

During my captivity (2017-2019) I was not permitted to fish for food. I was forced to go (sneak) to the food bank to feed my Uncle for 10 months while I starved, losing 1/3 of my body weight and developing the seizures that are my 4th terminal medical condition.

My rapist regularly searched the house for food - stealing and destroying what she found.

This was done to me as a child as well - my grandfather taught me to smoke, salt and pickle food - so I could cache it in places the adults couldn't find it.

I had to use these skills again in 2017-2019.

In particular - From Nov 2018 to Feb 2019 - I ate lobster bait. Not figuratively. I boiled and then drank the bone broth from lobster bait so I wouldn't be so hungry as to take my Uncle (with Huntington's) food - which I got from the foodbank. I was told to starve or my Uncle would be killed - so I starved. I ate just enough lobster bait to not take his food.

For that 4 month period I drove to Shelburne every couple of weeks for fresh lobster bait for my Uncle who was a lobster fisherman. He was being beaten as often as 5 times a day - so sneaking me a little lobster bait was a huge risk for him. He pretended I was trapping with it. Which I also wasn't allowed to do. I pretended I was trapping with it. I ate it, for months.

In March 2020 I was taking Family A beaver trapping - for a couple weeks in March - not serious trapping - we didn't get any beavers. Just wanted to see how they'd handle being in the woods.

In March 2020 - the gov't announced the opening of trout season, normally April 1st, would be moved to May 1st.

I took Charley - the wife from Family A - trout fishing. May 1st was freezing - she lost the use of her fingers by 9:30 am and we walked out at 10 am. She swears she's never going trout fishing with me again.

I did warn her - my favorite fishing spots are absolute hell hole miseries to get to.

In 2019, after my release, my health was so poor I was unable to fish - I had difficulty standing and walking for any length of time. I certainly couldn't risk going into the woods alone. The best I could do was walk to the bridge in Liverpool and fillet fish for families and tourists.

They let me keep the small ones for myself. I filleted the large ones they or their kids caught - for them.

