by courts for later reference. If

transitions between paragraphs seems choppy, just follow along. Footnote numbers are set to x.

IN THE UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
FOR THE WESTERN DISTRICT OF NORTH
CAROLINA
WESTERN DISTRICT – ASHEVILLE

Case No.: Bardes v. Auld (1:15-cv-214)

David A. BARDES, individually, as a taxpayer,
Plaintiff,

v.

L. Patrick AULD, Magistrate Judge,
Catherine C. EAGLES, District Judge,
Patrick Michael DUFFY, Senior U.S. District Judge,
Robert CARR, Ex-Magistrate Judge, in their individual
and official capacities, The US Courts, The United States
of America, The US Department of Justice,
John and Jane Does,
Defendants.

INITIAL COMPLAINT AND DEMANDS

1. I am a non-prisoner, fee paying, *Pro Se*, non-lawyer, average college educated taxpaying law abiding citizen of the United States with no criminal record. I have never been accused of a crime nor charged with one, I have doctors to testify I am sane. I hereby demand all of my rights be recognized and afforded without delay, including but not limited to those violated under 42 U.S.C. §1983 and 1985.

2. This lawsuit is in regards to the brutal hypothermic torture and my resulting great and serious injuries leaving me permanently disabled, subjected to in the Sheriff Cannon Detention Center in Charleston, South Carolina in April 2006 illegally prosecuted for fabricated child support arrears, by a state attorney fired for his actions, including demanding oral sex from single mothers to prosecute their ex-husbands as he confessed in my case and others, and illegally jailed by a family court judge fired for his conspiracy in the mess and others, his behaviors growing so bizarre he was yanked from the bench. The torture was preceded by the forced liquidation of my business, seizure of every asset, and revocation of ability to earn a living.

During the torture, I was shot with a gun, my left hip has a metal joint and my right leg is partially paralyzed from nerve damage from the bullet, and I have board certified medical doctors, surgeons, medical records, x-rays, and scars to prove I am telling the truth.

3. I filed two timely *Pro Se* federal civil rights lawsuits¹ several years apart, the first in 2008, then 2011, both languished for years, failed, and ultimately dismissed.

4. The first two federal judges CARR and DUFFY on the first case concluded hypothermic torture does not exist further brutal hypothermic torture was not a violation of the Constitution, CARR was deemed unstable and disabled, followed by the next two judges AULD and EAGLES on the second case refusing to initially respond for more than two years, setting the record, concluded nothing ever happened and diagnosed me insane and fully consumed in conspiracy

theories, putting this defamatory slander in writing affixing signatures and publishing in the public record.

5. Up to, but mostly in 2014, hypothermic torture became common knowledge, by a US Senate Report² on the CIA's horridly too graphically detailed vomit inducing administration of hypothermic torture and hypothermic murder, including ice baths, and those they killed, a FBI report on their widespread use of this torture along with those they sent to the hospital to fight for their life, a string of seven highly reported bone-chillingly detailed inmate murders using hypothermic torture, the flood of federal lawsuits from their lawyers, one South Carolina State Judge Baxley ruling against his state ordering the state to pay millions and cease hypothermic torture killing the mentally ill, one jail warden serving 20 years in prison for his hypothermic torture of his inmate, a federal judge ordering the border patrol (CBC) to release thousands of women and children from their hypothermic tortures after being sued by their lawyers, six juveniles fortunate to survive hypothermic torture as their hands and fingers turned blue, causing national outrage, and fifty protestors marching and banging drums around the Durham, NC jail to protest the hypothermic conditions, as highly reported the next day.

6. In New York City the non-profit, The Marshall Project, published their summary of many those murdered by hypothermic torture, ironically on the same day the US Senate published their report detailing those dead from hypothermic torture.

7. So everyone knows about hypothermic torture, it is common knowledge because the government told us

repeatedly in horrid graphic detail, because prior to 2014 it was vehemently denied, and all federal torture lawsuits dismissed, until it became common knowledge and now the lawsuits are allowed to exist no longer dismissed. I am now seeking my justice, without further delay as my losses compound every day.

8. Judges AULD, EAGLES, DUFFY and CARR all repeatedly denied my multiple motions outlawing hypothermic torture, so all those victims subsequently murdered since, would still be alive today, instead of leaving these judges dripping in their blood. I demand these judges be prosecuted for crimes and imprisoned.

9. The greatest threat to justice is not injustice, rather those whom do the injustice.

10. Judge's AULD and EAGLES who misdiagnosed me insane, delivered such as defamatory slander, have no medical testimony or medical facts, while I have board certified medical doctors, surgeons, psychiatrists and psychologists who will testify I am sane and telling the truth. These judges made a medical misdiagnosis without a license to practice medicine in North Carolina, affixed signatures and published for all to see, are committing crimes, violating everything in HIPPA, and completely ignoring all the ADA. Injured by their criminal malpractice I demand recompense and award far above my massive damages. I demand these judges be prosecuted, employment immediately terminated forfeited benefits and pension, sued civilly for 300% of their net worth, and imprisoned in one of our many places with hypothermic torture so they can feel the truth. I intend to do to them, what they claimed never happened to me.

11. AULD and EAGLES issued orders denying truth using crime passed off as obeying the law thus making it worse. I demand recompense for my past and ongoing injuries.

13. Judge Patrick DUFFY in Charleston, South Carolina, issued a fifty-some-page complex opinion concluding brutal hypothermic torture was not a violation of the Constitution, which no one will believe, not today, and certainly not tomorrow, or the day after, or never again. I demand DUFFY explain to me his legal argument concluding the Constitution approves brutal hypothermic torture supported by fifty pages of denying the truth, because I am not a lawyer and unable to understand it. I demand DUFFY be fired, sued civilly for 300% of his net worth, and criminally prosecuted; he is a disgrace to our great nation, not by my words but his.

14. When I received DUFFY'S opinion in the mail after about the third page I was lost and tried my best to decipher, a few more pages it just became nothing to me. No one from the US Courts would explain it to me, claiming they are not allowed to give me legal advice.

