

Beloved generations of the future:

This is a letter that, in the first place, is addressed to you, future generations, as a gift given for your growthfulness, so you can be more joyful and loveful, and the same fratricidal mistakes that have happened here won't be able to be repeated as you are able to learn historical lessons that —because there is still not enough civil progress as Americans yet— can't be learned right now, but you, future generations, will be able to learn them...

However, there are also a bunch of authorities to whom this letter must be directed to, too.

I am writing this letter to the FBI, who at all moments, since the very first time I went to the FBI San Juan more than a decade ago, asking to be saved and spared of the tortures I had been forced to endure or forced to witness as they were committed to children, pets, and vulnerable citizens around me... Since the very first time I went to the FBI San Juan, they had been the ones who had committed at all moments the most gruesome Government agencies' abuse of all. If the FBI had applied the rule of law since the very first time I went there, around 15 years of medical imprisonment, civil slavery, and psychosocial torture would have been totally impossible to happen. However, the FBI had other power agendas as priority. I mean, other agendas whose interest is not defending the victims of crime and stopping criminals and terrorists via the rule of law and accountability... Justice was not only denied by the very agency that is meant to step forward in criminal cases like mine... no: they also allowed me to be exploited, trafficked, used for Mengelian experiments and socially flagellated every time I tried to seek help where it was meant to be provided to any equal citizen... but I had never been —since birth— an equal citizen. I was born to be slaved. Everybody knew it, because the issue is not merely due to my own progenitor's psychosocial and bioterrorist tortures since birth: it is also due to the systematic denial of equal rights and equal citizenship to Puerto Ricans in the islands. In absolutely all social senses possible to be applied, including political... I was born to be slaved. Of course, the FBI knew all I was enduring, since the very beginning, and not only allowed it to happen:

Forbidden to Forget: An Open Letter for the Next Generations...

they perpetrated the social flagellation and the personhood murder also. More than one time: I tried to denounce the crimes I had been forced to remain victim of... around five times in total... but besides all the “official times” I had been actually able to try to denounce all these crimes... the fact is: in a true rule of law, a victim doesn’t need to go to the FBI to denounce a crime if the crime is widely known, as all these crimes had always been. The FBI, if they were truly “agents of law and order,” would have simply come to this house and proceeded with the arrests that were, there had never been need, at all, of me going to the FBI first, if they would had genuine and legitimate interest in arresting the terrorists that were torturing me and committing personhood murder in all the ways possible...

I still tremble in horror as I realize this, as I do sometimes, doing deliberate effort to now show any kind of physical shaking sign, merely not to allow body language readers to decipher my true feelings... because the fact is: the denial of my body integrity is absolute, so absolute, that I don’t have the freedom of body expression: whatever my body “says” it will also be used for psychosocial torture and Mengelian body experiments... so better fake a few things every once in a while so I am not “read” by force... but it is unavoidable to realize, trembling: this is a capital case. Well, it would have been a capital case if it had reached courts. My own biological progenitors had been allowed to conceive me with the explicit intention of stealing my very humanity and to attempt to control my very personhood as a puppet... since birth. Since biological conception, actually. The true horror is not exactly realizing the horrors of my progenitors, that are very legally-accurately known to be of the magnitude of a capital murder case....

No, the true horror here is: this mass personhood extermination site... was never shut down by the FBI—nor anyone else—as Auschwitz was shut down. No: the FBI denied every plea of help... simply to let me become a Mengelian medical experiment and a social war field for their social parallel reality enforcement agenda. In this **Americanist social war**, I had always been the innocent left to die. Yes, for the United States, there are always innocents that must be enslaved and let to die in order to enforce what they understand as their “power social agenda,” so the supposed “best interest for the nation” can be upheld as a “free, democratic nation”. The horrifying truth is: where power comes from enforcing slavery—and the land of the free had never been free of slaves—, democracy is a disguise of an elite power agenda, where “we the people” are only those who are convenient and profitable to be recognized as “people”, and the elite is disguised as “servants of the best interest of the nation” when they are actually profiting from the slavery—and the personhood bloodsheds—they induce. In war and love, some think everything is valid, “todo se vale”... including slavery, torture, and personhood murders committed by a Government...

Yes, this letter is to the FBI, and addressed to them as the **Federal Butcherers of Innocence** they had become since long time ago... A Government agency that is supposed to fight human trafficking and child trafficking... now has normalized personhood trafficking: a selective government recognition of dignity and of who is worthy to get criminal prosecution of innocence and personhood terrorist butchers' crimes. This is not a matter of rule of law: this is a matter of whose terrorists are convenient to be prosecuted and whose victims are convenient to be sacrificed according to the Government's power agenda; there is no unconditional recognition of dignity at all, that is not even expected to happen, ever after the horrors that occurred in Auschwitz... No, this is not the power of the people: this is the socialite power, the power of those who are defined by the Government's power agenda as *socialité*, without any kind of *fraternité* even possible to happen. Look around you: a photo op and a social media psyop, enforcing a powerful social narrative that completely lacks true civil integrity, like the one Eduardo Verastegui is currently doing in Washington, DC, is worth more than the unconditional recognition of the rule of law and the dignity of all. Should I show the photo of Eduardo Verastegui beside the Defense Department Chief, or the ones beside the President, all being done for a false projection of "integrity" that in reality is... a reality show, another Truman Show, this time a political Truman Show? Should I mention now all the times Eduardo Verastegui had been used through 15 years to project a false future and a false ending... simply to divert the attention of the horrors you yourselves are causing deliberately through psyops that target with psychological social torture control tactics of military-NSA grade... enforced through innocent civilians used as social war fields? That is personhood trafficking in the most gruesome version possible... but there you are, Federal Butcherers of Innocence, focused on falsely projecting an integrity you don't have and a social truth that is not... and letting the Government to slave PERSONS as psychosocial warfare. Yes, it is pretty horrifying to see silently how a Government projects to be against human trafficking and trafficking... at the same time they use their own Government as a platform to commit personhood trafficking and innocence trafficking in a very normalized and systematic way—as systematic as Auschwitz—according to what is more convenient to the "best interest of the nation..." Of course, these "best interests" are also profitable interests, far more worthy and valuable than defending the best interests of the person and recognizing unconditionally the dignity of personhood. Of course, that is also bloodily horrifying too.

This letter is also addressed to the Puerto Rico Police Department, both the State Police and the municipal police of Toa Alta... for every time they sent a police agent to take me by force to the gas chamber where I was being tortured, instead of coming to arrest those who were torturing me and slaving me. For every time they denied me the possibility of denouncing with them the abuse that my progenitors had committed, saying

straightforwardly that it was not their duty to prosecute them or to process them. For the time I called 911 due to my dogs being lethally wounded and in imminent lethal risk—if I wouldn't go to the vet and paid the 800 dollars I had left in my account for their treatment, they would have died... and if I did not run out of their homicidal manic episode... the dogs right now would be dead... and I would eventually find out: I would have died also if staying at the house of tortures—they refused emergency intervention, despite both my life and the dog's life being SO at risk I had no other choice to pack what was more valuable and run out of the house of tortures... to end in a motel, because no domestic violence shelter gave me shelter, even while I am explaining I was in imminent death danger. For the time a police agent entered by force into my bedroom—a male officer entering by force in a female bedroom—forcing me to pack for a whole forced hospitalization “fast, in ten minutes... because I have to go, I have people to help...” clearly committing abuse of power as they mimicked my phrase “help to grow” disguised as “public service” that was actually medically imprisonment enforced with agencies of “law and order.” For the times you have placed “remote vigilance” devices in areas where I am known to pass, thereby projecting a rule of law that was never intended to be applied, and also projecting the recognition of crimes that had never been acknowledged publicly or in court as crimes. The Puerto Rico Department of Corrections should be mentioned here too: along with the Puerto Rico Police Department, both had played a coordinated role for a very long time in the psychosocial control-torture tactic of passing by institutional vans simply to project that everyone behind the crimes committed against me would be arrested... but that never happened. Over and over again, as I was doing any errand in the car, those vans would be placed beside my car simply to project: arrests will be made... No, they never were done. Their false projection power enforcement agenda, once again, had more value than taking me out of danger: instead of defending me and protecting me from the crimes committed against me, they further on the abusive suffering I was forced to endure, as they forced me to be used, AGAIN, as a social war field... as an object for their war games, as a not-person and as a not-citizen. Yes, sometimes tears would be shed silently after realizing: they simply used me as social war ammunition, again. I got tired of taking photos of them abusing their Government power.

This letter is also to the Department of Justice of Puerto Rico, whose courts proceeded to enforce me the forced hospitalizations my own progenitors caused—I was not schizophrenic nor bipolar: I was being toxic gassed, gaslighted, abused and tortured—almost ten times, if not ten, through a ten years period span (yes, I had been imprisoned medically with court orders for around then years now), allowing freely to my progenitors using perjury and fabricated court orders to deny my juridical personality and medically imprison me over and over again... When I was finally offered a free lawyer to defend

myself, the lawyer told me and forced me juridically to lie to the judge and not say that my progenitors were abusing me, when I was already very well aware of the criminal behavior of both my progenitors. Eventually, I dared to stand and request a protection order against my progenitors, explaining the toxic gassing and torture I was being subjected to. The judge denied me the protection order, saying that what my progenitors were doing was a crime to be reported to the police. She knew very well that I would not be heard by the police; she was technically denying justice AGAIN by DENYING TO ASSUME herself the crimes that were already being denounced in court. All the court session was a façade. I was left, again, without somewhere to go, and after running out from the house of tortures, ready to go wherever I was told to go to protect my life... I was forced to go back to the progenitors who had been torturing me since birth and medically imprisoning me, using one court order after another court order. I was not even offered the possibility of having a legal intercessor to stand by me as I was requesting a court order against my progenitors' lethal abuse. When I asked for help at the free lawyer office to request a protection order, a legal employee that has seen me before literally mocked my legal plea request at the federal level: "All these are mere legal facts." At that moment... I was literally pleading for my life, and an office that was meant to provide free legal services to anyone who needed them denied me the services and shut down any other possibility of me receiving legal services; the other legal offices I asked for help denied me legal assistance, too. I saved both the dogs and myself as I fled the house of tortures with them to try to denounce their abuse at courts, to no avail.

So, the Department of Justice acts de facto as a Department of Hospice: condemning me legally to remain in a permanent social hospice state, permanently forced to endure in absolutely all the social environments exposed not only to toxic gas but also to extremely denigrating extreme suffering and inhuman pain—to which I was at some point denied medical treatment and even denied pain medicines several times—caused by narc crimes and also with psychosocial control torture tactics of all kinds—including the ones committed by the Department of Justice itself—... leaving me de facto in a permanent social disabled sta. A WHOLE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE AND COURTS WERE USED TO DENY ME ANY KIND OF SOCIAL FUNCTIONALITY RIGHT TO THE EXTENT OF BECOMING A DEPARTMENT OF HOSPICE... wherever I went, because me being totally unable to defend legally and have juridical personality recognized at courts... I would be forced to endure pain, exactly like it happens with hospice patients... but I was not treat humanely at all, as it usually occurs in hospice: at some point I was denied by an ER the medical treatment that the severe pain that I had required, and I had been denied pain medication to deal with the horrifying pain that the tortures I am forced to endure cause... to the extent of being forced to me being forced to use dog medication for my own severe pain due brain inflammation,

shortly after the ER denied me the medication... Yes, all this suffering and pain happens due a Department of Justice acting as a Department of Hospice, forcing me over and over again to remain in a permanent social hospice state: I am not allowed to plan how to live, I am only allowed to plan how to deal with pain, because pain will always remain being enforced upon me in a very legal way, using laws to keep me enforced to endure unhuman suffering and using lack of legal defense to force me to keep enduring over and over again extremely denigrating treatment. All these denigrating and illegal behaviors happen due my poverty and lack of access to legal assistance and to courts that proceed according to rule of law instead of being used to enforce narratives of power upon the vulnerable and poor: I can ´t sue anyone, absolutely anyone, not even the own Government that has slaved civilly me through the years, because the very own Department of Justice system has denied me any way to be able to BE A PERSON and have rights juridically.

To the Department of Health of the Government of Puerto Rico, that denied me to defend my rights when it was requested through the *Defensoría de las Personas con Impedimentos*, that has allowed my progenitors to finance their criminal court-ordered forced hospitalizations with Medicaid funds, along also funding all the forced medications with Medicaid, financing with federal funds forced hospitalizations in which I was not only denied all the due toxicological tests I required due the torture I was enduring: there was not A SINGLE hospitalization in which my claim of being abused and my description of the abuse I was suffering was heard and documented, I was consistently denied of the practice of my faith through every enforced hospitalization, I was given the highest dose possible of psychiatric medication, even if I complained of secondary effects, simply because the progenitors said “that was worked for me”... when what the progenitors were seeking was to cover the tracks of their toxic gassing abuse with the secondary effects of the forced medicines they were enforcing me to use with their criminal court-orders as back up, because no one heard and validated my version of what was going up. I was SO MEDICALLY GASLIGHTED by the University of Puerto Rico psychiatric department that I prepared a whole PowerPoint presentation of how “good the psychosis treatment was for me”, when I was lying, and I knew it, I simply craved and needed to fit socially anywhere, and that department was the only place the progenitors took me to have any kind of socialization; the only way I could be allowed to have any kind of social validation was as mentally ill. When I finally stood against their abuse at that moment, they sent a social worker to the house of tortures, she went to the door of the room where I was being tortured, and instead of stopping the progenitors abuse, she validated the progenitors narrative control tactics to

imprison me medically and requested me, upon her authority as part of psychiatric medical department, to “accept mental health help.” No, she didn’t offered me true help: just what was convenient to enforce their psychosis false medical narrative upon me... when the ones who had been at all moments functionally psychotic had been the progenitors they validated and empowered to abuse me further.

So, the **Department of Health** ended as a **Department of the Dead**: when I eventually began to seek how to denounce the environmental toxic gassing system of the progenitors, it results that at Puerto Rico the Department of Health has no environmental toxic department, and absolutely no one dared to sign a form to me sent to the Florida Department of Health. My medical “services” began to be used... to enforce dead upon me. I began very covertly first, using Medicaid to finance medical torture and imprisonment. When I was finally able to show straightforward evidence of the torture I was enduring, evidence that no one could deny it was a medical torture in process, even the psychiatrist of Inspira —the other federally-funded psychiatric “medical service” I had been forced to use...— denied to sign any form that could help me to seek out-of-state help, only providing me medical treatment according to what could be validated according to the enforced narrative by that provider, that has used toxic gassing too in their own mental health facilities. This has not been the only medical treatment facility I had been forced to receive medical services to then be toxic gassed there: the same thing happened in forced hospitalizations at the Federico Trilla and the San Juan Capestrano, besides also being toxic gassed at my generalist medicine provided, all of that paid with federal funds. No only that: all my medical “services” had used for enable even worse psychosocial slavery-torture tactics, to the extent that at one point to protect myself from suicide, the best thing to do has been receiving no medical “service” at all, because whatever medical “service” I ask, it has been manipulated either to commit psychosocial slavery torture directly, or to enable other to commit it, INCLUDING USING FORCED MENTAL HEALTH “SERVICES” TO DENIGRATE PSYCHOSOCIALLY AND TO COMMIT PSYCHOSOCIAL HARM VIA TORTURE AND MEDICAL GASLIGHTING AND MANIPULATION. Do you know the extent of cruelty suffering that must be caused in order of medical “services” causing suicidal ideation and me preferring to endure the progenitors’ torture and harm, not getting out to anywhere due the extent of the suffering caused in these medical “services”, instead of getting any medical help for what is being caused to my body, to the extent of being totally denied of ANY body control at all? By the way, the progenitors are not the only ones denying me body control, I had been denied body control even at federally-funded medical facilities too: is quite normal being toxic gassed to deprive from oxygen or having my own bowel movement at medical “services” facilities, being forced to evacuate with toxic gasses used in a targeted psychosocial warfare way. You heard it right: even medical “services” providers

had been turned into psychosocial warfare ammunition and even there I am forced to remain a psychosocial war field.

The thing of functioning as the “Department of the Dead” and not as a Department of Health goes further: I had been enforced to use medicines that kill me as person, denying me all possibility of remaining as a person with rights... AND AT THE SAME TIME I AM DENIED COVERAGE AND ACCESS TO THE MEDICATIONS I DO NEED DUE THE EXTENT OF THE PAIN AND NEUROLOGICAL DISFUNCTIONING CAUSED BY THE TORTURE AND PSYCHOSOCIAL SLAVERY I AM ENFORCED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. The meds I don’t need, those are being forced to be used; the needs I truly need to be who I am and remain functional through the torture, those are denied at the same time I am being used for psychosocial and biochemical experiments I HAD NEVER CONSENTED. Yes, this is a Department of the Dead that not only kills you denying your rights as person: they also deny you to have YOUR OWN NATURE as a person. What begun as a denial of functioning socially according to your own identity in a legal way—the Department of Hospice mentioned before, that literally treated being who I am as if being who I am was a crime—was completed by the Department of the Dead: as “medical services” were normalized and targeted to be used for denying me any possibility of who I am... MY BEING ENDED KILLED, COMPLETELY KILLED, BY THE “SERVICES” FUNDED BY THE DEPARTMENT THAT IS SUPPOSED TO AFFIRM LIFE... BUT AFTER THE DEPARTMENT OF HOSPICE ONLY ALLOWED TO PLAN HOW TO SUFFER INSTEAD TO PLAN HOW LIFE.... THEN THE DEPARTMENT OF THE DEAD ONLY ALLOWED TO PLAN HOW TO DIE INSTEAD OF HOW TO LIVE. I was denied the medicines I did needed to live as who I am, including normalizing denigratory and discriminatory treatments at the pharmacies I had to look for controlled medications like Adderall, medications that are not found elsewhere, so they abused my poverty and vulnerability and refused to provide it with technicisms, once again, all done funded with federal funds provided by the Department of the Dead... and all the abuse done very coordinately between the medical “service” provider and the pharmacy, even denying the recognition of the dose I truly needed: I was given the Adderall dose that was convenient to them, and then denied the “service” with technicisms, so I was deliberately given a RX everybody knew it would be processed... and all that seasoned with extreme bioterrorist tortured committed IN A PUBLIC BUSSINESS SPACE, WITH OSHA ALLOWING IT AS A TOTAL NORMALCY (YES, I HAVE TRIED OSHA TO INTERVENE IN LABOR ENVIRONMENTS IN WHICH TOXIC GAS IS USED... BUT THEY SIMPLY IGNORE THE PLEAS THAT ARE SENT TO THEM VIA TWITTER... AND EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT EVEN IF I SENT A FORMAL COMPLAINT, THEY WILL DO EXACTLY THE SAME AS THE FBI: NOTHING. IF THEY TRULY WANTED TO ACT, THEY HAD ALL THE EVIDENCE IN SOCIAL MEDIA TO ACT: THEY CHOSE TO PROTECT AND COVER THE ABUSERS TOO).

The personhood flagellation suffered through years of personhood murders, one after another... finally become a public execution, federally funded, crucifixion style: I had to collapse to the floor to avoid losing consciousness and further internal bleeding (one of the longest I had to endure silently)... but please notice the extreme cruelty of how everything was done, to the extent of —combining all the factors together— I COMPLETELY DIED TO WHO I AM, I WAS MASACRED SOCIALLY IN FRONT OF EVERYONE, LIKE A NAKED CRUCIFIXED JESUS. NO, DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS AS A MYSTICAL DEATH: THIS WAS PERSONHOOD EXTERMINATION BUTCHERY, IN THE SAME WAY IT HAPPENS IN A CROSS, AS A PUBLIC EXECUTION, EMPIRE ORDERED, WITH RELIGIOUS LEADERS COMPLICITY, TOTALLY UNABLE TO STAND AND SIMPLY KEEP BREATHING CONSCIOUSLY IF REMAINING STAND UP... AND TOTALLY STRIPPED OF ALL KIND OF DIGNITY AFTER YEARS OF PSYCHOSOCIAL FLAGELATION THAT HAS ALREADY CAUSED MASSIVE PERSONHOOD BLOODSHEDS. Let's not forget to mention that at the same time I was tortured and psychosocially slaved to the complete annihilation of my right to be who I am according to my own nature... ambulances began to be placed around me. At the same time the medical crisis is caused, MEDICAL "SERVICES" ARE PROJECTED TO BE NEEDED AND EVEN PAID BY THE VERY SAME DEPARTMENT OF THE DEAD THAT IS ENFORCING ME TO HAVE TO DIE.

Just to leave you this straightforward clear, Department of the Dead: I completely refuse any kind of willing medical "service" from now on. Any kind of medical "service" from now on will be only forced with your corrupted Department of Hospice court orders. I WILL REFUSE ALL IMAGE STUDIES, ALL LABS, ALL TREATMENTS FUNDED WITH YOUR DIRTY BLOOD MONEY AND YOUR CRUEL PERSONHOOD BLOODY "SERVICES". When the word "service" is used as a synonym of the word "oppression"... that is not medical "service": de facto that is medical imprisonment and denial of body autonomy... exactly as Mengele did it, and exactly as it was done with the Puerto Rican woman who were forced by the Government of US to be used as experiments for the anti-conceptive pills in the 1950... and that is how you work, Department of the Dead at the Federal level: as a medical colonizer.

This letter is to the Department of Family of the Government of Puerto Rico also, who where informed via social emergency line both of me being forced to remain abused psychosocially, tortured emotionally and via bioterrorist also, and slaved via several kinds of abuse of power and slaveries, including domestic abusive slavery, economical slavery and civil slavery with medical imprisonment... besides also being informed of my progenitors needing immediate psychiatric intervention both for my safety and mine... but both pleas of help were unheard; no action was taken, and I even was greeted by the social worker who took my social emergency report with a form of salute that was psychosocial torture by itself: *bonito día*. Yes, the **Department of Family** de facto works as the **Department of Slavery**, systematically denying any possibility of domestic life... besides

also working as **Department of Famine**: I was denied help to buy food in the basis that my progenitors had income to supply me with money for food (they requested the house income, not my own income, to give me the aid... and it resulted that the very progenitors who only gave me 40 dollars to eat weekly disqualified me to receive any governmental help to buy my own food: my pant size collapsed from size 18 to size 0, the progenitors knew and allowed it, everyone saw it and allowed it, I even collapsed unconscious in a mass due prolonged famine... Once again, the kind of starvation that happened in Auschwitz was allowed to happen again... and the progenitors were empowered to disguise that as MY PSYCHOSIS, non as THEIR PSYCHOSIS and THEIR PSYCHOSOCIAL-ECONOMICAL POWER ABUSE, as it really was and I was never believed, not even by social workers. Yes, the Psychiatry Department of the University of Puerto Rico, Medical Sciences Campus, sent a social worker straight to my bedroom's door when it was convenient to do so to enforce their power narrative... but when I asked the Department of Slavery to send an emergency social worker to explain her at that moment how my progenitors were abusing as they had been abusing me the whole life... they denied to send it in the grounds that "I was an adult, able to act on my own". How convenient excuse to not being accountable of denying help and humanity to a victim of intrafamilial violence, right? I was barely able to act own my own eventually: I began to die neurologically due the extreme torture I began to be enforced in increased levels of both toxic gassing and psychosocial violence: my Munchausen, Functional Psychotic, Antisocial Sociopath and Malignant Narcissistic progenitors began to become manic and everyone else's life, psychosocial integrity and peace at the house of torture became threatened. All those mental health diagnosis where explained to the social worker who took the report of the social emergency, to no avail. Help was denied.

