

**My story of dealing with abuse, made up of a few journal entries where I have tried to remember everything and ended up going over some of the same parts and still missing others...

We'll start before I met my abuser;

I wrote this when I was with him, and I added to it a little later.**

Started writing in 2015:

When I was in seventh grade, I got the bright idea to try alcohol for the first time when I looked into the fridge and saw one of my moms super strong already made margaritas. It was 6AM on February 4th, 2009, I made an impulse decision to grab the drink and poured it into a travel bottle, then I made my way to the bus stop and of course was so hyped up about being such a rebel, I told all the kids the stop. All of them didn't really want a part of it, they didn't want to get in trouble and mostly stayed away from me. I was always a rebellious and outgoing kid, all the little ones my age knew me for being weird and energetic and disruptive in class. The kids at the bus stop didn't bother me, I went right into school basking in blissful, youthful innocence.

In the morning before class at West Cary Middle school, all students were to gather in the gym, pile on the bleachers and wait for the day to start. I went to my usual place, closest to the doors at the very top of the bleachers where all my friends met every day. I of course told them about my little mischievous act, and they all wanted to try a sip. Six other twelve year old girls that I spent my time with all shared the bottle, enjoying the buzzed feeling we'd never felt before.

After about twenty minutes or so, the bell rang and we all scattered into different directions to our first periods. My first class was a computer class. When everyone was settled in their seats, the teacher instructed us to make a power point about our interests, family, friends, and things like that. I was in there for maybe fifteen short minutes before the principal, Mrs.Swan, stepped in the classroom and came up right behind me, putting her hand on my shoulder and saying "Courtney, get your stuff, we're going to my office."

My eyes widened and I kind of froze with fear, I shakily gathered my belongings and followed her out of the classroom. A million thoughts ran through my head as we walked down the halls, like what are my parents going to do to me? What's going to happen to me? They had no idea I even wanted to try any sort of substances. Mrs.Swan calmly asked me what was in the nearly empty bottle as we walked, I struggled to come up with a lie. "It's lemonade," I told her. We arrived at her office, I sat down in the dreaded wooden chair in front of her desk with my stomach churning, heart racing, mind reeling. Across the office I could see a couple of my friends I'd shared with. I knew shit was about to get bad.

"We both know what's in that bottle," said Mrs.Swan. I told her I know, I said I was SO SO sorry, please don't tell my mom! But of course after she was done interrogating my friends and I, she called my parents and they both had to come home early from work to pick me up. They arrived pretty quick, and soon I'd be looking at some of my best friends I'd grown up with for the last time as my parents led me out of the school in silence. When we made it home I was instructed to go to my room, and when I got there my mom rushed up behind me with a leather belt and beat me until I couldn't breath. My step dad came into my room with trash bags and proceeded to throw all of my things into them, then bringing them to the dumpster and taking my decorations off the wall until I had nothing but bare furniture, all the while telling me how bad I fucked up and how terrible life was about to be for me. I was so young, my entire world fell apart in that morning.

Almost instinctively, when my parents left me locked in my room, I grabbed a broken CD off of my floor and began to cut my arms with it. I had never been exposed to cutting or knew what it was, but I did it then as I bawled on my carpet, screaming, but not as loud as I would have if I had really known what the future held. From that day

on, for six months, I stared at the bright white walls all hours of the day, I watched the sun rise and fall again, I barely ate or spoke a word. I remember starting to find small beautiful things to mentally cling to, like that pale tinted blue the sky turns right before sunrise, I snuck books into my room and lost myself in Stephen King and Erin Hunter.

As time went on, my depression deepened and the world became tinted the color of grey fog, getting darker and darker. The impulsive cutting progressively got worse, got more and more frequent and deeper. I stole Xacto knives from my mom and broke the blade strips out of my razor. I was addicted to it, don't ask me why. The blood was beautiful, a physical reminder that I was still awake, and the scars left behind were like trophies for making it another day, and they were a physical representation of my pain. I started talking to the voice in my head, wrote morbid short stories and poems about suicide, drugs (before I even knew the half of it!), and depression.

After months and months of this, on July 16th, my family made a trip to Virginia to see my great grandparents who are very ill and currently fading away. They have a huge house with a 3 bedroom basement with its own kitchen, living room, and dining area. This was where the children of the family spent their time while adults spent time upstairs, and this is where I sleep when visiting. My aunt and uncle were visiting as well, and my uncle had an adavan prescription that he left out on the first floor kitchen table. There were probably, and still are probably, hundreds of assorted over the counter and under the counter medications throughout the house. I barely remember much of that day, but I took all of the anxiety pills I could find and blacked out. During my black out I went into the basement bathroom and shoveled every pill bottle I could find into my mouth, I threw up everywhere, I slightly remember lying down on the bathroom floor with vomit running out of my mouth and I couldn't feel a thing but the pounding of my heart and the heavy sting of poison in my stomach. I remember asking God to please let me die.

I woke up in the ICU at Duke hospital back in Raleigh. I was there on suicide watch for six days, a nurse sitting by me 24/7 to watch me shit, eat, sleep, and lay there. My parents visited me and apologized for making me feel so sad that I saw no other solution but to die. They "ungrounded" me, but I wouldn't get my freedom for another month. The doctor told me I'd be going to Holly Hill Hospital, and I was almost relieved to go somewhere where I could maybe get help, and where I could be away from my parents.

When I finally arrived home, I was allowed to make contact with my friends I had not interacted with in half a year. I called my best friend Ally, and she was SO mad at me for getting her suspended. Her parents were just as scary as mine, if not more so, and she hated me for putting through the worst hell a suburban twelve year old white girl could go through. She told me I was stupid for drinking and popping pills and cutting myself when no one else did it. She told me never to talk to her again, and she told all of my friends that if they talked to me or visited me that she wouldn't talk to them anymore. And I guess when you're a preteen, you don't get as attached to your friends, or at least they didn't act like it even though I missed and loved them so much, they chose someone easier to see and less "reckless" than me. So I didn't talk to anyone, still I was all alone.

A couple months passed of the same old overbearing sadness and occasional numbness cured temporarily by box cutters and razor blades. I at least had the freedom to go outside and walk by myself, soak in the sun and talk to the best friend that at this point I had manifested into my reality, that lived inside my head and saved me from loneliness. I would sometimes run into the other neighborhood kids playing outside, but they would make fun of me because my arms looked like a gruesome patchwork quilt of scar tissue, dried blood, and broken skin and I was always talking to myself.

When August came around I was doing school online, and my parents were going out and partying a lot. August 13th, I watched the sun rise in my usual fog, dragged myself upstairs to my computer and started doing school work. My step dad was at work, my mom was gone somewhere and didn't tell me. I was sitting in the living room when I was startled by my stepdad bursting in the door and demanding to know where my mom was, eyes flashing violent anger that I had never seen him wear before.

They both were coming down from "MDMA", brain chemicals fucked and emotions running high. He screamed about how she was going to cheat on him, he wanted a divorce, he was going to smash her teeth in, among other things. He started throwing all of her things outside, cursing and crying the whole way. I was frozen I didn't know what to do. I had no real emotional reaction at the time, but I was fearful, so I called the police.