15. I gave DUFFY'S opinion to two college educated collogues and asked them to please read to see if they could understand it. They only got as far as I did and stopped. One said it was written in legal ease, and only lawyers can understand such. The other saying it was voodoo talk and they just stuck in a lot of really long pins. Their insights, and my summation as nothing, pretty much sums up what this secret language means to the taxpaying law abiding educated citizens of this great nation the courts only exist to serve. And

no code book exists because it is against the law to write one; no one wants to go to prison.

16. A lawyer and friend of a family member asked me to send DUFFY'S opinion and I did, when I followed up to see if he would explain what the judge was saying as I knew he spoke the voodoo too, he said he was unable to comment only the judge is making a complex legal argument hypothermic torture is not a violation of the Constitution, saying in an apologetic tone he was disappointed with the judge.

17. I paid the courts money, did my utmost effort to try but failed miserably and painfully to be a lawyer for over three years, only lastly mailed a ream of paper of printed words I am not allowed to know. Case closed. I object to being forced to be a lawyer by punishing me because I am not. There is no chance at being fair. I claim my Constitution has been breached.

18. I demand recompense with interest and damages, and a new trial, where I have absolute chance of fairness at every single step of the way, and speak to me in a language I can somehow know. I demand DUFFY explain his ream of paper, so I can finally know.

19. Judge CARR was ganged up on by the lawyers in his court in a widely reported¹¹ prolonged effort to medically disable him, which was precipitated by a growing list of victims, me included, so I was to learn after the fact, the judge was whacked.

20. CARR denied me access to the jail I was so tortured, I only needed to go in ten feet, and I could have proved my case in five minutes. I was denied even a chance at justice, as a chance is not allowed to exist.

21. Using the truth as a legal argument is prohibited in the US Courts if a US citizen and I have three legal cases to prove it. I demand the courts allow truth to be given some consideration, and not instantly denied.

22. Judges AULD, EAGLES. DUFFY and CARR in both official capacity and individually, are unstable or criminals, or both. If you are a lawyer you can sue the government if not a lawyer you cannot, I demand the same as the lawyers, as is only fair and guaranteed to me in my Constitution. I demand the Constitution be given some consideration.

24. The same applies to the employers of the four federal judges. I need to determine if the US Courts hire criminals for judges, or trains them to be criminals on the job, or both. The same applies to the US Department of Justice, whom I have mailed multiple times evidence of their crimes, becoming accomplices by deciding no actions, leaving them complicit in their crimes, which are all civilly actionable.

25. Those subsequent victims whom have been killed from hypothermic torture since they decided no actions, would still be alive today had these criminals not decided for more blood instead. I demand they be prosecuted for crimes and imprisoned.

26. I demand my right to later name John and Jane Doe executives, managers, and support staff of these organizations

and investigate and enumerate their actions and add claims and damages.

27. There exists the possibility but not probability there were any forms of communications between anyone in the US Courts, the DOJ, and anyone else, federal state or local, in regards to torture and hypothermic torture in any way shape or form, in regards to my two torture cases, or anyone else's. If there is any forensic evidence or knowledge of such, I demand my rights to expand this lawsuit with more.

29. The US Courts either need to dumb themselves down to where I can understand, or smarten me up by telling me how the place works, how to have a chance at fairness and a chance at justice, or hire me a lawyer who has the same years of experience and knowledge as those I am pitted against with no way not becoming their prey, or send me to law school so I can understand the conversation too. Or hire everyone a lawyer as is the only way a chance at fairness can even be attempted. Or create a second court, one which serves the citizens, the other serving lawyers. Doing anything is an improvement. I demand the US Courts do something other than unstoppable injury.

32. I demand the judge's sign an order outlawing the use of hypothermic torture, by anyone anywhere, before any more are maimed or killed. Because if any are, their tortures and or murders will be on these judges requiring prison to be tortured next, left wishing abolished before. The only person stopping them from becoming me is me. I am doing my civic duty taught in the first grade.

33. I demand the judges not use a single provision of the Prison Reform Litigation Act against me in anyway; else I have a civic duty to require them prove it to a jury of twelve people like me and not like them.

34. I demand the judges not use *res judicata* or anything close, if they issue orders stating my claims have been adjudicated, I have a civic duty to require them to prove it before their jury after I explain jury nullification to my fellow citizens as our highest civic duty to make us a better union.

35. I demand a jury of twelve.

36. I demand the judges no longer demand I practice law same as a lawyer, as I am not allowed to know how practice law to even pretend. The court's own website¹² states I "must be prepared" to be "same as a lawyer," else punished for not being one. It states I have no right to be represented by a lawyer; but in certain circumstances the court may grant a chance of fairness, but do not count on it, as a chance of fairness is not a right in the US Courts. I demand a chance of fairness and a chance of justice in every single circumstance with no further delay.

39. This legal testimony I freely provide under oath, and of my opinion. 28 U.S.C. §1746; 18 U.S.C. §1621

40. All this I demand of this court without delay. Submitted this day 24 of September, 2015, by, David A. Bardes, *Pro Se*

The Lawsuit Was Ready – *Bardes v. Auld* - Time to File

Filing a Federal lawsuit against four Federal judges, inside the clerk's office, of a Federal Courthouse, in Asheville, North Carolina, was not something I ever recommend. I parked my car, hoping to see it again someday. I had my check for filing fee, else you go in a pile, civil coversheet, complaints, summons, certificates of service. I knew how to get by the clerk's *Pro Se*, go away, let us read the lawsuit first to dismiss before anyone served, routine claiming using the wrong summons form. The greater challenge would be the clerk's reaction when she read the captioned parties at suit. Being four Federal judges as defendants.

After being scanned in the magnetometer, detecting massive metal parts, but cleared by software concluding a metal hip inside human, the machine never rang the buzzer. Walked away thanking our heroes, being thankful their machine did not read words. As far as weapons which were legal, words on papers in my hands, were a mighty sword of the spirit.