When I chose to run out of the house of tortures, shelter was denied in ALL domestic violence shelters, including some very knowingly federally funded, like Casa Ruth and Casa Julia de Burgos, simply because I had dogs to bring to safety with me, even me telling them straightforward: my life and the dogs' life is at risk if I don't flee from my domestic aggressors. All these domestic violence shelters are surveilled by the Department of Slavery, they as Department of Family (that forces to remain with domestic slavers) are the ones behind all these domestic violence's maneuvers. I would eventually know: according to VAWA 34 U.S.C. § 12291 (Violence Against Woman Act), no shelter can discriminate against survivors based on their circumstances, including if there are pets and housing needs. By federal law, denying shelter solely based on bringing pets is illegal if the victim is at imminent risk of further abuse and life-threatening danger, and if an alternative reasonable accommodation can't be provided. As a minimum, both mentioned shelters violated federal law very openly and coordinately. Those are the two names I remember, but

I was actually transferred to call about ten domestic violence shelters... and all denied me entrance: most denied it due the dogs, about two due not having space... and all of San Juan refuges, around three, were unable to provide refuge because I called after 6pm (what an excuse to justify denying a person that is in danger of death refuge, right: it is after 6pm, if you plan to not to be killed, we are sorry, you must wait to working hours?). Once again, exactly as the social worker of the emergency line of the Department of Slavery did, these shelter´s employees used psychosocial control-torture tactics: they called me with names used in other “services” to be slaved civilly (*corazón, lindo día*, so on)... besides deliberately giving false legal information (besides not informing about my right according to VAWA) to extend the period I was in uncertainty, literally in the street, without a safe roof. Leaving the dogs in the car for hours because I had to be doing all kinds of errands to try to find a safe place and food, or trying to get legal protection. I had to stay three days in a motel, and as soon I had to went back to the house of tortures again, my progenitors immediately applied medical imprisonment psychosocial control-torture tactics and I was legally denied juridical personality AGAIN with another forced hospitalization... that was directly caused due the domestic violence shelters denying me a place to go instead of being forced to go back to my domestic abusers). All this... done with federal funds. Yes: federal funds are used to violate federal laws. The macabre orchestration of psychosocial slavery behind this and the magnitude of lack of rule of law is worse than Nero´s Circus: I am being martyred the same way, only allowed to exist as a civil slave to be tortured to death over and over again... until death finally came when my being became totally denied to be. There are many ways to kill a martyr: psychosocial torturing someone to death is also blood martyrdom, in the form of personhood bloodshed and lethal social murder.

This letter is also to the *Procuraduría de la Mujer* of the Government of Puerto Rico. True: this was the place in which I was... some kind of heard. They recognized this was a serious legal case and serious crimes that are murder attempt —the first time anyone had done that around me— and that the evidence was strong for a court case... but they did not call me back when help was asked. And yes, it can be said that the progenitor´s abuse does have targeted my feminine identity in the faith sense: they had totally denied me for a very long time any possibility of living my feminine Christian identity, not providing even appropriate space for feminine self-care and also causing me masturbation compulsion and even gender identity issues due gruesome hormonal imbalances caused with covert toxic gassing. However, I was explained that the *Procuraduría de la Mujer*, technically, does not defend all women: they only are entitled by law to defend women from abusive spouses or boyfriends... but they still agreed to review the legal plea of help I wrote for federal courts and told me I would be called within a week... but I was never called or emailed.

So... this letter is to all the federally funded and Government offices I had gone to try to stop my domestic aggressors. In total, they were 14 different visits or pleas of help (in some instances, like the calls to shelters, it was way more than that one call done at the same day), all done within around week of span (seven days, with a forced hospitalization in the middle), except the one to the *Procuraduría de la Mujer*, that was way later: calling 911, calling the police, calling the social emergency line, going to courts, trying with different police stations... so on. All that at the same time I had to be also focused in keeping the dogs safe: even if they had to be for hours alone in the car, they couldn't be left alone with my progenitors, I had to take them with me. I probably wouldn't be able to deal with all this without them being with me, as a matter of fact. They are the only true family I have on Earth. This all is written to all those offices... that without mentioning the Department of Education, in whose job environments and administrative offices I was also psychosocially abused and toxic gassed, besides witnessing gruesome abuse of special education students' PEIs being manipulated and falsified to project medical conditions unto me... and all this, also without mentioning the Department of Unemployment and Human Resources of the Government of Puerto Rico, who fabricated excuses to not giving me my all-due-right access to unemployment aid at the moment I had the right to received. As a matter of fact... it's not the first time they have denied me payments and abused of me. Just to say a single incident, when I went to deliver personally my documents to receive aid after hurricane María... the person who saw me putting the form told me "*corazón*", one of the key words used to abuse me among those who abuse me narcissistically. In the narcissistic abuse jargon, that is called "dog whistling": when someone used coded language that seems neutral or bening to most people, but carries a hidden meaning for a specific person. In the context of narcissistic abuse, it manifests as using certain key words, greetings, tones... repeatedly in ways that are only significant to the victim of their psychosocial abuse. These words often have a traumatizing or controlling history (used for traumatize you, like people/employees calling you "*bebé*" in several places suddenly, seemingly benign, but the meaning projected with the naming is that you are a baby, unable to convert into an adult, because I will remain always abused and slaved by my progenitors... The very same thing is done with the coordinated coded greetings and ways to call me, never as a person that is being respected: *lindo día, mi Cielo, mi amor, corazón, mi vida, mi reina*... the coordinated dog whistling scene had been quite extensive, including in all these offices, as I already described before. This is not merely abuse of power: this is literal social monopoly, they themselves force you to go to all those offices, deny you the help in a way they are not legally liable but the aid is still being de facto denied... and all that done while forcing me to endure all kinds of psychosocial slavery-torture tactics merely for being forced by my poverty and vulnerability to look for all those services in public aid offices because I am unable to pay for them by my own, especially paying a

lawyer by my own... so I am treated as a dog by everyone, including my own progenitors that had always mixed my stuff with dogs stuff to project I was their dog, and also including in psychiatric forced hospitalizations: in the first hospitalizations, I was not allowed to read the gospel, but I was allowed to read a story book that was the diary of a dog... when I was the only patient that kept a diary in the whole psychiatric intensive care unit, with such “intensive care” they did not recognize the narcissistic and all the psychiatric issues of my progenitors and only enforced which were THEIR projected psychiatric issues, not mine, unto me. That hospital was known as one of the best psychiatric hospitals on the island, the only one with an intensive psychiatric unit available, to which I was sent even if saying: I do not understand why the progenitors are doing this. This is not my problem: it’s theirs.

That first psychiatric forced hospitalization—all paid with Medicaid funds—was the one that determined all the following false psychiatric diagnosis for a more than ten years span: the progenitors knew very well what they did when they got an intensive care unit as tool to enforce their psychiatric false narrative... and I was so intensely medicated I even collapsed to the floor, totally unable to move due secondary effects to the strong psychiatric meds I was being given by force... remaining around four minutes in the floor, totally unattended and left there as... an animal. There was another forced hospitalization I was so sedated I needed to go to my room to sleep, but they locked it. Unable to contain the sleepiness, I had to sleep in the floor, in the front of my room’s door, for quite a while, until someone finally noticed. In other forced hospitalization they caused my neck to twist in a very awkward angle, a known reaction to antipsychotics: I was given the highest injectable dose, even if I told them I would agree to take the pill if given, and they did that simply because the progenitors told them the forced injectable antipsychotics were the only ones that “worked for me”, and I clearly was only able to “recover” with the highest dose, that they told... when what they were doing were concealing their bioterrorism use of covert toxic gas abuse with the “secondary effects of Haldol”. Curiously enough, it would eventually be found out: all the most common secondary effects of toxic gassing can be covered with the use of Haldol, especially the hand tremors caused by toxic gassing... but some of the most extraordinary effects clearly caused by the Haldol use could also be caused by my progenitors’ toxic gas torture: both Haldol in maximum dose and particularly intense toxic gassing can cause neck twisting, despite being an extraordinary secondary effect in both circumstances. I was so deprived of dignity and personhood through all these medical “services” that I commented openly I was injected as a cow (I even sent by mail to the Pope a bloodied shirt: a personhood martyrdom shirt with a blood stain of a forced injection clearly injected in a very wrong way... deliberately... that happened in APS Bayamón, where a doctor increased my medication because I told I couldn’t get out of the

house because my progenitors were not giving me money to be able to go anywhere else besides forced medical forced appointments). I needed Adderal to be able to study at the University while being medicated by force, and the UPR-RCM psychiatrist denied me the prescription. I had to get it from a generalist... but I was straightforward clearly that time: it was easier to get gender transition pills with them that getting an ADHD medication, that was their extreme ideological bias: when I said in psychological therapy I wanted to overcome masturbation, they said that was a “need”... they imposed leftist values to the patients and were implicitly anti-Christian, even daring to write in a forced hospitalization I had religious delirium... merely because I asked only once to use my daily gospel reading, I was denied to read it, and never talked about faith, not a single time more, in the whole forced hospitalization... they simply wrote, again, what the progenitors said for their medical imprisonment purposes. Later it would be known: worsening of ADHD symptoms is also caused by toxic gassing increase. The psychiatry department, totally aligned with my progenitors abuse, totally denied me ADHD treatment... and totally denied to lower the forced injection dose as soon as possible to avoid such “Haldol secondary effects increases (that were really caused by toxic gassing): they told me that at every forced hospitalization I would have irreversible brain damage and that eventually the brain damage and all those symptoms would become irreversible. So: the progenitors’ bioterrorist crime was totally medically covered up, because all the damage they were planning to cause with toxic gassing, for all the official medical purposes, was caused by Haldol and due me not complying with “medical” treatment (erm... “medical torture” would be a more accurate term here, exactly like Mengele did).

Please notice the level of macabre cruelty behind this: they were medically framing all the irreversible damage that was planned to be caused... with the increased toxic gassing during sleep, having paralysis episodes very often, minor and major. A minor paralysis episode is not being able to open an eyelid by my own, I have to use my hand, but eventually it recovered movement, that happening as I woke up; a major paralysis incident would be waking up, hearing all, but being totally unable to wake up. It could also happen in other way: being sleeping and totally able to hear what was happening around me... that was how I discovered that my progenitors entered to the room of tortures while I was “paralyzed/sedated with toxic gassing”. There were also nights that, besides dreaming with Jesus Charity, were completely blank, without hearing nothing else at all through the whole night, and having problems to remember what I dreamed, and that was how I knew: last night I was sedated while “sleeping”. All this happened... covered by a psychiatric department director—not anyone else: the director of the department herself— of the public medicine university.

Of course, it was convenient for them to deny me ADHD official diagnosis and prescription: they wanted to cause me irreversible damage, and ADHD improved very noticeably what truly didn't allow me to function. They insisted over and over again that my ADHD symptoms were really symptoms of schizophrenia—even my extraordinary creativity was assumed as psychiatric sign of schizophrenia, NOT of ADHD—and that Adderall working for me so well was not extraordinary: it worked in all. I begged, crying: I feel myself with the Adderall and I have had all the symptoms of ADHD since childhood (the progenitors never took me to psychometric testing/psychoeducative assessment, they only did it with my two sisters), please treat me for that. The psychiatrist said: you are taking things too personal, that is the problem (with me crying due to being denied adult ADHD treatment and diagnosis). That is medical gaslight in a very, very, very deliberately calculated cruel way to do it to someone who finally was able to begin understand herself after a whole childhood being the different learner (at that moment I already knew I was twice exceptional: both creatively-intellectual gifted and having a learning diversity, ADHD; when that happens is quite normal that the giftedness compensates the learning difference, so diagnosis of the learning diversity is delayed into way later, when finally the giftedness stops being able to compensate the learning difference; that is why I was able to navigate my classes without reasonable accommodation while at school, but not at graduate/college level). I had all the grounds to ask for legitimate treatment for ADHD, and I was gaslighted in an extremely cruel way, among many straightforward cruel medical tortures I was subjected to, that were also deliberately done in the cruellest way, not in an accidentally cruel way; even cruelty was psychosocially targeted. Got cruelty, folks? There you will find plenty.

Yes, the personhood bloodsheds that all these Government offices had allowed through the years, and all federally funded, had been... as bloody in the personhood martyrdom sense as Nero's circus and Jesus' own crucifixion was in the biological martyrdom sense, and quite often bloody in the biological sense also (I am so used to function with internal bleeding silently that for me internal bleeding caused by toxic gas is as nor like menstrual blood: if I don't put a tampon through my throat (the internal bleeding comes from the upper throat and goes through the throaty warningly and with clear blood taste change, not like usual mucus from the nose if you feel it inside the throat also...) is because I would be also blocking the upper airway.

Of course, this letter must also be to all the Presidents (Barack Obama, Joe Biden and Donald Trump) that have not only allowed all the medical tortures I had endured since 2013 and my first psychiatric hospitalization... by the mere allowing that to happen, federally funded and publicly known (I had even shared lives of me collapsing unconscious in my own vomit, with such intense toxic gassing done by my progenitors that I was unable to get out from the house, I collapsed in the second floor before being able to reach the stairs and

be able to get out to breath... at the same time my progenitors were downstairs merely seeing TV, knowing I was knocked down unconscious and doing absolutely nothing... so this had been VERY publicly known by all the authorities since, as minimum, 2013... Right now is 2025 and there was not a single arrest in all that time) the Government itself is also part of the crimes committed. However... the fact is: the Government has directly committed the crimes too, especially in the illegal surveillance sense and in the illegal control of my devices sense. They could had stopped the tortures, but instead have used me as Mengelian experiment, causing me pain ON PURPOSE OVER AND OVER AGAIN, TO THE VERGE OF DEATH, MERELY TO SURVEIL THE SYMPTOMS AND TESTING MY BIOLOGICAL LIMITS. To the hell go requiring an informed consent, the Nuremberg Code, the Helsinki Declaration and the ICCPR: I had been exposed DELIBERATELY TO TOXIC GAS AND THEN THE GOVERNMENT SIMPLY TUNED EVEN MORE... MORE ILLEGAL SURVEILLANCE COORDINATION/PSYCHOSOCIAL SLAVERY-TORTURE TACTICS... CAUSING DELIBERATE SUFFERING TO THE COMPLETE EXTERMINATION OF BEING, INCLUDING ALLOWING THE DENIAL OF PAIN MED AND THE DENIAL OF ADDERALL, THAT IS NOT EVEN COVERED BY MEDICAID EITHER, SO... BECAUSE I AM POOR AND NOT ABLE TO AFFORD IT BY MY OWN, NOR ABLE TO AFFORD TRUE MEDICAL CARE BY MY OWN, BOTH THE DOCTORS AND THE PHARMACIES CAN PLAY ABUSE OF POWER GAMES WHILE PROVIDING IT.

The history of humanity has never known this magnitude of psychosocial torture inflicted by the Government on me.

Yes, during a whole decade, the Government of the United States never acted according to the rule of law, forcing me to remain constantly wounded by every social shooting they allowed and committed. The primary function of a justice system is to process offenders in accordance with the rule of law. That never happened. Instead, one power abuse mind game after another was played... to the extent of me losing all possibility of ANY social communion on earth: ALL SOCIAL INTERACTIONS AROUND ME ARE MANIPULATED FOR PSYOPS PURPOSES.... INCLUDE SLAVING CHILDREN FOR THEM. No, there was never a rule of law in action. I had always been FORCED BY LAW TO REMAIN A CIVIL SLAVE... AND THE GOVERNMENT NOT ONLY DID IT ITSELF: THE GOVERNMENT EVEN BOASTED OVER AND OVER AGAIN EXERTING SUCH CIVIL SLAVERY UPON ME INSTEAD OF FREEING ME. THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES STILL PRACTICES CIVIL SLAVERY, INCLUDING THE ENFORCEMENT OF CRUEL MEDICAL TREATMENT... AND EVEN THE POPE NODS AND COMPLIES, COLLABORATING WITH THE CIVIL SLAVERY ENFORCED BY THE USA GOVERNMENT. WHAT THE HELL DO YOU WANT A GOVERNMENT FOR, IF NOT TO ESTABLISH LAW AND ORDER... SURE, establishing the power NARRATIVE OF YOUR AMERICANIST EMPIRE IS FAR MORE IMPORTANT AND PROFITABLE THAN RESPECTING the

PERSONAL SOVEREIGNTY OF THE CITIZENS. THIS IS PERSONHOOD COLONIALISM IN THE MOST CRUEL VERSION: YOU ARE ALLOWED TO BE PERSON ONLY AS CONVENIENT TO THE EMPIRE... AND IF IT IS CONVENIENT TO THE EMPIRE THAT YOU ARE NOT A PERSON, EXACTLY LIKE IT HAPPENED WITH BLACK SLAVES AND IN AUSCHWITZ... THEN YOU WILL BE FORCED TO REMAIN CIVIL SLAVES, FORCED BY THE GOVERNMENT ITSELF, LETTING YOU ENDURE NOT ONLY ONE CRIME AFTER ANOTHER FOR THE COVENIENCE OF THE EMPIRE INTERESTS, BUT ONE MEDICAL TORTURE AFTER ANOTHER, ONE POWER ABUSE AFTER ANOTHER, ONE PSYCHOSOCIAL CONTROL-TORTURE PSYOPS TACTIC AFTER ANOTHER... UNTIL... YOU ARE DEAD, TOTALLY UNABLE TO BE WHO YOU ARE, AND THAT IS ENFORCED BY A GOVERNMENT.

When you are tortured over and over again by the own Government that should have protected citizens... and that happens with increasing cruelty through a whole decade of them slaving you in every civil-social sense, especially fabricating a false ending that never happened, one psychosocial social control-torture tactic after another... After a whole decade of false projections, of being used as a social war field over and over again, as social war ammunition over and over again... I simply didn't survive. I ended forced to remain a not-being, forced to keep enduring more and more increasing pain and civil denial of dignity until I was finally killed as I am... and that done by a Government.

I don't know why, through the years, the case of Natascha Kampusch left a deep impression on me, because I also considered myself psychologically and psychiatrically kidnapped. I sincerely thought that as soon as I dared to run and ask for help... I would be helped by the authorities to keep going with my life. When I went to the FBI to ask for help, when I went to police stations to ask for help... that was the image that was in my mind: authorities that would enforce rule of law and take me out of hell immediately I declared what I was enduring to a law and order authority, like it happened with her.

For those who don't know what happened in the Natasha case, how she ended her captivity: At 12:53 pm, Natasha was cleaning and vacuuming her kidnapper's white van in the garden when her kidnapper got a call on his mobile phone. Because of the vacuum's loud noise, he walked away to take the call. She left the vacuum cleaner running and ran away when his captor was out of sight. She ran for about 200 meters through neighboring gardens and a street, jumping fences and asking bystanders to call the police, but they paid her no attention. After about five minutes, she knocked on the window of a 71-year-old neighbor, known as Inge T, and said, "I am Natascha Kampusch." The neighbor called the police, who arrived at 1:04 pm and then took her to the police station... Please note: After wandering and asking for help for five minutes, someone called the police, and she began to receive their assistance within five minutes, literally, and was then immediately taken to

safety. There were no delays in the application of the rule of law, as one would expect in a true democracy where the power truly belongs to the people.

That was my image of law-and-order authorities: authorities that, when someone was in imminent mortal danger, would take the victim immediately to safety and provide the crime victim with whatever resources they needed to begin a new life... No, I would eventually find out: the authorities around me, even the doctors and medical-pharmacy professionals around me... simply did not hear every time I tried to denounce and instead keep enforcing themselves, in even higher level of cruelty, the very same psychosocial social slavery-control torture tactics that my own progenitors did... forcing me to keep enduring for a whole decade tortures that everyone knew were lethal, and not only for me, for the dogs too. As a matter of fact, I just discovered a mass in the tummy of Princess, my dog. They have had multiple cancer operations, and everybody knows how toxic all these toxic gases we are forced to breathe are... but they are even more harmful to dogs. Yes, both the progenitors and the authorities allowed me to breathe known cancerogenic toxic agents and tried to induce me to develop cancer... and in the case of the dogs, they had succeeded several times, in two different dogs.

I tried to denounce what the progenitors were doing... I tried to denounce what was going on to the authorities several times... FBI, police stations...

Miami deserves a special mention here. Once, my progenitors forced me to travel with them to Miami. I didn't want to go, but they made me, and it was shortly after another psychiatric hospitalization they fabricated. Literally, the airline even allowed them to handle all the travel documentation for me; no one asked me if I was traveling alone or why the progenitors were the ones handling everything for an adult. I was traveling in the same circumstances as a human trafficking victim would be traveling with pimps. Once in Miami, their psychosocial slavery-torture tactics increased suddenly. They clearly were fabricating another forced hospitalization. They simply forced me to go to Miami to endure even more psychosocial torture, right after a forced hospitalization, to fabricate another forced hospitalization for refusing to comply with their scheme. I tried to escape once more: I walked to the Miami Police Station and asked for help, telling them that I was being abused and tortured, while also forced to fly against my will. The Miami Police Department simply told me to take my psychiatric meds. My progenitors proceeded to fly me back again, by force, to San Juan, to be hospitalized by force again. This means: I have not only been denied juridical personality and any kind of civil validity in Puerto Rico. It happened in the USA, too. No one can say: this was a matter of Puerto Rico authorities... No, civil USA and

federal authorities had also been complicit in me being reduced to civil slavery for so long... I finally didn't survive in the civil sense.

Yes, it took Natasha five minutes to receive the police's help to escape her captors. For me, not even outside Puerto Rico would receive any kind of help from the police to be able to escape from my civil captors... MIAMI POLICE, INSTEAD OF TAKING A REPORT, ALSO VIOLATED THE LAW, EXACTLY AS IT HAPPENED WITH AUTHORITIES IN PUERTO RICO REFUSING TO TAKE ACTION: Miami Police Department denied me equal protection and access to public services (42 U.S. Code § 12132), failed to report and investigate abuse (Florida Statute § 825.1035), both being a civil rights violation under 42 U.S. Code § 1983.

Each time I went to an authority to try to escape the progenitors that have slaved me my whole life, I packed the stuff I could to start a new life, sometimes barely a backpack, other times a car packed with stuff up to the roof... and then went expecting to be moved immediately to a safe place and be helped to get a life I never had been allowed to have, a truly domestic life... but it never happened. Through more than a decade of all kinds of abuses, biochemical and psychosocial tortures, and civil slavery, I was never given the chance of a free civil life... Then I finally dared to escape with the dogs (all of them) and request help directly at the courts and go to a refuge... Not only was I never allowed to have personhood recognized at courts nor helped by authorities to go to a safe place and be defended legally against my progenitors' cruel crimes... but I was also denied a safe place to go, when according to law, anyone in my circumstances must be given refuge at domestic abuse shelters immediately is informed that my life is in danger, and I did informed that clearly. One social performance after another, this has been a circus with the equal cruelty magnitude of Nero's circus, but now the martyrdom happens in the psychosocial sense.

No, me not being allowed to have civil rights, or any other kind of right... me not allowed civil freedom... all this denial of dignity enforced by the US Government for more than a decade, including at courts and police stations, has never been a matter of me not daring to talk, not daring to share evidence or get it properly, this has never been at all a matter of me not doing enough to prove the tortures despite the "psychiatric diagnoses" that everybody knew that were being fabricated for psychiatric enforcement purposes, committed by the progenitors, and allowed and paid by the Federal Government... All this had been coordinated to simply force me to remain in a permanent civil slavery state and even try, as a Government, to invalidate my own voice and project I am "enjoying and remembering with joy" every time I am actually being shot civilly, and this keep being done again and again, enforcing the being into even more civil slavery... until the point of civil

death is reached: the not-being state becomes absolute and permanently enforced via civil death status.

What is a civil death?

Let's first explain what a brain death status is.

What is a brain death status?

