

At age 31, I underwent a variety of strange symptoms, sudden weakness and immobility of my left leg and sometimes in my arm. I was told by a neurologist I had MS. A spinal tap was inconclusive - and that experience was memorable. After the procedure, I stayed overnight for observation. I was told by the Dr. the next morning it was fine to get up, move around, go home. On the way to my house I vomited three times. I was later told by a nurse that I was supposed to have a flat for 24 hours. I had incredible head pain and was so sick I couldn't keep down water. For a little over a week, I was horribly ill, due to miscommunication on the hospital staff. The neurologist was certain of his diagnosis, even as the strange weakness and numbness would come and go. He simply stated - wait 10-15 years, and the symptoms would be apparent. According to another doctor, I had had a mini-stroke, although an MRI showed nothing. I lived in cautious fear of MS for 15 years, until upon seeing another neurologist whom I had the reaction "What Dr. told you that? You do not have MS!" Turns out it was Prozac, an antidepressant that one put me on to help abate symptomatic issues. 2004: My workplace had an administering flu shot open house. I was talked into going, although flu shots never agreed with me. This one wrecked my health. Not only did I have intestinal flu fourteen times, and violent ones at that, I woke one morning to the feeling of having had concrete poured over my body. It took a herculean effort to turn my head and look at the clock. Somehow, I managed to dress and make it to work. The long walk from the parking garage to the building was one I will never forget. I was carrying my brief, lunch and a can of Coke, and by the time I made it to the building the only thing I wanted to do was find the nearest conference room and crawl in the corner and sleep. The fatigue was overwhelming, accompanied by brain fog, lack of being able to concentrate or focus. I ended up taking short term which turned into long term disability status from work. Every doctor told me "It couldn't have been a flu shot". One even called it some 'zebra' disease. I finally found a CFIDS and Fibro center where after stating a flu shot brought this on, the Dr. kept writing, didn't say a word. "What, you're not going to tell me I'm crazy?" Oh no, he stated - a flu shot is often a trigger of underlying virus(es) or yeast overload due to explode. For years I suffered from Candida Albicans - my stomach would stick out at night as if I was pregnant, regardless of how light I ate. I was yeast toxic, and thanks to a tick bite, had Babesiosis, and at 20, was unfortunate to contract Herpes. The perfect storm of yeast and latent viruses. I was 45 and my world had fallen apart. I later learned my symptoms were the same as the Desert Storm Syndrome sickness - a reaction to a shot soldiers took against anthrax, containing Squalene. In addition, I have always been sensitive to EMF's. I pass a thermostat and it statics. I can turn on and off streetlights, due to the high content of copper in my blood. Last fall, I was diagnosed with BC, underwent surgery in March, and have yet to recover from surgery due in part to CFIDS and fibro. The clincher: last fall, conveniently at the same time, AT&T sublet an easement company to bury fiber optic cables up and down every alley surrounding my house, one behind my fence and Atmos energy slapped a smart meter on our gas meter. "EVERYBODY GETS THE SAME", was their response, no option to opt out. And the "twenty-five million Americans getting fiber optic cable" was of course, the poor and underserved communities. I tried to opt out of the cable placement, nope - these people decided that my community was apparently in need of 24 hour surveillance and to being future control as to where we go, what we do, and when, because that's what it is about - nothing to do with a faster internet. At 67 years of age, I take this to mean they believe senior Caucasians are disposable at the expense of some kids faster downloads. Since then, I have had ongoing dizziness and balance issues, and non-stop brain-ringing that is NOT tinnitus. It is disharmonic frequency changing

diatones that give the sensation of nails on a chalk board. Allopathic medicine in this country has wrecked my health, and now the technocrats are taking my sanity. The icing on the cake: a few weeks ago, I was lying on my bed, when the frequencies and brain ringing took a really horrid turn, a screeching and I saw weird symbols, had weird thoughts, I looked out the window and saw 2 enormous local waste management and sanitation trucks directly facing my house in front, one was rocking sideways! What had they just done? I believe it to be some sort of DEW directed specifically at me. Can I prove it? Of course not. Do I sound crazy? Yes. But I KNOW that I am not; this happened, as well as the mysterious planes that fly in a straight path directly over my house, low and slow, every night. What are they spraying? And of course, we have little real food. All toxic, mostly cardboard, soy and corn syrup. Add the EM radiation exposure that hits us constantly along with the EMF's, and our 'superior public water system' that contains 43 known toxins, carcinogenic in nature that are above the EPA's limit - which basically means we are being poisoned by our baths and showers, and microplastics from bottles for who would drink that?

I am DONE- Enough. My husband is a proud ex-marine, and would never leave this country. My ancestors supposedly came from the Mayflower, or one of the other two ships. I am RH negative, a blue blood in every sense. I just happen to be poor-- yet this hardly excuses the incredible neglect and harm this country has caused me. I am thinking of applying for political asylum to a country that will help with expenses to move, as I have always been a target, my energy being leashed, my ideas (and I've had so many to have made me wealthy beyond measure) and creative energy knew no bounds, and I watch as my thoughts are given to someone else for profit. Take this as you will. This is America to me, and what this country I used to fiercely love has done to me.