Standing up to the high clerk's window, I greeted the wonderful clerk, and said yes, I would like to please file a civil lawsuit. I slid her my check, civil cover sheet, gave her complaint and summons. She picked up the top summons, and said I had used the wrong form, and handed me a copy of one they did accept. Hoping I went away, so they could keep the lawsuit, and dismiss before I return. I looked at the form she gave me, placed it next to mine, and said, they both say the same thing. All necessary words, and references were identical. There was no legal difference at all.

She said *Pro Se* litigants were required to use their form. I said to her, lawyers do not need to use forms, they use words on paper. And being *Pro Se*, I was to be extended all the rights and privileges same as lawyers, and if any denied me, I had remedies in civil court seeking redress and damages.

The clerk retorted, she had worked as a clerk for 30 years, and knew these things. Not seeing me react, or reply, more waiting for performance, said she would go ask her supervisor, she would be right back. The supervisor was very pleasant, and looking at the claimed summons form needed, and my same words on paper. Then read the title page of the lawsuit, down to the defendants, four, with titles of Federal judges. She picked up all the papers in her hands, looked at her fellow clerk, and told me she would be right back, and hauled it all out of sight.

I sat down on the bench before the clerk's window, and waited with tasty tidbits of terror. Only after about two minutes, I heard her scream, oh my God! I thought to myself, she just got to the top of the third page. Then silence for five minutes, to finish the reading the ten pages. She quickly came back out with all the papers in her hands, put them down on the window desk, and said to her co-worker, do anything he asks, I will tell you later. They both dove into the duties to process the case, assign case number, and stamp and initial all summonses, so I could serve my defendants.

As I sat patiently on the bench, when finished one said, Mr. Bardes, would you like your paperclips back, they are very nice clips. I replied humorously, no, but thank you, thank you, you may keep them. As they handed back my processed case paperwork, one handed me her business card, and said

to call if I needed anything. I climbed into my car, thankful to see it again, said, oh my God, what have you done? Raced to the post office, deposited large envelopes into the slot, each with summons and complaint, addressed to four Federal judges. The first time in the history of our nation, anyone under the sun, has ever sued four federal judges for anything, certainly not with my allegations.

This meant I could take the case to the US Supreme Court, no matter what the lower courts did. As I drove away from the post office, I said, Jesus, we did it, we just won.

Website Traffic on Monday

I filed the lawsuit on a Friday. The weekend was quiet, then website traffic started around 5am Monday morning, then exploded between 8 and 9 am. My lawsuit was on everyone's desk, first thing Monday morning.

I had visits from Harvard Law, Vanderbilt Law, Duke Law, Yale, Texas, Penn. Also, dozens of colleges not able to tell law or not, and all over Washington, DC, Tampa, Florida, where the CIA Headquarters was located, then all over California, the Northwest, the UK, Helsinki, Finland, Stockholm Sweden, Hong Kong, Australia. The FBI's internet backbone was called Blue Coat Systems, a play of words on an old stereotype of GI men in blue suits. I made the connection after telling an FBI agent on the phone my website address, she typed right in, giving me her IP address, and other user data, disclosing Blue Coat Systems. I had many blue coat visitors that day. More from amazonaws, the CIA's backbone provider. After a long day of steady website visitors, I concluded my summations were correct. And

email was fast. A *Pro Se*, had found a way. All by himself, while others were convinced he was mentally ill, permanently. Mental illness is a treatable medical condition, if you stick with the regime, you get better, and are no longer mentally ill.

What these website visitors faced, whomever were behind the computers, was not only had I successfully served four federal judges with summons and complaint, but rather they faced my race taking them to the US Supreme Court, with the most embarrassing set of facts, which also fell on all nine US Supreme Court justices. Allowing me to ask the justices, if citizens being tortured to death was a violation of the Constitution? If they denied my petition, to not answer my question, I would still win, but slower, but still win in the end. It would force the decision into discussion, and vote, because by law they had to process my case like any other accepted on the docket. But especially because I paid their fee, so not to be put in another pile for years.

I forced it down their throats. The justices cancelled their whole day's normal routine that day, to spit it all out as projectile vomit. It was the worst taste. And dripped down the walls of hollowed conference chambers. Forever, in the public record. Never to come off the walls.

CIA Torture Victims Sue CIA Torture Doctors

Three weeks after I filed my lawsuit, the ACLU filed a hypothermic torture lawsuit, on behalf of CIA torture victims, one being killed with hypothermia, represented by his family, against two CIA hired psychologists. The psychologists psychologically prepared Navy Seals in training to withstand torture techniques banned by the Geneva

Convention. Including Seal trainees standing chest deep in frigid sea water, grouped in circles arms locked tight, asking each other questions to see if still alert. If one stuttered, or paused, they were pulled from the water before they died of hypothermia. Building up cold tolerance, to withstand cold cell torture, and not die of hypothermia.

The two doctors came up with the bad idea, of using the torture they taught was evil, should become our torture signed legal by the US Justice Department, under executive approval of President George W. Bush.

The ACLU, whom have never communicated with me, initiated a clever strategy, of suing the two doctors. To perhaps force at deposition before trial, to cough up their handlers on a daily basis. Which according to reporter's guesses, and I have no evidence, was Vice President Dick Cheney, with President Bush2 nearby for decisions. The victim who resisted the most, for days, with ever increasing degrees of pain, was the one frozen to death by hypothermia, according the US Senate Report.

The ACLU reported filing the case when they did, claiming enough time had passed since the 12/9/2014 release of the Senate Report on CIA Torture. I suspected otherwise. Having read my lawsuit filed three weeks prior, having it served, knowing I was in a race to the US Supreme Court, perhaps the ACLU said me too. The pressure may have helped. Bardes may be nuts, but the nut had a chance. No one ever call him. The ACLU was deep in litigation fighting dismissals as usual, when torturegate ended, as their Federal judge did not dismiss their case. Which caused earthquakes

of fear and panic, in the homes and family compounds of those involved.