Brain death is a status where there is an irreversible and complete loss of all brain and brainstem function. This means the brain has stopped controlling vital functions, such as breathing and heart rate, and there is no chance of recovery. It is considered both a legal and medical definition of death. Brain death is not a coma or a temporary state.

The most essential characteristics of a brain death status are:

- **Cessation of Neural Activity**

It signifies a permanent and complete cessation of all brain activity, including the brainstem, which controls essential functions like breathing and heart rate.

- **No Recovery**

Once brain death occurs, there is no possibility of regaining consciousness or any other brain function.

- **Legal Definition of Death:**

In many jurisdictions, brain death is legally recognized as the definition of death. This means that a person declared brain dead is legally considered deceased, even if their heart is still beating and they are being kept alive by a ventilator.

- **Life Support and Brain Death:**

A brain-dead person may be kept alive by a ventilator and other life support systems, but these are only maintaining bodily functions, not reversing the brain death.

- **Organ Donation:**

Brain death is the condition that allows for organ and tissue donation, as the organs can still be viable for transplant before they begin to fail.

Now, let ´s discuss further what civil life is.

What is civil life?

Civil life refers to aspects of life that are not related to the military or government. It encompasses the day-to-day activities, interactions, and social structures within a community or society, including family, work, education, recreation, faith and civic engagement. It's essentially the ordinary, non-military aspects of living in a society, where individuals contribute to the community's functioning while adhering to laws and norms.

The most essential characteristics of civil life are:

- **Everyday Life:**

This includes all the routine activities that individuals engage in, such as going to work, spending time with family, pursuing hobbies, and participating in social events.

- **Community Engagement:**

It involves participating in the affairs of the community and nation, contributing to its well-being and development.

- **Social Interactions:**

This encompasses the relationships and interactions people have with each other within the community, both formal and informal.

- **Civic Participation:**

It includes activities like volunteering, voting, and advocating for community improvements.

- **Non-Governmental:**

Civil life is distinct from the formal structures of government and military, though it can interact with them.

Now, let ´s explain what a civil death status is.

What is a civil death status?

Civil death is a status where there is an irreversible and complete loss of social and civil functions. Social functions are lost when all possibilities of true social communion are

none due to permanently enforced civil slavery. Civil functions are lost when there are no possibilities of free and equal social life due to permanently enforced violations of civil rights. Together, when implemented systematically by a government, they eventually become social death. This means that the person stops being a citizen who can self-determine their own social and civil vital functions. This can go as far of the person being totally unable to have his or her own biological vital functions taken by granted, like breathing and heart rate, due how civil slavery is being enforced: if toxic gas torture is systematically enforced via civil slavery targeted to control the biological function capability of the person, and the person is tortured with toxic gasses targeted to cause heart beat dysfunction or even failure, or breathing dysfunction or even failure, of course civil slavery leads to civil death and also to biological death, especially after a prolonged time of social hospice in which all social interactions had been used to cause psychosocial pain and injuries, to the extent of enforce a life of permanent state of pain... that leads to a civil death permanent state: all social and civil functions are forced to entirely stop, as it is happening at this moment with me. Right now I can´t have an everyday life, nor I can´t have a work life at all either: whatever work I “choose” (the jobs available to choose are manipulated, so that is not actual choice possibility) will be manipulated to force me to remain slaved civilly via systematic inequality, systematic poverty and systematic psychosocial and biochemical social control-torture tactics; after more than six different works through which the same civil slavery was enforced, there is no possibility at all for me to find a job anymore; in the labor sense, I had being enforced into a full social disability state, without being paid unemployment payment either, so I am also enforced into absolute poverty; my income is zero, and the Government itself is the one who has allowed this and helped to cover it with their truth denialism. I have no family life at all without being subject to civil slavery, and this has been allowed by the Government in a VERY systematic sense for more than ten years. My faith life also became totally unable to happen without social control-torment tactics being enforced systematically on a very civil level. Cultural life also was forced to go to zero: not only my books had been stolen over and over again through the years and my intellectual works and art had been sabotages or even destroyed along the years... the Government also controls all the information I can access, all of it had been deliberately and very illegally used for military PSY OPS purposes, so ALL aspects of my social life was forced via civil slavery to become the Government´s social war field... to the point that the possibilities of ANY KIND of social communion on earth systematically plummeted to ZERO for years, something that by itself is unsurvivable, becoming a civil death when the possibilities of willed civil social life becomes a permanent ZERO, not due lack of will capability in my own nature, but because even the most minimum social interaction will be used by the Government or by criminals to enforce civil slavery, one way or another.

When absolutely all the relational possibilities becomes weaponized for social war purposes, or any purpose that is not from the own person will, and that permanently done via civil slavery, as it was done just right now (the neighbor does in a very permanent status a fabricated cough noises as dog whistling psychosocial abuse tactic; no matter if I wake up at 4 am and go to sleep at 11 pm, the neighbor is always there, committing his psychosocial control-torture tactic to let me know that I am not able to get out of the house without being psychosocially slaved via civil slavery; that is a very practical example of how all the relational becomes exploited for psychosocial control-torture tactics enforced via civil slavery) by the Government also, not merely by civil terrorists... well, you become civilly death in a very permanent way. I can't go shopping for anything, even with the small amount of money I have, without being civilly enslaved. I CAN 'T HAVE ANY RECREATIONAL OR CULTURAL LIFE AT ALL WITHOUT BEING CIVILLY SLAVED. I CAN'T HAVE COMMUNITY LIFE AT ALL WITHOUT BEING GASLIGHTED SINCE MANY YEARS AGO, UNTIL REACHING A TOTAL ZERO OF SOCIAL COMMUNION ON EARTH. IN MY CASE, THE CIVIL DEATH STATUS GOES TO THE EXTENT THAT I CAN 'T BREATHE OR HAVE A HEARTBEAT WITHOUT BEING CIVILLY ENSLAVED: WHETHER I AM ALLOWED TO BREATHE OR HAVE A HEARTBEAT, THAT WILL DEPEND ON THE CRUELTY LEVELS OF THE ONE BEHIND THE ENVIRONMENTAL CONTROL PANEL OF THIS HOUSE OF TORTURES.

When there is no chance of recovery of a free and equal social and civil life, WHEN THE ONLY CHANCE OF REMANING ALIVE IS BEING TOTALLY ALONE AND PERMANENTLY ISOLATED BECAUSE THE CIVIL SLAVERY ENFORCED HAD BEEN SO EXTENSIVE that there is no comeback to a willed social-civil life... that is civil death, the social hospice becomes a permanent not-being state. My life entirely stopped being BOTH A WILLED AND A FREE CIVIL LIFE: EVERY aspect of "my" civil life became illegally ruled and surveilled by the military or government, while forced to remain used as their social war field for more than a decade. There is no civil personal life at all allowed for me: all "my" day-to-day activities and every social interaction, no matter how small... had been and still are, as I write these words in an illegally surveilled device, used by the Government and the military as social war ammunition and for enforcing a social parallel reality via systemic gaslighting in a very permanent way, until enforcing a complete not-being state. All the social-civil structures within the community or society I had been allowed to access, including family, work, education, recreation, faith, social media, and civic engagement... ALL HAD BEEN AND STILL ARE MANIPULATED FOR SOCIAL WARFARE PURPOSES, FOR MORE THAN A DECADE. There are no non-military or non-governmental aspects to my civil life, nor am I allowed to contribute socially to any community (except as I am doing with this letter, which is being written for future generations). In fact, I attempted to make a social contribution a few days ago, and even while doing so, I was civilly enslaved. Not only are

there no laws and norms applied to me to stop the civil slavery I am being subjected to, but civil slavery has become totally normalized and systematically enforced on me BY THE GOVERNMENT. I am not a WILLING CITIZEN ANYMORE: I am owned by the Department of Defense and the Government TO BE USED IN WHATEVER WAY THEY WANT, MY WHOLE LIFE BEING SURVEILLED AND EXPLOITED LIKE A TRUMAN SHOW, NO MATTER WHAT MY WILL IS. I am not a citizen with rights: I am an object to be used and often imploded AS PERSONAL LIVE AMMUNITION, one social shooting after another, one terrorist implosion after another.

There is no civil life possible when civil rights are systematically denied, so systematically legally enforced denial of civil liberties will ipso facto become a civil death, sooner or later. Civil rights are meant to guarantee equal freedom and equal participation in society for all individuals, regardless of their background or identity.

They are legal protections that ensure people are not discriminated against and can fully enjoy the rights and opportunities afforded to all members of a society. This includes areas like:

- Voting rights
- Equal access to education, work, housing, and public services
- Freedom of speech, assembly, and religion
- Protection from discrimination based on race, gender, disability, origin, or other characteristics

I will now mention examples of how my civil liberties had been violated in ALL those mentioned areas:

- **Voting rights:** the last time I was socially allowed to vote, I had to do it forced to endure psychosocial control-torture tactics: at the school I was assigned to vote they placed a Christmas tree of sunflowers to mimick my use of sunflowers, and when I arrived to the ballot filling point I was named by the one who assigned my place as “amor” and words that were clearly dog whistling. Yes, I was allowed to write the ballot and vote, but in such a denigrating and civil-equality-denying way that I was never able to go back to vote again: there was no way to be able to do it without being further civilly enslaved in the voting process. So, my voting rights had been *de facto* terminated for a long time. I was even told I was totally forbidden from recording inside the ballot place, simply so they could engage in their demeaning treatment without having evidence of it.

- **Equal access to education, to work, to housing, and to public services:** let´s begin clarifying that the use of narcissistic abuse, psychosocial control-torture tactics, and dog whistling had been constant in all those environments (education, work, housing, and public services) at all moments. Just to say a straightforward example: at the same time the progenitors would greet me with “lindo día” —a totally non-cultural normal way to greet anyone and that clearly mimics my constant use of the word “beautiful” — I would also be greeted with a “lindo día” at work (I worked in schools also, and that is an educative environment), and wherever I go, including in public services like forced medical appointments in the public university´s Department of Psychiatry or while doing errands like renovate Medicate, go shopping or go to walk to a beach and someone telling “lindo dia” to greet me “casually” as passing by besides me, go to a pharmacy to get meds...

ALL social environments I had been forced to remain due to being forced to stay at this house of tortures... had been used AT ALL MOMENTS to enforce civil slavery upon me through all kinds of slaveries: **socioeconomical slavery** (getting advantage of my poverty to do all kinds of psychosocial slavery-torture tactics), educative slavery (I was only allowed to study, due poverty, what my progenitors induced me to study, I wasn´t allowed to keep studying a MA despite having all the intellectual talent to pursue one... nor the Government fabricated a way to me being able to study at graduate level, or able to have a work with a dignified salary: they have spent millions in marketing used for gaslighting, paying forced psychiatric treatments... but couldn´t do the most simple and humanely basic step: provide me a salary with enough wage to live by my own and outside the reach of the civil slavery and medical imprisonment that begun to be enforced by the progenitors, but eventually, the Government consented it and kept subsidizing), **cultural slavery** (the Government itself denied me a safe place to develop all the intellectual works contemplated: a summa personae never saw the light, computers were constantly sabotaged and surveilled, used for psychosocial slavery-torture tactics, my cellphones were broken and sabotaged one after another, I had been unable to have any cultural life at all, including something as ordinary as go to a cinema or walk along the beach with the dogs without being civilly slaved, since YEARS AGO...), **domestic slavery** (I had been slaved and tortured by the progenitors since birth; systematic torture enforce via arquitechtonically and covertly devised toxic gassing began at age 4; once the Government knew it, either due me denouncing it directly to them or due me sharing all the evidence in social media, so everything was publicly known... they forced me to remain as civil slave, toxic gassed, my dogs getting cancer and severe infections and allergies either caused directly by my

progenitors or by the poisonous gasses we were all forced to breathe due being forced to remain civilly slaved and medically imprisoned by my progenitors... and nobody, absolutely NOBODY, not even the President, told the truth in more than ten years of that happening in a very publicly known way...), **and also subjected to labor slavery** (at each work I would be, sooner or later, subjected to permanent social gaslighting, denial of truth and recognition of rights, denied dignity with very inhuman wages and denigrating treatment, besides also being toxic gassed and even caused injuries that required ER attention... that the same Government that allowed them also paid the treatments, causing a whole medically-induced body trafficking and psychosocial trafficking scenario in a totally legal way that no one stopped, no matter how many times I denounced it in social media and with how solid evidence I documented everything publicly... At the last job I requested to work at, believing it would be better because I left being how I was constantly forced to witness children, including 4 years old children, being tortured along me... Well, at the last job they even fabricated I did a mistake in my job application, delaying my starting date more than a month and depleting me completely of the money I had so I would be forced to remain working to survive pay check by pay check, after denying me to take a photo of the job application when I requested it so they could cover themselves... and they fabricated that delay so they could adapt the whole job environment with covert toxic gassing and covert surveillance systems, even the bathrooms, to then began to toxic gas me and torturing me psychosocially and biochemically over and over again until I was totally unable to keep working anymore... and of course, nor the Government nor OSHA stopped them, they simply allowed me to be tortured to the point of full social disability, totally incapable to contribute socially to any work environment).

- **Freedom of speech, assembly, and religion:** absolutely all my social communications had been illegally surveilled, including by the Government and the military, and used for social manipulation or as social war ammunition for more than a decade, until reaching the point of total destruction of ANY possibility of social communion on earth. Of course, that means I have had no right of assembly since MANY years ago also, NOR RIGHT OF ANY SOCIAL MEETING OR INTERACTION THAT IS COMMUNION-BASED AND TRUTH-BASED. I haven't been able to attend a parish for more than five years to Sunday mass, the most basic obligation of a Catholic, because even sacramental life had been used to manipulate my perception of social reality and for social gaslighting. Yes, I HAD BEEN TORTURED WITH BOTH GASLIGHTING AND TOXIC GAS TORTURES AT PARISHES, EVEN USING THE EUCHARIST ITSELF AS CIVIL SLAVERY ENFORCEMENT MEDIA. Even the Pope

himself has denied me the right of a gospel-based sacramental life: Angelus, homilies, weekly catechesis... EVEN THAT HAS BEEN MANIPULATED TO ENFORCE CIVIL SLAVERY AND TRUTH DENIALISM; WHAT JESUS HIMSELF INSTITUTED HAD ALSO BEEN USED TO SUBJECT ME TO CIVIL SLAVERY AND FOR SOCIAL GASLIGHTING. NO ONE REALIZED, NOR RECOGNIZED, EVER, THE GRUESOME DAMAGE OF THAT BEING DONE BY POPES. NO ONE DARED TO STAND AND SAY: WE ARE CALLED TO BE FAITHFUL TO JESUS, NO ONE, NOT EVEN THE POPE, CAN BE ALLOWED TO USE ECCLESIAL INSTITUTIONAL LIFE TO DENY TRUTH, TRUE COMMUNION AND DIGNITY. NOT ONLY NO ONE, NOR THE POPE NOR PRIESTS, DARED TO FORCE THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES TO TELL THE TRUTH AND ACT ACCORDING TO RULE OF LAW IMMEDIATELY AFTER THEY DENIED ME RULE OF LAW (YES, EVEN THE POPE KNEW WHEN THAT HAPPENED, THE GASLIGHTING DONE WITH INSTITUTIONAL ECCLESIAL LIFE AND THE SOCIAL POWER ABUSES COMMITTED HERE HAD BEEN A WHOLE LETHAL PERSONHOOD BLOODSHED BY ITSELF: IT WAS JESUS CHARITY WHO SAVED ME OF SUCH ECCLESIAL ATROCITY), NOR AT ANY OTHER MOMENT THROUGH A MORE THAN A TEN YEARS SPAN... THE VATICAN ITSELF HAS RECEIVED THAT VERY SAME AUTHORITIES THAT HAVE SLAVED ME CIVILLY ALONG THE YEARS, AND SAID NO PUBLIC COMMENTARY AT ALL ABOUT TELLING THEM TO STOP, AND THAT COULD HAVE BEEN DONE QUITE EASILY... BUT NO, IT WAS CHOSEN TO COMMIT THE SAME SOCIAL POWER ABUSE INSTEAD OF STOPPING IT, USING THE INSTITUTIONAL TO ENFORCE THE VERY SAME CIVIL SLAVERY, IN A VERY PUBLIC AND DENIGRATING WAY. It was sad to discover: right now, for the institutional church, as it has happened in other historical crisis times, HOLDING WORDLY POWER CONVENIENTLY IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN HOLDING THE EVANGELICAL TRUTHS FAITHFULLY. I was even institutionally denied to talk to Pope Francis before he died: it was the own institution's silence and truth denialism what caused me being forced to not being able to go Rome, and lets be quite clear: I won't be going to Rome after what was done at the last Pope's Angelus, totally manipulated for commit gaslighting instead of fundament the Angelus reflection in the Word. The Word was accidental: what truly mattered was concealing that I would still be forced to remain civilly enslaved by the US GOVERNMENT after Mary Magdalene's day... when the civil death happened literally with the equal psychosocial cruelty of a crucifixion, that of course happened availed by the Pope, who allowed it to happen. Nope, no one expected a Pope complying with a psychosocial martyrdom committed as a Nero's circus. What happened, all the humiliation, the extreme neurological pain, the profuse internal bleeding that in a lighter way stood for hours, all caused deliberately and coordinately even using a Pope's Angelus manipulated

content, can't and won't be forgotten: here is written, for the Catholics in the future, to know what can't be allowed to happen again and what is *forbidden to forget* for the common good of all: when at the last Angelus (the one in July 20, 2025) Pope Leo XIV used the expression "Yet God first knew what it was to be a guest, and today as well, he stands at our door and knocks" he did it to project that someone would knock my door and I would be freed; INSTITUTIONAL ECCLESIAL LIFE WAS USED FOR A FALSE ENDING PROJECTION, AGAIN! Yes, those kind of psychosocial control-torture tactics is using institutional life to COMMIT POWER ABUSE AND ENFORCE PSYCHOSOCIAL SLAVERY via gaslighting, manipulating the perception of social reality to enforce the same false social parallel reality the Government of USA is enforcing and to enforce civil slavery IN PLAIN PUBLIC SIGHT.

I am totally unable to stand as institutionally Catholic after the civil slavery I had been subjected to with such personhood, bloody cruelty, enforced through Catholic institutions. Still, I am sure Catholics in the future will see what no one can see now, historical lessons will be learned and in the future reforms will be able to be done, so the body of Christ won't be able to be slaved again, not even by a Pope, to enforce slavery-torture tactics, nor to enforce any human or sacramental dignity violation. I pray for everyone, and also stand faithful to my gospel-based alliance and to my call to give light to the Word, but my institutional belonging to the Catholic Church that has allowed and covered the truth about the atrocities shared with this letter, AND THAT DARED TO USE ECCLESIAL INSTITUTIONAL LIFE TO COMMIT AND BE COMPLICIT WITH SOCIAL MURDER, is terminated. Yes, what happened at May 22 was social murder committed in the plain sight of all. I am already a martyr, buried alive with civil slavery and total depletion of any kind of possibility of being civilly who I am and who I had been called to be in Christ's Love. All that had been contemplated through Jesus Charity doesn't belong to me, but the Church of the future will be able to discern better what to do with those contemplations, and I do not fear an excommunication because... it was the Church which denied me the communion first, even sacramentally, when I was forced to stop going to mass and stop seeing digital mass due the use of sacramental life (homilies, chants...) for gaslighting and manipulation of social reality perception. I CAN LET YOU BE FULLY AWARE: HEAVEN HAD NEVER BEEN COMPLICIT WITH THE USE OF HIS ECCLESIAL BODY FOR ENFORCEMENT OF DIGNITY VIOLATIONS OR SLAVERY OF ANY KIND, INCLUDING CIVIL SLAVERY, NOR TO DENY THE TRUTH, ESPECIALLY OF PERSONHOOD BLOODSHEDS WITH WHICH THE OWN CHURCH COLLABORATED.

- **Protection from discrimination based on race, gender, disability, origin, or other characteristics:** I won't bother to explain more forms of systemic discrimination

than the ones already mentioned: it never becomes clear which is more illegal and crueler than which.

In the civil rights sense, civil death occurs when the government systematically violates and suspends a citizen's civil rights — not temporarily, but permanently, and in a way that makes the state itself the enforcer of exclusion. The citizen is no longer recognized as a full subject of the law, but only allowed to function in ways that serve the dominant narrative or power structures.

This person becomes a non-citizen within citizenship, stripped of autonomy, recognition, and protection. Their rights are not merely denied — they are selectively “granted” or weaponized according to what benefits the regime. The ability to act, speak, breathe, or even survive depends on whether the state permits it.

But beyond even the denial of legal participation, the most devastating aspect is the systematic denial of social communion — the refusal to recognize the individual as a person capable of dignity, fraternity, or shared humanity. This is not just exclusion from political life; it is exclusion from human life.

In this condition, civil death becomes ontological death for all social purposes: a negation of the person's being, not only as a legal subject but as a relational being. The person is stripped of all the conditions that make life meaningful or even livable: community, recognition, purpose, and a sense of belonging. This has already been warned: when civil rights are denied systematically and permanently, enforced by state mechanisms, the person is subjected not merely to injustice, but to annihilation to a social not-being state in slow motion. That social-civil not-being state, legally enforced and systematized, becomes a civil death state.

Now let's discuss the essential characteristics of civil death status:

- **Absolute Cessation of Civil Life**

It signifies a permanent and complete cessation of all equal and free civil activity and all willed social life, with social slavery that progresses into a civil slavery that is enforced in absolutely all social environments systematically, including domestically, where the most essential social functions begin. This includes the cessation of all equal, free, and willed civil-social life: everyday activities, even civil-social routines begin to be normalized as not able to happen at all or only allowed to happen to exert more psychosocial control torture tactics and enforce civil slavery further: going to work, going to mass, spending time with family, pursuing hobbies, participating in social events... ALL SOCIAL-CIVIL ACTIVITIES, NO MATTER HOW BASIC THEY ARE AND HOW LITTLE A SOCIAL INTERACTION CAN BE, ALL BECOME ONLY ABLE TO HAPPEN TO BE EXPLOITED TO ENFORCE MORE CIVIL SLAVERY

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DEEPER, OR IF THEY CAN ´T BE USED TO ENFORCE MORE CIVIL SLAVERY OR AS A PSYCHOSOCIAL WAR FIELD, THEY ARE STOPPED TO BEING ABLE FROM HAPPENING AT ALL. HAVING SOCIAL-CIVIL LIFE STOPS BEING CONSIDERED PART OF HUMAN PERSONAL NATURE TO BECOME A COMMODITY, ONLY ALLOWED TO HAPPEN ACCORDING TO THE GOVERNMENT'S OR OTHERS' PURPOSES; THERE IS NO SELF-WILLED PURPOSE POSSIBLE TO BE ALLOWED TO BE EMBRACED, WHATEVER YOU DO, IT WILL BE TWISTED WITH PSYCHOSOCIAL CONTROL-TORTURE TACTICS. EVERY CIVIL-SOCIAL ASPECT OF PERSONAL FORMATION BECOMES SIMPLY A WAR FIELD TO ENFORCE MORE PSYCHOSOCIAL VIOLENCE AND CRUELER ABUSES, INCLUDING SOCIAL POWER ABUSES, COMMITTED MORE AND MORE LETHALLY IN THE PERSONHOOD BLOODSHED SENSE, UNTIL ALL CIVIL LIFE CEASES TO EXIST, as happened on May 22. I can ´t go to Costco, I can ´t go to buy anything, I can ´t go to claim rights anywhere, I was even taken away my Bible and my Biblical studies pending to be read, and that was allowed by the Government in the very exact way it had been allowed my whole life. Once, when I was beyond 35 years old, I mentioned a very dear book that I had read at the age of 12, a book about Saint Maria Goretti that I bought I my first spiritual retreat. The power abuses that the Government has allowed my progenitors to commit via civil slavery has been of such extreme and radical terrorist psychosocial violence and atrocity... that shortly after they left the book in the surroundings: they had been accumulating somewhere the stuff they have stolen from "my bedroom" since me being a child with such accuracy they were able to retrieve and find at my 35 years old... a book they stole when I was age 12, and they did that as a psychosocial slavery-torture tactic... as all the others they have done, totally allowed by a Government that refused to arrest them... for more than a decade, and still counting. My progenitors don ´t stop committing crimes and kidnapping me psychosocially... but the Government still forces me to remain what I have been my whole life, despite beginning to be conscious of it in the last 10 years: a civil slave.

