

The eventual damage to my reputation, character and credibility that I suffered for being painted as a person with psychosis, still weighs heavily against me and my ability to testify in matters concerning crimes against humanity. This is one of the most severe and hurtful consequences of being discredited as a whistleblower and having my good character sullied by wretched designs of Canadian state-sponsored agents.

Worst of all, these kinds of bad actors have repeatedly escaped justice systems and evaded prosecution, for decades, because they have continued to be employed for conducting overt and covert acts of subversion, violence, and character assassination of ``loudmouthed, dramatic dissidents,`` while receiving protection and compensation from provincial and federal echelons of authority figures who ought to prosecute them in earnest, instead of protecting and incubating them.

11.2. Severe invasions of my privacy and personal data by members of CMHA

During spring 2020, Scott Grant interviewed me a number of times over the phone on a weekly or bi-weekly basis via scheduled appointments. However, towards April 2020 his questions became increasingly invasive and absurd.

On one particular day Scott abruptly telephoned me to ask if I often wore scarves, and if any particular scarf's colors had any special significance or meaning for me. I told him that I did not have any affinity for scarves and if I ever did wear one it would have been due to the weather. I told him that I owned no such scarf with any type of patterns or colors that held any special significance or meaning for me. He then immediately hung up. This was an entirely absurd question and I still cannot fathom how it could have had any relevance to my mental health or well being.

A few days later he phoned me, and this time he wanted to know if I had telepathic abilities or other superpowers. I told him that I did not have any superpowers and if I possibly had telepathic communication skills we wouldn't need to talk on the phone. To this he said, "fair enough, but people with psychosis usually claim to have powers like telepathy." From this conversation I gathered that Scott had already decided on labeling me as a person with psychosis but without any fitting evidence, so he was just fishing for an excuse to use anything I could say as a symptom of me suffering from delusions or psychopathology.

Then, on another instance in April, 2020 he phoned me suddenly, right after I had posted a message on Twitter.

During the phone call, Scott asked me if I was planning to go on a driving spree or was enraged and wanted to do something with a car out of rage. I was at home during this call, and I told him that I did not own a car nor was I planning to drive anywhere during that day or even during that entire year. So then he hung up.

However, his strange enquiry made me curious about his sudden call and line of questioning because the tweet I had posted just before his phone call, mentioned how a poster of a character called "RACER X" from the cartoon *Speed Racer*, could be misread as "RAGER X."

The particular tweet can be found at this web-address —

<https://twitter.com/psyedOut/status/1253427949547601920>



Figure XD - My Twitter Account was suspended for a while and it may be blocked again by CSIS and American cyberwarfare units. Here is a screenshot of the particular tweeted image.

Of course, I had not sent that tweet to Scott Grant. And why would he have alerts set up for what I posted on Twitter without being an actual follower of my social media account?

Those unwanted and pointless phone calls repeatedly disrupted my work and daily life during those months. However, Scott managed to gain my confidence by endearing up to me as a sympathetic ear. He then took undue advantage of my confidence by manipulating me into including him in the CC list of the personal and private emails to my friends and family via suggestions to do so. He even replied to an email as a CC, which also went out to my other contacts who were addressed on the email. This was a severe and deliberate abuse of my confidence and invasion of my rights to privacy. It was not a simplistic "miscommunication or accident" on part of Scott and his training that can be excused or overlooked.

For these and many more ensuing reasons, Scott Grant's supervisors and trainers in the CMHA, and additionally the College of Social Work in Ontario as well as the accreditation boards that certify the CMHA are to be held accountable for such blatant violations.

I can estimate that in this particular instance, and in all other matters related to the lack of accountability of public service officers, the responsible organizations and their lead figures can downplay such violations as "exaggerations, or embellishments" to shift attention away from their knowledge and admission of guilt concerning such violations that can be traced through formal enquiry and hard evidences.

An investigation into this matter would plainly reveal edited notes filed by agents like Scott Grant and Dr. Douglas after they had willfully inflicted harm to my character, dignity, honor, personal property, and basic human rights to privacy and security. The pitiful, after the fact, "apologetic notes" introduced by them into their case management logbooks or database of activities, does not lessen the harm already generated by their culpable actions. Nor should those meager apology notes allow them to escape censure and rebuke for the violations and offenses they have committed against me, and quite possibly, against many more individuals like myself during the years of their employment with public service agencies.