A Few Days After Filing the Lawsuit

Deep in the Blue Ridge Mountains, where I lived, in my two-room cabin, when dark came, it was pitch dark, you could not see hands in front of faces. Getting to my cabin required back roads meandering through, and up mountains, to pull onto a steep gravel hill, then transverse angular gravel roads unfriendly to tires or bladders, to come to the set of cottages at the former wedding resort of Rainbow Lake Resort. At the end of the gravel road, down by a small lake, was a driving circle, where cars could drive around safely, to drive back out. Doing so slowly, or cars complained with breaking metal screams. My cottage, was beyond the circle, up on the hillside at bit. In view of the small lake, and two other small cottages down by the lake.

I thought I was in a safe location as to personal safety, especially after dark set in. Without a flashlight, you could not take a step. The forest sounds so loud, you could tell when a human was near the cottage, as the forest grew silent. Friends around the lake had guns, I had none. If someone were intending to harm me, I would accept that fate, even if killed. And be happy about it, as Christ said in the Gospels.

I say such, hoping to never relive the words again. And again. Within days of filing the Federal lawsuit, while reclining in bed late at night before sleep, I was alarmed to hear someone step onto my porch, followed by a second person, with steps from both, enough to be at my front door. Merry was going berserk barking at the door teething with

feeding on possible meat, with each ferocious bark. It was not a neighbor, as Merry would be wagging her tail, sensing them long before. I heard someone turn the door handle back and forth, being locked. Merry must have scared them away.

1,984 years ago, Jesus told his followers, and later Peter, he called his followers sheep. They were sheep to be slaughtered. Hoping Jesus reconsidered since then, I was not so pleased to find someone on my porch with intentions of something specious, or worse. Realizing I asked for it, in Southern vigilantly justice terms, I was more interested with who hired them. I bought two small nighttime outdoor video cameras, fastened them to a light post on the porch, giving me full view of the only approach to my cabin. Except for the woods behind my cottage, with 75 acres of walking in the dark off cliffs too much mortality. To let me see who was coming, so I could climb out my back window, with Merry, and into the 75 acres I knew in the dark, to elude them. If I was a sheep to be slaughtered, Jesus did not specify avoiding such, beforehand. I did not buy a gun because that would make me them. God did not want me killing anyone, as that was Satan's job, and I was working for his worst enemy. I did not want to anger my boss, fearing him only.

District Judge Martin Reidinger Ruling

Clearly the clerk's in the Asheville Federal Court House, were angels from heaven, and I later found out I had a lot of support from clerks all the way up to the supreme court. I was thrilled to have the support.

Normally when you file a Federal lawsuit, it goes to the lower judge, the magistrate, for a recommendation for dismissal, which you can object, then the higher judge makes the ruling. I never heard from my magistrate, the case went straight to the higher judge, for an instant dismissal.

In keeping the long tradition of dismissing all torture lawsuits, my case was dismissed. Not being privy to who Judge Martin Reidinger communicated, if at all, but applying probability yields majority.

I purposely used the term ‘hypothermic torture’ and never ‘cold’ in my lawsuit. To prevent soft responses of a plaintiff who claims he was cold. Purposely forcing use of term “hypothermic torture” in orders. Federal District Judge Martin Reidinger mentioned it once in a lost participle, of a sentence fragment. Case dismissed. Go away.

I assumed Wookie mode, and fired back a post-judicial motion to reconsider, and reinstate, knowing perfectly well, he was never going to answer it. But knowing he would read every word. So, I filed my notice of appeal to the fourth circuit court of appeals, and enclosed my fee of \$400.

When the clerks in Ashville transmitted the case to Richmond, the Appeals clerk sent a letter down to the Asheville clerks, which stated Judge Martin Reidinger would need to answer my post-judicial motion, as it remained on the docket unanswered. Saved again by angels posing as clerks. It forced Judge Reidinger to answer my motion, giving me more words with which to use to appeal, giving the three appeals court judges, more words to check for errors in law.

Judge Reidinger denied my post-judicial motion in as few words as possible.

US Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit

On my third time before US Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit, on hypothermic torture, after paying \$400 each time, within two weeks was mailed a one page letter stating no errors found in the lower court, appeal denied. Happened a third time. The thieves struck again. And I did not care, as dawned a new day soon, I had my words prepared for my final one question before the US Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court of the United States of America

The document formatting, and some of the boring removed, below were the only words of my two-page petition.

IN THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Bardes v. Auld (15-983)

PETITION FOR WRIT OF CERTIORARI

Constitutional Question Presented:

Are citizens being brutally tortured with hypothermia until dead a violation of the Constitution? Are citizens being brutally tortured with hypothermia until almost dead a violation of the Constitution? Are citizens being brutally tortured with hypothermia a violation of the Constitution? Does the Constitution exist?

Statement of the Case:

Why must stopping our beloved nation from brutally torturing and brutally torturing until dead, the citizens with slow brutal hypothermic torture be such a chore?

United States Appeals Court Judges Wynn, Agee, and Floyd now join those before in continuing the ongoing murders of citizens.

Are not salaries being paid to prevent me from becoming a victim barely survived and having to do my civic duty by being here today? To stop it. Stop it.

We are doing ISIS like things to our own people, crucifixion is a hypothermic death, ask ISIS. Stop it.

Stop it. Please. Now.

I restate my Complaint (doc. 1) Post-Judicial Motion (doc. 5) and Appeal Informal Brief (doc. 2), and now additionally apply to United States Appeals Court Judges Wynn, Agee, and Floyd.

Reasons for Granting the Petition and Conclusion:

Perhaps never before has a more important Constitutional question been asked of the United States Supreme Court, as now the continued existence of our great nation as such lies in your answer or silence.

Submitted day 21, January 2016, by
David Andrew Bardes, *Pro Se*

Chapter 42 – Justice Scalia’s Untimely Death

2/13/2016 - Rainbow Lake Resort – Brevard, North Carolina

19 days after filing my petition with the US Supreme Court, on 2/13/16, Justice Antonin Gregory Scalia, at age 79, died in his sleep, after retiring early from a dinner, claiming not feeling well. While at a hunting ranch deep in West Texas, with a group of about 30 others, whose identities were never to be revealed in the news.