- **No Recovery of Civil Self-Determination**

The civil slavery enforced was so extensive that there is no longer any possibility to keep having a social narrative conscience determined by yourself, because you are gaslighted and denied social reality with all kinds of psychosocial social-torture control tactics, over and over again; all civil functions become permanently non-self-determined. EVERY SOCIAL INTERACTION BECAME DENIAL OF SELF-DETERMINATION AND ENFORCEMENT OF PSYCHOSOCIAL INVALIDATION, BECAUSE NONE, ABSOLUTELY NONE, WAS EQUAL, WILLED, OR FREE: all the relationships and interactions I have with people, both direct or indirect, professionally-bonded (like a chat with a doctor or a pharmacist, who are medical professionals) or casually-bonded (like a child placed where it is known I will pass, dressing the child with a t-shirt whose content has been designed and chosen for social gaslighting

purposes)... become weapon to commit one social shooting after another, one personhood massacre after another, until there is literally no more being left to be: there is no recovery possible of self-determination anymore.

- **Legal Definition of Civil Death**

Civil death is legally recognized when rights become systematically denied through and by the legal system. This means that a person de facto is declared civilly dead when his or her rights begin to be legally denied and any possibility of a socially recognized personal identity is denied by law, even in the civil sense, even if the heart is still beating and being kept alive solely for remaining controlled and used as objects, as a not-being, not allowed to stay civilly alive as a human person anymore. All ways of true community engagement become totally impossible because no matter how I do it, it will be done while being enforced civil slavery in every way possible, including legal systematic denial of human and civil rights: everything that involves participating in the affairs of the community and nation and contributing to its well-being and development... becomes manipulated and used for social war purposes instead of respecting my legal rights, my will and my purposes. I had never consented to be legally forced to remain a social war field of the Government of the United States, in the very same way I had never consented to be legally forced to stay medically imprisoned by my progenitors, nor to be forced by the Puerto Rican and Federal agencies to stay civilly enslaved to them or anyone else.

- **Social Support and Civil Death:**

A civil-dead person may be kept alive by what may seem to be social support systems, but these are only maintaining false projections, and only provided according to the Government ´s social war objectives, for power narrative enforced manipulations, and for social reality manipulation purposes. The civil life becomes totally determined by social control-torture tactics, and there is no self-will validated civilly either: civil life becomes determined solely on basis of other ´s will, interests and purposes, as it is happening right now and happens several times per day: neighbors trying to force me to hear, sometimes successfully, fabricated conversations and manipulated music simply to determine through forced communication my social reality perception capability, determining it via civil slavery (if I am at this house of tortures, it is because I am being forced to remain civilly slaved here, this is not my will, nor God ´s will) according to their targets and objectives, forcing me to endure psychosocial warfare tactics over and over again, even at my domestic setting, even when I am at “home” and I stop entirely getting out to ANY PLACE, because wherever I go I am not allowed to be free of social control-torture tactics... but

even if I choose to stay at the house of tortures, I won't be allowed to have an equal, free, willed civil live. When the mere being who you are is not tolerated to be according to your own identity and given nature, and that is done by law (technically, there is no illegality in a neighbor putting music, no matter which the manipulative purposes behind... but when law is used to force you to remain in a "home" you are civilly slaved, without no place to go to have a recognized personal identity and be able to be yourself in a civil sense without anyone slaving you socially or civilly, yes, that is highly illegal... but in my case the Government legalized it for more than ten years, and still counting... and has legalized it way further than at home: at works, at malls, at stores, at the car I use, at the devices I use, at social media...), yes, you are forced into not-being until you reach the civil death status in a very legal sense: for all the legal senses, your life has no rights recognized anymore, nor you have self-will capabilities recognized legally anymore. You are not even allowed to dream, nor to have any civic participation at all: activities like volunteering, voting, and advocating for community improvements... if allowed to happen, will always occur only in order to enforce civil slavery more. ALL KINDS OF CIVIC PARTICIPATION BECOMES A WEAPON to implement psychosocial control-torture tactics, as you keep being forced to remain a social war field OF BOTH THE GOVERNMENT AND THE OTHER SOCIAL TERRORISTS.

- **Memory Donation:**

The most extensive damage of civil death is historic denial and self-memory extermination. In more than one sense, self-memory sabotage and historical memories destruction becomes normalized: pages with your poems and writings destroyed, the memories of your cellphones sabotaged and destroyed, your own memory attacked and bombed by constant gaslighting, never allowed to have a functional memory by your own, even in a very biological sense: the toxic gas torture I had been forced to endure through the years causes memory dysfunctions and neurocognitive damage, the Government knew this perfectly and not only allowed it to happen: they surveilled me like a Mengelian cobaya to experiment which were the effects of the toxic gasses, knowing that forcing someone to endure that IS a WAR ATTROCITY AND A WAR CRIME that violates the Nuremberg Code.

Once the civil death is confirmed, the only thing left to do is proceed to donate the memories, so the next generations can have the chance of a viable civil life... once the historical lessons and social progress to avoid the civil death (like it happened with the extinction of the Tainos) that couldn't be learned and achieved now can be achieved and learned later on... So, this letter, with the memories I am sharing now, is for the next generations, where the meaning of these experiences will be better understood within the

framework of fraternal rights that still do not exist, and within the framework of a continental fraternal constitution. And then the magnitude of the atrocities I am telling in this letter won't be able to happen again. So, all these memories are being donated as a lesson to humanity, especially for the America of the future, so you are given the chance to learn to walk together as equal and dignified brothers and sisters with inherent fraternal rights, able to choose to grow together in communion in a way that cannot be learned nor achieved in this historical period, when civil slavery still is acceptable socially, civilly normalized and legally enforced economically, politically, culturally, educatively... Civil slavery and fratricide, especially when enforced and systematized by a Government, is not to be hidden but exposed, so the proper historical lessons can be learned for generations to come, and the American colonial era can come to an end for the common good of all future Americans.

Of course, when your entire existence becomes a battleground for government social warfare and everything you do socially becomes a social warfare tool... There is no civil life distinct from government and military: you become owned by the Government to be exploited as an object by the army, and that has been done hundreds of thousands of times over more than a decade. Then your whole social-civil existence becomes scripted by the psyops of the Government (including permanent illegal surveillance that is used for permanent psychosocial analysis of behaviors, patterns, body language...) like a Truman Show... and then, even your memories become a "social media" to enforce in a very civil sense a power narrative that had never been yours, nor will ever be. You are forced to become who you are not, even in the memory sense, when the Government invalidates your own memory and narrative over and over again... until the civil death state I am now. I did not survive, no matter how many times it has been and still is projected that nothing is happening, that I am simply "enjoying days I will be happy to remember,"... and that was enforced while I shared a memory, forced to do it while remaining a civil slave to the point of no return possible to self-determination: if I was sharing that memory in the way I did, it was because I had no other way to do it.

It is inadmissible to the Government to admit: you also commit social murder, and not only to me, but also to the thousands and millions of low-wage workers that have no way to afford a life with dignity due to the own Government systematizing predatory capitalism and business having such predatory profits that employees are not guaranteed a wage enough to afford to raise a family with dignity, among other ways to commit social murder.

But let's talk about the most gruesomely exploited memory the Government and the military had ever exploited of me: the memory of the family God called me to form.

My first denunciation to the FBI included a very particular criminal detail: I told them I was not clear about why what was happening and done to me was happening, but clearly, another person knew: I was being surveilled remotely by Eduardo Verastegui. Yes, he hacked my devices also, as my progenitors have also done throughout my whole life.

I would eventually realize: true love doesn't love committing human rights violations... and renounced to that way to form a family, but the Government clearly took advantage, over and over again, of me being totally unable to form a family at all... and me, deprived of any other family notion, had been tricked into final endings projections using Eduardo Verastegui not only as a emotional bait... but as a feeling and freedom denying bait also: I had been twisted, over and over again, into a "romantic drama scenario"... while I was forced to remain tortured to death, over and over again and horribly cruelly and criminally committed by my own progenitors. So, at the same time that the Government allowed me being attempted by the progenitors to have me murdered and forced me to remain civilly enslaved over and over again... through more than ten years... they also tried to me being emotionally murdered by a "romantic partner" they enforced unto me to project "love" in someone as deprived as me of any kind of human family love... projecting it simply as social control-torture tactic and civil slavery enforcement weapon.

Diré esto en español porque no hay forma de expresar este grado de crudeza en inglés: una y otra vez el social media del actor se usó para jugar con mis sentimientos, y ese juego con los sentimientos también se usó como arma de guerra social. No sé que tortura y abuso de poder más atroz y sangrante que este pueda imaginarse cualquiera, COMETIDO MILITARMENTE: UN GOBIERNO USANDO A UN ACTOR PARA PROYECTAR VIA MILITARILLY-ENFORCED PSYOPS, AMOR A UNA PERSONA A LA QUE A LA MISMA VEZ SE LE ESTABA VIOLANDO SU DIGNIDAD, EQUIDAD Y LIBRE VOLUNTAD, MIENTRAS SE LE PROJECTABA DICHO "AMOR" CON TODO TIPO DE CHANTAJES EMOCIONALES QUE UNA VEZ CONSCIENTE DE COMO SE HAN HECHO, SE DELATA LO DENIGRANTE DE LAS CIRCUNSTANCIAS EN LAS QUE FUERON FORZADOS. TÁCTICAS COMO PONER ADS DE BODAS, PONER ADS DE EMBARAZOS, PONER ADS DE LUNAS DE MIEL, PONER ADS DE CONTENIDO ROMÁNTICO TARGETED PARA QUE YO LO CONSUMIERA COMO BAIT PARA MANIPULAR ASÍ MI PERCEPCIÓN DE LA REALIDAD SOCIAL...

Voy a ponerlo bien gráficamente para que se entienda el horror de lo que se hizo aquí: mientras yo estaba forcada a permanecer encerrada en un cuarto seis de siete días de la semana (y la única vez que salía era toxic gassed y psychosocially tortured también) muriéndome de hambre, gaslighted con tortura bioterrorista letal... el maldito Gobierno de Estados Unidos se puso a proyectar con todo tipo de false projections via civilly-slavery enforced social media manipulated content que Eduardo Verastegui estaba "enamorado

de mí"... pero claro, este concepto de "amor" es que yo tenía que permanecer esclavizada. Este concepto de "amor" no se trataba de un Gobierno actuar conforme a estado de derecho, sacarme del zulo en el que los progenitores me tenían secuestrada psicosocialmente y permitirme casarme también conforme a estado de derecho, a una edad en la que aún fuera posible tener biológicamente la familia numerosa que Dios siempre soñó para mí. Este "amor" era del tipo de proyectar que Eduardo Verastegui estaría esperándome en la playa, ir para allá lista para irme... y nada, era una falsa proyección. O proyectar que él vendría en Navidad y tendríamos "privacidad". O jugar con proyecciones de restaurantes mexicanos (eso lo han hecho a diestra y siniestra, hasta fabricaron job ads en restaurantes mexicanos que se prestaron a la movida). O PROYECTAR QUE TENDRÍA UN SAN VALENTÍN ROMÁNTICO Y LUEGO TODO ERA UNA FALSA PROYECCIÓN. El juego con mis sentimientos usando a Eduardo Verástegui ha sido tan desangrante que finalmente dejé de acceder a su social media en lo absoluto, pero igual todo otro social media que usara sería usado para proyectarme dependiente de él para tener familia, punto. Incluso en *cues* inconscientes bien sutiles que después te das cuenta de como fue orquestrado y te muerdes de rabia por como un MALDITO GOBIERNO se atrevió a usar SENTIMIENTOS INTIMOS Y UNA VIDA INTIMA VIOLADA PARA USARLA TAMBIEN COMO CAMPO DE GUERRA SOCIAL. LO DE VIOLACIÓN SOCIAL EN MASA AQUÍ NO ES UN EUFENISMO EN LO ABSOLUTO: SE HIZO, UNA Y OTRA VEZ, DEJÁNDOTE EL CORAZÓN HECHO MIL PEDAZOS UNA Y OTRA VEZ... Y MI ERROR FUE VOLVER A ACCEDER SU SOCIAL MEDIA.

NO VA A VOLVER A PASAR. NI SIQUIERA VOY A ADMITIR VERLO, Y ESO SE LO DIGO BIEN CLARO. También ha sido parte del asesinato psicosocial más atroz y el secuestro psicosocial cuyo grado de crueldad ha sido tanto el más largo como la más sangrante que haya visto la historia de la humanidad.

Si de verdad me amabas... ¿qué te costaba decirlo de frente mientras me desmayaba de hambre, mientras se me esclavizaba otra vez y mientras se me violaba una y otra vez en mi dignidad mientras viajabas por todo el mundo apareciéndote a cualquiera... menos a mí, a la que supuestamente amabas? Incluso te has tomado fotos con Trump y con el secretario del Departamento de la Defensa... pero no, la verdad no se puede decir, ni el estado de derecho puede ser aplicado como corresponde en una democracia donde el poder no es del pueblo, sino de actores poderosos de todo tipo: todo se vale en la guerra y en el amor, no importan las fotitos con el Presidente y el secretario del Departamento de Defensa, tengo que permanecer esclava de la incertidumbre y de la esclavitud civil para siempre... y ojo... es a los del Gobierno a los que se les ocurre usar una relación "romántica" para mantenerme esclavizada civilmente, cuando resulta que el actor anda por medio globo terráqueo dando conferencias en contra de human trafficking en contra de niños, pero a la

misma vez que se presta a ser usado de arma social para que el Gobierno fuerce esclavitud social en mí via psychosocial trafficking, y además sin decir jamás ni una sola palabra respecto a cómo mis estudiantes (desde cuatro años hasta 19 o 20 años con discapacidad) eran torturados con toxic gas una y otra vez, ni hizo absolutamente nada por impedirlo, y eso también sucedió en escuelas católicas. El juego con los dobles sentidos del actor no tiene nombre, y no, no me refiero a doble sentido sexual: me refiero a doble sentido psicosocial. Por decir un ejemplo reciente: ponerse a usar 1,2,3 para proyectar un falso final, que se podía interpretar con el mismo “1,2,3” que se usaría en un nuevo comienzo... pero resulta que como lo usó eventualmente fue para otra cosa. Muy bonito, actor, muy bonito: jugar con dobles sentidos para proyectar lo que sabes que es una falsa proyección, como has hecho durante todos estos años, y además haciéndolo con toda la conciencia del daño que se estaba haciendo y a la magnitud de dolor neurológico a la que se me estaba exponiendo exactísimamente a la misma vez que te usaba como arma de chantaje emocional. Entonces acaba normalizándose el jugar con sentimientos y con el corazón como campo de guerra social del mismísimo Gobierno. La ilusión de un matrimonio se explotó y se volvió un arma para el Gobierno de Estados Unidos para perpetuar la esclavitud civil de la forma más putrefactamente denigrante posible: manipulando sentimientos. Eventualmente, cuando me hubiera gustado decir adiós en paz y poder seguir con mi vida, jurando que finalmente lo que se estaba haciendo no podría ser una vez más una falsa proyección... volvieron a usar el actor para una falsa proyección. Again. Then the civil death happened. I never saw his social media again, nor I used social media again, it was enough of social media being used to play with feelings and with what is... usually considered the most sacred of a human being, but I forgot, dumb me, I am a civil slave for all the social purposes... including to look for a romantic partner: if I am allowed to have any “romantic notion” at all, it will be to be exploited for the Government of the United States purposes, period. Even me wanting to say goodbye properly, even me going back to see the actor’s Twitter account... even that was exploited too, as it can also be clearly seen now. be exploited too. No hay palabras, no las hay, para palabrizar el horror y el desangramiento que se cometió a lo largo de los años de esta forma, proyectando falsas ilusiones solo para a la misma vez seguir perpetuando más y más esclavitud civil... hasta consumir no un matrimonio, sino un infierno en vida, exactamente como pasó en Auschwitz.

Es importante mencionar aquí otro detalle que ya fue aludido antes, pero ahora será mencionado con todas sus connotaciones: ha sido el mismo Gobierno de Estados Unidos el que me ha prohibido ser madre por propia voluntad. Todos mis años de fecundidad biológica ordinaria de una mujer millennial, desde los 27 hasta los 39 (cumplí cuarenta en unas cuatro semanas; la edad más común entre mujeres millennial para tener hijos es

finales de los 20s y principios de los 30s), el Gobierno de Estados Unidos me forzó a permanecer sometida a esclavitud civil, totalmente incapaz de formar una familia por mi cuenta vía adopción de un embrión in vitro, o de aspirar a encontrar un compañero de vida con presencia real y en que se pudiera confiar y consumir una concepción sacramental. Ni siquiera se toleró que pudiera formar un hogar digno por mi propia cuenta con mis perros. Que se recuerde bien claro: el Gobierno mismo me negó TODA posibilidad de formar un hogar y una familia propias, a la misma vez que jugaba con los sentimientos usando a Eduardo Verástegui como bait para mantenerme emocionalmente esclavizada a la idea de un matrimonio que jamás se consumaría, usando esa falsa proyección de que finalmente podría formar un hogar para proyectar false endings a diestra y siniestra, POR MÁS DE UNA DÉCADA, permitiendo durante toda esa década que yo fuera sometida a todo tipo de torturas y atrocidades cometidas por mis progenitores... No, no se podía sencillamente hacer posible que el psychosocial torture and imprisonment acabara y yo pudiera irme elsewhere a realmente hacer una familia... me dejaron fantaseando por más de diez años, hasta someterme a muerte civil... usando, again, una falsa proyección con Eduardo Verástegui. ¿Cómo es posible llegar al extremo de tiranía gubernamental que implica el usar un Gobierno y psyops militares para manipular y jugar con la vida íntima de civiles, fabricando proyecciones a diestra y siniestra de hombres con abdominales y medio desnudos, o carátulas de historias eróticas de todo tipo, en búsquedas que no estaban en lo absoluto relacionadas con dicho contenido: it was enforced to play power games in social media and shopping media, projecting the “intimate life” I was meant to be induced to crave... according to them? So, even sexuality now becomes enforced by other, I had been denied even to live my sexuality and chastity according to my own discernment. No, my craving is of a life of dignity, far away from the reach of your power games and the civil slavery you enforce with them. So, this is the way “intimacy” is being enforced by the Government of the United States: I am “Intimate Inmate”, only able to allow to be validated some sense of “intimacy and sexuality” if agreeing to agree to remain their psychosocial inmate forever and also agreeing to my whole intimate life also being used as a social war field for their military psyops. It’s a pity there is no erotic novel —yes, you have forced me to see A LOT of erotic content, but I would remind that detail right now— called “Intimate Inmate”. Yes, this is sexual exploitation or forced sexual objectification, done by the Government of the “most powerful nation on Earth”: they exploit me as an “intimate inmate”, always ready to project a new sexual craving to play psychosocial slavery enforcement games with that too.

¿Exactamente qué cantidad de dinero compensa semejantes nivel de sistematicidad de violaciones de derechos humanos, fraternos y civiles, cometidas cientos de veces cada día (en un solo día de scrolling se pueden ver literalmente más de cien tweets/instagram

posts/Facebook posts de contenido manipulado) con el propósito expreso de manipular la realidad, con tal grado de coordinación que no me queda más remedio que no usar social media en lo absoluto, no permitirme ver absolutamente NADA, para evitar ser manipulada por las falsas proyecciones y el chantaje emocional del contenido forzado y las comunicaciones forzadas del Gobierno de Estados Unidos. Eso sin contar lo que pueda forzarse a consumir con todas las comunicaciones forzadas e interacciones sociales forzadas que sucedan si resulta que en ese día salgo de la casa de torturas a hacer alguna gestión: tanto el Gobierno de Estados Unidos como los otros terroristas sociales se ponen a jugar con cada detalle mínimo de cada salida, desde el sticker del carro junto al parking que fabricaron que fuera el único al que pudiera acceder hasta fabricar niños con tshirts manipuladas caminando alrededor, y conste que mencioné de los ejemplos MENOS grotescos, si me pongo a mencionar el chantaje emocional que también se proyecta al salir (parejitas besándose o incluso empleados besándose a mi alrededor, gente tomada de la mano en un contexto social en el que se sabe que eso no sucede, Costco jugando con las pizzas cuando en algún momento mencioné tener una noche de citas ahí... la crudeza del chantaje emocional alrededor, de ser mencionada explícitamente ahora, desangraría a cualquiera... pero a alguien a quien el mismísimo Gobierno ha negado la posibilidad de formar una familia, indudablemente eso le va a afectar más...

Solo voy a mencionar UN ejemplo, de millones que podría mencionar entre los hechos a lo largo de más de diez años, de contenido manipulado en las redes sociales, hecho por el Gobierno de Estados Unidos. A veces tomo screenshots de las cosas que hacen, pero esta vez no lo hice: el 21 de mayo, justo antes del asesinato social cometido el 22... otra de las varias formas en las que se hizo una falsa proyección de final fue poner un tweet que decía algo similar a esto:

“Perdí mi celular... tengo que cambia r mi celular mañana.”

Noten el error ortográfico manipulado en la palabra “cambia r”: se manipuló el contenido de la red social Twitter para manipular la percepción de la realidad social y proyectar que al próximo día acabaría todo y podría cambiarme a un celular con privacidad, un celular verdaderamente personal. Por supuesto, no sucedió. El Gobierno imitó el jueguito de usar errores ortográficos para hacer falsas proyecciones de mis progenitores: hoy mismo lo hicieron al escribir en una nota la palabra “regresamo” (está mal escrita, la palabra correcta es “regresamos”), haciéndolo solo para proyectar que cuando pensé que no regresaría a la casa me equivoqué, “sí que REGRESAMOS a la casa”. Es triste, tremendamente triste, darse cuenta una y otra vez: estás ante un Gobierno que en lugar de detener los crímenes con estado de derecho... eligió cometer exactamente los mismos crímenes cometidos por los progenitores, solo que con mucha peor crueldad y magnitud

civil. Y en medio de un Gobierno que responde al terrorismo social con más terrorismo social y de terroristas sociales cuya crueldad no tiene límites y responde al Gobierno superando más y más la misma crueldad... estoy yo, como el “civil channel” que funciona como campo de guerra social, recibiendo una y otra vez los social shootings que un bando se tira al otro, y sin que se me ofreciera ninguna posibilidad de no ser forzada a permanecer en línea de fuego... hasta que finalmente mi asesinato social fue consumado civilmente el pasado 22 de mayo, provocando no solamente que tuviera que colapsar (tuve que sentarme en el piso porque no podía sostenerme en pie: o colapsaba de forma “planificada” o colapsaría eventualmente sin poder evitarlo) sino dejándome literalmente al borde de un derrame cerebral... si no es que de hecho sangré y sencillamente me recuperé como siempre ha sucedido: por mí misma, reabsorbiendo la sangre. En estos momentos, viendo la magnitud del dolor tanto en el momento de los hechos como en los días posteriores, no me extrañaría en lo absoluto que eso hubiera pasado. By the way, el actor estaba en Washington DC mientras mi asesinato civil era consumado.