When they showed up, my stepdad went from raging anger to crippling sadness. He thanked me for calling someone before it got worse, but in the same breath begged me to go into the kitchen and grab a knife to kill him. The police found my mom at a friend's house, she came home and my stepdad got arrested for communicating threats. I'll never forget his face as he got in that police car. His world had just shattered, a hot piece of glass thrown in ice water, and mine did the same all over again. I knew shit was going to change greatly all over again. My mom and I immediately started packing our stuff. Within days we had moved in with her good friend in Durham, with a middle aged man who chain smoked marijuana daily and his elderly mother and her personal home pharmacy.

My mom enrolled me in school in the area. I was the only white girl in the whole building, I was made fun of every single day for my dark clothes and cuts and my race. I had panic attacks so frequently I could barely force myself to sit in a classroom with the other students. Again, I was alone except for my friends Chemicals, Blades, and the voice in my head. My mom worked 14 hours a day and was never home, when she was she was drinking or talking to her Dominican boyfriend, or we were taking our anger out on each other. She went through a series of loser boyfriends and on the weekends I'd go stay with my stepdad at our old home and he'd smoke with me and take me to raves and gave me adderall and molly. I started gaining more friends through sharing drugs, I met Stacey and Bryan around that time and all I'd ever do with anyone was aim to get so high I didn't know where I was. I was in and out of mental hospitals because every day I wasn't in Cary I'd try a new way to try and kill myself.

Let's speed ahead a little. The year I turned 14, in June, my parents decided to work things out and get back together. My mom and I moved back to Cary, where I now had "friends" and I could go to high school with people I'd grown up with. I was somewhat happy for the first time in a while. I hung out with Bryan every day and smoked and searched for a better sense of freedom. When it came time for my first year of high school, I was ecstatic to be attending Panther Creek. The first day of school, I remember seeing this guy in the halls as I ran around searching for my classes and finding my way through a maze of a building like all freshman do. He was wearing a orange Virginia Tech shirt, had shaggy brown hair and a mischievous half smile and I passed him between every class that day, making eye contact like our pupils had been replaced with magnets. We were both too shy to say hi, but after the school day was over, I was waiting for my parents to pick me up outside the front of the school, sitting on the bench in warm autumn air, and he walked right up and asked if he could sit by me. Of course I said yes.

Our first conversation was about drugs. We talked about smoking, pills, forced chemical induced euphoria. He asked me if I was on Facebook, and added me immediately. He told me he was 18, and he wasn't bothered by my young age.

The next year of my life is a jigsaw puzzle with most of the pieces missing.

Logan, and I were together every single day possible. We did every drug you could possibly think of, tripped "acid" every day, smoked DMT, salvia, did coke, heroin, morphine, molly, everything we could get our hands on and we were selling and moving such large amounts of these toxins that we had more money than we knew what to do with. I remember going to the mall with him and Stacey, tripping on nBome in smoke for less and then I remember her having the worst trip, like her mind got a taste of hell fire...

Most memories I have of him involve staring into his eyes during those trips, different visuals, but always the same look on his face, that mischievous half smile with a spot on his front tooth... I vividly remember sitting on "the smoking log" in the woods behind Northwoods Elementary, a common place where people my age would come to get

high, and we were smoking DMT. After a couple hits the woods became illuminated in this godly glow, and I could see, in depth, every line on my hand and every detail of every leaf on the ground. I got a huge smile on my face, looked to my right where Logan was sitting and saw the same expression on his face. Another vivid memory from then is my first bad trip. It was after school and I went to meet him in that same spot, the Smoking Log, as I did every day to spend 6 or 7 hours with him before my curfew to go home. When I made it through the woods I saw him laying next to the Log next to his big book bag full of chemical bliss listening to an old Bring Me The Horizon song. As soon as he heard my footsteps crunching up newly fallen August leaves, he got up with a huge grin and opened his arms towards me for a long embrace. Then he pulled four hits out of his bag and we both quickly ate two then laid down on the blanket to cuddle and talk about our day. Almost immediately, or that's what it felt like, we were staring at the ground and watched as it started to move. "Is there something under the leaves moving, or am I tripping already?!" He exclaimed, giggling. I got close and stared at it for a second, laughing hysterically and telling him I had no idea between excited breaths. I diverted my stare upwards towards the trees and saw they were moving too, dancing like something out of a stop motion claymation movie. I couldn't stop laughing at the absurdity of how much this drug could change the world around me.

"Let's go to the playground!" Logan declared, grabbing my hand, getting up and leading me out of the woods. As soon as we were out of the forest, stepping on to the concrete trail going behind the neighborhood next to Northwoods, my laughter became more and more hysterical and as we were walking side by side I looked into Logan's eyes again and got a huge shiver all the way from the top of my head to my toes, my heart clenched and all the sudden it was like my reality was someones television and they changed the channel. "Courtney?" Logan said, his face falling into a concerned and confused expression, like he wasn't sure if it was me or not... That particular part of the memory is on a loop in my head to this day, as I'm writing this 3 years later. My thoughts disconnected from each other until they were bits of sentences and half words. Logan and I had a large amount of money in a bank account from all the shady things we were doing, and I got it stuck in my head that I had the amount of money we had worth of illegal drugs in my book bag and federal agents knew about it and were after me. My recollection of this trip, relating it again to a television, is in episodes like I experienced it, and what I mean by that is it felt like time didn't exist and I kept finding myself all the sudden in different places with words repeating over and over in my head. I doubt that makes any sense, but none of my understanding of what was going on really does. So somehow I ended up peeing myself while hysterically crying at the corner of the woods in pouring rain, then I was in the back seat of Logan's car with the door open and he was standing in front of me, I don't remember what he was saying but I think he mostly just watched me panic for a while. Then I was in the woods again, back at the smoking log, and Logan is standing in front of me staring at his phone talking about time being non existent, then he looked at me and said, "Curfew? Do we have parents?" And I couldn't comprehend, all of the sudden, any of the words or ideas, but I did remember when my phone had the number nine on it, I had to go back to my bed. Next thing I remember, I'm in my room staring at myself in the mirror thinking I looked completely alien. Back then I wore a lot of makeup, and all of it had been smeared all over my face or cried off, my hair was a mess, my eyes were wide and you couldn't even see the blue in them, my pupils were so big. The question popped into my head, "How the hell did my parents not notice this?" followed directly by my thoughts scrambling again and I lost meaning of what parents were supposed to be. But if I didn't have parents, obviously I was scared of some punishment then, so my thoughts switched back to thinking I had a large amount of drugs on me and I was being looked for and was going to jail. I texted Logan asking him if I had anything to be worried about, he responded back with "No, sweetheart, go to sleep."

After I came down, I spent the entire night trying to lay down and sleep and getting up periodically to check if there were police cars outside my window. It's such a blur, I barely remember a lot of what I did, I have little bits and pieces of pictures and moments, reflections of memories. Logan sold some nBome to the wrong kid at a party and the kid, Timmy, lost his life.

