

my background

In 2004 at the age of 21, I began a career in 911 EMS, Specifically, high volume 911 EMS.... I enlisted in the Texas Army National Guard as a 68W at the rank of E-3/PFC In March 2012 at the age of 29 as it was my intent to broaden my medical expertise, hoping to eventually bridge into civilian tactical medicine in north Texas community where I was already a well established Paramedic and Training Officer. due to a pre-existing injury sustained while serving as a Paramedic That I received in 2010 I enlisted under a medical waiver, With the military having full knowledge of my pre-existing injury. However, in September 2012 when I received a separate injury higher up in my spine from my original injury, The doctors at Sick Call At Sandhill told me "your old, your back was already messed up, And we're downsizing because a Democrats in the office, so You're going home son." and I was discharged six weeks later and told that Because I had not crossed the 120 days of consecutive service, I would not be classified as a veteran, And to enjoy my life....

The continuation of my story (For the record, I do believe that Social Security has a caseworker assigned to me however, I do not have their name or contact information, we'll get to that part in a minute)..... So you've heard about my military career albeit very brief, Please allow me to tell you about my life.....

Everybody's got a story about how bad childhood was, Especially if you grew up in the 70s, 80s, 90s, hell us GenX kids and Elder Millennials, the "latchkey kiddos" really did raise ourselves, But not a lot of people had a mom and dad like mine.... I'm gonna put this bluntly, Only because if I don't, People don't understand what I'm explaining, Please forgive me for any vulgarity....

My mom was a monster, and I mean an outright fucking monster. My dad left her when I was 11 months old and 1984 in the state of Texas a judge gave A father who happened to have an illustrious job as the manager of a strip club fronting for the damn MOB (true fact) Custody of an 11 month old child over the piece of trash meat, sack pretend human That is my egg donor of a mother..... Physical abuse, Mental and emotional abuse, And sexual abuse, My mommy was the mommy that did everything.... You didn't want to eat your dinner? She would force me you until you threw up and then, Force you to eat the vomit, While screaming at you how "Fucking worthless and pathetic your goddamn asses I should've fucking swallowed you that night instead of letting your piece of shit ass cub destroy my life", Some weekends when I was court ordered to go visit her for weekend visitation because it took him until I was 13 to have that removed, she would alternate between beating me with any number of items whether a belt, Frying pan, Foot-long custom-made hickory panel with 52 holes drilled into it, Or her wedding ring, Anything was a weapon to inflict pain... She got bored with that? Tie me up, and lock me in a central room of her house that had no windows Of any kind and would keep the light off, quite frankly that right, there is some of the scariest memories of my childhood being tied up and locked in that room alone over the weekend.....

And who doesn't wanna learn how to give oral before kindergarten, to their mom.... (That was sarcasm. Nobody wants to do that. I am a sexual disorder diagnosis as a result and I don't want to do that shit)

Unfortunately, Monday through Friday wasn't really that much better because dad simply was not home.... And I mean, I raised myself, my father was gone.... from when I was the age of six when until I was 12, He worked almost always at night, Would be gone by the time I got home from school each afternoon, And I would not see him before returning to school the next morning, Other than you say, he was passed out asleep while I was getting up and getting myself ready for first second third fourth fifth and sixth grade.... School ended in sixth grade.... to whoever reads this, If you were alive in the 90s like I was, Think about the safety and welfare of members of the LGBTQ community And the abhorrent violence that they endured, People like Brandon, who are murdered..... I was a 12 year old kid, That lived in small town, Granbury, Texas, He liked both boys and girls (The guy that lived behind The dumpster in the apartment complex that I lived in when I was little was the one that taught me I liked the boys also, later identified as Bisexual before the term "Pansexual" Came into existence which more appropriately described me 🙋), and, I was already at that at moooooore than sexually active....Oh.... and Tall, Fat, and an incredible awkward nerd..... The violence was real, A couple of kids ended up in the ER when I had my first dissociative episode on the playground in sixth grade, And that was the end of school for me.... My dad withdrew me, Filed some bullshit paperwork with Austin claiming that he was homeschooling me, which absolutely he most certainly was not, and conveniently dad had just begun a new job driving tour buses..... He would be gone anywhere from 24 hours to four weeks weeks.... Closest Adult supervision -I- had, Was my 90-year-old grandmother that lived next-door and was not terribly involved.... In fact, I think the only time she ever came over to check on me, was when I was sleeping with a high school senior at the age of 15..... naturally, you're wondering what what did you do about money or food right? I worked..... By the time I was 12 I was over 6 feet tall and rocking solid 250, By the time I was 13 on the exact same height and weight that I am currently in 2024 and I grew up knowing and learning how to drive.... So I delivered newspapers, Greensheets, Thrifty nickels, Anything that somebody would pay somebody else under the table for, because you can't legally hire a 12, 13 or 14-year-old child Do a damn thing even back in the 90s, which were kind of nuts and a very different time.....

