

5155 Cedarwood Rd #26  
Bonita, CA 91902  
United States

April 15th, 2020

To Whom It May Concern,

This letter is a Cry For Help. I am writing this heartfelt letter to express that I feel danger lurking around me. Life seems wicked since I wrote a resignation letter on August 23rd of last year, conveying my concerns and anxieties. The attempt was to inform the corporation of NIKE that I no longer could stand working at their chosen location. In this letter, I expressed, in detail, that I love my work but did not feel safe being so close to the U.S/ MEXICO border. Due to language blocks, it was the best job I could find while residing in El Centro. Since this action, I have been experiencing tremendous amounts of fear, which I now equate to meddle, tamper, or complete fabrication by something "larger". There has been so much evidence lurking around me that someone or something is upset about what I had done. So I am writing this letter to stamp my exact emotions during this COVID-19 pandemic.

My validities began last year, the month of August in El Centro, California. In that month, I had been working for Calexico's Nike Factory Store and things were going well. But after a series of store meetings and uncomfortable alerts, my intuition had led me to excuse myself from that environment. Before exiting, I did some brief research about this Gran Plaza Mall and glimpsed that they were quite young, only recently having been built in 2012-2013 during Obama's presidency. Despite the boost of digital consumers, it wasn't explained clearly to me or my coworkers why Nike abruptly decided to close down the 336 Store. Even after a corporate meeting, when agents flew in from the U.K and Los Angeles to help break down the news, I was left with more questions than answers. During this meeting, one of the coworkers asked if there was anything we could've done to prevent the shutdown, in which the elites replied: "There's nothing you guys could've done, you've done everything perfectly". That answer raised hairs on my body. It was hard to be entirely convinced that Nike had reached all of its goals in less than ten years when deciding to close down one of their most successful stores in Southern California. And worse, it was stated that there was absolutely nothing the employees could have done about it as if to say their plans had reached its desired state. I have never run a business but if my store was thriving in a unique area such as the Gran Plaza Mall I would need a lot of cons to cancel it out. Considering the Mall conveniently provides free transportation to those coming from Mexico. Speaking of cons, my only inquiry to the elites by the way, to which they replied: "the pros are our sales, customer service, conversions, but the cons are concerns of the consumer's shopping experience. I was told by an executive, whose name escapes me, that the location was too hot for consumers, which took away from their shopping experience. I remain unsure of the temperature differences in Calexico from 2012 to then. But still, It was very alarming to me that these executives who were sent to deliver us this reckoning news were seriously unprepared or incompetent when answering the passionate questions of all concerned

employees. The emphasis was mainly on keeping things quiet as they strategically unravel as opposed to informing us, thoroughly, why this successful store aimed to close down in January 2020. Unrelatedly, I have several screenshots of Nike's awkward communication attempts during that time. Such as the unresponsive-bot chain-messaging, the layering of email addresses, even dating back to the request sent to me for an interview, most of which aren't linked to any official company emails. For example, [human\\_resources@invalidemail.com](mailto:human_resources@invalidemail.com) confirmed to me that I indeed made the correct decision to exit. There are many more details that made me increasingly-suspicious and I thought I could be strong enough to ignore these seemingly-exuded scare tactics but today I am writing to say that I am in need of all your help and comfort. Please note all of this for any future references, if ever needed.

Today, I am in Bonita, California and there isn't a single person around me who understands what I am going through because they have not witnessed what I have witnessed. To say I feel alone is an understatement and it's only by the grace of God and the angels that I am able to laugh and enjoy life. Since I moved here to Bonita there has been a dramatic increase in the number of military residents and vehicles parked around the area and quite frankly it has left me entirely skeptical. Every time I leave the house, I notice strategic efforts from others to gain my attention, someway, somehow. Whether it's by their clothing or ambiguous behaviors, or even some way of communicating demise subliminally. It feels as if I have an entourage (positive and negative) that I am completely unaware of. It also occurred to me that there has even been recent changes in the administration of this Essex apartment. Coincidence or not, I do not feel safe here at all. Additionally, here I am enduring an outwardly racist neighbor who resembles a lot like a placement (much like several other tenants) as opposed to being someone with drug or mental health issues. I have a few videos of his antics, his try-to-bother. I realize that this random gentleman is yanking for negative reactions out of me and my family which I politely decline every time. He yells out "Hoorah" and several other military chants as he attempts to cut me with racial slurs. These chants are targeted at me as if I am some sort of Enemy of The State, it's very confusing. Meanwhile, his African-descended guardian nor the landlord can firmly keep him in check. We have filed too many complaints, yet he remains, like a radiated roach. These details have aided me to believe that there is definitely a scheme at play and none of these happenings are by coincidence. I am a very bright young man despite never completing college and might I add, my intelligence is greater than any Central Agency, pun intended. If you have ever met me, then you know my heart, you recognize the loving vibrations, I wouldn't spook you like this if it wasn't urgent. Please look into the Gran Plaza Mall during a time where the President of the United States is abdomen on building a wall. Please look into the shootings that occurred last year in Ohio, Texas, and California, etc. Please look into the sudden positional-descendings of Matt Parker via Nike and Kevin Plank at Under Armour that occurred in October, months after my resignation letter was sent out. I sincerely owe all a huge apology if I am butchering their reputation, but at this point, it's my sanity vs their appearance. For obvious reasons, I choose my sanity on behalf of justice and self-love.

In conclusion, every time I drove to work it felt like I was headed to some sort of wicked operation. Since quitting, I have been searching for a new job, as well as peace while dodging

the negative exuded energies. I have mentioned this to several members of my support crew but I have never went public with this, until now. Also, they, being unable to grasp the idea of my legitimate feelings, pet me to settle down like a dog. To everyone in the military, worldwide, may the Lord continue to bless you and your families. To everyone involved in government, the same goes for you. I wish us all unity, peace and God's love. This world, in my opinion, doesn't need anymore crooked politicians, or power-hungry egos distracting everyone with escapes as they slowly eradicate everything natural. Thank you for taking the time, it was not easy to share this with you. The best way to help is to look into what I have mentioned, carefully and to also send me some encouragement via prayer if you deem that I have lost my mind. Godspeed.

Yours truly,

Jacky Viel-Gluck Toussaint.