I remember Logan telling me that we wouldn't talk for a while for my own safety, but he made it seem like he was staying right here and dealing with everything so one day we could pick back up again, but no, October 19th, 2012, he hugged me and said a last goodbye, with a misleading "I'll see you tomorrow" following a tortured glance and a forced version of that wicked half smile I admired so much. October 22nd, my birthday and also a Monday school morning, I walked into the cafeteria with a little spring in my step, ignoring the looming negativity, and made my way to the table by the chorus room when Logan and I always sat, cookie cake for two to share in my hands. He wasn't sitting there, which was out of the ordinary because we both always got to school as early as possible in order to spend the maximum amount of time together.

I waited.

And waited.

and waited.

The bell rung.

I couldn't move. My thoughts raced, fuzzy rapid thoughts fueled by morphine and panic. I remembered his face the day before explaining how he was in danger and how shit really hit the fan and he didn't know what was going to happen. I sat there as a trillion theories ran through my head. Maybe he's just not here today, maybe he's dealing with legal stuff. Maybe he's cooking, maybe he's moving something, oh God, what if something bad happened? What if he was too scared of the future's events and tried to kill himself. What if dangerous people got to him? Is he in jail, is he hiding?

I lost access to the endless supply of drugs that I so dearly loved and relied on. I was sick from morphine withdrawal, I had literally not said a word to my parents in weeks, I hated everyone and everything for causing me so much loss. I couldn't understand why I had gone through so much. In desperate attempts to leave reality, I stooped low enough to steal diphenhydramine regularly (benadryl, unisom) and took as many 25mg pills as I could manage every day. I found a weed dealer who knew my age and was more than 20 years older than I but would give me weed if I let him take advantage of me. I smoked all day every day, literally as soon as I felt too sober, every hour or less, I'd smoke more. Even in school. I picked the wrong day to do that, and I smoked in the bathroom right as the cleaning lady came in. she reported me.

I was expelled. World drastically changed yet again. On the way home with my parents I closed my eyes and silently said hello to another six months of isolation. I received the same punishment as before, stared at my bare walls again for days on end. I started going to AA and NA meetings just to get out of the house, but don't think I found sobriety. I found people to give me Oxy's and Hydros and Morphine and if I was lucky, actual heroin and every meeting I went to I was nodding off. I mostly went for the cigarettes.

I used to sneak out of my house at three AM just to pace in front of the house and feel the warm summer air, and one night my neighbors were on their front steps drinking 40's and smoking. I myself had a bottle of vodka, so I went over and told them if they'd share, I'd share. Long side story short, I started dating my neighbor to escape the isolation, and by the time I wasn't grounded anymore I had completely forgotten how to interact with people. I was anxious all the time, I started going to Cary High but rarely talked to anyone. I ended up skipping over a hundred days. I was again, doing morphine all the time and my boyfriend went to jail for selling it. I saw shit with Logan happening all over again and I had to get the fuck away from him before I could be hurt anymore, so I broke up with him while he was locked up.

This forced me to seek out friends again, and I got close with Andrea and she taught me how to live and be happy again. She taught me I could be myself and judgment is irrelevant. We smoked weed all the time, but we never did anything else, and I thought I was so fucking happy all the time. Yet I was still immature and impulsive and reckless, I wanted to be fucked up all the time, I wanted money to gain back the freedom I felt with Logan and searched for complete control of my life in the wrong ways, still stuck in mental cycles reeling in my head I didn't even realize were there. So when a "photographer" found me online and offered me hundreds of dollars for nude pictures, I didn't even hesitate. I didn't think it was creepy or wrong that they didn't care that I was 16, I just excited myself at the thought of having all the weed I could smoke and giving in to the illusion of freedom that comes from buying anything I wanted and sharing the wealth with Andrea.

I met with middle aged men who used me like a prostitute. They asked for photo shoots and most of the time when I got there the camera wasn't even used. They gave me alcohol and xanax and used me. They would wait for my words to slur and my thoughts to wave and then they'd tell me I was smart for doing this and tell me how beautiful and sexy and unique I was. Then they'd have their way with me then sent me stumbling home with a handful of money and another skeleton for my closet.

I'd wake up every morning feeling sick to my stomach until I reached into that secret spot in my old head board behind my bed and felt that wad of paper "freedom." Then I'd get up and get fucked up and make up stories to my parents about my new job and take my "friends" out to buy them food and drugs and anything else and pretended I was loved by others for more than what I had in my pocket. I told myself I was happy, even though my boyfriend at the time thought I was a disgusting whore and so did others.

Despite all the money I had, Andrea and I still thought it was fun to practically loot stores in these little shop lifting adventures. We had done it many times and came home with tons of shit we didn't need. One day, like we had many other times before, we decided to go to Crabtree Mall and go "shopping", and by then we had gotten so comfortable with acting like idiots that we weren't careful or discreet and got caught leaving Earthbound with bags full of stolen merchandise. A security guard put us in cuffs and led us through the mall by our arms and the whole time my heart was racing at the thought of what extremist thing my parents were going to do to me, yet Andrea was cracking jokes and laughing like we were just taking a walk at the creek by our house. I tried to focus on her carefree energy to keep myself from panicking.

We sat in the mall jail while the officers called our parents and arranged for them to pick us up. We begged them to just let us go with the friend who brought us there, and eventually I suppose they got bored and let us go with a citation, after my stepdad was already on the way to come get us. We had to get off the property immediately so we walked to a gas station and called our parents to let them know, and my parents both said everything I assumed they would and more, said they didn't want me there with them anymore and they were sick of me and I'm so stupid and so on...

I hid from my stepdad and found a ride to see my boyfriend, bought some adderall to stay up all night and figure out what I was going to do, and sat by a fire with him for a couple hours by Andrea's neighborhood before my stepdad pulled up to me and told me to get in the car. I tried to protest, gave up, went home with him, and paced back and forth all night until I "went to school" in the morning (sat in the woods from 6:30am-2:18pm to smoke), and planned to meet with one of those nasty "photographers" after school. I had never met this one before and he wanted to do some kinky pictures and I was nervous but I forced myself to sit there in hopes I could get money to get away from home. He met me at a fast food restaurant and drove me an hour away to a storage room he had renovated to be a BDSM modeling set. He gave me a couple shots of fire ball then sized me for various restraints and eventually had my tied to a St. Andrew's cross, which if you don't know is basically a big "X" on the wall that you can tie someone to, spread eagle. This man was not supposed to touch me. It was strictly supposed to be only pictures of me. But he didn't even take his camera out of his bag.

He slapped me, choked me, told me not to make a sound or say a word, all the shit those pigs usually say, touched me with stubby hands with violent and selfish lust and when he was done, he untied me, handed me a wet wipe to clean myself, gave me my clothes and practically threw a wad of cash at me. On the way to Andrea's, where I'd decided to stay that night, he talked to me like I was a little girl he was driving home from soccer practice or something, I rarely gave him a response. I was deep in thought wondering why I do this to myself and wondering why I couldn't cry or scream, I couldn't be angry or hurt but I understood that what he had just done was rape me. I wondered how I knew I was so hurt but I couldn't feel a thing as I walked up to Andrea's door and pushed the thoughts down as always as she opened the door and let me in.