Any education that gained between 1995 when I left public school and 2001 when I enrolled in community college Here in Fort Worth, Texas, Was 100% self taught self driven and self chosen.... The Internet had become a thing I had a computer I went and learned about what interested me..... So, theres my "sad childhood", like I said, Everybody's got something from their childhood that happens to be mine.... What is truly unique about me is my career choice.....

In 2004 as I mentioned, I began a career in EMS, Going from a volunteer to an EMT basic event eventually to a EMT Paramedic, holding multiple different teaching, and training roles wall operating as such, Even getting some commendations in the awards in the process for being a good

paramedic and a good training officer, And quite honestly, Other than the fact that I was working anywhere from 90-139 hours a week for either MedSTAR or American medical response here in North Texas every week, So I was basically the most absentee father on earth like most paramedics, life was absolutely great because I loved what I did, And I truly mean that I loved, And I mean, deeply loved being a paramedic.... Not a sense of entitlement, Nor even sense of authority....

I love it because somebody's worst day, I got to do what nobody ever did for me, BE THERE! That's it.... Naturally, going with that I happen to actually be pretty good at my job so my pay rate was fairly decent. I did not have a lot of patience that would die that I haven't tried some creative methods to try and prevent that from being the final outcome..... I was told earlier in my career that to be there in somebody's last moments, Was a deep honor that we should hold with respect and reverence because we are guiding them from this life, and into the next. that once I had finally called the time of death and pronounced them, They were no longer the patient that I needed to be concerning myself with now that focus would redirect to the loved ones that remained.... Because those family members? They were now your patient(s), A you give them the same level of regard and care and diligence and respect that you handled the recently departed with. I took that very deeply, and while I'm never once ever enjoyed having to tell a family or even an individual that their loved one was simply gone and there was nothing within my power it could be done, but I did it with pride, compassion, and empathy for the pain I knew they were in.....

Unfortunately, Even the greatest medical mind ever to walk, If they practice long enough, They will see enough people get hurt, mangled, or killed and see the worst that society can offer torture and abuse of their fellow man, that quite identical to how a military service member "snaps From some shit they saw while deployed"; guess what??? So do we.... and well, I will never talk down about my friends, brothers and sisters who wear our nations uniform proudly, I will say is we see the same shit and suffer the same conditions as a result. Think I'm wrong? Borderline personality disorder that I was diagnosed with as a result of my parents wonderful upbringing, My complex post traumatic stress disorder, The flashbacks and dissociative episodes that I have with it are so severe, That in August 2023 after 33 months of losing everything I had ever owned in my life, I was at long last determined to be 100% fully favorable for Disability due to physical and mental injuries as a result of my service as a Paramedic..... I fought that case, By myself.... Just me.... Because unfortunately, I had to fire my lawyer, DURING my judge advocate hearing, Because he did not know the first damn thing about any of the signs symptoms or methods of presentation for any of the medical problems that I had which was going to in his words "Cost me my case", So I interrupted him and politely asked the judge could have 20 minutes of time to talk to her, similar to my talking to you now, and I told her what was going on with me....

I don't want to walk out at this point.... I don't expect a lot of life at this point when you have the injuries both physical and mental that I have you either delude yourself into denial, Or you simply accept that nothing will ever be the same as it once was no matter how much you cry and beg....

because I live in the area where I practiced medicine the words "I can see a corpse on every street corner" is disgustingly true and after my daughter turns 18 and goes off to college plan to move far far far away from the state of Texas, so that I will never ever see any of those memories driving down the road ever again.... In the meantime, I simply want to be able to drive again.... To be able to come and go from my home on my own without having to ask permission or borrow somebody else's car because I have my own"....