Scott's forced intrusions into my private life and personal communications with others, that his employers might term as "investigative," did not respect the professional and social boundaries that he was supposed to maintain as a state-sponsored social worker who was neither my family member nor a friend. It is also obvious that Scott wouldn't have had the gall to interfere in my personal life in the manner that he did, if he truly believed that I was the kind of threat he was framing me to look like.

Is it conceivable that Scott could have dared to come up with such a *frame-up* all by himself without his superiors creating an environment and culture within CMHA for him to do so?

Following those exploitative behaviors, by the first week of May in 2020, Scott was calling me too often on the phone without scheduled appointments so I started ignoring his calls because they were intrusive and disruptive. On one particular day in the second or third week of May, Scott called me nine times within an hour like some kind of a stalker, but I had left my cell phone at home while on an errand. On that day he left a voice message on my phone asking me to meet him at the CMHA office in Kitchener because he wanted to discuss something.

When I went to the CMHA Kitchener office in the third week of May, I was asked to wait outside because of new Covid-19 related rules. While I waited, Scott took too long to receive me, more than

twenty minutes, so I told the receptionist using the intercom that I would visit again the next day because I was late to another appointment.

On the next day when I went to the CMHA office the same thing happened again, and after waiting for fifteen minutes or so at the door, I left. It wasn't apparent to me why Scott was so eager to meet with me in-person during a Covid lockdown period because he never explained the purpose of wanting to do so.

However, it had become clearly evident to me by then that Canadian state-sponsored bad actors were deliberately interfering with my family and personal life. And it appeared to me that Scott was also one such disruptive bad actor who was interfering with my daily routines, as well as my creative and professional endeavors by diverting my time, attention, resources, and energies. It eventually turned out that Scott Grant was a much worse bad actor with prejudiced ill will, and was an obedient underling of his supervisors who directed him to conduct nefarious activities against community members like myself.

11.3. Illegitimate police arrest, wrongful detention and medical malpractices

On the afternoon of 13th May, 2020 I noticed a graffiti on a wall outside my apartment which had a symbol I had used as a meta-tag signature in a few online posts, along with the message:

"[tag-sign] to be arrested as charged"

The graffiti was black text on a cyan background. So I speculated that someone had found out my tag-sign, that I could be attracted to cyan or turquoise color, and they were also aware of my daily walking routine to know where to place the graffiti on the wall.

As a side note:

Some cultures have a linguistic affinity to distinguish shades of a color and have nuanced words to describe them in daily use. Other cultures have a simplified linguistic set to merge broader shades and tones of colors.

The ones from Central Asia and the Mediterranean region typically do have a variety of meanings, and metaphors ascribed to shades of blue such as azure, cyan, teal, turquoise, lilac, purple, indigo, and violet.

So I can now guess that the person(s) who warned me about a warrant issued for my arrest were: technological savvy enough to find my digital tag that was interwoven in various artwork I had posted online; had insider knowledge sufficiently advanced enough in time about what the WRPS, social services, and justice system were coordinating against me; and knew intimate details about my daily routine as well as visual acuity.

Who they were is unknown to me. They could have been either indigenous, aboriginal or First Nations activists who were keeping tabs on WRPS and CMHA to protect themselves from the kinds of treacherous ordeals they have had to historically face for centuries. They might have wanted to help me because I had posted my artwork online on social media that protested against genocides, colonialism, and slavery in Canada.

This is an educated guess I've based on topics I learned at local art exhibitions, including the observation that native people in Canada also ascribe various meanings to colors of aurora borealis — fluorescent light blue, cyan, magenta, *truest of true* lilac, and turquoise.

Also, a number of cyberpunk and cyber-eclectic youths in Kitchener-Waterloo make use of graffiti and other street art as an artistic expression. So it could have been one of them, with the fact that the color of the message was in black on cyan being a mere coincidence.

Or it could have even been someone from the WRPS itself.

Or perhaps somebody locally based within Kitchener, from the British SAS forces or the Canadian secret services like CSIS with some experience working in the Central Indus-valley-region of Asia, who wanted to warn me in advance about what a group in WRPS and CMHA were trying to pull off.