Later that night my parents, after not trying very hard, found me at Andrea's nodding off of opiates and drove me home, told me they were too tired to yell and I should just go to bed so we could talk about it in the morning. I exhaled relief and sunk in to my bed, enjoying the cotton candy opiate feeling in my head. I was just dosing off when I heard a knock at the door and my mom came in and said, "Get up Courtney, you have visitors!" My stomach dropped as two police officers walked in and told me to come with them to Crisis and Assessment, the section of the hospital where they evaluate mental patients and place them in hospitals or rehab centers, and once again an officer was slapping handcuffs on me and forcing me into their car. My parents told the doctors I was suicidal so I would have to stay there and they could decide where they wanted to send me without worrying about watching me.

My parents decided to move out to Knightdale/Raleigh, away from my friends again, and because of my fucked up schooling I was still in ninth grade at seventeen at a new high school about a 40 minute drive from my house in the middle of nowhere.

The school was in the middle of acres and acres of open fields, far from home and I knew absolutely no one. Not that I particularly wanted to know anyone there seeing as the students were all rednecks or ignorant "swag fags" and had nothing intelligent to say. So being used to "going" to school next to a shopping mall and a 5 minute drive from my home with my only close friends that I skipped class with every day easily, I felt isolated and trapped in those endless classes filled with fourteen year old kids whose primary focus in life was to impress each other with various pointless expensive items and clothing and who thrived on the judgment of others.

I'd sit in those classes feeling so helpless and out of control watching all these sad representations of the future for no reason other than my mother was hoping I'd miraculously decide to take my education seriously and ignoring the fact I was so behind on my credits I'd be too old to attend high school before I could even graduate. On top of that due to my constant family drama, I had three intensive in home therapists for the second time and a social worker putting more pressure on me to do the impossible. I became pretty bitter inside but I still tried to spread some happiness to those stupid kids.

A couple months of that went by, not much changing but short relationships with people. I spent most of my time on my computer or playing Borderlands, and smoking by myself. One day in February, I was scrolling through Facebook and saw some guy I didn't know post a video of his self pretending to hit an ecig with a plastic grocery bag in his mouth, which for some reason I found hilarious, so I messaged him and asked if he wanted to hang out that night. He said yes, and before I knew it my loneliness had me walking up to the next street over, hiding from my parents and getting into a shitty little red car with a complete stranger. He had curly black hair and a sweet face and a really feminine voice, and he introduced himself to me as "So". To be honest I thought he might be gay at first. Eventually I found myself in his bedroom, smoking and cuddling, realizing he was in fact not gay, and really attractive and sweet. I didn't have long to spend with him, so I had to go home pretty quickly, but before we left his house we kissed.

For a month I spent every day with him. He is quite possibly the craziest person I've ever met, but I just found it really interesting and thought I could be there for him.

One day, he got a call from some people I had met months prior, briefly a couple of times. Joey and Molly just got back from a festival in Panama, which was unreal to me that people my age were doing that, and they wanted to hang out with So and I when they got back in town. It's so hard to elaborate on this period of time because from here my life got really crazy. You're probably thinking, "Ha, this story is already crazy," but everything I knew fell apart really fast. After spending time with Joey and Molly and So, I started having to listen to Psytrance in the car with them all the time which to me sounds like a seizure. Still, when they invited me to go camp in Asheville for a night and go to a Psytrance party, I lied to my mom and tried to secretly go with them. The whole party I laid on a bench behind a curtain next to the dance floor and hid while all my friends danced, but I was still happy to be there with them and be happy with them and feel like I belonged. I had an absolutely wonderful time. But the next morning, everyone woke up late, and then my friends wanted to buy mushrooms from some really paranoid guy and it took all day. When I finally got home my parents were pissed at how late I was and had already gone into my computer to see what I had really been doing.

Because of my past my parents were always thinking I was doing drugs and they had ridiculous rules due to their paranoia and when they punished me, they really tried to make a statement by isolating me or sending me away to some mental hospital or behavioral facility for not complying with how they wanted me to live. So they threatened to do this again, and something inside me snapped harder than ever before. I had just met some of the most starry eyes people I'd ever seen and actually became friends with them and loved them and I was not going to lose anyone ever again. So I packed a bag and then when my mom left to go the grocery store the next morning, I walked to So's house and told him what happened. He stayed with me at my friends house that night, then Joey picked us up and we decided to go camping.

****pt.2** Started Writing in 2018**

brainwash:

-It can be carried out by a group of people, as in cult scenarios, or by a single person.

-It is frequently directed at people who are mentally or emotionally fragile.

Those who have been abused in the past, drug users, people seeking spiritual empowerment, and even children and teenagers with shaky family relationships are all candidates.

In my personal experience, my abuser exploited my vulnerability to get close to me, I don't know whether consciously or subconsciously sometimes, even still, but I was the perfect candidate for brainwash and manipulation:

I was a rebellious 16-year-old girl (almost 17 at the time), and my mother and I didn't get along at the time. I had battled a serious mental illness (childhood bipolar disorder since the age of 12) and that made my home life extremely difficult.

Joey was 22 years old when I met him, and an idealist with extreme spiritual, philosophical, and political beliefs.

He took advantage of my situation to further his goals. He was a drug user like me, and he was extremely intelligent and unique.

The day I ran away and my time with him truly began:

I was having a manic episode one day, and after a particularly trying day at my new school, I got into a fight with my mother. I decided to get up and leave on the spur of the moment. I packed my belongings and waited for my mother to take the dog for a walk before running out the door and towards my then

boyfriend, So's house. Joey had been his best friend for a long time. I'd just met he and his girlfriend Molly after they had returned home from a long trip where they'd been traveling and went to a festival.

So was very sweet and mild-mannered. He had a traumatic brain injury, but in the time I'd met and had been dating him (a couple of months before J got back to the US), I'd seen no evidence of him being "slow" or delusional except for one occasion when he did some amphetamine my friend gave him. He was incredibly smart and charismatic and sweet.

We were happy together and I was pretty attached to him. I hadn't met anyone who I could be so cuddly and sweet with since my first boyfriend when I was 14 and I could hardly call that first relationship very healthy as I'll describe more below..

Desperate for a new life away from my parents and *repeating 9th grade for a 4th time*, I wasn't exactly truthful about why I was running away. I used the truth to twist and weave stories that matched my emotional intensity, I can say now after much self analysis.

The truth was, when I was 14, my first boyfriend was involved in this crime bust after a kid from a neighboring high school took something him and I were selling, some (counterfeit, I'd later understand) LSD-type hallucinogen at a party in the woods. The kid ended up having seizures and dying. As an adult I know that he was taking SSRIs and Anti-Psychotics, and SSRIs are extremely dangerous to mix with hallucinogens because they have very different mechanisms involving the same neurological receptors (serotonin receptors) and that combination can cause cardiac arrest, rapid neuron firing that causes seizures, high BP and heart rate, nausea, and those things can lead to death. On TOP OF THAT, I didn't know at the time that I was giving out a chemical called 25i or nBome-25i, a phenethylamine stimulant with heavy hallucinations involving flashing lights, completely blinding a person with coiled fractal designs, overwhelming murmur sounding and jet plane-like audio hallucinations, and extreme physical rolling sensations like MDMA.

I'd been in trouble a few times before that happened, where my parents had been too extreme in their punishments, and I'd been caught with substances enough times before to put up a ted flag for my parents. CPS and the Court system got involved in my life, and that's stressful for parents and kids alike.