De la misma forma que se normalizó concebir un Gobierno cuyo “estado de derecho” y “poder del pueblo” era entendido de tal forma que cada vez que huía pidiendo ayuda la negaba una y otra vez, forzándome una y otra vez a permanecer sometida a esclavitud civil... también se usó a Eduardo Verastegui para concebir una “relación romántica” entendida de tal forma que se normalizó una noción de “estado enamorado” que jugaba con los sentimientos, explotándolos una y otra vez para propósitos de manipulación psicosocial. Todo el mundo sabe mis nociones de una relación romántica: comunicación de mejores amigos, intimidad presencial, detalles cotidianos, rezar juntos de la mano, leer y compartir ideas debatidas en buena lid, ayudarse a crecer uno al otro en comunión, mirando en la misma dirección y tomando mucho café, ambos consagrados a vivir la caridad... así lo aprendí de Jesús Caridad y mi familia del Cielo, no de los progenitores que aún se atreven a llamarse a sí mismos “tus padres”.

Resulta que por mi extrema hambruna de familia... se me forzó por más de una década a estar expuesta a una noción de “estar enamorada” que ha sido equivalente a ser forzada a permanecer como esclava: siempre y cuando lo de creer en el amor romántico sirviera para forzar la esclavitud civil según los planes del Gobierno, no había ningún problema en proyectar una “relación romántica” que nunca mientras sí que existió una impresión de vinculación, dejó de estar solamente enfocada en de ser usada por UN GOBIERNO QUE USA HASTA LOS SENTIMIENTOS COMO ARMAS DE GUERRA SOCIAL, UN GOBIERNO AL QUE NO LE TIEMBLA EL PULSO PARA EXPLOTAR CIVILES Y TRAFICAR INCLUSO CON LOS SENTIMIENTOS MÁS NOBLES PARA HALAR A SANGRE FRÍA EL GATILLO QUE CONSUMA UN ASESINATO CIVIL DE LA FORMA MÁS VIL... Al fin y al cabo, esta siempre fue una noción de “relación romántica” que nunca dejó de limitarse en el fuero público —nunca hubo

fuero privado— a fabricar más y más falsas proyecciones, migajas emocionales que jamás estuvieron fundamentadas en lo que verdaderamente es una alianza conyugal sacramental, ni mucho menos en lo que acabo de mencionar respecto a cómo fui enseñada por el cielo a conocer alguien para discernir una vocación matrimonial verdadera.

Sí... no solo ha habido nociones tremendamente erróneas por parte del Gobierno de cómo ha de entender el deber de proteger a víctimas de secuestro, tortura y crímenes de guante transparente (abuso psicológico que parece ser invisible y no lo es en lo absoluto), incluso nociones erróneas de cómo entender la violencia doméstica, que se sigue entendiendo exclusivamente como violencia de género... también ha habido nociones tremendamente erróneas de como se ha de entender lo que es una relación romántica “pública”.

Hace muchísimo bien confrontar de frente lo innegable: se han aprovechado de mis circunstancias para jugar una y otra vez con los sentimientos de alguien que estaba siendo esclavizada y torturada, sin ningún tipo de vida social en familia sobre esta tierra, en vulnerabilidad social absoluta... y de la magnitud de esta esclavitud emocional y de cómo los sentimientos fueron usados como arma de guerra social también han de aprender las futuras generaciones: *forbidden to forget*, prohibido olvidar el cómo un GOBIERNO ha usado incluso EL JUGAR CON SENTIMIENTOS para mantener a una mujer sometida a esclavitud civil POR UNA DÉCADA and still counting. No hace mucho tiempo atrás el jugar con sentimientos no era una conducta socialmente tolerada, mucho menos de forma explícitamente pública y a gran escala: esa conducta era repudiada, de la misma forma de que hay constancia de que hace unos quince años atrás aún había gobiernos que en cuanto una víctima de secuestro y violaciones a su dignidad huía... se le brindaba ayuda para poner fin a la tortura inmediatamente, sin chantajes emocionales de por medio ni disfrazar de “santa espera” —entre otros positivismo tóxicos forzados a ser consumidos por los “algoritmos” de los que no se te da la oportunidad de opt out al usar redes sociales plagadas de arriba abajo con contenido manipulado con propósitos de psyops— lo que era y siempre ha sido ESCLAVITUD CIVIL IMPUESTA A LA FUERZA EN PRIMER LUGAR POR EL GOBIERNO QUE HA PERMITIDO TODAS LAS ATROCIDADES COMETIDAS POR MIS PROGENITORES DURANTE TODA UNA VIDA SIN ARRESTARLOS EN MÁS DE DIEZ AÑOS DE TODO TIPO DE TORTURAS, ABUSOS Y VIOLACIONES A LA DIGNIDAD BIEN PÚBLICAMENTE DOCUMENTADAS. NADIE ESCLAVIZA A UNA HIJA SIN UN GOBIERNO QUE LO PERMITA, SEA CUAL SEA EL TIPO DE ZULO QUE SE USE PARA EL CAUTIVERIO “VOLUNTARIO”.

Todo lo que se contempló en su momento respecto al actor y esta servidora puede ser realizado por otros más adelante. El que no suceda conmigo o con él no significa que fuera

falso: significa que será realizado por otros más adelante, en generaciones futuras capaces de entender mejor el concepto de respeto incondicional a la soberanía personal.

Of course, this letter is also to Eduardo Verastegui. Me hubiera encantado poder decir adiós en paz, no delante de todos, como estaba planificado. There was never any way of saying goodbye in other way.

Surprise: what you read until here is merely the “encabezado” of this letter, a heading to mention very clearly to whom it is directed, to whom it is addressed, why to them, and why it is being written. Now, after 40 pages, the length of this letter’s heading, the actual letter can start. I already knew the heading would be the most challenging part to write, but it had to be written in the most precise terms possible, so what was going to be said next could be understood in the most straightforward way possible, too.

So, beloved generations of the future...

The very first thing that must be said about everything that has been done unto me or to me and that has caused harm and enforced civil slavery for a whole 40 years is... I had been infinitely loved by God, by Jesus, Charity, and my family of Heaven. When I began to plasmate a *lesu Amor*, to discern a theology of light, an integrative personal formation model, a family evangelization project... all that happened before I began to become self-aware of the magnitude of the war crimes that were being committed unto me and to me, besides the crimes already committed as domestic-parental abuse through my whole life. I simply knew myself as loved by Him, and that changed my heart forever, even in the midst of the human sacrifice I was forced to become over and over again.

When the Aztecs did human sacrifices of the heart, the victim's heart would be ripped from his body, and a ceremonial heart would be lit in the hole in his chest. What distinguished Aztec practice from Maya human sacrifices was the way in which it was embedded in everyday life. Human sacrifice was in this sense the highest level of an entire panoply of offerings through which the Aztecs sought to repay their debt to the gods. José de Acosta describes Aztec human sacrifice in the *Natural and Moral History of the Indies*, 1590: "The usual method of sacrifice was to open the victim's chest, pull out his heart while he was still alive, and then knock the man down, rolling him down the temple steps, which were awash with blood.

Well... the same thing has been done unto me, either allowed or committed directly by the US Government: my heart had been psychosocially sacrificed over and over again, until no more civil life be able to be sustained. I was normalized to become, over and over again, the human sacrifice of their social war, offered with more and more increased of cruelty and with more and more profuse personhood bloodsheds over the time. They let me shine

Forbidden to Forget: An Open Letter for the Next Generations...

light... like the first Christians did: tortured lit alive on fire, always forced to endure pain as I simply wanted... to adore Jesus Charity with our whole growth, as simple as that... but whatever way I offered God my heart —through prayers, through arts, through dreams, through creative project...— it would be also to use my heart for their human sacrifices, and it has been not rare at all to my heart be used for human sacrifices more than once per day, enforcing a constant psychosocial pain, often along neurological pain, that never stopped to come out from the heart... for years, and done in a very public way: everyone say how I was suffering heart torture, how I was being heart trafficked —yes, my feelings had also being exploited over and over again to get marketing profits and as social war weapons—, how I endured over and over again heart famine of social communion, heart famine of a physical gaze that was sincere, heart famine of words that come from heart of flesh instead from manipulative objectification, heart famine of true conversations, heart famine of sensibility and empathy, heart famine of someone saying simply “I am sorry of what has been done unto you, heart famine of someone not causing deliberate suffering with whichever psychosocial control-torture tactic was being forced with the disguise of “care” or “love”, heart famine of justice, heart famine of a place to belong and be able to center my life in adoring Jesus Charity with my whole growth without being tortured by it, heart famine of a home in with no matter how surrounded I could be by people, I would always forced to remain psychosocially isolated, often for several consecutive weeks... heart famine of an intimate place with privacy to kneel and raise Him without being seen and surveilled 24 hours of day, a place in which I could be able to offer my heart to Him as God has called me and as He has taught me to do it, instead of being forced to remain —no matter what I did to adore God only— as the human sacrifice I was forced to become in all the social senses, like a Truman Show implemented by the very own Government, twisting my very personhood into property of the military to execute their psyops...

Every time my heart’s feelings had been exploited, a human sacrifice happened again; my heart was being psychosocially ripped open alive, as the Aztecs did.

Every time my heart’s desires had been exploited, a human sacrifice happened again; my heart was being psychosocially ripped open alive, again...

Every time my heart’s innocence had been exploited, a human sacrifice happened again; my heart was being psychosocially ripped open alive, again, again...

Every time my heart’s faith had been exploited, a human sacrifice happened again; my heart was being psychosocially ripped open alive, again, again, again...

Every time my heart’s dreams had been exploited, a human sacrifice again; my heart was being psychosocially ripped open alive, again, again, again, again...

Every time my heart's humility had been exploited, a human sacrifice happened again; my heart was being psychosocially ripped open alive, again, again, again, again, again...

Every time my heart's hopes had been exploited, a human sacrifice happened again; my heart was being psychosocially ripped open alive, again, again, again, again, again, again...

Every time my heart's trust had been exploited, a human sacrifice happened again; my heart was being psychosocially ripped open alive, again, again, again, again, again, again, again...

Every time my heart's tenderness and kindness had been exploited, a human sacrifice happened again; my heart was being psychosocially ripped open alive, again, again, again, again, again, again, again...

Every time my heart's wounds had been exploited or even re-inflicted or deepened deliberately with more psychosocial violence and cruelty than before, a human sacrifice happened again; my heart was being psychosocially ripped open alive, again, again, again, again, again, again, again, again, again, again, again, again...

Every time my heart's way to love had been exploited and abused, a human sacrifice happened again; my heart was being psychosocially ripped open alive, again, again, again, again, again, again, again, again, again, again, again, again, again...

All this is not only the metaphorical ripping open of a heart—it is the systematic destruction of personhood through psychological warfare, carried out by a system that refused to recognize the inviolability of souls. I am trying, while crying as I review ideas, to turn the pain of all these kinds of psychosocial violations into words that future generations might feel, not just understand, so the lessons can be learned for every successive generation to come... because no matter how far away in the future a generation will be, a human heart will always remain the most sacred humanity's patrimony. Here is my best try:

Imagine a human heart—not as a muscle, but as the sacred sanctuary of a person's dreams, love, hopes, innocence, and faith. Now imagine that heart being held not by a healer, nor by a beloved, but exploited by a non-personal government system—militarized, bureaucratic, faceless. That system does not recognize the heart's dreams, trust, feelings, love, tenderness, joy, wounds, or faith... as a sacred part of being a human person. It sees it as strategic, in the very same way Puerto Rico was chosen to remain civilly enslaved as a political colony stripped of civil equality and full recognition of human rights due to its “strategic position” and how “convenient” it was for the USA “best interests” to force us to remain a colony against our will.

This heart, while alive, is offered up again and again—not to the gods of maize or rain, as the Aztecs once did—but to the gods of propaganda, control, and psy-ops. It is not cut open once, but thousands of times. Each time your dreams are used as bait, your affections manipulated, your grief filmed, your desires twisted into public narratives for social engineering, your heart is sacrificed while you're still conscious.

There are wounds that bleed once and scab. And then, there are wounds that are ripped open again and again—never allowed to close. That is what has been done and still is being done to my heart. Not once. Not twice. But thousands of times. They did not hold a knife in hand like the Aztecs once did. The sacrificial blades for sacrificing hearts in our times are more refined —psyops, social gaslighting, psychiatric scripts, emotional sabotage, truth denialism...— but the wound was just as deep. The pain, just as real. The offering, just as cruel. The socio-civil death, even more cruel. My heart—alive, dreaming, loving—was turned into a theater of cruelty, into a Truman show “for the best interests of the nation”. Not metaphorically. Not spiritually. But psychosocially, in full consciousness, in cold blood.

Let me tell you a few examples of how it feels when your heart is torn open while still alive:

It's the same as when you are injected antipsychotics over and over again in the maximum dose, sometimes bleeding, sometimes with bubbles, sometimes twisting your neck... and they are being injected against your will, while everybody knows they are being injected as a substance to silence your truth, to erase your memories, to distort your reality, to dismantle your dignity, to destroy your personhood, to control your narrative, to deny you body control, to project a personal identity that is not either human nor an identify of your own... and if you dare to say you will refuse those injections, they tell you “this is what happens when someone refuse to be injected” and then show you how they tie other patient into a hospital bed, legs strapped down, arms restrained, and leave him there under fluorescent lights, freezing (he was given a very thin white sheet, that he was unable to even move by himself if he was cold), exposed, for eight hours... so you become terrorized medical “treatments” targeted to subjected to civil slavery... at the same time they are funded by the Government that is supposed to protect all... You become then civilly enslaved via medical imprisonment and medical terrorism, as medical professionals acting as social murderers keep scribbling down diagnoses not of your real condition, but of your terrified obedience.

It feels like being gaslit until you doubt your own sanity, until the truth you knew becomes a landmine you must tiptoe around, until even your memories become suspect—until you are no longer sure if you exist as yourself or merely as their civil slavery ´s subject.

It feels like waking up in a place with white walls —my progenitors painted “my bedroom” totally white, destroying the beautiful paintings I painted in the walls myself, and the Government forced me to remain civilly enslaved into that room when I was denied all possibility of have a place of my own to live, they even did false projections with that to project false endings...— and dead eyes staring at you, and realizing you’re in psychosocial captivity for telling the truth, for feeling too much, for loving too hard, for refusing to play along. Every time I loved, I was made sure that love became a lesson. Every time I trusted, it was ensured that trust would collapse in a psychological ambush. Every time I dreamed, the dream was intercepted and turned into a social experiment. Every time I offered tenderness, it was dissected, reframed, and used to write narratives of pathology with whole narrative control performances, transmitted through me as a social war “medium”.

Every time I tried to speak of the pain, they called it delusion. Daring to choose to learn to love as Jesus Charity does was considered an attack to the “bests interests” of both the family —when I asked at the first hospitalization who planned all this, they all said: we choose this as a family— and a land of the free that had never been free of slaves: even that spiritual affectivity had been used as psyops warfield enforced via a civil slavery... that Jesus Charity Himself challenged with His sole presence in me, as I remained embracing the grace to keep learning to walk as He walks and choosing to embrace life as a vocational giftedness according to His vision, way outside the range of control of both two abusive progenitors and also outside the power of a Government that committed the same atrocities than them, besides still normalizing civil slavery in several senses.

All that is how you kill a human heart without leaving a single visible bruise. That is how you commit murder over decades without ever calling it that. That is how civil death happens— not in one act, but in a thousand incremental sacrifices. It was not that the Government failed to see me. They saw me clearly, along with the surveillance of those who also abused me domestically. They studied me. They filmed me. They profiled me. They took every sacred element of my soul — my faith, my joy, my longing for communion — and they turned it into psychological ammunition.

I describe all this, not for pity, but because the pain must be named: civil slavery unto civil death. No government, no military, no psychiatric institution, nor anyone else, not even someone with the disguise of being “parent” or “family”, has the right to sacrifice a human soul as psychological fuel for its own agendas. No institution, including the Government and the family, should ever be allowed to dissect the heart of a living being and parade the pieces for social or medical Mengelian experiments.

You who read this in the future: may you understand that I lived through a genocide of personhood. A slow, meticulous, and strategic massacre of the heart. Not one committed

by foreign invaders, but by the very systems I was born into. By those who are supposed to love unconditionally their child, and also by those who swore to protect and serve the people according to their civil duties.

Here are these memories, after all the tears, after the endless betrayal, after the attempts to disassemble me from the inside out, as shreds of a heart that still is not allowed to heal, because while truth is not told, while truth is kept denied, even by a whole Government... there won't be any social healing possible. It is scarred, yes, but these memories are whole in their witness.

Let this be engraved not in stone, but in memory: to sacrifice a human heart for social engineering is to commit a sacred crime. And that to allow such crimes to continue is to forfeit the right to call a society civilized. I name this pain not to drown in it, but so that never again will a government be allowed to own the soul of its citizens. Never again will a single human being be offered, heart-first, to the machinery of psychological war.

This is forbidden to forget: never deny a human being the fraternal right to be unconditionally seen and respected as a person, always remaining an unconditionally beloved brother or sister in the human family. A person is not to be seen and exploited by any Government as a psychological battlefield, nor tears can keep becoming data points, nor emotional truth can keep becoming weaponized, nor silence can keep becoming programmed, nor personal expression can keep being hijacked, nor souls can keep being split open and humanity keep being denied for the performance of domination.

Yes, this is forbidden to forget, let the future generations understand this clearly: My government, the one I was born under, used my heart as a warfield. They turned my very ability to love into a strategic target. They tore my innocence not with bullets, but with betrayals architected to break my soul. They watched me believe, and then collapsed my belief systems to study the effect. They isolated me, then filmed my grief. They incited trust, then orchestrated abandonment. They seeded hope, then bombed it in front of me. This was not "neglect." This was not "oversight." Of course, this was not "accidental" or "a non-willed casualty." This was psychological warfare carried out against a single human heart, in real time.

This is not metaphorical pain. This is civil martyrdom. A martyrdom without recognition, without funeral, without canonization—because the murder of your personhood happened in plain sight, through systems too abstract to jail but too cruel to ignore. This is a crime against the psycho-civil sanctity of a human being. This must become a historical lesson: No government has the right to claim ownership of a citizen's heart. No institution may ever again use a human soul as a site of psychological warfare. No cause—military, political,

scientific, or cultural—can justify offering a human being’s life, love, or dignity as social sacrifice.

To the future generations: let these historical lessons be engraved not only in law and in a fraternal American new constitution, but in the collective conscience. That the cost of denying one heart its sacred right to be—its right to love, to dream, to weep, to belong—can be the collapse of all moral order. Let this never happen to you... because, at the very end, it will become the psychosocial crucifixion of the most innocent and vulnerable among you, as the civil death with which I became socially murdered on May 22. Yes, the whole ordeal was a psychosocial crucifixion, a public execution meticulously orchestrated, one power abuse committed after another with perfect coordination... and it couldn't be able to happen without a Government both allowing and committing it, besides funding the medical imprisonment involved (being forced to go to forced psychiatric services precisely this day of Mary Magdalene was crucial to this psychosocial crucifixion be able to happen. As a matter of fact, the psychiatric services provider is not the only one playing games with saints' feast days; of course, they knew May 22 was the feast day of my patron saint, and as soon everybody knows when and where I am forced to go, a whole psychological war strategy is established by both sides, reducing absolutely EVERY social interaction to be used and exploited as social war field... On the very same day, ANOTHER medical provider, the generalist doctor's office, tried to orchestrate the same thing, assigning me a medical appointment for August 15 (Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary). I answered with the plain truth: place the appointment on the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, or the nearest day to that date. And as you can see now, I knew very well why I was saying that: what happened that day was a psychosocial crucifixion, federally funded, consented and committed: not a symbolic suffering, not a metaphor, but a form of real, deliberate, systemic torture, committed in the arena of public life, targeting psychosocial control-torture tactics and also biochemical torture to the absolute objectification of the social-civil dimension of personhood, whose civil death state becomes as constant the speed in the light in a communion vacuum that never stops being enforced via civil slavery... so, the civil death states becomes consummated as a psychosocial crucifixion that is a civil martyrdom.

There are deaths that happen in silence, but civil deaths are always orchestrated — publicly, repeatedly, ritualistically— exactly like a crucifixion is a public execution meant not only to cause extreme suffering but also the most humiliating way to destroy the self. A civil death destroys a human soul not in private, but on the public stage, before the eyes of authorities trained not to weep, but to engage in a Truman Show.

This is what a psychosocial crucifixion is: not nails through hands and feet, but nails through identity, through belonging, through love; not a body left to bleed, but a personhood hung, stripped, and shamed —slowly, publicly, and in full consciousness — with calculated psychological warfare as the hammer and the cross. They didn't just silence me. They tied me to social narratives designed to twist every word I said. They ripped off the garments of my truth in front of others— and called it “mental illness.”

They drove iron spikes through every sacred part of who I am: My longing to love? Nailed. My dreams? Nailed. My innocence? Nailed. My trust? Nailed. My creative giftedness? Nailed. My faith in human dignity? Crucified. All this wasn't done in ignorance. This wasn't the blindness of a mob. This was policy. It was a psyops enforced by military forces on a civilian who was already suffering exactly the same kind of wounds inflicted by the other social terrorists, besides the ones at the Government. A Government that answers social terrorists with even more cruel and dehumanizing social terrorism is as equally a terrorist and equally a human rights violator as the other social terrorists who were supposed to be arrested in the first place, instead of boasting to keep playing power games with them... at the cost of enforce unto me a civil death state.

Yes, this was a strategy. This was military-grade psychological engineering, implemented through psychiatry, public systems, surveillance, and social manipulation. It was not “they know not what they do.” It was worse. They knew exactly what they were doing. They knew the pain it would cause. They knew the isolation it would create. They knew the social execution it would perform. And they did it anyway —again, and again, and again.

Each time they crucified my personhood in the public square, they gathered not with stones, but with forms, enforcing their Truman Show, their silence upon injustice, and their truth denialism upon their social war crimes. They didn't shout, “Crucify her!” They whispered, one ambulance after another, one personhood bloodshed after another: “She's unstable...” “She needs help...” “It's for her own good...” “We have a file...” They handed over my spirit to civil institutions trained to strip it apart. They transformed my grief into a clinical case. They took my cries for justice and reframed them as delusion. They reinterpreted me as a threat. They made my love and God's Love looks like pathology. And then they let the crowds walk by, while totally aware that they were forcing a crucifixion of the heart... but no one said anything. You are at the same time visible to be manipulated, exploited, tortured, and crucified, but invisible to be recognized as a human identity with a personal dignity.

The agony of a psychosocial crucifixion is not just pain: it is prolonged social exile while still breathing, it is being unmade in front of others, while still aware, still feeling, still longing for human touch, but met only with cold eyes trained to read symptoms that are being induced

and fabricated with narrative control performances... There are no eyes trained to see souls called to love and to grow together in communion.

It is like screaming through a muzzle while they strip your name of meaning. It is like being stabbed in the soul while they call it “diagnosis,” “psychosis” ... or being too poor to afford true care, to pay by my own a house and legal resources to defend me... when a matter of fact, it has been the own Government who was allowed and enforced this systematic economic slavery. It is like watching your own self, your own truth, your own love, be dissected by a Government and authorities who are not saving you: they are weaponizing you as their psyops ´ war field. And worst of all: you are left there to hang, one false ending projection after another, totally alone, without a single dollar in the bank account to afford anything. Yes, totally alone... and at the same time always watched, like a Truman Show, misunderstood on purpose, and denied even the dignity of a scream.