I had planned to use my disability backpay that I had been awarded to use as a down payment for a car, quite possibly even buying a brand new car outright, but when I was finally found favorable for my case, I had worked up such a debt to many of my colleagues and friends simply by them making sure I did not starve and making sure that my required prescriptions were always filled that almost the entirety of my backpay vanished because I had to pay those people back. It was the right thing to do and they did right by me.....

So what is my story? Well, I affectionally call it "GrizzlyMedicine: The Story of How I Shocked You More than Once", But the truth is, It's a story of a kid nobody wanted and were quite open about stating, growing up and going into a career field, where we are literally referred to as "the redheaded stepkids no one wants" because comparably speaking to our counterparts in law-enforcement or in the fire service, What we know as a modern day emergency medical services has only actually existed since roughly 1965 or so when the DOT put out the white paper, We don't have the longevity history of those other career fields, We don't have the unions, The pensions, even the love of the masses, that ultimately, highly trained professionals, skilled in things like advanced medical practice, Real streaming electrocardiogram interpretation 12 lead interpretation, Advanced trauma management skills, MCI management capabilities, The people that show up when you dial 911 for your loved ones heart attack or stroke, Are actually only making anywhere from 850 an hour to maybe 20 \$21 tops an hour, No pensions, Almost never any retirement for any of us, And ultimately, When we get hurt and we have to medically retire in EMS, That is a very kind and generous way of simply saying "Quit your job start counting your days while for disability and enjoy watching your life go to absolute hell" Which is exactly what it did.....

Listen, if you're still reading this for I appreciate that alone and nothing else not a lot of people have patience to sit through what has amounted to being my life.... BUT, I spent my entire adult life prior to 2021 hearing how nobody could ever do the job that I chose to do that I had to be "some great and special person for being able to go out and run those calls day after day after day and not crack, only for when MY Time of need a rose, When my emergency happened and I'm begged for help, There was nobody there..... At all....

Veterans can get vehicles because they lost their overseas during combat operation. A cop can get injured on the line of duty and end up to the community of firefighter saves a kitten out of a tree and

has a luncheon for it..... I dedicated My life and everything in it, including my role as a father, my children, so that I would be there when somebody picked up the phone and called 911 for help, The most common phrase that I have heard from every charity, Nonprofit organization, And govt entity since having to stop working is "Sir, I'm very sorry my heart goes out to you. I understand how you feel but we just don't help people like you. We're here for (insert choice) Military/PD/Fire, and well, you're not actually any of those, So I'm sorry, but there's just absolutely nothing. We can do it all.... Have you considered going to your friends and family to ask for assistance?????"

and the answer to that question is yes..... I unfortunately have to swallow my pride time after time after time and go to anybody and everybody that I could simply do things like pay for my seizure medication because I have a seizure disorder due to true traumatic brain injuries, Or for my Cymbalta so that I can walk because the nerve damage is so extensive throughout my lower extremities and the damage to my back and spine is so severe that my neurosurgeon at JT network in Fort Worth Texas when we first met said "how did you get in your shirt? I don't see a wheelchair." And Upon informing him that I walked in with the assistance of my walking aid, he outright, right called me a damn liar and said it was impossible.... that I should be bed bound based on my history and imaging.... hi, sadly, informed him that nobody had ever let me know I was supposed to be bedbound and unfortunately I did not have anybody that would take care of me being bedbound so I was gonna have to continue injuring the excruciating agonizing pain that I live with 24/7 continue "walking"

So that it.... well, theres fillers, like the fact that I have two other children living in Southern California that I can't see because I can't afford to fly to see them, but unfortunately, haven't had a card for a couple of years to drive to see them either, But nobody cares about that stuff, The truth is nobody cares about me, Because nobody cares about the "Stupid Ambulance drivers".....