Why would they want to help or warn me in such a peculiar manner? I wouldn't know or even be able to guess a precise answer to that question. Kitchener is a small city and it gets smaller the longer you live in it. People who have witnessed the sordid underbelly of such cities tend to globally unite in solidarity, by gravitating towards, and in support of each other, in order to ward off antagonists. And to reclaim that which is rightfully owed to us.

As such, it can be noted that not all secretive groups or individuals with mysterious methods of communication are bad actors.

Only some groups and individuals with mandated authority tend to abuse the statutory powers conditionally given to them by a *democratic public*, and not invested upon them in perpetuity by some mortal king or queen or a royal highness.

So on the morning of 14th May, 2020 I went to the gym in usual sports attire as per my routine, and returned home in the afternoon even though I had been warned by someone that I was going to be arrested. Where was I going to run if the police were already after me with some kind of a warrant?

I then made a go-bag ready for myself and was waiting at home to get arrested by the police even though I didn't know the charges that could have been levied against me. Eventually I got bored while waiting for the police and thought the graffiti message was misinterpreted by me. I ate dinner

and was about to go to bed after watching a movie on my projector. But then I heard loud knocks on my door.

So, according to my estimate, the WRPS were five to six hours late in arresting me on that day. They showed up around 9:30 pm or 10 in the night, I was expecting them at 4.

Officers Negrazis and Finch came to my apartment to apprehend me on the night of 14th May, 2020. Though they weren't brash or violent, they did not read me my rights nor did they explain to me why I was being arrested. All they said was that "a form one" had been issued as signed by a Justice of The Peace and I was to be taken under custody. I didn't know what a *form one* was but, they did assert that if I did not comply immediately they would have to use force. So I did not resist arrest because I did not want to be turned into yet another George Floyd. I was handcuffed behind my back and taken into custody in their vehicle. But, after being apprehended I was surprised when I was taken to the GRHC emergency service instead of the police station.

In the Emergency Room (ER) triage, while in my shorts with my wrists still handcuffed behind my back, I waited for an hour or more without anyone explaining to me why I was taken to the ER in GRHC. After staying an hour or so within the ER, my handcuffs were removed and a female nurse came to ask me questions about my general health and my background. Then I was taken to a more private area of the ER where a male nurse (or doctor or social worker), who spoke English very poorly, asked me a series of loaded questions but, no matter what I said, he either kept misunderstanding me or kept deliberately twisting my words.

Most of the questions he asked already had an answer embedded within them. The questions were mostly like, "so you threatened to kill yourself and your wife, didn't you?" This man was either a nurse, a doctor, or a social worker in the ER triage. His notes weren't made available in the medical records released to me. He was wearing a full set of personal protective equipment, his face was covered with a face shield and a mask which obscured his face. I can only hope that there is still a set of audio-video recordings of all these events from the moment I stepped into GRHC that can be obtained somehow to uncover the deeds of persons such as this particularly obscure man.

When that man left, a doctor came into the room who wasn't wearing heavy protective gear. I've come to find out from the medical records released to me by GRHC that this person was named Dr. David Leveck who interviewed me around 2200 hrs that night. This person spoke English more clearly. He asked me if I understood that I was brought into the ER because a *Form 2* was applied for by a social worker — Scott Grant.

So I asked the doctor what a "Form 2" was because I did not know what it was. He told me that it meant I was considered to be a danger to myself or others, and that I could be legally held under observation for 72 hours. To which I explained that I did not feel suicidal nor was I being a danger to

myself or others, and that I did not need to be held under custody, because I did not have any intentions of harming anyone in any way.

The doctor then said that he felt it would be "a disservice" to me if he did not keep me under observation for the remainder of the night. This made me believe that I could be let out of custody in the morning to return home. So I complied and the doctor went away.

I was then taken into a hall by a hospital staff that felt like a series of jail cells arranged in a U-shaped corridor, with other hospital wardens sitting behind glass panels in the middle of the hall. There I was put in a cell that had a bed and a surveillance camera. A staff member then coaxed me into taking medications saying that they were my usual night time medicines. But the names, contents, and purpose of those pills were not explained to me.

Eventually in July-August, 2020 I came to learn from my medical records that on 15th May, 2020 the particular cocktail of drugs sneakily given to me contained highly injurious doses of haloperidol (Haldol) and olanzapine (Zyprexa). These were especially harmful to me due to their adverse drug-gene interaction which is explained via *Exhibit - D* in *Appendix I*.