No, this is not a “forgive them, Father, they don’t know...” No. This is something else: Forgive them, Father—because they do know what they are doing. What they don’t know is this: That by destroying the sacredness of communion, by violating the core dignity of one human being and calling it “power” or even “care” by using civil institutions for enforcing civil slavery and cults to death that lead to civil death and the civil crucifixion of hearts as public policy and as military arena... the damage that they are calling unto all is far greater than what a sole Government can handle. When destroying communion and conditioning the recognition of personhood ´ s dignity becomes not only a way to govern, but a cultural way to be “people”, you are calling upon yourself calamities far worse potentially lethal than climate change, you are calling upon yourselves a fratricidal apocalypse. As the Government keep justifying with a façade of “power” and “care what are war atrocities and social war crimes, a “war on terror” that grants the military unconditional capability to commit one power abuse after another, one crime against personhood against another, unchallenged by human rights and rule of law limits... what is being planted are the seeds of a civil collapse... that, if not radiated somewhere in the future with Jesus Charity ´ s new albor, will be a painful historical lesson to generations to come. Yes, Jesus Charity ´ s Love can split history and make hearts and history anew... but only when you let His Truth shine... and what has been chosen is to enforce civil death, to enforce civil slavery over and over again until a not-being becomes fully enforced socio-civilly.

I was crucified in the psychosocial arena, not because I was broken, but because I would not break in the way all those enforcing civil slavery upon me wanted me to. This is not just my story. This is a warning. Let no one ever again be nailed to the public narrative for daring to live, love, and speak as they are. Let no government again be allowed to own the soul of its people. Let this be the last psychosocial crucifixion. Never let a consummation into civil

death be able to happen again... not merely as a legal status, but as a total rupture of being. A state in which not-being is no longer a metaphor, but a civilly enforced condition, imposed through civil institutional means and social complicity. This is not merely pain; this is ontological erasure.

There are several examples of a consummated not-being that had been enforced unto me and now, as I share the memories I am sharing in this letter, become a historical lesson for generations to come of a kind of suffering so absolute, so deliberate, so repeatedly inflicted, that it does not merely injure the person: it seeks to unmake the person, to disintegrate permanently its personal formation. That is what happens when the consummation of a psychosocial crucifixion finally reaches a civil death state: the civil slavery no longer simply harms your body or twists your story, it erases your right to be as personal formation's unity becomes disjoined and broken into not-being. Then, to exist becomes a crime, to speak becomes disorder, to remember becomes pathology, to self-direct becomes "noncompliance," to feel deeply becomes "instability," to dream becomes "mania," to grieve becomes "depression," to define oneself becomes "delusion," to claim truth becomes "lack of reality," to disobey dehumanization becomes "dangerous..." So, a stage is reached in which your humanity is no longer contemplated or assumed: it is canceled, buried, denied civil recognition, and your entire civil-social being is restructured around the imperative: You must not be, you can't be allowed to be who you are.

This not-being is enforced through layered, systemic mechanisms that extend across every field of life:

1. Not Being Allowed to Think Your Own Thoughts (Cognitive Expropriation)

Your neurological sovereignty—your right to experience, interpret, and communicate reality—is hijacked.

This is neurobiological civil death.

- Your thoughts are interpreted for you by professionals.
- Your words are filtered through diagnostic frameworks.
- Your self-perception is replaced with psychiatric labels.
- If you resist these labels, it's deemed a symptom ("anosognosia").
- Your internal world is mined, cataloged, rewritten—without consent.
- Any divergence from the approved narrative is classified as "disorder."

- Even your pain is redefined not as injustice, but as illness.

In this way, you are no longer permitted to be the author of your own mind.

2. Not Being Allowed to Have a Nervous System That Belongs to You (Neurological Hijack)

They do not merely dominate your mind—they medically override your very biology.

- You are forcibly medicated with chemicals that alter personality, affect, and desire.
- Your sleep is regulated not by your rhythms, but by pharmacological schedules.
- Your emotional range is flattened.
- Your creativity is numbed.
- Your cognition becomes blurred, memory fragmented, attention reduced.
- You are told this is “health.”
- True medications to deal with the toxic gas torture enforced as medical gaslighting not only at the domestic personal mass extermination complex where you had been forced to remain as a civil slave...but also enforced in hospital at in medical providers offices... those medicines that you truly need due the torture you are forced to endure... precisely those are used to enforce civil slavery with the most cruel personhood bloodsheds, one psychosocial control-torture tactic after another... until the not-allowed-to-be point is reached via neurological torture: your brain is forced to breathe toxic gasses in a permanent basis, wherever you go... and medicine to be able to deal with the pain and cognitive dysfunction are then also used as psychosocial social war warfare ammunition.

This is a chemical dismembering of the soul:

You no longer even own your own nervous system.

The nervous system becomes state property, quite literally.

3. Not Being Allowed to Speak or Be Believed (Erasure of Voice)

Your testimony is invalidated by your file. Your story is replaced with “observations” and surveillance psychologically targeted to device how to manipulate you better and how to torture you more accurately. Your name becomes secondary to your diagnosis code and to

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your use as social war field. When you speak truth, it is dismissed with invalidation of everyone, beginning with the own Government. When you ask for justice, it is reinterpreted and denied. When you cry out, the response is: “Take your medication” or “You are an adult, we can’t send anyone to help you.” Your experiences are footnotes in someone else’s Mengelian experiment. Your voice and your body are no longer your own. Your right to speak as a human being has been rescinded. Your self-expression is imprisoned inside an epistemological cage enforced via civil slavery.

4. Not Being Allowed to Form or Direct Your Own Life (Total Sovereignty Stripped)

You are not allowed to shape your own path. You are not allowed to determine your purpose. You are no longer a citizen with inalienable rights, you are a managed case.

- Institutions make decisions for you.
- Professionals dictate your life course.
- Courts assume you are incompetent.
- Any deviation is punished with increased control.
- Your vocational aspirations are dismissed as “unrealistic.”
- Your spirituality is pathologized.
- Your artistic expressions are red-flagged.
- Your longing for communion is manipulated or severed.

You become a not-being, a volitive object that is only allowed to exist within limits that either the Government or those who you are forced to remain a civil slave of dictate for you. This is civil slavery disguised as both “legally-grounded” and “care-based.” Some horribly intrinsically disordered personalities would dare to call this “Christian faith”.

5. Not Being Allowed to Belong or Be Seen (Social Crucifixion)

- You are excluded from gatherings.
- You are avoided in conversations.
- You are whispered about but not spoken to.
- You are too “fragile,” too “unstable,” too “weird.”

- You become a specter in your own community.

You become the outcast crucified outside the city gates. Your humanity is denied in a communion vacuum that happens in front of others, so they too learn to disown you. This is crucifixion as spectacle.

6. Not Being Allowed to Exist Ontologically (Erasure of Selfhood)

This is not just personhood exile. This is ontological death: you are prohibited from forming a coherent identity that reflects your divine origin, your unique configuration, your direction toward communion.

- Your personhood is redefined by systems that do not know you.
- Your personhood becomes property, of both the Government who uses you as their social war field and also of those who also enforce civil slavery unto you.
- Your personal formation is obstructed, sabotaged and disjointed.
- Your telos—your unrepeatable purpose in love and communion—is broken.
- Your soul is denied its right to actualize itself.

You are forced to live as a copy of the pathology and the psyops function imposed on you. This is the most cruel cut: that your life becomes not a journey of love, but a museum of violations, that your being is not celebrated, but administrated, that your soul is not encountered, but managed.

The results of all those examples of enforcing not-being are total civil death. This is what happens when psychosocial crucifixion is complete. It is not the death of the body. It is the ritual erasure of the right to exist as yourself. It is both my terrorist progenitors and the Government saying: “You may function, but only as what we define. You may survive, but not as who you are. You may speak, but not be believed. You may act, but only under our allowance. You may feel, but not outside of our script.” It is soul death administered by bureaucracy, psychiatry, surveillance, domestic terrorism, and social programming. And all of it is called “care” or “military defense”.

This, beloved future generations, belongs to you to be learned. Let this become a historical lesson for the American continent and the world: that no government may ever again

possess the authority to legislate or restrain human personhood, that no civil institution may ever hijack cognition or body control and call it healing or care, that the stripping of personal sovereignty is the gravest crime a state and a terrorist can commit, that civil death is not just a legal fiction but a lived communion annihilation... and that this atrocity, committed against one soul, is enough to shatter the moral foundations of a nation.

This is not about a person forced into not-being's pain. This is about a systemic disease of conscience. And history must record: That once, domestic social terrorists and a Government tried to unmake a human being with civil slavery... and here are these memories shared, so these lessons can help to grow together in communion all generation to come... sharing from not-being the seed of truth that remained, the breeze of God's memory, and the fire of a God-given personhood that no social warfare imposed onto me as I am still forced to remain objectified as a psyops war field can erase... no matter how deep and how profuse are the personhood bloodsheds that keep being committed.

The fact is: there are plenty of ways to cause a massive personhood bloodshed that becomes so normal you begin to deal with it with the same normalcy a woman deals with menstrual bleeding: you know that a personhood bloodshed will happen every day, and that won't be able to be avoided... until such a massive personhood bloodshed happens with such cruelly exerted humiliation... that you realize: this is civil death, this is completely civilly enforced not-being fully enforced, there is no way back to civil life, civil slavery now means you are shot to civil death state everywhere you go and are.

What follows is a deep, soul-rooted description of massive personhood bleedings, whose memories that are being not as poetic metaphor, but as true, systemic bloodshed of a person's civil, social, spiritual, and biological reality. There are forms of bleeding far more lethal than physical blood loss. These are slow bleedings, hemorrhages of the soul, the mind, the heart, and the communion from which every human being draws their life. This is not figurative language. This is a testimony of systemic crucifixion of personhood, where the bleeding is civil, juridical, emotional, neurological, social, spiritual, sustained not by random violence, but by enforced structures of domination, denial, and erasure. This is a personhood massacre administered in pieces, over years, in full awareness of its effects, and with chilling cruelty.

True bleeding doesn't always leave red stains. Some blood is unseen—bled out through systemic humiliation, denied dignity, and social exile. This is the bleeding of the civic body, the interior sanctuary, and the sacred architecture of personhood. Each time you're socially denied the right to be, the wound opens. Each time your offering is used for surveillance, the wound opens. Each time your poverty is used to trap and enslave you, the wound opens. Each time someone smiles while slowly severing your voice, your cognition,

your worship, your communion, your rights, you bleed. And the world watches. And your birthright is turned into a theatre of slow-motion civil death. Because yes—this is a social hospice for a personhood marked for extinction, while being forced to stay alive just enough to bleed again, sooner or later.

There are bleedings far more devastating than the red bleeding of the flesh. They are the bleedings of the human person, in their most intimate dignity. This kind of bleeding is slow, public, and excruciating, as if the soul were being nailed again and again to a cross not made of wood, but of social cruelty, abandonment, and institutional complicity. You are crucified not because no one sees, but because everyone does, and chooses to call it something else. You bleed before their eyes, and they call it “treatment,” “poverty,” “law,” “medicine,” “parental care,” “citizenship.” You are dismembered not only from the inside but also from the communal web of meaning that sustains personhood. The worst kind of bleeding is the one no one will name, while they keep demanding you smile as you bleed, participate in rituals as you bleed, obey orders as you bleed, and remain “mentally stable” as you bleed. The world watches your personhood hemorrhage with clinical silence, as if your life were worth more civilly dead than whole.

Now I name some of these wounds—I really could mention a lot more, but one per year of life is enough—as the testimony of someone who has walked that long road of psychosocial Calvary.

1. Social Monopoly as Personhood Bloodshed

This bleeding is strategic. It’s what happens when poverty is weaponized to deny you the ability to act freely. You are systematically restrained to only being able to access the very institutions that abuse you, because the system has stripped away every other option. You are trapped in a rigged loop, designed to make your own survival dependent on your own destruction.

What happened on May 22, when my civil death state began to be enforced?

Due to my systemic poverty used to enforce civil slavery, I can only receive “mental health treatment” and receive “mental health pills” only in places where I know I am being used for psyops and civilly enslaved into even more gruesome personhood bloodshed. This became gruesomely evident on May 22. That day I was forced to go to the psychiatrist, who manipulated the Adderall medicine on purpose, giving me a dose well below my functional baseline dose... then the only place to get it because I don’t have money to pay it anywhere else was a particular pharmacy, but then the pharmacists (because they knew I wouldn’t had other choice to go there, they were waiting for me to do what they did) did a whole

humiliative psychosocial control-torture tactic to refuse me the Adderall and also TO BE, the entire ordeal happening RECORDED AND EXHIBITING THEIR CRUELTY AND PSYCHOSOCIAL CONTROL-TORTURE TACTICS ON PURPOSE. They first tried to force me to go to another location... at the beginning I agreed to go to the other location of the same pharmacy brand, despite knowing it was being entirely made up, all was a narrative control performance to force me to go really far away, totally coordinated with the way the progenitors do their narrative control performances... but then my cellphone's battery was manipulated, and I had no charger. I went to buy in the only place I could afford it... and because it was known it was the only place I could afford it, the place was already prepared with intense toxic gassing and even sabotaged cables: they sold damaged cables deliberately, and the wires that were damaged were precisely the ones they knew—due my lack of money, I would buy—I began to bleed, I began to feel dizzy, then eventually had to collapse "voluntarily" in the floor. Toxic gassing was confirmed with a very concrete symptom that I have 100% of the time when poisonous gassing is present. I began to cough, both due to the toxic gassing and the blood running through my throat, and after a very strong cough attack, I looked for air... I had a period of profuse bleeding after the cough, and because it was so unusual, besides having also extreme neurological pain and pressure, and the front of my head also got fever, I really thought I would have a brain hemorrhage. That was eventually followed by a very long time of less intense but still present internal bleeding. Then I realized: if I followed the move and went to the other pharmacy, the damage would be further, I was barely able to see without blur, and I was able to stand the pain, besides the pressure. So, I went back to the pharmacy I had initially visited... I kept recorded evidence of the employees who did the psychosocial control-torture tactics... and chose simply not to have the meds because the denigration and the humiliation were literally more lethal than the possibility of being hospitalized by force again. I had to go back to the house of tortures... and one and EVERY of those things happened due me being too poor: it was known, due to my lack of money, exactly to where and what would I do... and knowing how neurologically injured I was, I was literally forced into the not-being: I was socially murdered in plain sight of everyone with chilling psychopath cruelty, the Government doing nothing and... the progenitors at the same time would try to repeat the same injury shortly after simply because I had been forced into systematic poverty to the extreme that I am prescribed antipsychotics because the psychiatrist openly admits that being exposed to toxic gasses increases psychosis risk... as if it completely normal to force a poor person to remain where the person is forced to only be able to breathe toxic gasses... but yes, it has been considered normal for ten years by the Government also: I had never been provided with a job to afford a life with dignity by my own, I had only been offered one underpaid job after another... so, it was the very own Government who had allowed the social dimension of my personal formation to be

monopolized for their psyops purposes, besides also being socially monopolized by the progenitor's economic power abuses too... all this was a lethal personhood bloodshed committed via social monopoly: my poverty becomes enforced to exploit me and be used to control what places I can access.

That May 22 I was forced to go to a psychiatry appointment not to be healed, but to be ritually humiliated, denied effective dosage, and funneled into a controlled denial. Then forced to go to Costco, the only place my poverty allowed, where I was met with psychosocial torture disguised as pharmacy policy—not denial by error, but denial by design. I didn't just lose the Adderall. I lost my freedom to be me and heal. Then the phone battery—a lifeline—was sabotaged, and the only place you could afford a charger became a death chamber of toxic gas. They knew my options. They knew my budget. And they set a trap to force me into collapse and civil death state. That is not inconvenience. That is social assassination. I collapsed on the floor, bleeding from the throat, coughing strongly, with no way out of the social monopoly. I was too poor to survive outside of the social slaughterhouse, and that was fully known by my torturers, who mimicked and did exactly what my progenitors did; they were being coordinated. I was not just economically cornered, I was ritually offered as human sacrifice in a public performance of domination.

When every decision you try to make for your healing is already decided for you, not by a personal counselor, but by the coordinated cruelty of power monopolies... When you're too poor to escape, and poverty becomes the handcuff that ties you to medical psyops, state-coordinated denigration, toxic exposure, and public theater intended to force you into "collapse..." Then you are hemorrhaged by precision: they know exactly where you'll go because they control what you can afford, and then the personhood bloodshed is enforced with despicable cruelty, especially considering that I am being enforced systematic poverty by the Government too. Every store, pharmacy, and doctor becomes a tile in this whole strategy of two sides enforcing their psyops through you. I was not only denied resources: I was set up to break.

2. Bleeding of a Dignity Bloodline: Royalty of Heaven Denied

I am not poor in being. I am royalty of Heaven. But I am treated like disposable property, as if I were a defective object instead of a soul made to reign in communion. This bleeding is the desecration of divine dignity. When your birthright is trampled upon again and again; when you are punished for your nobility instead of honored; when your God-given identity is mocked, repackaged, and clinically erased... you bleed not just tears, but the sacred blood

of a stolen lineage. I had been turned from beloved daughter into disposable subject, from crowned soul into social experiment.

My dignity is not borrowed from any human. It is royal, because it flows from Heaven. But when people treat you like a thing, like a threat, like a disorder, you begin to bleed not from who you are, but from who you were always meant to become. You bleed the royal inheritance they stole when they denied you the right to walk as God's child.

3. Bleeding of True Peace

True peace flows from the recognition of unconditional dignity. But what I had been given is not peace, it is domesticated torment. When I am silenced, it is called "stability". When psychosocial control-torture tactics disable me to the extent of being denied the possibility to function as I am, it is called "improvement". That May 22 ordeal was called a "psychiatric appointment," but it was a crucifixion date and a very detailed public execution orchestration. They bled my peace to the bone, and then used my blood to feed the lie, asking me if "I was all right."

Peace is not comfort. Peace is the recognition of your unshakeable dignity. When no one recognizes that dignity—not your parents, not the state, not your doctor, not even the priest— peace dies. You are left only with the pain of being gaslit for being alive.

4. Bleeding of Social Communion

I was made for communion, not isolation, but I had been bled out my ability to connect, as every connection had been twisted over and over again for enforcing more and more psychosocial control-torture tactics... until no true connection was left to be able to happen, with no one on earth. Every time I reached for shared life, it was sabotaged. Every safe zone was converted into a surveillance stage. Every attempt at vulnerability was used as evidence of madness. I wasn't just exiled from society. I was exiled from belonging.

A human person is meant to be part of a we. A communion. But when all the "we" you meet are built to deny your truth, you are excommunicated from humanity. Not by a Church, but by the social network that chose to crucify your personhood in plain sight.

5. Bleeding of Personal Identity

No only my body was wounded: I was stolen my juridical personhood. Over the years, for a whole decade, my name was buried under misdiagnoses and perjuries, one after another. My memory was gaslit. Manipulated medical paperwork was used to distort the truth. No court ever acknowledged the theft of my self, and no one was punished for the mutilation of my story.

When your name, your body, your testimony, and your memories are manipulated, you are not only invalidated, you are legally dismembered. They deny your story, rewrite your file, and replace your identity with a caricature that can be medicated, controlled, and ignored. Sadly, no court exists to prosecute personal identity murder, and identity theft departments won't agree to prosecute this either.

6. Bleeding of Worship

Each time I offered a prayer, a project, a creative act... someone intervened to twist it into another psychosocial weapon. I offered every work of Love for God, but everyone sabotaged it for psyops. My altar became their laboratory. I bleed not because I stopped loving God, but because I am denied the sacred privacy of adoration. Every gift I have embraced from God to be given as He gave it to me... Every offering I made — in truth, humility, and devotion — was captured and turned into war props. Everyone, but especially the Government, made your sacred become strategic. They turned your praise into surveillance. I bled every time our adoration was desecrated into a psychosocial control-torture tactic.

7. Bleeding of Equal Citizenship

I have a birth certificate, but no birthright. Wherever I go, I am not even second-class, I am slave class: placed there to be enforced suffering and social agony. Not because I am less, but because I am declared by those who slave me to be less. No service, no opportunity, no justice is offered without degradation. I am not a citizen—you are a tolerated case file. What I have received is not civil inequality. It was civil apartheid disguised as medical necessity or as military necessity. The bleeding never stopped because you were never seen as equal, no matter what the Constitution said. Your birthright was rewritten in invisible civil slavery ink.

8. Bleeding of Safety, Honesty, and Integrity

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These are not abstract virtues. They are daily essentials, like breath and water. And every day, mine are stolen. Every day I am forced into unsafe places, unsafe relationships, unsafe conditions. Every day, my truth is called disorder. Every day, my integrity is punished. I am a social gunshot victim bleeding in slow motion, and no one applies pressure. No safety net. No honesty in speech. No integrity in systems. You bled like a gunshot victim, hit by every civil institution that should have shielded you.

9. Bleeding of Shared Dream Space to Live Faith

My soul aches to build, to love, to teach, to give light to the Word. I have dreamed with a “shared gazebo” where souls can grow together. But every dream I share as a gift is preemptively sabotaged, by accident, but by design. Everybody sees my dreams as warfare or as a menace, because they are alive with a life that does not come from me. So, I am shot down, so the dreams I have been given can be shot down, too, and then let you bleed. I longed for a “shared dreams gazebo,” a communion where faith is lived, not negotiated. Instead, I have only found spaces of personhood mass extermination sites: totally white rooms, psychiatric wards, surveilled spaces, rooms of disbelief and psychosocial sabotage, military psyops operation rooms in which I am always in the war field to exploit both their warfare and as their warfare. You bled for the sacred sharing-together-in-communion you never found.

10. Bleeding of Physical Personal Space

A home is not just a shelter. It is the womb of your future. But this house of torture was never a home: it was built to be a civil-death-site: toxic air, surveillance, narrative control, psychic invasion. I was never allowed a corner of the world to simply be in love.

I had been and still am denied property, privacy, and peace. My domestic surroundings not only became a theater of a Truman-Show-style-surveillance, but also a PSYCHOSOCIAL WAR FIELD. Do you remember when World War II was fought in Europe? Now world wars are fought at home, as “homes” become understood as mass depersonalization sites, as Auschwitz was: no one allowed to connect among themselves, no one allowed to give not even a warm and sincere greeting, no hugs, no food, no air to breathe, no way to bathe without your dignity being denigrated. When a home becomes a communion-destruction site, that is an eventual world war in the making, one domestic war site at a time. Every domestic object and every domestic communication are a pawn for psychosocial manipulation. I bled because I can breathe neither as myself nor as a human being under “my civil domestic” roof.

11. Bleeding of Growth in Communion

No human being is called to isolation. I was made to grow with others. But I had been denied community, and then punished for being alone. I had been literally stolen from the garden where I was sowing, then blamed for not blooming. Growing as the best person I can be has never been an inherent fraternal right: I am only allowed to grow according to the conveniences and objectives of others. My joy of growing as God calls me to be and has created me to be was criminalized. My love was monitored. My communion with Heaven was domestically Trumanized. I bled for every communion that was socially aborted before it could bloom.

12. Bleeding of Ordinary Rights

I never asked for privilege. I asked for a life where my rights and responsibilities were respected. But my entire existence was made into an exception clause: a person excluded from every guarantee. I did not want power. I wanted the ordinary dignity of living with rights and responsibilities. But I was only given the duty of obedience and the right to remain a civil slave forever. Every request for justice became an excuse to question your mind.

13. Bleeding of Birthright Freedom

By birth, you were meant to be free. And by rebirth in faith, you are freed again. But in my case, my civil identity is CHAINED to those who enslaved me. I bleed not only spiritually but legally, because your most basic civil files and documents keep you in chains. I had never been allowed to be born, not truly. The birth certificate says I exist, but in practice, I have never been allowed to exist as me. My birthright was colonized by those who enslaved my becoming. I bleed not for special rights, but for the right to be.