I was in mental health treatment with 3-4 different intensive in-home therapists for 3 years, CPS stopped by my school and home and drug tested my parents or just gave random check ups. I moved twice as my parents had issues in their marriage and got separated and back together again.

I attended 4 different schools in 3 years due to my problems and what was going on at home, failing the same grade over and over.

Without getting too far into it this early on in the story, I'll just put it like this; My teenage-hood was spent escaping from "lock-down" and acting out, then being put under even stricter "lock-down" and punished worse than each time before. My parents were young and had no idea how to handle me, I was angry at them and expected them to be perfect, and in the end I ran away and found a life where I'd find myself daydreaming of being back home.

So when I ran away, my story was that my mom was just too abusive, and I couldn't handle being at home anymore. What I told them felt true, and may even be true, but I added details to make it sound way more extreme; she was hitting me all the time (she slapped me in the face occasionally in truth-which did hurt me when I had glasses on), she was verbally abusive about how i dressed (which she did do, but I told them it was more about how I looked physically when my mom was in truth more berating me by sex-shaming and taking my clothes she thought were inappropriate) etc. My first night away from home, it wasn't hard to find somewhere to stay and So stayed with me. The next morning, he got a call from Joey who was probably trying to just hang out, and told him what was going on.

Joey offered to let us stay at his parent's vacation condo in Oak Island, a town next to South Port, where I spent some of my favorite childhood memories. Within an hour, oeyJ and his girlfriend were picking us up and we were on the road to a campground J wanted to show us that was on the way to the condo.

-Isolation is a key ingredient in brainwash and abusers use it to become the most important thing in someone's life, just like cults may encourage disconnecting from loved ones who don't agree with their views, in order to become the most important part of someone's life.

It was quick and easy for my abuser to isolate me. Only years later, as I've been trying to write out this experience and exorcise it, do I realize just how calculated he was in manipulating me.

Joey had a unique way of putting people in high pressure, volatile situations and making sure others were the first to explode under all of it. After being with him for years, I was completely convinced I was the sociopath, the manipulator, an evil person. It took me years to recognize my own empathetic nature again. Just the other day, I was having dinner with my stepdad and he told me that I was always very sweet and emotionally aware as a kid, and I was surprised at myself for forgetting this.

Even after all this time away from J, even as I've identified these traits as his and not mine, my automatic reaction sometimes is still to continue operating as he programmed me to.

-The Various Psychological tactics used to brainwash people trigger dissociation/detachment from the moment in victims, causing him to ignore or "turn off" normal reasoning skills and survival mechanisms. That way victims can adopt these traits despite their better sense and become easier to control. Drugs are not always used in conjunction with these techniques, but it's not uncommon.

The first week I was away from home, the first day we made it to his parents condo in Oak island, he got a couple of bottles of wine and snuck them into the groceries we'd got at the store a couple hours prior to him pulling them out as a surprise in the kitchen as we unpacked. None of us were big drinkers, but we all partook, thinking, "Why not?"

Everything was normal and we were all having a good time well into the night, and at a certain point the boys were in the living room talking about whatever they were talking about and Molly and I were talking to one another in the bathroom. Molly and I decided to take a shower together, mostly in a platonic way, but there was definitely some sexual attraction between her and I. We were both too shy to do much about that, though, so we were just showering off and talking as we would anywhere else.

Out of nowhere, the boys showed up, I kissed my boyfriend and Joey hopped in the shower without me noticing until I pulled away from my boyfriend after maybe 10 seconds. So said something like "Oh, Come on Joe," and laughed in a way that showed he was a bit uncomfortable but still trying to be kind and cool about it. I don't remember what was specifically said after that, but Joey said something to me about getting S more comfortable about it and I was happy to try anything new at this point, so when he started having sex with Molly next to me, I stepped out and started having sex with S in the same bathroom.

After a while So and I were content to move on to hanging out again, but also content to keep going, too. We were kind of just going with the flow when Joey suggested switching partners.

I wasn't attracted to Joey at all, and in fact, I thought his breath smelled and his mop of bushy red hair that everyone was always complimenting didn't look that great to me. My boyfriend was very easy going, quiet, and easy to push around, and so was I when it came to people like Joey and Molly, who I wanted to impress. So we consented, some more reluctant than others, and so did his girlfriend, however she was really quiet as well.

I'll never forget the moment when Joey was behind me, Molly and So to my left, Joey's hand rubbing my back as he inhaled and exhaled and then said

"Oh, my, I've been waiting to do this for such a long time."

Molly immediately got up and stormed out of the room, and Joey, after a word or two of complaint, went out after her. So and I just sat and talked to each other about how crazy this whole trip had been so far, among other things.

Now something you have to understand as a fundamental part of this story, is how much time Joey had spent in the days leading up to this making Molly look crazy, violent, and unreasonably sensitive.

From what I saw to begin with, Joey had spent the days leading up to getting to the condo camping with us as a favor to So and I, paying our way and sharing everything, being very generous.

Every day, it seemed like he and Molly got into a minimum of two different very loud, screaming fights where I saw her get more upset than I'd ever seen anyone get in my entire life- and that includes my watching my mother deal with her father's untimely death (an event that set off a lot of the issues in my family), so that was really saying something about how intense she was.

She yelled at the top of her lungs, usually walking or running off to be by herself, hitting things and smashing stuff- just being extremely explosively . I had panic attacks a lot, so I didn't particularly judge her for this, but it did start getting really frustrating. Especially as Joey was in my and So's ears every time, filling our heads with his side of every argument and twisting everything she did to make her look like an immature, rude brat.

I was under the impression that she was the most insane person I'd ever met, and previously, I'd thought there could be no one more insane than myself. Joey always reacted to her as if she were being abusive, and nothing I saw from him suggested the opposite.

One of these first days, at the campground he wanted to show us, he gave me my first mushroom trip. It was on this Horse Farm owned by a nice old hippie couple who listed it with other free campgrounds online so they could continue their lifestyle of meeting nomads like themselves, with the added bonus of putting down some roots somewhere. On our way out, I'd be humiliated and ashamed to be leaving early after Molly having a meltdown that lasted the entire night after coming down from the mushroom trip. Before then, everything had been great and I'd had a great time. So was starting to get frustrated and anxious, and so was I. Over the course of that night, I saw Joey drag Molly across the field as she was freaking out, and she hurt her back. I remember thinking that was fucked up of him to do, but I didn't judge too harshly given what I thought I knew.

Molly's back has never really healed from that, and she'll have problems with it for the rest of her life.

Anyway, back to the beach-

So, after Molly's leaving the group sex,

The night seemed to move on...

Until, as the hours stretched toward the nearing morning, I went to bed and left the rest of the group in the living room. I was lying there, the past week and the past years events swirling in my drunken mind. Unfamiliar with this guy's tactics, unfamiliar with this level of craziness, feeling very scattered and just trying to quiet my mind, thinking about my new friends..

Joey presented himself as a feminist. A nomad who jumped from fairytale to paradise and back, all over the world, living in abundance because of his high intelligence and wide array of skills, loopholes and life-hacks for everything you could think of. He had friends on every corner of the earth, and he was always looking for more special, unique, and beautiful places to go and see.