In this instance, the other concerning problem was that I was given a set of drugs that were significantly different from my outpatient prescription, without my informed consent!

During the morning of 16th May, 2020 I was left sedated and obtunded in the substitute penitentiary cell, due to the injurious drugs that were cunningly administered without my proper consent. The lack of mobility and disorientation caused by heavy doses of haloperidol and olanzapine was then taken as an excuse to hold me for two more days. I was also told by an ER staff that as it was the weekend, a psychiatry doctor could not be made available to me for consultation and that I would need to wait till the coming Monday (Please see *Appendix II*).

It was painful and highly stressful for me to not know during those days if my elderly mother recovering from cancer treatment was doing alright. I wasn't allowed to communicate with the outside world, wasn't able to find out how my wife was doing till she called the hospital much later, and the confined holding cell did not even have a window.

Being forced into such conditions of confinement with absence of sunlight for days was a disorienting and stress inducing form of psychological torment, along with biochemical physical abuse leading to torture.

Additionally, by having me illegitimately detained in a hospital with covid patients within the same hall, I was unnecessarily put into harm's way, while being given wrong medical advice and treatments.

These were the kinds of underhanded steps taken by local policing and medical services along with the use of a private company called Health-IM, to coercively and tortuously detain me in a state-regulated medical facility. They did these kinds of wretched things wilfully and forcibly, by first cunningly arresting me at my home, and then placing me under custody using false pretenses.

Being handcuffed, arrested and dragged out of my house was psychologically repressive and damaging.

Next, within the hospital that was used as a substitute jail, medical practitioners administered high doses of harmful narcotic and psychoactive drugs to cause symptoms of disorientation, exhaustion, drowsiness, and a dazed outlook.

The drug induced symptoms were then used as a medical excuse to detain me for more than a night under the Mental Health Act of Ontario, Canada by illegitimately noting in my medical charts that I appeared to be ``mentally ill and suicidal.``

The wrongful medications given to me in GRHC ER from 15th to 17th May, 2020 without my informed consent caused damage to my endocrine, neurological, and reproductive system, resulting in sustained injuries, and bodily harm.

Much worse acts were then committed by GRHC members following these forms of abuse.

11.4. Acts of entrapment within a state-regulated medical facility, under duress and influence of psychotropics

While I was being held in confinement within the psychiatry ER, I was told by one of the ER staff to answer a telephone that was at the end of the U-shaped corridor.

When I did as told, a male voice on the phone said that he was my brother. I said to the person on the phone that he could not have been my brother and asked him who he was. He gave me an Arabic sounding name. I told the person on the phone that I did not have a brother by that name and did not know if I was the correct person he was looking for. He then asked for me, by my name, and again said that he was my brother. Then I hung up the phone because I realized that this setup was a mode of entrapment.

I still believe that in this instance, I was being framed so that a government agency could build an illegitimate case against me, of having an association with the person on the phone who presented a false identity. This was a cunning, dishonorable and underhanded way to illegitimately and unlawfully establish that I recognized or was associated with a person having that particular name, profile, affiliations, background, or nature.

Under the influence of narcotic drugs that were forced onto me, to make me disoriented and susceptible to suggestions, I was made to talk to a person with some Arabic sounding name, on a closed-circuit hospital telephone line, who claimed to be my brother!

How would my biological brother, or any other figurative brother, even come to know that I was being detained in a hospital? How would this so-called brother manage to ask for a Sameer Ahmed, particularly in the GRHC, and then somehow get forwarded to the emergency room's phone number? Was this an accident, was there another Sameer Ahmed in GRHC that someone was trying to connect with on that particular day?

Also, only people reading a script on the phone, produced using government database records, would be uninformed and intelligent enough to address me as, "Sameer Ahmed."

I did not hallucinate this convoluted ordeal involving a phone conversation with a stranger, the incoming phone call records of the psychiatry ER pertaining to me as well that day's audio-video surveillance of the hall can verify this. And sworn statements from the staff on duty during my time there would also confirm that I had received a phone call from someone other than my wife.

It is possible that a recording of the call may have been kept by the hospital. If these things can be obtained by means of a subpoena then the contents of the phone conversation can be confirmed. In this regard, I will absolutely not accept the excuse of, ``a case of mistaken identity`` as a reason for such a conniving violation committed by underhanded state-sponsored agencies!

— End of Section 11 —