Republican’s claim belief in strength of Constitutional rights, while their judges dismiss anyone ever trying to claim those rights in any court of law. Leaving Democrats holding the water. Justice Scalia had an impeachable record, of a quantum chance, of granting Constitutional rights. God apparently removed the last obstacle, leaving the eight remaining justices, able to bring an end, to our nation’s second greatest evil.

I suspected something fishy. The timing and secrecy was hiding something never wanted known. Having a hunch, President Bush2, and Vice President Cheney, were somehow behind the hunting trip, to influence Justice Scalia’s vote on my upcoming petition vote. As so many times before, but this time the importance was critical, needing deep cover.

Taking to Google to read news reports, I found an article of an interview with the owner of the hunting ranch, who disclosed the large hunting party was from an International hunting fraternity with private membership never to be known. I visited the website of the hunting fraternity, started in Europe 400 some years before. The existence of the fraternity was no secret, but the membership list was private.

Next, I read in the news, Justice Scalia left his security detail behind in Houston, to fly to the ranch by private plane. Knowing his security detail would never agree to such a thing, being paid never to, left me to deductive reasoning. I deduced the only way his security detail would agree to leave him, was if too many other security Federal agents, were already on the plane, and on the ground at the ranch, and on the return flight. I further deduced the only way too many Federal agents could be gathered, was from the combined Federal security details, of past elected Federal executives, most likely President Bush2, and Vice President Cheney.

I deduced the whole hunting trip, fooling 30 other hunting fraternity members, into believing Justice Scalia's invitation to join said group, was to initiate him a new member. Disguised as a hurriedly planned attempt to assuage fears of those not wanting to become me. Leaving the only stop gap measure, of convincing Justice Scalia, to deny my petition, for the second time, to protect friends, of his newly joined secret hunting fraternity.

The Bush family descended from the same two Pilgrims on the Mayflower as ours did, but also from four more Pilgrims than ours.

This also explained why members of my own family, vacationed with the Bush family, and took remote hunting trips with them. I was to learn my own family, acted as a Judas, to betray me, to assure I never embarrassed the good name of my family, and to protect their powerful friends. I was scarified to perpetuate the species.

President George W. Bush

I admire and appreciate, President Bush², and Vice President Cheney's service to our country, and consider them our heroes. But firmly disagree on their actions of brutal torture, as a response when most angry, required calm heads prevailing, controlled by logic, and not fear and anger.

How I became juxtapositioned in opposition to them, was by none of my efforts, but rather theirs. Forgiveness could come later, after stopping cold cell torture first. I had a job to do. And it became apparent, God was going to take anyone out, who stood in the way.

The Red Truck

After the Justice Scalia debacle failed, options for the desperate ran low. Perhaps finding no salvation from my family members, having been kept at a distance of no contact, and unable to help. Caused them to try the direct approach, to intimidate me into withdrawing my petition, to save my life. Not knowing death would be a reward for me. As God allowed my destruction unto almost death, many times before, surviving each time, with increased courage, until all fear was gone.

On Sunday 3/13/2016, five days before the supreme court was to vote on my petition, while in my cottage near the lake in the woods, I observed a beat up old red pickup truck, with a painted white Clemson tiger paw, painted on the hood, make its way into, and down the gravel roads, only to drive around the circle before my cottage, and then slowly drive out to the main road. Twenty minutes later, only to return

doing the same drive through. After several rounds, the truck had my attention.

Perhaps, the truck was sent to intimidate me, or do worse. I stepped out onto the porch, and sat down in one of the rocking chairs, and waited for the truck to return. The security cameras took pictures every 15-seconds. The red truck came back down the road, and upon observing me on the porch, drove half-way around the circle, stopped, and turned off the engine. The driver lit a cigarette, and stared straight up at me on the porch. Apparently not afraid of him. The driver hung his hand out the window a bit, brandishing a hand gun for me to see.

Knowing he was unlikely to hit me from that distance with a handgun, I remained seated, with eyes locked on the demon in the truck. If he had gotten out, come up to the cottage, he would have had a clear shot at me. I prepared myself to stay firmly seated in the chair, and let him kill me. Where I would win regardless of what happened. He could only kill my body, but not me. What comes from the earth returns to the earth, what comes from heaven returns to heaven.

A friend of mine living up the hill, observed what was going on, grabbed his rifle, and came down the hill in cover of trees. He yelled over to the driver in the truck, startling the driver to look around seeing no one, until he focused down the barrel of an automatic rifle. Dropped his cigarette out the window, started his engine, and drove away at a fast clip.

Only to perhaps return to his handlers back in South Carolina, reporting back to those who gave orders, the

mission had failed, Bardes had no fear of death. And was protected by men in the woods, with machine guns.

This only occurred after all other usual methods, of taking someone out of commission, failed. I had no criminal record. Did not drink alcohol. Never made threats. No guns. My celibacy resulted in no mate to make my fate. My computer connected to the internet, may have been analyzed somehow, and emails monitored perhaps, but produced nothing, obviously. Because there was nothing illegal. I purposely did nothing, so they would have nothing. You become good by doing away with the bad. It worked. Because it might have been another opportunity for Satan to attack.

To this yo-yo in the red truck's senders, giving orders, and those behind all the curtains, all over our nation, I had become an anathema, something damned to hell. An imprecation, a spoken curse. An execration, an object of curses. It was because I was right, and they were wrong. More, I was really right, and they were really wrong.

I used their fear of prison, never wanting to become me, but a me was after them, appearing to want them me quick. Worse, all past attempts to make me no more, left them perhaps convinced Jesus was coming after them, mad as hell. Which compounded their fears. I remind the reader, I am only a sheep of Jesus, same as all the others. Within all his sheep, is the spirit of Christ. The only sheep Jesus loves more than any others, are those not sheep yet.

All of this from guilty minds, crushed with remorse, from genuine regret, I could affect a position, where arranging a few words on paper, could bring the whole house of cards

down. And end our nation's second greatest evil.
Afterwards, forgiving them with testimony in their favor.
Having gained a voice, regarding torture.