He was extremely spiritual, and like me, he took a lot of different philosophies and religious sacraments and ideology to make up his own kind of religion/spiritual views. He preached radical benevolence and kindness to all beings, hated the idea of money against sharing everything with everyone, and dreamed of building an intentional community somewhere in paradise where the land was fruitful and cheap.

I had no reason to believe this skinny, slight, nerdy hippie was lying about any of this. One of his friends would say to me years later, "Joey's been acting out the same play with different characters his whole life." We all do that, but Joey was different. He was an actor in the play of his life consciously and

believed himself to be special and powerful for it. He got others to play his pre-written parts, and wrote reality into whatever story he felt like writing. Yet despite his feeling of importance and power, things never really went his way. He got some things he wanted, but they were mangled by his darkness. His life was just as much as a dysphoric hell as the lives of his costars. I just wish I could have been warned, I wish I listened to the signs I saw along the way to losing myself completely to the chaos of his life.

I had no reason to believe he was lying when he came into the bedroom, blatantly in front of his girlfriend and best friend to come talk to me alone as I lay in the dark. When he slid in behind me and pressed himself into my back, I had no reason to believe he was lying when he said he'd just asked my boyfriend and his girlfriend and they were both okay with this. I had no concept of consent either, and a twisted sense of sexuality, so I said yes to letting him in..

I remember his feeling around to find his way, and not but two or three seconds later the door slammed open and bounced off the wall, loud as thunder. I jumped out of the bed, Joey didn't move much, and Molly came flying in, growling and jumping on Joey. She bit him, I ran into the bathroom and locked myself in, and So took to trying to break them up and got but by molly himself.

I remember staring at the white bathroom tile, still wet with water and a pile of soggy towels bunched against the wall. I heard the buzzing of the light bulbs mixed with abrupt banging, screaming, the sound of things breaking, the door slamming as they all filed in and out, chasing each other around in panic.

There was a minute when it was all silent, and with my heart banging against my chest, I quietly cracked the bathroom door to see molly staring back at me, her eyes filled with a kind of rage id never seen, like she was possessed. They were like deep, black wells of complete anguish, with the word BETRAYAL written in the light reflecting in them. She attacked me, and the drama would continue on and off for another 24 hours or so. But I don't want to focus on that, or on Molly's part in this. I don't want to taint your view of her, reader, because she was a victim who'd been abused for years at this point.

She was in another world where every action she made, made sense. She's my best friend and a sister to me, Reader, so please- judge her only as harshly as you'd judge me.

-They often use other people, including your loved ones, to manipulate you into believing what they're telling you is true or that they are a good source of viable information.

I would learn over the next 5 years after that first week what really happened there. Or, at least, I'd piece together what seems like a more believable version after knowing all these players and this script of Joey's more intimately than I know my own family.

Joey began by showering me with compliments, and showing off his lifestyle as this desirable fairytale life, and telling me I was just like him. He saw that I was more passive and insecure than his girlfriend, who tried often to defend herself (and later, me as well) when he attacked. She was more aware that he wasn't what he seemed from early on, and I was more gullible. She was sick of the exhaustion brought on by their lifestyle, and I was ready to jump in and had no where else to go. She wanted to leave him, and I wanted to be his friend, and I wanted him to be my mentor. I'd been venting the whole first week about my unstable relationship with my family, while molly has a strong bond with her mom. In short, Joey saw an opportunity to get a new girlfriend that was easier to manage and control, and who was naive enough for him to tell his stories to and be believed.

So Joey invited me along, saw an opportunity to get me in his life full time when I ran away. He then did what he could to cause lot of chaos and push our romantic partners away, making sure each person had a different version of what happened in the chaos at the beach, each one that benefited his goals. He'd been telling my boyfriend and Molly that I wanted to hook up with him as much as he did

me, but was too shy to say it.

I never said that, or even showed signs of that.

When Molly got upset about that he made sure it seemed she was attacking him and I for no reason, and he knew So would stay pretty quiet in the chaos because he thought I was a part of this wanting to hook up.

When Molly left and So left soon after the next part of this story, I was left alone with just Joey there and my life up in the air- I didn't have much time to analyze all of this. Now that I can look at it from a removed view- I don't know how I fell for it.

[And that's the big point of writing this all out- You don't ever think you'd fall for a predators bs.

You don't ever think that this could be you, but there is no way to see red flags like this when your life is so unstable and painful already.]

-Once your isolated and open to them, that's when the real tactics to brainwash you start.

After Molly left, it was just So he had to eliminate from the picture.

He always used drugs when he was trying to really manipulate a situation, and when all was calm after the drama, we all got drunk again. We had a threesome, and Joey again waited until So was distracted and climbed into bed alone with me and lied to me about So being alright with it. I believed him, and when So walked in and saw, he got really upset and left.

The thing is, before I met So, when Joey was in his mid teens and So was in his early twenties/late teens, So got hit by a huge truck while he was tripping in asheville. Joey was supposed to be watching him ("trip-sitting", as it's called among psychedelic users), but ditched So and left him with someone who Joey and So didn't know well.

So's head got ran over by the truck while Joey was partying at a festival, and So was never the same again.

He had a bit of schizo-typical symptoms before the accident, a product of the psychedelic drugs he abused a lot from what I heard. But after the accident, he would completely lose contact with reality, speaking gibberish and anxious about otherworldly things no one else would understand.

When I met So, I had no idea about this... He seemed a little strange, but that's why I liked him.

He was hilarious in an abstract way that was very dear to me, and you wouldn't understand unless you've done a lot of spiritual inner work and maybe have done a lot of empathogens. He seemed pretty gender-fluid, which was new to me, but he was so sweet and passionate. I fell in love really intensely, really quick , and I was so surprised when I heard what happened to him.

As I got to know him, I'd see the illness peak out when he did certain drugs , and we would avoid those drugs after that. When all of this happened at the beach with Joey, his mind fell apart and I saw the person who everyone else had described to me before. Eventually he had to go home, he was like a toddler and you had to care for him round the clock and I just wasn't mature enough to handle that. I never saw him get better after that again. A year or two of my life after Joey, he was shot down by police officers. So was the sweetest and kindest man I ever knew, and the police were full of shit and lied about the whole ordeal... but nonetheless, he was never the same, and now he's dead.

A day or two after So left, Joey and I took 1P-LSD together. 1P is LSD, that breaks down a bit differently with a faster come up and a gradual come down. It makes you laugh a lot more than the original LSD, and this is the one trip I remember with Joey that was good.

We laughed all night together, I felt like I could see his soul. We spent the night staring into each others eyes. I saw Faces layered under his real face, and the deepest looked in anguish. I asked him about it, he was confused by the question, so we just talked about my life.

I mentioned before that I told dramatic versions of the truth, mixed with lies, so that I could communicate the intensity of my emotional suffering.

So I used to tell people the story of my first boyfriend and all the trauma of what happened with him- but I said that he killed someone on purpose. I told Joey the same.

This would come to be something he's torture me with for years to come. He acted as if it scared him, and maybe it did. He was scared that I was a sociopath that would kill someone on purpose, though my story never included anything like that. He grilled me about my life for the first of millions of times, and that first time I felt like he knew me. Like no one would ever know me better.

The next morning, he would suggest we get married so I could get emancipated from my parents.

We'd figure out how to do it without their permission and we'd do some rituals to manifest it.