I had so many hopes for the car I wanted to get when I finally won my case..... even had preordered it.... A 2024 Subaru Outback Wilderness, And when I was not required to be local to dfw for a doctors appointment, Or immediately needed by my youngest daughter whos just now entering her teens, I would split my tying with my service animal, Loki, driving between San Diego, where my adult son and adult daughter live close to their mother, and where my youngest daughter lives, Get that desperately needed health change of scenery, And do I'd love to do more than practice medicine; Be outdoors, Travel, and meet people, hear their tales.... Its called "Overlanding"..... Man, I was so excited about it. I spent..... I spent almost every day that I was waiting and fighting for my disability approval, Hoping, Excited to finally be able to go out and just try to for the first time ever simply enjoy life.... I've never had that opportunity.... My life is a life of servitude:.... Getting that car, The ability to carcamp and overland with my service animal was what kept me alive quite honestly.... It was going to be Green.... I love green... Now? I'd take a 1974 Pinto held together by duct tape as long as it ran... and Since my dream with loki and seeing all of my kids is gone, well, now Loki is my reason for holding on.... I simply don't believe anyone else could take as good a care of him as I

do.....

But, pardon my language, I am so fucking tired of knowing that all my work, the culmination of everything I worked for and achieved in my entire life, ended with absolutely everyone saying "We dont care" "You dont matter" "Your sacrifices meant nothing"..... Fuck, it makes me sit here and cry just typing it, because that means, they were right when I was a kid.... I was a mistake.... shoildnt've been.... and I think I've done too much damn good for too many people in North Texas to spend to spend the remainder of my life, absolutely hating the life I worked my ass off for and regretting it all.....

And then there was Leighann..... The church secretary and Sunday school turned abuser and "overall better human being than my pathetic worthless ass, nobody fucking wants" (and that os a multitime used verbatim quote....

I used to say long ago that God brought to me, to clean my ass up, and The Devil himself knew LeighAnn needed to get a little bit of dirt that pretty white church dress of hers, and I was quite literally custom built by fate to do just such a thing.....

LeighAnn and I'm met in late 2008 and began dating in spring 2009, would later marry in late 2011, and we have one daughter together, with her also helping me raise my son from age 10 until he was 16, when he began manifesting symptoms of declining mental health, struggling very badly, culminating in an altercation between him and LeighAnn where she called him "pathetic", and later that night he attempted to commit suicide. As a Medic and his father, it should go without saying that I have been placed under a mental application for detention and he spent about a week or two at Trinity springs pavilion at JPS Health Network.

Now, if her instinctively proclaiming "you're an abomination of God" when I came out to her wasn't a sign "this bitch might be the badbad kind of nuts", her calling my boy, shoulda been and I will forever regret not handling an entire set of circumstances drastically differently.....

LeighAnn has said let her mother was very verbally emotionally and physically abusive while she was growing up her being the oldest of her three sisters and the oldest of her two stepsisters and stepbrother, with a stepmother that died a couple years prior to our meeting.

She has said the reason she is an extreme clean freak (which she is not, she is a clean freak when it suits her to use as an attack against being others), is that because her mother simply refused to clean throughout her childhood letting weeks and reportedly even months of garbage and dishes, pile up such a disgusting permanently fucked her up; and I do not dispute that one bit because what I know of her mother, yeah, she's a goddamn filthy slob, WORSE than the guy who didn't even have parents around to teach his ass how to clean, and pointedly when she wants to be, she's an outright fucking Cunt and hateful.... And my wife, inherited it.....

Oh, and so as to not leave any possible pertinent details out while yes I was nothing short of tortured as a child because whoever beats their kids so many times and drives to murder a few times by strangulation, shaves their fucking hair off while the child is asleep, ties them up and confines them to rooms, should I say that's a fair use of verbiage on my part, I must reiterate, I do not deny or invalidate her claim a shit childhood, nor do I invalidate any claim of sexual assault by a person she knew at about 16-18 years of age, which is why I quit listening to "The Eagles" entirely and in totality, because apparently hotel California was playing at the time of her reported sexual assault.

