

This isn't the whole story, just a summary. Before you call BS on any of this, I have documented evidence to back up ALL of it.

THE SCARLET F

I turned in over 20,000 used ink cartridges to OfficeMax retail stores, for \$3 credit each, from 2007-2011.

OfficeMax had machines onsite that would refill the ink cartridges. The cartridges I turned in, they refilled and resold as "OfficeMax brand". For example, instead of a new HP 57 cartridge costing \$65, you could buy an OfficeMax 57 cartridge costing \$50. Or for \$15 you could exchange your 57 without waiting, in both cases the cartridge came from me (plus about 5 minutes of employee time and pennies in ink).

I saw it as a win-win. I'd get cartridges for less than \$1, deliver them to the stores 10 or 20 at a time, and they'd make \$15 or more profit with each cartridge.

Imagine my surprise when I get a phone call from OfficeMax loss prevention with an extortion demand. Pay them for every dollar in credit I'd earned for the past three years, or they'd turn over their findings to the Albuquerque FBI.

My thought was, "huh?" I hired an attorney. His thought was, "huh?". Apparently loss prevention had decided that the cartridges were worth less than \$3 and despite years without any objection, this was my defrauding them, or at least that would be their story moving forward.

I didn't know this at the time, but the FBI was already working *for* OfficeMax, and was all set to go with a surprise search warrant on my home, signed off on by a federal magistrate. The lead FBI agent complained to the assistant US attorney he "couldn't believe [OfficeMax] contacted [me] without informing him in advance." They decided to put off the search by a week (presumably to give me time to pay the extortion demand).

OfficeMax's deadline came and went, and on the advice of my attorney, no payment. The one day I go out of town to try to procure a new source of Iodine for my startup, they execute a search warrant on the morning of June 28, 2011 more violently than you can imagine. My newlywed wife had multiple M4 assault rifles pointed at her head, was PULLED out of the house half-naked in front of God and all the neighbors by over 17 FBI agents (many didn't sign the sheet), strip searched, and pulled to the fenced-in backyard for an unrecorded interrogation. To those who say you should never talk to the police, try getting sexually assaulted by them at gunpoint and then keeping your mouth shut while hordes of them are ransacking your house and you're still half naked, surrounded by hordes more.

After all that, they dropped off a second search warrant. Oops, no judge's signature. The first warrant had expired and they'd forgotten to get this one signed. No problem, a third search warrant with the right date and signature wouldn't need to be served somewhere else, they'd just switch signature pages when I brought it up. My public defenders? Tipped off the prosecution, then wouldn't ask the agent on the stand if he switched pages. Public defenders presented little

evidence, called no witnesses, and sold me out to the jury and told them I did it, all in less than an hour, after 5 straight days of prosecution witnesses in a jury trial. To this day I have no idea what I was convicted of, neither did the jury, neither did the judge.

Appeal after appeal went nowhere. The assistant US attorney got away with whatever she wanted, making up the law as she went. The judges like her, they don't even know me.

At sentencing (I turned down a 15-year plea offer before trial) the judge wagged her finger at me and said if I had hurt people, she would have had no problem sentencing me to 20 years, then gave me a year and a day, 6 figures of restitution, and 6 figures of "cash-in-lieu-of-forfeiture" which is so illegal the DOJ has no mechanism to collect it. Less than a year later, a man who actually had bilked numerous old folks out of literally a million dollars, she sentenced to probation only, after numerous victims begged her to give him the maximum. The main difference I see is he'd stolen enough to pay a lawyer and I was too poor to pay for one, let alone two.

I knew from appeals (and beforehand) that the 10th circuit was corrupt, so I turned myself in in a different district where perhaps the judges weren't so corrupt, and I picked Burlington, Vermont, where I traveled with a two-ream-thick 2241 petition, and filed it after the marshals took me into custody. In the next 100 days I was taken to 7 different state, federal, and county facilities, including 8 weeks at the notorious MDC Brooklyn, where I lost 30 pounds, and flew con-air twice, before another 200 days in Florence, Colorado's satellite camp, where I worked as a slave in the warehouse and food service (they paid \$.18 an hour but seized about \$1 an hour from remittances I received). Slavery (for prisoners) is perfectly legal in this country.

I spent a nightmarish two months in a "halfway house" in Albuquerque even though I had a perfectly nice house to begin my return to society, being allowed to see my family only when the privately employed and largely untrained staff felt like approving it. Probation made me install malware on my laptop (at my expense). I lost job opportunities. I lost jobs. I lost friends.

My ankles still hurt every day from the leg shackles, fastened too tight and unsanitized from the last prisoner to wear them. There are a lot of stairs when you're getting transported.

I can't own a gun, I can't run for public office, I couldn't do much with a law degree, I can't even travel to a decent country because of this record, and everywhere it's as if I carry a scarlet F with me. Google is always happy to prioritize the loudest message, and the government carries a mighty big megaphone, funded with our limitless tax dollars, to shout me down.

I've always been an engineer at heart. I have dozens of projects I want to start for the benefit of humanity. I'll get to save numerous people's lives. I can decide to make my life about that noble pursuit or get stuck on the grown-up equivalent of getting my lunch money taken and getting stuffed in a locker by bullies.

As someone who's recently come across me, that's now a decision you get to make too.