He soon found that in MD, you can get married if you're pregnant without parents permission.

While we were in MD trying to fake a pregnancy test with a doctor, I found out I was actually pregnant.

We got married.

The next day, he wanted me to get an abortion.

-Once you're in all the way, the monster rears its ugly face.

** (pt.3, adding to some of the same memories and filling in parts I missed previously and hopefully adding something new)**

Started Writing in 2020

Just before the pandemic hit, I'd only just experienced freedom for the first time. It did not feel like freedom- it felt like another cage. One with no floor, invisible bars, and where I felt like I was falling endlessly with nothing to hold on to. I had absolutely no idea how to do anything on my own- I'd never truly been allowed to.

I'd just traveled on my own for the first time, despite priding myself as a globe-trotting adventuring...

All the way from the San Francisco streets to Raleigh, North Carolina, I envisioned a new life of traveling the world on my own, getting out of my home country (which I have much disdain for after making my way across 50,000 of this earth and finding that I was raised in the most restrictive and fake culture of the many I saw), after a quick stint of working and saving money in the "real world". I thought it'd be as easy as it was for Joey to make money- I wasn't prepared for the sheer and absolute shock that would overcome me when I stepped foot back into the house I'd run so very far from. I lived in a different reality than everyone else; I lived in a world where everything had sentiment and meaning and the heart's mission to love is what feeds your soul. Now, that world lived only inside my head and I was like a fish out of water- stuck somewhere where all the wrong things are important and you must shove down all of your feelings in order to get ahead. Money rules all, it's dog-eat-dog and no one extends a hand to help you if you're different- not even your own family.

My husband had suffered a psychotic break imposed by his abusing alcohol and methamphetamine with LSD one night in early May of 2017. He'd been going out to a Psychedelic Trance show in the city with his friend from back home, Ted.

He'd known Ted since he was 15 and they had shared enthusiasm for computer science and Chaos Magick. Ted was a good-looking young man, with shaggy, blond hair, but he had an off-putting energy about him. He was very quiet and stand-offish, seeming to only want to talk to Joey and ignoring me.

Before he got to our new house in San Mateo, he and Joey had been talking on the phone a lot, reconnecting and talking about their new Tech jobs in the Valley.

Joey was not like most people who like to vent about their partners behind closed doors. He'd often talk on speaker phone and tell our friends the worst things about me or try to get others to put their opinions into our conflicts and made sure I could hear people agreeing with his side of things while I was too afraid to speak of my own.

He believed in "total transparency" and talked about our conflict and my personal issues to any of his friends who'd listen. I always felt so upset with myself for these problems he'd talk to others about; like my issue with compulsive lying when I was younger (which is something I healed in myself by this point), my intense emotional responses to anxiety and anger (symptoms of my childhood bipolar disorder), my high-risk promiscuity before we met (I never cheated on him, not ONCE), the list is endless.

So I heard him and Ted talking on the phone about my problems, and Ted was parroting similar complaints about his own girlfriend. I remember they were both saying their girlfriends were abusive. I was always just trying to be okay and he was always suspicious and grilling me about everything I did, he controlled everything I said to people and everything we talked about! He even took control of my communication with my own family, messaging them as me and then messaging them about me from his account to control how we interacted with each other.

Joey convinced me that my family would let me be homeless and die on the streets or something if I tried to go home, and he used what he knew about my issues with my family to make it seem to them like I was just repeating old mistakes from my CHILDHOOD. I remember crying when I heard them talking about how abusive their girlfriends were, and thinking "I bet he abuses his girlfriend, too."

It was obvious when he was at our house that he'd made up his mind about me, and he didn't think very highly of me. I remember separating from them and doing something on my computer while they talked in the other room. At sundown, Joey came into the bedroom where I was and asked me if I wanted to go to this Psytrance event with him. I said I was tired and wanted to stay home, and he got extremely upset at me. He was always upset that I didn't like to dance much. When we went to festivals and parties, he wanted to be together 24/7. That meant I had to stand at the edge of the dancefloor while he danced, feeling pressured. Needless to say, after hearing them talk shit about me for days, I did not want to go out into the city with them all night and awkwardly stand on the edge of some dancefloor, not talking to anyone in fear of Joey's paranoia being set off.

He spent about an hour trying to push me to go, and the longer he spent the more intense my emotions got. By the time he left, I was so frustrated I wanted to die just to get away from being awake and aware. I was already way past the end of my rope- I was at the point where I had been secretly trying to figure out how to leave him safely for fear that I may kill him and myself. I still can't believe I ever thought of that as a reality that may happen. But, I was incapable of really imagining a life in which he would let me go- and I still didn't know myself like I do now. I didn't know if the magic in my life would still exist without him.

After he left for that party, I smoked some weed and played with our new puppy, fed the cats, and ate some food. I was just falling asleep in bed when Joey came home at around 3-4am. He was really wound up, his pupils wide and jaw tight. He was talking a mile-a-minute, asking- or more like accusing me, of dosing him with LSD and recounting a delusional experience he had outside of the club. Having extensive knowledge of the inner workings of his insane mind, and from the few things Ted told me, I gathered that the following had happened:

Before leaving the house, they'd taken a tab of some LSD Joey had been saving, and on the way to the party, Ted had shared some of his speed with him. They had trouble finding the place, as they started tripping before they reached their destination, and directions can be incredibly confusing when you're on acid. They eventually found the place, after much confusion and anxiety. I think they went in for a while, and then decided to take a break and go outside.

When they were outside, they'd seen a girl passed out on the sidewalk outside the club. Joey got extremely worried when he saw this, thinking she could be dead as she wasn't moving or responding to him. He'd started to call the police when a group of girls walked up to the passed out lady, and apparently she suddenly got up "as if nothing was wrong".

Joey interpreted this as the CIA or some other shadow-agency doing tests on him to; 1, gauge his reaction, and 2, make him go insane. His reasoning for why they'd care enough to do this to him was: He's a brilliant mind that could make a big difference in the world, as he was hyper-intelligent and has a chance at changing life as we know it for the general population of America.

I'd often had his delusions drilled into my head by the repetitive pounding of his pushy rhetoric. When we first met, he'd introduced some really beautiful and liberating principals to my life, and that truth was the way I could trick myself into believing the other insane stuff he said. We were together 24/7 and our dynamic called for me to constantly try to please him and change myself. So though as he projected his psycho-babble at me, I knew he was in psychosis- I was also in psychosis and sometimes I found myself thinking, "maybe it isn't so crazy that someone would control the world that way, targeting people who can make a difference". I listened to him and tried to reason with his experiences, saying something like; "yeah, that is really strange.. I swear, the weirdest shit happens to you/around you, but it sounds like she was just passed out and her friends came and got her."

He stressed and debated this for hours, and then became aware that he was acting insane, so became paranoid that I'd dosed him with extra acid because I was mad at him. When I got fed up and frustrated with discussing this obviously not that big of a thing, I told him I didn't want to argue about it anymore. I wanted to go to bed. He wouldn't stop. Eventually I stopped responding to him and just tried to close my eyes and focus on the blackness and not his words. But they kept pounding into my thoughts. I wished I could forget English for a while.