BUT, what I very much will say, is up until a few months ago, when she found out she could use sex as a weapon and form of punishment against me, lil girl was a cock hungry bitch that loved her beard rides, though not the town bicycle in any form or fashion.... Shes had 3 sexual partners to my knowledge, the first Beley guy who raped her to hotel California, myself, and just prior to our meeting, a coworker in the ER she worked as a registration girl (her job is to push a computer called a Cow into patients rooms, do the paperwork shit, attempt to collect money, and duece the fuck out of that room and on to the next one) that she would sneak off into unpopulated portions of the ER and get her prescription of dick.... which I don't fault her for all, hell there have been plenty of times since we've been married that I have told her go out and get some dick, I am polyamorous and pansexual and have been sexually active and reportedly since I was about four years old, who the hell am I gonna be a slight somebody else for wanting to get their freak on? That would be hypocritical... to the best of my knowledge since 2009 it's only been me, and very flattering that I am apparently "the greatest fuck in the universe", well... there's a reason that there are usually problems in any relationship where one person is polyamorous and the other monogamous because those two mindset are so diametrically oppose it is simply going to breed resentment and conflict one way or another. I was just for point of reference. LeighAnn stopped working in the emergency department doing registration in 2013 or 2014 (I forget which), she transferred across the street to the Children's Hospital in main registration so to clarify this girl has zero and I mean zero medical training of any kind beyond she was there when her stepmom got retarded sick with 1 million different fucked up things, so anikdotely it totally she would learn a lot, and she was a non-clinical ancillary staff member as a registration girl in an emergency room in a large city, so yes she has seen people die, yes, she has seen victims of all kinds of trauma come in and out of the ER, but she was never in any shape, form, fashion or way clinically responsible for a goddamn single human being ever.

In fact when I would later in our relationship, complement her on her natural intuition and encourage her to pursue a career in clinical medicine, she would refuse not because she didn't wanna do it, but because in her words to go to nursing school, she would have to take stupid fucking pointless classes like statistics and art history and "I don't need that shit to be a fucking nurse so I'm not gonna play their goddamn money games", which of my reply has always been "you actually use a lot

more of that shit than you realize although made me not art history, but it's called paying your dues and earning your stripes. We've all done it every single one of us all of us top bottom you're not special you have to do the same shit. (Which is a hell of a wine for me to pop off to somebody considering I did not attend or graduate from high school prior to getting in college and going to paramedic school and graduating... but those were different times and I actually am a fairly unique individual, if you could not already tell.

Now, obviously, my life has flat fucking sucked..... I didn't ask for a damn bit of the torture, humiliation, discrimination of any other bit of the shit I experienced growing up.....But I absolutely in no way at all claim to be some innocent fucking victim that has committed zero wrongs in my life.... Cause that would be an outright lie..... cousin in someways I'm downright piece of shit. I will openly admit I have had a substance use (NOT ABUSE) component to my life since I was eight years old, which is when I began self medicating with sleeping pills so that I would sleep when I had to be at my mothers house on the weekends as a child, and my proclivity for tweaking my mindset very carefully and calculatedly was one of the diagnostic criteria used in not only my diagnosis and borderline personality disorder, but contrary to the standard was part of what caused me to be found fully favorable for my disability claim to my lawyers, shop and disappointment because he was really counting on rubbing in my face because I did coke off of a stripper one night and it showed up on a drug test that I had done it a psych appointment a couple days later I was automatically gonna be denied disability; and that stupid, dumb, arrogant, prejudiced, fuck was proven wrong when the judge told him to shut up and let me talk.

So here's the deal that brings us to today..... I will admit outright and upfront that I'm not a great person, but I am not a bad person either, though it is very easily within me to give into my nature and become one quite happily, I make a conscious decision to not be like my mother and her father/ my grandfather.

Now I'll admit, I did not tell her in the beginning of our relationship, and I was in the process of leaving my ex-wife, and despite my sexuality being no real secret to anybody, somehow she did not find out until about a year or a year and a half in our relationship when we were already living together and pending a baby... I would populate the argument that it was probably a subconscious instinctual survival mechanism not to tell the freak about being queer, but she doesn't like that answer; although her memory of the 1990s is considerably different from mine given those facts.

I would find out only a few months ago that she "doesn't believe people who are LGBTQ are actually telling the truth about being born that way, but that its a universally spoken lie and they CHOOSE to be that way", to which I would reply, "I hope that none of your friends, or especially your HR department ever hear that, because newsflash my love, you cannot say that in the year 2024, that is not ok. And it's not fucking true either, just so we're clear."