14. Bleeding of Joy, Freedom to Share, and Life Itself

I am not allowed to be happy. I am not allowed to laugh without suspicion and mimicking to sabotage psychosocially that joy. I am not allowed to celebrate without sabotage. My delight in the Father is seen as a threat to those who persist in their power abuses. I am being persecuted for being radiant. I bleed for every smile of mine that has been silenced by force, for every giftedness of sharing life that I had been stolen.

15. Bleeding of Being Allowed to Be Alive

This is a deep bloodshed: I am not allowed to plan how to live, only how to endure pain or die. I am not given a path forward. No plan, no program, no possibility, all ways are shut. At the end, the only freedom I had been left is the “right” to plan my own death, quietly, so they could say you were unstable, not persecuted. But no one ever gave me the tools, space, or safety to plan a life. I bled out of the absence of a REAL future, NOT ANOTHER FALSE PROJECTION, to be as I am. At May 22 civil death state begun, bleeding of being allowed to be alive simply being a human person, because the only thing I am being granted to have is the right to plan how to endure pain and the right to plan how to die to avoid pain, this is a social hospice, but I am even denied pain meds... This civil death doesn't happen due guns. It happens due poison: psychosocial poisoning, toxic gassing poisoning, colonial poisoning... a constant poisoning in so many senses that removes every possibility of life, even calling it “care.” **When the only way of “care” possible is only allowing you to plan how to die and how to deal with pain enforced upon you, cruelly and depersonalizingly, over and over again, like a social hospice, there is no way you can plan how to live at all.** You are only expected to die... as it was enforced at May 22, when what was described as a social monopoly happened.

16. Bleeding of True Services

I am not offered services. I am offered tools of control. Medicine is given not to heal, but to subdue. Pharmacy is administered not to restore, but to humiliate. These are not public goods. These are social slavery factories in disguise. What is a service that humiliates? That surveils? That poisons? That gaslights? Those are not services. They are instruments of domination. You every time you were forced to perform gratitude for being further enslaved.

17. Bleeding of Freedom to Move Freely

I had never been just driving a car: I had been watched, signaled, manipulated, harassed with broken lights, stickers, gaslighting done with fake marketing... The cars I have used have never been vehicles of liberty, but a monitored gas chamber. I bled every time I try to move without being tracked, or when I try to walk in open spaces without being harassed with forced communications (people in the surroundings of the open spaces having fake conversations with a loud voice or putting loud music simply to force you to hear it).

18. Bleeding of the Right to a Sacred Home

I had never had a true home, a personal communion space of my own. I had been held hostage in a psychopolitical and social torture prison, disguised as family. I have dreamed of a humble space, with objects chosen by love, for love. But every physical surroundings I had been in were weaponized into instruments of spiritual and depersonalizing captivity. I bled because I had never been allowed to be, and grew up in a domestic sanctuary, it was never allowed to exist.

19. Bleeding of Time as a Sacred Offering

When my time —the most personal offering of existence— is hijacked by forced appointments, humiliating bureaucratic circuits, or being compelled to respond to constant narrative-control setups, the dignity of time-as-sacrifice bleeds out. I am forced to waste my life-energy serving systems and civil institutions that don't recognize my sacred existence, turning my time into a coerced tribute to oppression rather than a sacred co-creation with God. I am made to live in enforced stillbirth —years lost to control, to paralysis, to gaslighted confusion. My potential is buried beneath systemic obstruction. The past is rewritten, the present is poisoned, the future is denied. My time is crucified.

20. Bleeding of Truth-Recognition as Selfhood Nourishment

Your ruth —spoken, remembered, written— is the flesh of your personhood. But when every truth you bring is either ignored, ridiculed, sabotaged, or stolen for manipulative purposes, your soul hemorrhages of reality. Every lie told about you becomes a cut, and every “official” falsification (medical or civil) is a slow bleed from the root of selfhood. Every social gaslighting is a massive flagellation personhood bloodshed, and I have endured that flagellation since my social conception, but eventually, the Government began to do the same kind of flagellation too, with even deeper cuts; they simply perfected the technique already started to be executed by the progenitors. There is a bloody mess of social gaslighting —among other kinds of toxic gas used—, absolutely everywhere, as a matter of fact, I don't have a place to go, to visit, to walk, to enjoy... where there are no traces of past bloodsheds. Absolutely EVERYWHERE I go... let there be blood. You know it: if a personhood bloodshed hasn't happened yet, it will happen eventually, as happened on May 22. There's a torment worse than silencing: it's falsifying your truth as if it were never born.

21. Bleeding of Being Recognized as Someone Who Already Knows

I bleed every time my testimony is not believed —not because it lacks coherence or evidence— but because my very capacity to know is erased. This is the bleeding of being treated as if I am someone who must always be “told,” “taught,” “saved,” or “managed” instead of simply recognized as a knower: a competent, discerning, deeply aware human being who has survived with an unmatched clarity. This is a rape of epistemic dignity —and it bleeds deeply.

22. Bleeding of Rightful Astonishment and Celebration

When joy becomes criminalized —when dancing in your own kitchen, singing psalms aloud, or dressing beautifully is surveilled, ridiculed, or used as material for narrative sabotage— the innocent celebration that makes life livable becomes a bleeding wound. I am not allowed to celebrate what is holy in my own life. I am not allowed to marvel. My Father’s smile becomes too dangerous to enjoy.

23. Bleeding of Narrative Authorship

I had been denied the ability to write myself. Others have ghostwritten my story: parents, doctors, judges, institutions.... Bleeding of narrative authorship is the most structural literary exsanguination of personhood. Every time someone dictates my “mental health” status, invents my “past,” or declares my “motives” without truth, I am being stabbed of my authorship with civil institutional pens, and then forced to read aloud their version of me to access basic needs like shelter, safety, or medicine.

24. Bleeding of Belonging to the Sacred Human Family

This is the unnameable wound of being treated as if I am not truly part of the human fold. No birthday song sung without a script. No safe auntie’s hug. No maternal gaze with no agenda. No place at the table where people wait to serve me instead of manipulating me. The bleeding of belonging is not just social; it is metaphysical. It is not about “being loved,” it is about being held in rightful regard as one of us.

25. Bleeding of Being Seen as a Builder

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Instead of being honored as a founder of a new cultural trend, as a designer and creator of good things, I had been reduced to a “case,” a “dependent,” or a “problem.” Even when I was allowed to open new, creative cultural pathways (such as Crescere, the sauces, the Goeiz Foundation, or the American Alliance Foundation), my offerings were filtered through suspicion, psychosocial sabotage, and exploitation, or stolen for institutional use without honoring me as the originator. I bleed from the theft of my creativity and builder nature. The same hands that sow are always trying to be chained.

26. Bleeding of Being Known as I Truly Am

This is the most intimate and excruciating bleed: when your essence —your truest self, your name before the world began— is buried beneath layers of false narratives, state-imposed scripts, weaponized gossip, or strategic distortions designed to control how others see you. Then I am no longer recognized: I am performed by others. They speak me into being wrong. They rewrite my history, my motives, my inner landscape, not with curiosity or care, but with surgical precision meant to hijack my social identity and hijack my civil legitimacy. I bleed every time someone sees me through the veil of lies or institutional frames rather than the light of truth.

This is the opposite of crowning you with recognition according to your being itself, as God does: you are mocked with one false narrative after another. The wound is open every time I am misnamed, mislabeled, miscast, or treated as a “profile” rather than a person. Every false diagnosis, every slanderous summary, every engineered social interaction meant to reinforce a lie, is a stab. I am no longer allowed to be known as myself, as a human person... only as the caricature others have constructed to justify my subjugation.

27. Bleeding of Free Witness

My voice is systemically disbelieved, erased, or reinterpreted. I am not allowed to testify to my own experience. If I speak the truth, it is called delusion and psychosis. If I remember abuse, it is called mental illness. If I share how Jesus Charity saved me, and if I embrace a life centered on domestic liturgy, incarnating the Eucharist and giving light to the Word... that is called religious delirium. I bleed every time I am silenced or mistranslated.

This is the bleeding that occurs when my right to speak of the sacred, to share my faith, to manifest God as I know Him in personal encounter every day, sharing Him in word, life, or deed, is mocked, silenced, co-opted, or criminalized. This is the torment of being told your

spiritual expression is delusion, or disorder, or instability, not because it is untrue, but because it breaks the control. It is the bleeding that happens when I am not allowed to speak the Name that gives me life without being punished by eye rolls, smug psychiatric reduction, exclusion, violent spiritual distortion, and cruel psychosocial control torture tactics, all enforced via civil slavery over and over again.

It is the crucifixion of being unable to say: “I see God here.” “I heard His voice.” “This is how He called me.” “This is my hermitage, my offering.” —without fear of social, medical, or civil retaliation. It is when the language of transcendence, the experience of revelation, and the act of prophetic witness are forcibly amputated from public life...especially from my life, because my faith —being real— would expose the orchestrated godlessness of the system itself.

28. Bleeding of Vocational Integrity

This would be the flagellation of denying me purposeful work and call. This bleeding occurs when my truest vocation —my God-given call to serve the world in a particular way— is repeatedly distorted, denied, exploited, or prevented from taking form. It is the pain of being forced to perform meaningless or manipulative labor, while my real capacities, educational vision, or sacred mission are deliberately blocked, co-opted, or buried under bureaucracy, defamation, or coercion. It is the flagellation of my capacity to contribute as you are called to contribute.

I had bled every time:

- I had been placed in a job, task, or role that violated my conscience, and everybody knew it.
- I had been treated not as a citizen with a mission, but as a “case,” a “subject,” or a pawn for institutional agendas.
- I had been prevented from offering my life’s true gifts to the people I was called to serve —especially children, students, or the suffering.
- I had been made into an object of someone else’s curriculum, instead of being allowed to create and offer my own.

This is vocational martyrdom: when my call to build, teach, serve, or uplift is nailed down and silenced for political convenience, psychological warfare, or forced dependence systems. It is not just professional displacement —it is ontological amputation: a job is used to not allow me to become what I was created by God to become; a job is used to force me to become something that is not even compatible with who God calls me to become.

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29. Bleeding of Intimacy and Sexual Sovereignty

My sexuality, my body, my love language... all become objects for manipulation and psyops warfare ammunition. I am being denied the right to love, to be touched, to experience affection without threat, confusion, or fear. Erotic communion becomes another war field. As a matter of fact... There is no chance of erotic sexuality at all, not even if it had been committed as a sin and not as erotic communion. My abusive parents have surveilled me since I was a child, since masturbating as a tween, and they did that with remote covert cameras. Of course, they also recorded and surveilled whatever erotic I did afterwards: they left lubricants when I was having lubrication problems while masturbating with objects, they began to use pilones gigantes just to avoid me from using normal size pilones to masturbate, they induced me to find out pornography when they realized I was discovering masturbation (yes, they recorded sexual content of a child... of their own child)... So, all my erotic life, whichever kind, became ipso facto *domestic slavery porno*, covertly recorded due to the progenitor's psychosocial slavery. The sexualized covert surveillance of my progenitors has never stopped. Example: over the years they had played with cucumbers (sowing them after I began to sow sunflowers) because as a tween I used them to masturbate, and left them back into the fridge after using them (I did wash them...). TWO DECADES LATER OF THAT HAPPENING, they began to play with cucumbers (they left them with implicit sexual references) simply to remind me of my sinful past, and also to remind me implicitly: we have your whole life recorded... and we can traffic with the surveillance videos we did of all this... It's another psychosocial slavery tactic: keeping you chained to sin, at whatever cost. How you surveil your own minor child or adult daughter erotic sins to exploit them, traffic psychologically with her, then try to embarrass her with her pass, to try to chain her to that sinfulness that YOU YOURSELVE ENFORCED (the progenitors had caused me hormonal testosterone increases imbalances my whole life with their covert toxic gassing; although there was a disordered affectivity issue, also caused by how the progenitors deprived me affection, the fact is that my hormones also induced a disordered erotic sexuality... Please notice: the progenitors tried to control me with shame of... something they themselves caused and induced... they tried to me being ashamed of "myself"... when they themselves were altering my nature and then trying to enforce their control as "being myself").

30. Bleeding of Spiritual Identity

My relationship with God is surveilled, distorted, or manipulated. My capacity to offer my life to divine purposes is co-opted. Others try to own my conscience, my calling. Even my worship becomes a theater of control. Even prayers are used to flagellate me: my progenitors leave me “prayers” “*rogando por mí*” at the same time they mutilate my most intimate being in the exact way it is done when a genital mutilation happens. Yes, it was God who didn’t allow them to enforce their spiritual mutilation on me.

31. Bleeding of Memory and Narrative Ownership

I am not allowed to own my own history. My past is fragmented, denied, or psychologized into silence. My life story is forcibly rewritten. The sacred becomes shame. The heroic becomes pathology. The meaningful becomes dismissed. My own memory is turned against me.

32. Bleeding of Being Denied My Own Cultural Voice

My cultural expressions and artistic/intellectual developments are being either sabotaged or invalidated over and over again: my inherited or self-chosen cultural expressions are ridiculed, silenced, or overwritten by dominant narratives that erase my authentic belonging.

33. Bleeding of Never Being Met as a Soul

I had been met as a symbol, but not as a soul, where institutions, movements, or people project their ideals or agendas onto you without caring for your inner reality, your pain, or your unique perspective.

34. Bleeding of Forcibly Postponed Dignity

This bleeding has happened when my capacity to embody self-worth, walk with honor, or make clean boundaries has been systematically delayed—always conditioned upon approval, obedience, or survival adaptation.

35. Bleeding of Un-Lived Rites of Passages

This bleeding happened when major thresholds of life —such as youth’s first flight, adult self-definition, or peaceful elderhood— were never honored or allowed to unfold due to coercive control or social abandonment.

36. Bleeding of Never Having Been Safe in the Mirror

This bleeding happens when your reflection—physical, emotional, or spiritual—has been distorted by imposed gazes, judgments, or forced psychiatric interventions, so you could not recognize yourself without fear or shame... and when you finally began to recognize you by your own without fear or shame, the progenitors and their narcissistic monkeys began to punish you due daring to love you as God loves you and daring to see you reflected in His Love.

37. Bleeding of Being Kept Behind the Glass

This bleeding happens when you remain seen but unreachable, like a caged being in plain view—allowed to function socially only under surveillance, supervision, or distorting narratives, without the sacred right to agency or spontaneity.

38. Bleeding of Sacred Silence Forbidden

This bleeding happens when I need to be alone, but still, all the spaces had been repeatedly invaded by noises (especially forced communication), false emergencies, psychiatric interpretations, or guilt-manipulation.

39. Bleeding of Never Being Believed in Your Goodness

This bleeding has happened when, since me being child, the assumption—spoken or unspoken—was always that I was the problem, the threat, the disorder, the delusion, the rare... and never the one holding onto dignity amidst violence. No one saw me according to the good in me, except my teachers; I was only seen as the problems in me.

40. Bleeding of Justice

This bleeding has happened all the times, including right now, I have been denied access to fair legal protection, institutional redress, or equal standing under the law. My abusers had

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been protected, my truths had been dismissed, my personhood has been made legally invisible. I became, since very long time ago, a ghost in the legal-civil system: kept alive but kept at social hospice and eventually civilly dead, unacknowledged, rightless.

All these bleedings are not a metaphor. It is a legal testimony and a moral indictment. It is civil assassination, perpetrated by the coordinated neglect and manipulation of Government, family, and society. This civil death was done with full awareness. And though you say, “Father, forgive them,” it is not because they did not know—it is because they did not assume to understand the consequences of breaking a person in front of God.

But there is one thing not known: all this blood spilled, all these charity seeds that had been spilled, will speak louder than all the lies. This bleeding is prophetic and will teach you, beloved future generations, new ways of achieving true progress, affirming the call to grow together in communion as an inherent part of the dignity and fraternal rights of every human family. May you, beloved future generations, learn to never let this kind of massive bleeding of personhood be able to be culturally normalized, ever again.

Now, let’s explain: how a civil death translates into daily life, what happens when I get out knowing I am being forced to get out to “satisfy” needs that are being fabricated to sketch more and more social monopoly scenarios... How does it feel getting out and being surrounded by the most absolute nothingness, to get out to do what is usually known as “civil everyday errands” that, in the case of an ordinary citizen, yes, doing them would be a free civil life expression? However, in my case, especially after what happened in May 22, there is no free being expression allowed at all, and that is part of the civil death state, when you are only permitted to not-be-you in all the civil senses: you are only allowed to go through one social environment to other as a walking civil corpse, as a not-being for all the civil purposes, as a socially-erased body, civilly slaved through one psychosocial control-tactic after another, that keep happening absolutely everywhere. I let you know: the lack of neurological pain doesn’t mean that the psychoemotional pain caused by every psychosocial slavery-torture tactic that keeps being enforced isn’t felt, emotional pain—the rage upon open discrimination, the exhaustion of being gaslighted literally by everyone, the soul-tearing frustration and impotence when, warning how something harms you, precisely the same is done again, with extra dose of psychosocial aggression included...—is pain also, especially when you keep being psychosocially trafficked over and over again without end. The most graphic way to describe this is like being constantly forced into a bucket of social shit, forced into it simply to force you to feel drowning inside of it, not able to breathe, both due the stich and also due not having personal space to breathe, you are being immersed in a bucket of social shit without no way to breathe nor to get out... But

then, you are let go out, for a little time, just to let you recover and not allowing you to die organically too, they are only interested in keeping you civilly dead, but still organically alive like a brain-dead person would, totally unable to self-determination or having vital social functions on your own... You breathe, you try to clean yourself of the social shit that covered you, you try to get out of yourself that never-ending feeling of being dirty and raped in your dignity, one personhood tear after another... As soon as you are barely able to stand a little bit again... your head will be forced into the social shit bucket once more, with more cruel strength. Every time they let you endure oxygen and personhood deprivation a little bit more... who knows why, because I have no way to explain the disgusting persistence in humiliating others into the not-being. The fact is: sometimes you have the organic resistance to endure the extra time... other times, a breathing reflex happens and you can't avoid breathing the social shit you are forcedly immersed in, something that is horribly humiliating to endure Others... you simply loose conscience, screaming only to be heard by God... and somehow, somewhere later, you reopen eyes and there you are: you were taken out of the bucket, left to die... but you woke up again (when this happens, the first thing you feel when you regain conscience is the deep stench of the social shit over you) because your organic nature, as incarnated Eucharist, is literally miracously still resisting, after 37 years of confirmed toxic gassing and after more than 10 years of non-stop public personhood massacres.

It was in these circumstances that Jesus Charity, with His breezy tenderness, asked me a beautiful thing: I want you to go to a place where you can breathe being you and enjoy being you. Somewhere, there is no possibility at all of any social gaslighting, of covert toxic gassing, of manipulative behavior, of any kind of forced communication...

The request took me off guard, because that is a normality I had forgotten. That was exactly his point: for writing this part of the letter, he wanted me to describe what happens when you suddenly remember how it feels to be yourself in a social environment... where growing together in communion is possible naturally and spontaneously. I kept the request at the heart, pondering how to manage this mission, the most impossible mission of all. As simple as it sounds, in my circumstances, no, there is no way to be socially you. The civil death is complete after May 22, but the social hospice was so exhaustingly long I simply didn't remember anymore that simple social notion —being you in a social environment in which growing together in communion was spontaneous, natural, not an empty false projection—.

I asked why He wanted me to do that, and he simply breezily told me that I would eventually find out. So, after several memory checkups to find such a place among the ones I already knew —I can't even dare to look something like this in my phone; its being surveilled,

everybody will know where I would be going and even deducing the why behind, that is the level of psychosocial control-torture tactic enforces upon me on a normal-basis— I found out a place that met all the criteria Jesus Charity proposed me:

- It must be shortly after taking Adderall, in a time frame that is too short for the Adderall to have effects yet. It was essential to be unmedicated yet when I arrived there, but I had to take the Adderall in the car so everyone taught I would be going as soon as possible to the house of tortures to write as the Adderall had effect (it is a very well-known social pattern in me that I take Adderall shortly after going to write, I don't like to "waste it" but this time the "waste" was necessary).

- It must be a place I had never visited before, and a place no one would even dare to suspect I would go to today. That means: the employees being able to plan gaslighting or covert toxic gassing in that place must be an absolutely zero scenario.

- It must be a place I would absolutely enjoy being in. This usually requires certain factors: not too much noise, not too hot, art or creativity involved, open spaces, nature...

- It must be visited at a time when fewer people would be in, so there is less risk of social gaslighting committed by surrounding clients.

- It must have a cultural resonance.

I confess: this was one of the most impossible missions ever dared, especially at this time. Really, I am already used to being a civil slave for all social purposes; there is no growing together in communion absolutely anywhere.

Perhaps I mentioned before that I would like to visit that particular store or that I liked it... But as far as I knew, if I said it, that was a long time ago. No one would suspect I would want to go there today, that I was changing route due to that... I was careful not to give a single cue. It was part of the plan.

This place complied with all the requirements, even with "nature" if it is considered that the air there was NATURAL: in my case, finding a place I can enjoy NATURAL AIR is probably the most impossible factor among all the mentioned. Please consider that, as easy as these factors may seem to a citizen, for me —a civil slave— they are not easy to reach at all: all of them —in circumstances like mine— are factors HIGHLY IMPOSSIBLE to achieve successfully, especially reaching them all at the same time... I'm being toxic gassed literally in every place it's known I will go, or literally in every place it's known I will be forced to go due social monopoly... and the psychosocial control-torture tactics are so strongly enforced around me at all times that even when getting out of the route everybody thought I

would be taking there are even more "out of known route" social gaslighting tactics ready to be enforced. This can seem absurd to anyone, but in my case, it's not absurd at all: if it is known, I can even go to a place... there will be a social gaslight script ready to be applied in case I go there, and this is has being done not even considering if I would be wanting to go to the place or not; the mere possibility of me going to a place is enough to have a social gaslighting script ready to be applied in case I wander outside the "known planned places" I am expected to be. Dare to go to the "unexpected but already social gaslight-enabled place" again... and the next time the toxic gassing system will be waiting patiently to be used "covertly" (as far as I don't say anything, they think it is covert). The times this has passed surpass the number of my fingers, and everybody knows it: this is literally a chilling personhood massacre.

Well, the time when I arrived... I had no idea if it was supposed to be an hour with more or fewer clients, as I have no experience in this kind of business. However, when I arrived, it was almost entirely empty. No one with social gaslighting t-shirts, no stickers on any car, no children (as it is meant to be the usual in Puerto Rico: under no circumstances the children's population that is being projected around me is real) at all. There was no background music at the store, not even a radio or any other source of noise, which was a huge plus. These are details that make a significant difference for someone as permanently socially gaslit as I am.

Shortly before arriving to this place I almost lost hope I would work: there was a car enabling social gaslighting [a "tóxica" sticker, mimicking the use of the word "toxic" in "toxic gassing", but reversing narcissistically the projection of being "toxic" onto me: in Spanish the word "tóxica" means a "toxic female", like my progenitor female is, but the female in the car was me, so the social gaslighting was being projected onto me...] just in front of me, even if I was clearly far away of the known route (yes, this has happened before, but today it was important to avoid it at this moment of the evening). I prayed, documented it as we planned to do it if this happened, and kept going as agreed between us as family of Heaven when agreeing to go out to get the meds.