Victims have a voice like none other. God destroyed me
unto almost death, with unspeakable pain, so I could speak
with the voice of an empowered victim, at the right time.
Well written words on paper can crush stone, melt steel,
move mountains, defeat armies, and change the world.

The First of Two Supreme Court Votes – March 18, 2016

Five days later, the eight remaining justices gathered on their
day of conference, to vote on my petition. After the end of
the day, I checked the court's docket, at supremecourt.gov, to
find no new entries, only to refresh minutes later, to discover
the last docket entry, stating the vote would take place that
day, disappeared from the docket. The following mid-week, a
new docket entry appeared, stating my petition would come
up for a vote on April 15th, three weeks away.

The eight remaining justices needed more time. To stave off
certain doom. Knowing they would have to vote on my
petition, by law. The next month preferred. Perhaps also as
well, to give Bardes another chance to withdraw, by sending
two trucks to intimidate him next time, with more people, to
get the dire job done.

Gidget Hall - Secret Service Agent

On Saturday morning of 4/9/2016, someone Facebook
friended me with a request. I looked at the middle age
Caucasian woman dressed in a uniform, noticing her lapel

pin. Zooming in on the lapel pin, it was that of the US Secret Service. Her Facebook friends contained only a few, perhaps looped into befriending for illusions.

Not knowing her intentions, but having good guesses, I did not respond. She may have offered me money, which I would have gladly accepted, only after the mission completed. I needed to set my mind on things above, not on earthly things.

Late that night, two trucks come for an intimidation visit, never knowing who sent them.

Two Trucks This Time

At 9:02pm, on 4/9/2016, headlights appeared coming down the road towards me, but this time two sets of headlights. I was reclining on my bed, watching on my television video feed from the camera, out on the porch. The camera taking pictures every 15-seconds, which I later created a video of the sequenced pictures.

The trucks drove down, and half-way around the circle, then stopped. A man stepped out of the first truck, walked out into the beams of his headlights, fully illuminated, and stopped staring up at my cottage. Knowing I was watching. The trucks, one may have been a sedan, turned their lights off, making them disappear, only to turn them back on, then flashed lights on and off again, while honking their horns.

I decided not to step out on the porch this time, as dark may have disguised a rifle with scope. After twelve minutes of no

reaction, they left, never to be seen again, nor knowing who sent them.

Only to return to their handlers, having to report failure a second time, received as bad news to those who ordered their last chance.

US Supreme Court – Second Vote on April 15, 2016 – *Bardes v. Auld*

The night before.

The night before the supreme court's second vote on my petition, was one with no sleep, as too excited. As I had forced upon the supreme court justices to make a decision. As their day of reckoning was dawning, my night was spent watching the video camera monitor, convinced they would not let me live, to see their dawn of doom.

I spent the hours, listening to songs on my iPad, from Michael W. Smith, such as Agnus Dei, Let it Rain, and My God is an Awesome God, written by Rich Mullins. Raised my open hand to all those in the heavens, in glory and celebration, only seeing ceiling, and being alone, but knew all in heaven were going nuts, and I was never alone.

Going between, feeling like I was about to join them as a soon dead spirit, to, if God could only keep me alive to morning, God might win.

When the first faint ray of light, parted the inky dark, the night view camera illuminated the landscape, letting me know God had won. The light had found me, once again.

As light rain turned to steady drops, standing outside with both hands raised toward heaven, slowly turning around, peering up through my glasses, as rain drops from heaven, splashed off the lenses, saying, praise God, let it rain, open the floodgates of heaven, let it rain, let it rain. My forehead hit the grass, with arms outstretched before my God, to rise again, with hands to heaven. The day of great jubilation had finally arrived.

The Day

Later that morning, I checked ScotusBlog, a website reporting the courts every move, and cases in play. The running time blog log, reported the justices met for a conference day in the morning, but cancelled their whole day's normal routine, no one was to disturb them, to spend the whole day working on some case of importance. Letting me know why.

With no way of knowing what was discussed that day, until news stories reported afterwards, proved they voted in the end, to no longer dismiss any torture lawsuits, especially those of hypothermic torture. Hypothermic torture was such public knowledge, no longer able to be kept a secret, and fully exposed the justice's 15-year corruption, just to protect friends. While the rest of us, were tortured, too many to death.

As to voting on answering my one Constitutional question, the vote had to be at least 4 to 4, automatically denying my petition. I lost the biggest lawsuit of my life, the third time. I did not win, but God, and heaven did. I figured if one of us

were to win, it would likely be God. As I am one of Jesus' sheep to be slaughtered, so God can win. By being pitiful at practicing law.

The corruption continues unabated, having been only interrupted momentarily, by a ball of bad fate, and leaving the justices blaming President Bush², and Vice President Cheney, so they fed them into the mouths of salivating wolves of the ALCU's feeding lawyer sharks, by not dismissing their lawsuit, which might expose them to some sort of doom. Because Federal judges did an about face, no longer dismissing torture lawsuits.

Near Aftermath

The date of the justice's dreadful dreary day, was April 15, 2016, three years to the day of Wookie's suicide. I found it ironic, as I was pretending to be Wookie, with his scary defense lawyer mode, which inspired me to write the underlying lawsuit which effected success.

At the time, I thought I was a complete loser, having an unbroken record of losing so many Federal lawsuits. I succeeded by losing every time. Success comes from repeated failure, so fail harder, and more often.

I wrote all eight supreme court justices individually typed signed letters, with stern rebuke, and hemmed words around, to affect the meaning, I left them to God's wrath. Hosed down with germicide, checked with Geiger counter, I hoped each read them, surely the minute anyone saw my dreadful name again. Not knowing I had already won.

The first indication of something good coming forth, from their day of argue and angst, came right away. Only three days later, on 4/19/2016, an article was published in the Boston Globe, headlined “*Key shift in shielding torture lawsuits, CIA torture victims suit moves forward.*”

The ACLU’s CIA torture doctor lawsuit, which was at certain point of near-dismissal, when the first federal judge in 15-years, Judge Quackenbush, did not dismiss their lawsuit, but rather scheduled for trial. In what shocked not just the legal community, but Internationally, the US Courts long-tradition had been reversed. Which explained my website traffic, from all around the world.