Eventually he started listening to music and smoked a spliff to calm himself down, and I tried to go to bed. He turned his music up super loud, the psytrance beat rapidly pounded through the walls. It was so loud, he may as well have been playing it right in my ear. I tried to sleep anyway.

An hour or two went by and the sun was coming up. I got up and asked him to turn the music down. This started another round of him telling me what happened and what it meant and me trying to reason with him. He was starting to act really strangely, getting aggressive and then dreamy and hyper and childlike. He started making airplane noises and spread his arms out as he ran around the house, laughing all the while.

After another round of trying to ignore him, I came out and sat on the living room couch across from Ted, who was sprawled out on the other couch and obviously tired. I remember saying something like, "I'm so tired, I don't know how he has the energy to go on like this", and Joey suddenly came into the room and yelled "I need to poop!" and laughed as he went into the bathroom. "Oh my god," Ted said, in disbelief of this craziness as well. Joey came running out of the bathroom with his finger in the air, and there was a lump of shit on his finger. He laughed and ran around with it, saying "oh shit it's my poop!" and I was taken aback in horror! I'd NEVER seen ANYONE act THAT crazy. Ted and I both pleaded with him to go clean himself and stop waving it around near our faces.

After that, Joey disappeared into the bedroom and I put on a pot of coffee (I obviously wasn't going to be getting any sleep) and then went to the bathroom to make sure it was clean. Thankfully, the toilet just needed to be flushed. When I came back into the kitchen to get my coffee, there was a 10-strip (10 hits of LSD) floating in my coffee. Joey had just come back into the common space when I asked him if he'd done it. Somehow, that only proved to him more that I'd dosed him. We began to argue, and I told him "the person who was just flinging their own shit around maybe isn't the most reliable source of reality. You are out of your mind." and he was completely shocked. "I didn't do that," he said. "That's a really fucked up thing to lie about."

I turned to Ted, angry and exhausted. "Wasn't he just doing that?"

"I don't know," Ted responded.

Ugh! What the fuck? Why would he say that right now?

I continued to try and argue that it really did happen, and he got more and more upset with me. I began to feel paranoid myself. Maybe Ted had put that 10-strip in my coffee, thinking I wouldn't see it. Maybe he dosed us both and is trying to make me look bad on purpose.

Eventually Ted had to go, and Joey left to see him off. I was thankful for some time by myself.

I fed the animals, took the puppy out, and tried to go to sleep. I drifted off for a while.

I was awoken not much more than an hour later by loud psytrance again. I came out of the room to ask again for him to turn it down so I could sleep. He somehow got a blister pack of xanax's while he was out, and he gave me some. He'd taken quite a few.

I don't remember very much, but we started to argue again soon after that.

High on benzos, I began to break down and cry. So began a familiar meltdown.

While I was crying and yelling at him to leave me alone, he started recording me "to show me how I treat him". I sobbed, saying "I just want to die.". He called the police and told them I said I was going to kill myself. He'd done this many times before. When I saw they were coming, I panicked and swallowed a bunch more xanax. "I JUST WANT TO SLEEP!" I screamed.

The police didn't just take his side, though. I told them what had been going on and it was clear to everyone he was in psychosis. They asked me if I wanted to get him checked out by a doctor, I said yes. They inquired about the video, but they understood the stress I was under. They took him to crisis and assessment. I got a couple hours of sleep.

I awoke to him screaming at me in the early evening.

I was on so much xanax, it's all very spotty..

I know we fought all night, and I kept taking more xanax ad so did he.

He posted the video online and tagged my family and his close friends.

I remember getting a call back from an interview I went to, they wanted me to start the day after tomorrow.

He played all morning again, in between paranoid rants and arguments.

It went on long into the night. I saw the sun rise to the rapid beat of his panic soundtrack. How many days has it been?

By the time first day of my job came around, he still hadn't let me sleep. I cursed him for doing this to me, I was at my wits end.. This was absolute torture.

How the hell does any human being have this much turmoil in them that they can torture another person for this long?

I started to see my nana watching me from the corner of my kitchen. She was disapproving of my staying with him. Stacey was there too, worried for me that I may end my life like she did. I was finally broken, completely. All I wanted was to be with my loved ones and be at peace.

I told Joey I needed to see a psychiatrist. He'd just gotten a job that insured us, so for once I could go.

He got an uber to take me there and even bought me some food and had it delivered to the office while I ws waiting.

I told my psychiatrist everything.

She decided to put me in a hospital, which I was ok with at this point. I wanted to rest.

I took more xanax while I waited to be taken to the hospital.

When I finally got to the hospital, I was so very tired. I craved the comfort of what I knew to be 'home'. I told myself this was stupid and I was making a mistake. I slurred at the doctor that I wasn't crazy, my husband is crazy and is torturing me! I was too fucked up to have any real conversation, I forgot myself and just answered his questions honestly in between trying to back out of it all.

Next thing I remember, it's days later. I try to call Joey, he won't answer. Eventually, I get a letter with a candy bar in it.

He's leaving me and moving to LA. I have to find my own way. He's sorry. He loves me.

What?

I never left him no matter how badly he treated me, and now he's leaving me because I had a normal reaction for a bipolar 19 year old to being forced to stay up for days on end arguing with a delusional asshole?

Honestly, I was angry, but in denial. I thought he'd chane his mind.

A couple days later, I get a phone call and I think it's him.

It's his friend from high school who lives in LA. Chris.

He tells me Joey is staying with him and he's not well. He's trying to leave the country and hasn't slept in about 10 days, he thinks he is doing meth to stay up. He asks me if he has my permission to hide his passport and move his car so he can't leave in this state, I tell him yes.

The next day, Joey calls me saying his friend robbed him and stole his car. He got a hotel and called the cops on him, I can't remember what he said came of that, but he tells me that he left the hotel room for a second while he was on the phone and he had the cats in there. He claims someone came in and opened the door and opened the kennels, but I KNOW his manic ass left them both open and lost my cats. I am heartbroken. He also tells me he gave our dog away to someone. I tried to ask him who, so I could get him back from them. He wouldn't tell me. That's the last time I talked to him for months.

After 10 days, I was released from the hospital. I didn't know where to go, but the hospital gave me a taxi so I just went back to the house. When I got there, there was an eviction notice on the door and it was locked. I had to crawl in our bedroom window. The heat and electricity were off, thankfully there was still water. Someone had broken in and stolen all my things aside from a few clothing items. All my jewelry that belonged to my nana was gone. All my altar items, some from my poppy who had passed when I was little, were with Joey. I didn't even have a blanket or pillow for the bed. I slept on a t-shirt, huddling in the cold.

I had a phone, but Joey turned my service off. I went to a store to call my parents and they sent me some money to be able to eat through the week.

THINGS TO INCLUDE:

The rituals where he dosed me

The time he poured hot oil on my chest

The time he kicked me in the face so many times I lost consciousness for an entire day and woke up to a random man standing over me asking me if I was ok

The time he beat me to punish molly

Forcing me to have sex with people I didn't want to

Trying to sleep while he fucked other girls in the bed next to me as I cried

Isolating me from my parents and friends and making posts and talking to them as me to make me seem like the abusive one

The time he punched me in each of my chakras to energetically injure me

All the times he threw his blood on me

I can't keep this list going, will try later. Too much.