I mentioned that I was in the army briefly and from late 2012 until about four years ago, maybe five, I had a pretty real drinking problem, which I was later realize was my way of attempting to shut out my childhood and the difficulties of my profession, although when I have tried to explain that to her, she has never been very receptive and states "I don't care about your fucking excuses or attempts to justify your bad behavior and destructive willing decisions", and as a result of all of the physical injuries, I have sustained throughout the course of my career, I did as any and Every other paramedic does when they hurt severely, which is, listen to their fucking boss when they tell them "you're not calling him for your shift because you're injured you're going to take the fucking pills. The doctor gave you and you're gonna get your ass here before zero 700 or I'm gonna report your ass to the fucking state for shift abandonment and have your patch pulled." (FYI you can verify, Tx DSHS EMS/Trauma Systems doesn't back have provisions and policies/law regarding such matters, and they are held over our head very much, which is why we do so much volunforced overtime at the ordering of our superiors)

I know already admit I was taking enough oxycodone and OxyContin simultaneously that it would've killed a fucking rhinoceros, I'm lucky I didn't kill any patients and I don't remember a couple of years of my life very well. I have not touched a single prescription analgesic of any kind since two September or 2017. Now bear in mind, my pill usage was above board with my doctors. Fully endorsed prescribed legally because my injuries are that extensive, after all, SSDI wasn't awarded "just cause I'm chocohoo, it was for my back, hips, legs, knees, and hands... Cause they be fucked.

I hurt... I hurt always. Every moment of every day of my life fhurther back then I can remember now, but my original injury was in 2010, I don't know what it's like to not be in physical agony. Walking, sitting, fuck, laying down..... there is absolutely no former crash in any such thing as a position of comfort for me nor will there ever be. That is the price I pay for not having a fusion and full cage put in my back back in 2016 when they said "hey if you don't fix this shit, you're gonna end up paralyzed." Who which my loving caring wife would say "we're not waiting for you if you do the surgery we won't be here. You will be on your own. Financially, we cannot afford for you to take six months off because you hurt and like to do drugs suck the fuck up or pay the price"

Now I cannot possibly proceed without making mention of the EMS call that changed everything forever. Fall 2018, I was the primary paramedic that responded to a GSW on a 15 year old young lady to the face with a 12 gauge shotgun filled with buckshot. Apparently her dumb fuck boyfriend never heard don't put your booger hook on the bang switch. It'll go boom and he killed his fucking girlfriend.; and then proceeded to run for three or four days.

Calls like that only two people go in the room, and if possible those two are the only ones entering residence until ME comes to collect the body. The highest drinking representative of the law-enforcement community on scene, and the highest ranking medical Authority in charge on-scene, or put simply, an Everman Cop, and my ass, who was the Primary Paramedic in-charge of our box that

day, with a trainee in the truck as well... and I've never gotten that image out of my head, I do not think I ever will, but what happened after I pronounced that child dead was 44 worse and would end up fucking me up permanently, but also my EMT Partner (who was 20+ years experienced) and our trainee who was also like both of us, "a twenty year man", that just happened to be going through their orientation process with disorganization, we would all leave healthcare within the following, 2.5-3 years, and this is why...

Part of the way paramedic or of sure a nurse or a doctor in their case process is through a traumatic call is by the routine of it, if that makes sense? What I'm saying is that death notification is paramount. There is such a level of finality communicated in the bluntness of the words we are compelled by industry to use in the death notification that it's almost cathartic in as way,. " I am very terribly sorry and regret to have to be the person to inform you that that *insert corpses name&* is deceased, they are dead, and sadly there is nothing that I can do alter or reverse that5. I am so very very sorry for the loss you and your family have endured today"

That did not happen this time ... see the chief of EMS happens to also be the chief of police and he'll tell you "I'm a cop first and always" and his dumb ass proved it in spades that day...

I had just begun speaking with the father , who's nine-year-old daughter witnessed this tragic monstrosity of a situations when my fucking she walked up and said hey I'll finish this shit up. You got another call to get to Crowley is holding. (Crowley is a city that the city I work for mutual aided with because they were small systems, so on occasion we would respond to calls in other jurisdictions municipalities, but I've never walked off of a scene where I was telling s family that fucking]

Add to CliffsNotes this part of the tale, Craig and I argued going back-and-forth for a minute or two because I refused to abandon the scene, when he pulled the ultimate dick move, I said get off of the scene and go run the holding call Crowley or you're fired. None of us ever recovered fully.....