On that dreadful dreary day, some authority must have escaped, sounded an alarm of reversal, and made its way to Judge Quackenbush, in Seattle, Washington, all the way from Washington, DC. Probabilities fell on complete coverage, before hitting Seattle.

Website Traffic

On 5/6/2016, someone in Wyoming, and Wasilla, Alaska, visited at the same time. The only two people I could think, were Vice President Cheney, who lived in Wyoming, and Sara Palin lived in Wasilla. Perhaps discussing and visiting coldcelltorture.com, while on the phone?

On 5/12/2016, someone from Kennebunkport, Maine, visited late at night. Perhaps someone at the Bush family compound. Two days later, visitors from Maine again, and Washington, DC, visited at the same time. Two weeks later,

on 5/29/2016, someone visited from Wasilla, Alaska, the day before Memorial Day.

I thought to myself, why had they come back, the lawsuit was over, I lost. Why care now?

More Aftermath

On 6/3/2016, a Charleston, South Carolina newspaper reported: “*Landmark lawsuit settlement for SC inmates,*” concerning a class action lawsuit by inmates protesting among things ending hypothermic torture/homicide, like their fellow inmate Jerome Laudman, who was killed with hypothermia in 2008. Someone brought those malfeasants to their knees.

On the same day, Vice News published an article titled: “*After a Detainee Died at a Black Site, the CIA Blamed Training from the Federal Bureau of Prisons.*” It appeared the CIA was shifting blame anywhere it could, in attempts of avoiding gathering rainstorms of guilty drops falling on them.

On 6/15/2016, CNN reported on the CIA’s large document dump revealing more descriptions on the CIA torture, ‘far worse than we thought,’ article titled: “*CIA releases documents on brutal torture methods: Evidence of War Crimes.*” I leave out the contents for sake of stomachs.

On 6/23/2016, FoxNews.com reported: “*Texas Federal Judge rules for safe drinking water for inmates,*” marking the turn of Federal judges shifting back to once again, being the vicars of prisoner safeties. The whole federal judicial system recalibrated back to where it should have been.

The many website visits I had from Albany, New York, were explained on 7/12/2016, when News Niagara reporter Thomas J. Prohaska, wrote an article titled: “*State [New York] sues Armor health services over inmate deaths; 3 died on its watch in Niagara County*” The state lawyers used my research at coldcelltorture.com, to help formulate their lawsuit suing a jail medical provider for three inmate deaths, one being from hypothermia, on suicide watch. Giving me the confirmation, if a state was going to sue over hypothermic torture, the green light had been issued, because of my lawsuit, sending sirens to every jail and prison medical provider, to no longer use hypothermic torture, or they may become poor inmates themselves.

Then on 8/18/2016, the LA Times published an article titled “*Judge releases picture of Border Patrol Cold Cells.*” With a highly embarrassing photo of Mexican’s trapped in a cold cell huddling under reflective emergency blankets. It was 100 degrees outside in Phoenix, but inside it was arctic winter, with only a thin film to keep from being murdered in the cold.

The photograph was released by a Federal judge, hounded by shark lawyers, because the secret was no more, hypothermic torture was bad, and now widely known. The pictures of huddled women, and fearful shivering children, being ripped screaming from fathers, shivering, no toilet paper, babies crying from frost, were too graphic for any lawyer to argue releasing.

In the months, which followed, news story, after news story, published good news. The Department of Justice, and the US Courts, were back taking actions to remedy their absence, in protecting rights of citizens, before it was too late.

God restored the balance of power to the most powerful nation on earth, using only one weak, frail, mentally ill, laughed at, scoffed, outcast sheep, as the victim to get it done. God chose the foolish things of the world to shame the wise; God chose the weak things of the world to shame the strong.

All God required of me, was inflicting unspeakable pain, creating an equal amount of good, while I scrambled to stay alive, leaving God free to put the good, to good use.

People do not like Torture - Forgiveness

One of my first lessons learned the painful way, was the public does not like torture. Not even the discussion. Certainly, not the United States of America tortured to death its own citizens, and other innocents. The very mention was damaging to the psychology of our nation. It was something we needed to put in our past, before any more future was consumed by it. Torture did nothing but damage to both sides. We did not need prosecutions and imprisonments, to create further victims. We needed to never hear about it again.

During my subsequent communications with folks in Washington, DC offering assistance, I wrote a one-page letter to US Attorney General Loretta Lynch, offering my testimony and support, to settle the ACLU's lawsuit against the two CIA torture doctors, by supporting issuance of apology letters, and remunerations for the victims, with proof of cessation never again. To finally close the ugly chapter of American torture permanently.

Chapter 43 – Summary

2/17/2017 – Brevard, North Carolina

Hard lessons I learned the painful way:

If you want to change the world, do not wait for someone's permission, just go ahead and change the world. Something is only impossible until someone does it.

Always shoot for the stars, so you will settle for the moon, because if you only shoot for the moon, you may end up with a low orbit satellite. If a large boulder is blocking your path, chip off the edges, until it is round, then let it roll down the hill under its own weight.

If you want to move mountains, do it one handful at a time. What is done in the dark, will eventually come into the light. Time and patience seem to produce the most justice. If you have knowledge something is wrong, and you do nothing to fix it, you end up owning it. If you find a golden nugget, return to the same stream. People will not listen to you, until they see that you listen to yourself first.

A person meets their God at times of great adversity. In the gospels, Jesus repeated David's song in Psalms, "The Lord said to my Lord: Sit at my right hand, until I make your enemies a footstool for your feet." I walk in shoes no person must ever walk in again.

Your life does not begin until the day your body dies. The happiest day of your life, will be the day your body dies.

Hero

The hero of my story, is Betsy. my ex-wife. Some may fault her claiming her actions started what became my bad. Life only moves forward. Life does not allow us to make changes in our past, to affect the future we wanted. Any analysis from the high seat of hindsight, was for spare time, many times folly.