All right, rest of this is pretty quick, I got fired from my role at American Medical Response because I refused to take a drug test. They had known for a while that I was vaping cannabis to deal with the flashbacks I had begun having a previous calls, but I accidentally took a smidge bit too much cold medicine that morning for my allergies which were outta fucking control, and I was a lil bit loopish... I get why they pulled me to the office, I get why they had to pull the drug test card, and I told my manager and my supervisor the gods honest truth, and there were no hard feelings between us, it is what it is shit happens and what goes on; Unless you're LeighAnn.....

She lost her fucking shit over that and about a day or two later when I return home from taking our kid to school, she accused me of smoking weed while I was driving our child to school, which I immediately denied emphatically. Call my butt Nolan that I probably smell like weed , because I

smoke in my car all the time so naturally, my car smelled like weed...

She would go on to get so enraged and convinced I was lying to her about it, we ended up in a legitimate physical altercation, and for the only second time in my life, and first time since I was 12, I fully dissociated, blacked out momentarily and when I "was back in reality" I was drawing my left arm back in from having apparently just deliver a quick forward jab. And I was ashamed... and disgusted, with myself... Because thats not who I am... At all... That's my mother...

Why did that day? I have been beaten up by her brother-in-law. (An at the time cokehead former meth dealer and royal cocksmith dickhead with a massive superiority complex turned Baptist Pastor saving all the sinners from Hell, still a massive dickhead though) in my own home no less, and kicked out of my home... what I chose to do in that time was go to a psychiatric facility and beg for inpatient admission . After about a two hour discussion with several staff members at Mesa Springs in Fort Worth, Texas, they determined not an appropriate candidate inpatient treatment. They said I was in no way a risk to myself or anybody else and that it actually sounded like I was quite composed and self-aware and going through some really hard shit, they enrolled me in the partial hospitalization program where I would go a couple hours each afternoon and I did that for about, two weeks or so until my stepfather was diagnosed with brain cancer, and I had to drive straight to New York to say my goodbyes because he would be dead within six months of that phone call, followed in less than six months after that with the death of his father/my grandfather. Mesa Springs is where I was diagnosed with borderline.

Now there was a point and time where LeighAnn would say things like I want you to get better and come back to me and to our daughter, what will you would remain fully separate and living in different residences for give or take about 18 to 24 months Maybe a little less...

Then th3 peeping Tom landlord happened to her, and more importantly to my daughter. I got a phone call one day telling me that me landlord that had been harassing my ex was seen walking in my child's window. (Which an eviction court judge in Tarrant County would later go to tell him is lucky he didn't get fucking killed for because most daddy would've put a point right between his fucking eyelids, but I do not drive on violence so I spent about two weeks at the place with the ex and my daughter, and my service animal basically keeping them safe.

Unfortunately, when I would return to my apartment, it happened to be on the same day. They were throwing all my possessions and property into a construction dumpster and addicting me for residence abandonment, as I had not been there in a couple of weeks and due to being on the waitlist for disability, which I would remain on until August 2023, my rent at that point was being paid for by a government charity, which was up for renewal align with my lease, which was also up for renewal and the apartment complex thought they'd save themselves a little "charity pain in the ass" and just get rid of me, which would've been fine if they hadn't thrown all of my shit out... so I

went back to the ex's, and I have kind of been here ever since... in fact when she got evicted from her apartment by peeping landlord, I was the one that secured our current residence because she refused to give an apartment complex her manager's phone number from work apartment complex said we're not gonna fucking rent to you, which left me with about 36 hours to get a home for her and our daughter secured, which I not only did, but thanks to being on the Texas compassionate use registry. I was able to get the landlord to put in writing in the lease that I was allowed to have marijuana products on premises and consume them.

So here's the deal this is what it comes down to ... this bitch is mean, and I mean, mean. It's like my mother gave her her old playbook of abuse and dear LeighAnn updated it for the new millennium. Now most people would say hey get the fuck out go somewhere else live your own fucking life and that one time that was a goddamn plan as evidenced by the beginning of this of this fucking noble however that is not really financially feasible at this point because rent is anywhere from minimum \$1500 a month off for a one bedroom in the Fort Worth Texas area, especially the west side where my daughter lives, you have all of your associated utilities, and of course, food, food for my service animal, Loki, all of which I'm supposed to be able to afford on 2156 a month SSDI, which is basically fucking impossible, and definitely impossible for me to ever actually get medical treatment for my conditions and hope to have a substantial quality of life improvement.

I very clearly and directly asked LeighAnn multiple times it was possible because I still had the bulk of mine experiment from initially being declared disabled if she wanted to stay or move out, and her words were "boring anything major and unforeseen happening. I have no reason to kick you out.", which resulted in me investing in and upgrading a lot of the check in the residence to better meet my needs now that I can pay for it because a lot of my care is done via the Internet.

Unfortunately, on the days that she is in a bad mood, she didn't mean what she had said. Here is the status quo as it stands she will come and go as she pleases when she pleases and I'm not allowed near her family or her friends which this girl's family is freaky kind of close so my daughter literally spends every single weekend at her cousins house, have dinner over there during the week, shopping together, nails together all kinds of shit LeighAnn and her sisters were extremely close and as a result, Abby and her cousins are extremely close and Dad being a piece of shit, no good drug addict, abusive woman beating motherfucker, that cheats on his wife and doesn't fear god or love the baby Jesus, is quite literally "a bad person and not welcome" so I spend the exorbitant amount of my life isolated in alone at our house while they run around with her sisters and go on a weeklong vacation every year, actually a couple but we have one of those coming up in two weeks where I'll be left home by myself, and under very clear and explicit orders, not to interrupt their vacation with phone calls.

In 2024 present date, the woman who actually showed me the evidence of my being borderline now planes, and I am an outright liar and malingerer druggie that tanked my career on purpose to be a

lazy worthless mooching fuck... what's worse is she puts this argument on a foundation of her medical expertise and opinion, whereas my child has been told that dad (who in fact does still currently hold my paramedic credentials in good standing) is a dumb uneducated piece of shit that doesn't know anything doesn't know anything about medicine is not nearly as intelligent and don't ever listen to dad. Dad lies about everything.

I hate to say that it's a very obvious clearcut case of spousal abuse because that means I admit that I'm being abused by my wife, but I'm not allowed to speak a different opinion or concerns on my own; my needs do not matter if they do not align with LeighAnn decision as to what my needs are, so much so that I will be begging her to stop screaming that she hates me at the top of her, and then I am worthless and pathetic because I can't take it and I'm shaking and crying I'll say something to the effect of "stop being abusive and threatening me", which I will probably receive the reply "Oh, I haven't abused or threatened you yet. But keep it up. Fuckin say it again, I'll show you motherfucking abuse".

And the vicious cycle goes on and on ever perpetuating. So why not do the smart thing and get the fuck out? Because she abuses my daughter too, and my daughter doesn't realize it. I've discovered that LeighAnn is comfortable with degrading and humiliating and abusing anybody that she views as lesser or inferior to herself, and obviously her 13 year-old daughter has to be "inferior to her" because "LeighAnn's an adult, and Abby's just a dumb kid", doing things like calling her stupid bat and lazy and pathetic, and when I attempted to stand up for my child, my poor kid starts defending her mom saying that she deserves to be talked to that way...

The long and short of it is if I move out, I'll never see my kid again because LeighAnn does not want me to be a part of her life if I'm not under LeighAnn's thumb and rule. She's outright said this to me several times in anger, though she denies it when she calms down.

There was a point where she would calm down and make claimed promises to try and do better but those have halted and now it's just when she's in a bad mood I'm gonna get my dick kicked in and told how fucking worthless I am and how much everybody fucking hates me and that's why nobody's around and that's why everybody abandoned me , except nobody abandoned me, I don't have any fucking family. I've had a couple of family members die in the past couple of years, I've had my father have to have an amputation and quit going out and about, I lost my career that occupied the majority of my life, and my friends don't live on the west side of Fort Worth because the west side of Fort Worth is where all the fucking drug addicts live, so of course I don't have any fucking friends nearby and since I don't have a car my own and LeighAnn does not feel my friends hold any value therefore I don't need to use her car to go see them, again I spend the bulk of my time completely isolated and alone...

And that right there just about brings us up to speed to today.....