During a time of greatest need, Betsy provided a place for me to sleep, and one tray of food once a day. Else I might not be here, and this book would not have happened. Betsy and I raised two children during all my bad time, with Betsy leading the way, when I was unable. Giving me the greatest of all gifts, our two children.

What Betsy and I did, going from a high-conflict divorced couple, to radical shared parenting, which saved both of our children, is a model of proven results. I could not have been able to do it alone.

Our son David, after high school graduation, joined the Air Force. I delivered him to his recruiter on day of entry into basic training, and was warned there would be no way to contact David. The only way to do so, would be to petition the International Red Cross, in Geneva, Switzerland, but if they get one, they ignore it.

Driving home, like from my son's funeral, to find Betsy, ill from same, turned to elation two weeks later, when David called us for 60 seconds. With drill sergeant standing over him with a watch, listening to every word, with facial approvals, or not. He got enough in, to say the drill sergeants

put him in charge of teaching his flight (troop) to march step on order, dress, fold clothes, salute, and do calisthenics at 4:30 am. Because four years of ROTC, teaching recruits the same, was found out quick. Giving him his first promotion before graduating. Sewn onto uniforms beforehand.

On day of graduation from basic training, at Lackland Air Force Base, in Texas, over a marching field ten football fields in size, with all our powerful patriotic songs blasting from loudspeakers, came marching onto the field, one flight of a hundred marching in perfect step, after another. As the marching columns of new heroes encircled half the field, I spotted David marching, when his flight was next, with David in the lead. All others watching his every move. I balled inside and out. While Betsy was grinning ear to ear. This is why I say Betsy was the hero of my story. She was the best mother, I had ever known.

Looking backwards over my story, especially examining all the transpired events over twelve years, spread apart by days-months-years, left me dumbfounded as to how God, and heavenly hosts, micromanaged my every move. God gets things done, buy just doing things to people, when they have no idea, what God is doing to them, because nothing is said. It just happens to you, then figure it out later.

The always unanswered question in Christianity, is, are we driven by free will, or predetermination? Do we make our own decisions, and live with the results, or is everything figured out in advance, and preprogramed? I would describe life as some free will, between periods, of complete and utter control, planned lifetimes in advance. Free will keeps us busy, between doing things for God. Not knowing how

important they are to God. Until we get to heaven, and learn how great we did, with endless reward. Your fate is yours; God chose it just for you.

Viewing my story from the vantage point of today, Jesus, and God, told bible stories using me as the victim. Christ's hypothermic death was on April 3rd, based on accepted calculated knowledge. My hypothermic torture, not death, was on April 3rd. I am only a sheep of Jesus, no different than any others. Jesus was telling his story, using me as the victim. And disclosed just how painful his death really was on the cross, as he burned to death with paradoxical flames. To put all this story together, with such precision, required changes to source code, while the program was running.

I have not received a penny in compensation, for my losses, and troubles, from any of my captors, or torturers. Instead, I received the gift of so much knowledge, and a faith which moved supreme mountains. After feeling the light of heaven. I am a most fortunate, and thankful, sheep. I drank from wells others dug. My cup runneth over.

Chapter 44 - Conclusion

2/17/2017 – Brevard, North Carolina

In this 50/50, evil to good, domain of half Satan, all are doomed never to survive, to get any good done for God, above the odds, someone must suffer great low, to get same measurement good back, allowing God to do some good. By your sacrifice of suffering low, pleasing Satan, makes Satan pay God back with as much good later. Satan suffers for enjoying your lows and pain, when the good comes back for God to use back against Satan. Apply this to 7 billion people, and it explains planes flying into towers, and nations of psychotic killers. Lots of growing evil, means Jesus is coming back.

We are players in a highly-complicated battle of spiritual warfare, our wills apparently under control, free a slight bit. A planet sized game of Survivor® where all are voted off the island, by killing one each night at tribal council, until all gone. One night shot, the next infected with cancer, followed by heart attack, brain death. It is a rough game God and Satan play. But once voted off the island, we all win a hundred million dollars each. The game is worth losing, to become such easy winners, and we have no choice anyway, as we are all forced to become winners. The only loser, being Satan, permanently, for having lost the game.

Too bad God created the holy spirit universe computer, programmed it himself with quantum math and science, controlling chance, then handed Satan a joystick, and pressed the big bang button to start. Followed by God cheating along the way making changes to source code. Ultimately deceiving Satan with deception, Satan's most often used

weapon, because it worked every time, including the last time by God. Satan stumbled, on his stumbling stone. So, God pulled Satan's power cord out of the holy outlet, and hit the delete button on the holy keyboard. No more.

Look to the great depth of the low, God had to go, of letting Satan kill his own son Jesus, nailed to a cross, with hypothermic torture, shivering until dead, by paradoxical flames. To achieve the greatest of all good news back in return, of saving all of us, starting a wave of such enormous good, the game would soon be won. Giving meaning to Christ's own words in the Gospels, requiring all his sheep, pick up their crosses, and follow him daily. We are sheep to be slaughtered after all. And are to be happy about it, like Jesus told us to be.

In my story, as one of Jesus' sheep victims, no different than any others, the depth of my required low, was into unspeakable pain, for so long, until the bad built up, to boomerang back, combined with owed good from pain of others, creating a greater good, gaining God the ground, to get something very good done. If God can do this to me as his victim, think what he can do to you? Jesus will be with you every step of the way, and carry you when you cannot. I can testify to that.

You will enjoy your suffering in rewards of pleasure and joy the instant your lights go out. You will open your eyes, being born again into a feeling you have finally arrived, to what being alive, really feels like. Realizing there is better life after death, than before, after all. Standing before God in spirit form, asked do you believe in God? Answering back, no God, I do not believe in you, God. God laughing, saying I

know you are kidding, come on in, everyone you knew, are gathered to greet you. No one failed to answer the only question correctly. Job well done, thou good and faithful servant. Welcome home. Join the party, enjoy some light.