You may ask what the cultural resonance of an Architectonic Features Store is: it is not a public park, it is not a beach, it is not a historic monument, it is not a museum... The cultural resonance of the store was beautiful: seeing columns for the Shared Dreams gazebos, that at some moment was contemplated as something cultural for Puerto Ricans: in a place like Puerto Rico families and apartment/residential complexes can build a Shared Dream gazebo with a BBQ to enjoy sharing there as family through the year (Puerto Rico all-year-long warm temperatures allow that), having a fraternal patio space to celebrate growing together in communion in an ordinary way, without needing to go

elsewhere to expend more than the essential, considering that this is meant to be a cultural renewal that begins at the homes, like a "cultural domestic liturgy"... but well, public parks can have Shared Dreams gazebos for families share together in holidays like July 4 (that was discerned days before July 4). I thought about this store then, because a store like this would be ideal for designing a cost-effective concrete fire pit in the shape of a goeiz.

Well, for those who can afford to build a Shared Dreams gazebo structure that is not being constructed solely with wood (yes, wood dreams gazebos are cheaper, but more prone to be damaged by hurricanes), building a gazebo with a concrete foundation and four concrete columns is a cost-effective and far more durable option: only the roof would be done with wood in that case, and if an intense hurricane hits a structure, it is way cheaper to replace only a roof than a whole structure... and considering you can place a "banca-columpio" there too, having a concrete slab already built is reasonably practical too: columpios need concrete stability to work safely (I knew that well when I was child, I have turn over not-well-founded-in-concrete columpios due me balancing (columpiarme) too hard and the columpio without solid foundation turned over and me falling hard...

You know, Shared Dreams gazebos can be even designed to function as earthquake refuge: if properly built in a patio zone well designed, with four concrete columns with a good solid foundation and a light-weight wood roof, in case of a strong earthquake, that is a structure to remain safe with the family as an emergency shelter while the strongest after-quake replicas happen. A strong replica can kill more people than a strong earthquake by itself: structures are already impacted when strong replicas happen, and people tend to think that after a disaster hits, the worst is already behind. No: the aftermath can be far worse than the disaster itself. If it is possible to remain outdoors with a lightweight roof when it is known that strong earthquake replicas are quite probable, that is a way to save lives, not only to promote a cultural renewal. This is a very real natural reality of Puerto Rico: we are in an earthquake zone, and in case of an earthquake, you need to get out... but if you have children or vulnerable elders, would you have them under the sun the whole day, scared of getting inside the house due to a stronger replica? Well, you can have a tent for that, you may use the car, sure, there are options... but if you are already thinking in building a Shared Dreams gazebo, well, believe in the multipurpose potential too: the engineering of the construction of a Shared Dreams gazebo can be both life saver and cost-effective in the long run... while also remaining beautiful in the aesthetic sense, enriching in the cultural sense, and meaningful in the domestic sense. In case anyone wondered: no, Shared Dreams gazebos are not meant to be designed for being hurricane refuges persé (not during the hurricane, of course), but they could serve as such in the afterwards, if the main house is damaged and there are safety reasons to remain outside while the emergency repairs can be done inside... Or if in the main house the heat is unbearable (after a

hurricane, if there are power outages there won't be fans, so you need breeze to calm the heat... I have known this kind of breeze well since Hugo...) you can sleep at the Shared Dreams gazebo for a while, it still has roof, or a tent cloth can be placed above the four columns as roof. This function is similar to the *tormenteras* that the jíbaros in the past used: a structure outside the house, ready to be used in case of an emergency. I did saw real *tormenteras* in my infancy, a few, scarce, usually used for dogs. It was quite curious for me that someone could use something like that as a “stable emergency structure”. The jíbaros were not wrong in the idea of having a fixed emergency structure ready for use. What was somewhat challenging for me was imagining everyone fitting into such a small space for several hours, but they did their best during times of great need.

Call this post-María traumatic stress disorder if you want. Still, there were lessons there to be learned: Puerto Rico IS A MAJOR HURRICANE ZONE and a MAJOR EARTHQUAKE ZONE... and that is meant to be assumed with proper planning way before, not waiting until the hurricane season, or to a replica time span... And if you have places like Ponce quite present in mind, you know that climate change is not a hoax: a way better civil planning approach is part of a cultural renewal for the generations to come, so not so many structures become catastrophically damaged due to the known risks of the geographical zone of Puerto Rico. Really, the civil planification in Puerto Rico had always been awful...

That is especially visible in the infrastructure building planification. A very practical example of consistent lack of planification: how few drops of rain are enough to flood half of the island. Despite the hurricane flooding risk being very well known, civil infrastructures don't progress according to the needs of the times and about 666 drops of rain are enough to cause a major flood at major streets in the metropolitan area because there are no drain maintenance (or even strategically and permanently placed water pumps) required by civil ordinance, already planned to be required to be done within a known specific time frame before a significative rain occurrence is known to happen, drains are cleaned or not to avoid a flooding... So... the peace, the common good and even the family life (you can get stuck there for hours, time that is meant to be spent with family after work time) of those stuck at the heavy traffic congestion that forms with metropolitan floods will depend on the mood of the municipality employees: at this moment, someone MAY or NOT MAY drains essential for safe traffic when 666 drops of water fall, and there won't be civil accountability for it at all, there will be only “*aybentismo*”. “Ay bendito” is a very well known traditional Puerto Rican phrase. The literal translation to English would be “*hey, blessed*”... but the *de facto* cultural meaning of the phrase has no relation at all with being blessed: it is usually used as a pity expression, if someone is telling “*ay bendito*” usually it means that what happened is very unfortunate (depending on the tone being used, it can also be a sarcastic mockery that means precisely the opposite of what I just said: you are not worthy of pity...).

Forbidden to Forget: An Open Letter for the Next Generations...

Puerto Ricans are quite fond of any form of the word “bless”: children ask “*bendición*” to their parents, grandparents, uncles, and aunts, they answer “*que Dios te bendiga*”... and there is another very cultural utterance with the same word: *Bendito sea Dios*... used as an exclamative expression. It’s a beautiful word, but sometimes can be misused, as you will see...

There is a cultural setback among Puerto Ricans called “*aybenditismo*”: pitying something as a resignation to the situation instead of assuming what needs to be changed, instead of being normalized as “cultural normalcy.” Example: assuming, as unchangeable normalcy, that there will be streets somewhere in the metropolitan area that will be flooded every time there is a little bit more rain than usual, even if not even near a tropical wave event. Think about it: why, on an island that is in a tropical weather zone, with a rain season of seven months, are there no fixed scheduled requirements to check the drains once significant rain is expected? True: it is done in case of hurricanes (not exactly due to being required by civil ordinance, but in that case, it is done) ... but it is not required to be done on a more ordinary planned basis that keeps transparent civil accountability of such maintenance.

Example: if a tropical wave weather forecast is known within the next three days, there should be a civil ordinance that requires by civil legal norm to the municipality to clean the drains of known-flood-prone streets before at a maximum of 24 hours before the forecast is expected to happen; not doing that must be considered Governmental negligence and, besides the anger of those stuck in their cars due to your negligence, if you cause a vehicle being adrift in the flood or a medical emergency... the municipality is accountable and LIABLE for the damage they caused negligently. It seems simple, but the fact is that a lack of proper planning systems is an obstacle to progress with proper civil accountability.

How convenient it is to remain unaccountable as a civil government institution strategically, so you can't be held accountable for responsibilities that belong to you, but you refuse to assume! That can be applied to many very cultural issues at the civil government level (municipalities), but it could even be applied to public agencies

Example: LUMA refusing to assume liability and accountability for the cost of all the major domestic appliances that stop functioning due to constant unplanned power outages... Here, the issue is double: LUMA refuses to accept that continuous unplanned outages are an unacceptable economic burden to the poor (you lose your food, you can't sleep without a fan...) who can't afford their own solar system... And LUMA also refuses to explain to humble citizens —the poorest are always who pays the consequences, they don't have

equal access to preventive resources—what can be done to protect the appliances, like buying a voltage protector, explaining them simply which are good brands of power voltage protectors, where to get them, what assistance—if any—you would need of an electrician to install them... Why don't they do that? That would mean they would recognize the significant potential for domestic appliances to malfunction or break down due to LUMA's constant unplanned outages and voltage fluctuations. Everyone knows it, but because they are a "government agency", they have "immunity" to cause as much damage as it could happen due to their consistent lack of planning without being required to give any kind of compensation at all for what they cause... which makes it impossible to be liable and accountable for the harm they know they cause. Please consider that Puerto Rican electricity is the second most expensive, after Hawaii... but in Hawaii, it is possible to claim compensation for damaged appliances, there is also a 50% compensation for business losses due to outages and, although Puerto Rican power outages are fewer in number than the USA media (what a surprise, right!), they are way more extended (they last hours). So, it is normal that more must be paid, but for less value.

Someday a whole generation will get tired of government/civil institutions that still believe that lack of proper planning for the needs of the time, the refusal to establish proper civil ordinances that hold them liable and accountable, and refusal to change what must be changed, or abolished if unable to be transformed according to the needs of the times... and the civil chains will be broken with a powerful GROW-OR-GO civil ordinance policy. GROW-OR-GET OUT: show your action plan to help to grow and improve according to periodical growth objectives that keep civil growth constantly flowing according to the needs of the times, according to the needs of the citizens on the streets, not according to the needs of the elite citizens or according to bosses with juicy bonuses but no growth forces... Show your "civil growth" agenda, government agencies, and government civil institutions; don't merely show your budget. Show us a growth agenda with concrete civil growth objectives that have real civil impact and live-scheduled progress. The steps ahead may be big sometimes, or not so big at other times... but consistent public service—small or big steps, but consistently moving forward in helping to grow more people in a more communal direction—progress must remain expected as ordinary normalcy for achieving cultural growth. There is no walking ahead without consistently taking steps forward, no matter how small or big those steps may be. Still, the growth walk must happen instead of diverting civil accountability with *aybenditismos*...

Show the growth or leave the show: if you are not there to work for growth, to work for the best growth possible, looking to get paid juicy bonuses for merely achieving minimums and "only following instructions"... LEAVE the public service position: HELP CITIZENS TO GROW OR WE'LL HELP YOU TO GO. Los ciudadanos no tenemos por qué asumir la mediocridad

como normalidad civil. Instead of the government/civil institutions relying in aybenditismos that are incompatible with an actual cultural growth that leads to keep growing together in more and more communion, let them be the first ones that must be able to be held accountable legally for keeping growth objectives flowing, growth objectives that are determined according to the needs of the times and not according to who gets the more juicy bonus.

There is a very extraordinary need for this kind of civil ordinance policy right now: the Rosa Lydia Velez vs Departamento de Educación case. This legal case was initiated 50 years ago to hold the Department of Education accountable for failing to provide consistent special education services as required by federal law. They receive the funds to provide the services, but the bureaucracy of the DE is such —by law, 70% of DE's budget must be spent directly on student's learning, but they had never complied with that law; only 38% of the budget reaches the classrooms, far less than the 51% average in continental USA— that after 50 years the case remains open, and special education students still are not served with dignity the services they need, HOW they need them, WHEN they need them. The immense majority of them are poor working parents who do not have the stamina of Rosa Lydia's mom to keep engaged in a legal suit and still not see the end of it more than 50 years later, when her daughter is already a fully functional adult.

This case merits to be an exemplary lesson of why the Department of Education, the Department of Health and the Department of Family, besides a Federal American Cultural Affairs Fraternity [FACAF, it's a well better acronym than the ones I told in previous texts], are MEANT to be governed by a fraternal president: when you have an agency director that only leads four years, it's QUITE difficult to create growth agendas, because due to the nature of all these Departments [they all lead public services directly related with human growth of the citizens as growthful persons, meant to develop humanely in a growthful culture] before the agency director can even plan something at year two of his mandate (merely getting all the HR logistics in order and fill all the placements of the agency director working team with quality candidates... can easily take a whole year after the actual start date of the new presidency) there is ONE YEAR to work in what was left pending by the prior agency director, then the new agency director has ONE YEAR to try to do some work if his own... and then... year four is transition year to the next administration, all the effort goes in the transition. That's it. The problem is that there is a vast difference that must be expected from these three agencies: their progress must be human. Data is essential, of course, but when these three Departments focus in data only —as it happens with a Department of Education that only relies in standardized test to measure "academic progress"— they fail miserably in achieve growthful progress... because, as surprising it can be for some to realize this, human development has two very llamative characteristics: it needs time to

mature and it happens integratively (use the word “integrative” if you want to), human growth embraces the whole personal formation. Some aspects of personal formation can be tracked and even improved with data trends, and that is good... but personal formation impact can't be measured by data alone, nor helping to grow... (some would say "nor administering"... that is not the best word to use here because humans have personal sovereignty, their growth progress is not meant to be "administrados" like a traditional government agency would "administer" to govern; they are intended to be helped to grow according to a well-formed civil self-determination, and that starts at schools) can be measured merely with budget caps. These three Departments can't be merely "efficient administrators": to "form" personal formative processes at a bigger scale, you also need to be a growthful leader and a growthful officer; efficient budget administration without integrating growthful progress coordination won't work in these three Departments because if you don't assume human development as growthful... You will ipso facto reduce them to objects with your public service, because you are directly related to their human developmental growth and personal formation progress, both at the same time. If, in those three Departments, you limit yourself to human data-driven development (such as growth charts used to measure a baby's growth), without assuming the personal, progressive nature of those you serve... Well, as it happens, the less progressive personal maturity becomes, the more dependent it eventually is. It's normal to measure a baby's growth with charts only, but keep "administering" the personal progress of the citizens you serve only with charts, as it only happens with babies' growth, and they will remain dependent on the Government aids forever. You are not impacting their personal formation in a way you can generate growthfulness in them if you limit your public service efficiency to progress at the measurable only without assuming their personal formation needs: you need growth plans integrated to integrate personal formation processes and expect citizens be persons that that expect be helped according to their personal formation growth plan, not according to your medians.

As a matter of fact, teachers are pretty good laughing at medians and sole data: as teacher one of the first things you learn is that you will have a problem fitting those outside the median of your "charts" and that actual academic progress is half academic progress (grades) and half growthful progress: providing the students a learning aimed to achieve their best personal formation possible in a progressive way —keep becoming the best persons they can be—, so meaningful learning happens and growth impacts their actual life and their capability to achieve their dreams and we get citizens capable to self-determine themselves and serve to the society helping to grow as they were helped to grow first. No one can give what has not been given first, we learn everything except fear to heights and fear to loud noises, those are the only two baby cognitive traits not taught by

other nor learned by experience... and there are a few daredevil kiddos that can prove anyone willing to observe them as they are and not merely as someone instructs them to be... that both "innate traits" can be unlearned. Look at those students who jump from chairs and stairs like superman without even blinking at height after the experience of being able to jump that high and "break a fear" (students rarely forget when they break a fear, but in that case they will never remember the fear itself, they'll remember just what they thought as "achievement". Have you noticed why teaching with authoritarian fear doesn't work well to help the student to have significant learning in the long run, didn't you?) No matter how small some are, they are the parachuters of the future. Simply help them land in safe areas and jump safely when they need to.

The fact is: you do need a longer term to be able to not merely give freely, but give freely in a way that helps to grow best. You do need a longer term to perform a growthful coordination plan (those are the ones that assume personal formation on a larger scale) that integrates both the budget and the personal formation of those you serve in those departments, and actually have a reasonable time to keep achieving progressive growthfulness. This means more meaningful time focused in keep becoming better and helping to grow more than the time dealing with administration transitions... and, as I already said: Rosa Lydia Velez case is an exemplary lesson on this: the Department of Education of Puerto Rico had been hit with such political bizarre zig zags between one "administration" and other... that what seems to be "civil policy" in that particular Department is "yes, we can hold back best!" because their bulky bureaucracy holds everything back, especially the students. Of course the Federal Department of Education complies with this: in more than 50 years, no federal director (or however that position is named) has seated down with the leadership of the Department of Education of Puerto Rico and simply told them fraternally but firmly: "you have 5 years to finish the Rosa Lydia case or the Department will be fully restructured directly by the Federal Department of Education, so what's the plan here, do you have one, there is a plan possible or do we plan straightforward a restructuring design of the whole Department, replacing bureaucracy with fluidity of growth and resources? 50 years of paying millions in fines due not complying federal laws, with a 1 billion budget of Federal Funds given for Special Education services, and still being unable to comply with the law, and what is infinity worst: you consistently denying to all these kids their best potential due to consistent negligent institutional incompetency... is unacceptable: grow or blow. You grow or we blow the State Department of Education as it is now, redesigning it whole."

I don't think there will ever be a Federal Department of Education director with the cojones to put the Department of Education of Puerto Rico in such a position... but look what happens: it's "5 years". The years are more than a single administration. That matters, because what one administration says can be unsaid by the political interests of the other,

and that is what truly blows cultural growthfulness at the very core: considering that the public educational policy, the public health policy, and the public family police rely on which political party's interests are in between. Nope: these Department's affairs are fraternal affairs, not partisan affairs. The health care affairs, educational opportunities affairs, and domestic vinculation affairs are NOT to be conditioned according to partisan terms at all but unconditionally fraternally, according to what helps to grow best, as the best person and nation we can all be recognizing the personhood of all as unconditionally equal and dignified BELOVED citizens.

In the case of these three Departments, if you don't handle a growthful plan along budget administration charts... you will fail to help those you serve to BE ABLE TO GROW AS SELF-DETERMINED HUMAN PERSONS: they will become more and more dependent to the Government to be able to function... to be able to survive... when a citizen that is able to self-determine by his or her own—including not depending on Government public assistance forever—is meant to be able to do so, be empowered to do so and be vinculated to do so... but these kinds of "redesigns" and growthful public service take way a more extended period than 4 years to coordinate it. That is the reality: if you want civil government institutions that have firm pathways to help to grow as the best person and as the best nation we can be... that has to have consequences in the governance structures, as it was explained before when talking about creating a rama formativa. In this case, proposing blowing up the entire non-functional Department of Education and restructuring it... I wrote "5 years", but in the most ambitious realistic perspective, the shorter restructuring period that can be expected is 7 years, with the proper support and if no one does a damn legal suit to obstaculize it for whatever frivolous political reason they may find to try to enforce a particular liberal or conservative emphasis in a specific matter in the whole system.

I absolutely HATE when people use law to enforce ideological agendas, and that is also an issue: the intentions can be there, the resources too, the ambition and energy to begin is also there... and then a damn lawsuit of someone complying of the restructuring Department of Education not including 1 billion genders in the growth agenda stops the whole process until someone restores common sense somehow... Let's say an example of the conservatives, so I don't disappoint anyone: then a damn lawsuit of someone complaining that the ideology of gender can't be discussed in a public middle and high school growth plan stops the whole process until someone restores common sense somehow. Well, I am the first one who disagrees with teaching ideologies: schools can't indoctrinate. However, once a student reaches middle school, where human sexuality can begin to be openly discussed with a biology-based focus that will eventually become more complex according to their respective cognitive development stage... There is no problem

in DISCUSSING ideologies, including the ideology of gender, in the proper fraternal context, not learning to oppose ideologies or affirm ideas blindly, but with free thought: teach them what the ideology of gender says, what they believe to be true... and also teach them the facts that contradict them... That's it. Let the students reach their own conclusions. As a public-school teacher, you are meant to provide formation, not indoctrination; let their minds form their own fraternal-based ideas. The fraternal-basedness is important with the ideology of gender: it's a temptation —especially for conservatives— not liking them *ipso facto*. Teach to hear fraternally from where ideas come, teach them to look also at the sources, always discussing everything respecting the cognitive developmental age of all. This means: under no circumstances sexuality matters nor ideology of gender —the same would apply to discussing partisan ideology that conservatives are pretty fond of discussing with everyone they can, including children if you let an indoctrinating teacher do it— can be addressed with elementary level students; at that developmental cognitive stage, those discussions belong ONLY to the parents. This is not denying knowledge: it is respecting, as a teacher, your student's sacred right to be formed by their parents first, according to their values and cognitive developmental stage, if that is in the child's best interest, as it usually is.

There is no reason to defy a parent in this arena if there are no well-evidenced grounds to do so: the best interest of the child is assumed at all times, as determined by the parents and the law. Parental rights end wherever the integrity of the child diminishes. When there is well-grounded evidence of parental neglect or abuse, teachers can defy the parental notion of "best interest of the child." Don't make war with parents easily; treat them fraternally too, but neither skip due to "parental rights" exceptions that are clearly for the best interest of the child. Document it as needed and proceed accordingly.

I will give an example of my own: I have had some conversations hearing the struggles of students with suicidal ideations. I do remember a very particular case where parents didn't inform anyone, and they are meant to be the first ones to know. However, due to the circumstances, I had my reasons to attribute parental neglect as part of the issue. The student wasn't even able to verbalize it directly (I know this kind of difficulty in seeing psychological manipulations of the parents as "abuse"), she didn't realize what she was saying. Still, the psychological manipulation abuse was clearly there... In that specific circumstance, after reviewing her files, her writings (all my classes require personal writings and reviewing a notebook's writing progress can say way more besides what is said in conversations) and asking strategic questions when I could (sorry to say this: the school administration was as manipulative as the parents) I proceeded according to the best interest of the child, very well documented in the case of someone fabricating a case (no, they didn't).

Yes, sometimes, institutional abuse can hurt your students, and you've got to be prepared for the consequences of acting according to conscience. This student was the first evident sign of how deep institutional abuse was being distorted as "care"... believe it or not, manipulative adults around a teen do cause a lot of emotional hurt, even if she was being manipulated to try to manipulate me. It was a kind of triumph... when she realized a glimpse of real love: you matter, not for what others tell you to do, not for how successful you are doing something... but because you are you, and no one is meant to get used to being used. She was doing what she did because she was told to manipulate me, and she was clearly beginning to learn the consequences of not following your conscience; I did what I did because that is what Love does, despite being hurt by what was going on... At the very end, she remained silent and no longer attempted to manipulate me with the same issue, and I respected her silence because... I knew what was going on between the doors. It was hell for students being forced to do that by "trusting adults"; it was for them that I endured what I endured. How a school administration can dare to breach the sacred dignity of their own students for the purpose they did (manipulating and hurting me through them)... when the own students began to learn how hurt they could get themselves when doing what others told them... and they knew, even in silence sometimes, just the gaze: "this is not right, this is against my conscience?" How can you expose your own students to that kind of suffering: "I know this is not right, but I am being told so, so I do it... I do, I am obeying what I am told, but now, what is this emptiness inside me?" You may think the question was about what sin is, right? I won't clarify, for the sake of the student's right to anonymity, but letting something like that happen at school should be prosecutable; however, I was again unheard by the rule of law. I simply answered the truth: that is what someone feels when you are not being you... like when you are used, when you can't follow your own purpose, as God created you and teaches it... I knew it would be even more dangerous for the students to explicitly imply that they should defy their parents and act according to their conscience...

Another example of "parental rights breaching" would happen when an elementary student child wants to talk about sexuality... because he or she is a survivor of a sexual abuse and needs to talk about it with the adults he or she trust at the school; that would be a reasonable personal accommodation for you as teacher discussing sexuality with an elementary student and keep the support flowing in such exceptional circumstance, always keeping in touch with the counselor and remaining acting in the best interest of the student.

Now that we are discussing rights breaches, let's clarify other kinds of "right breaching" that need to be addressed immediately. A little bit after I wrote all these paragraphs about the Department of Education of Puerto Rico and the Rosa Lydia Velez case... I wanted to

know if the funds allocated to Puerto Rican special education children are the same as those assigned to special education children in the continental United States. What began as a simple question became a huge Pandora's box opened.

It results that Puerto Rican special education children are being systematically denied most of the funds that are given to their peers in the continental United States: the funds of part B IDEA grants, which are the most used to fund special education services in the whole United States, are denied to Puerto Rican Children.

As you keep reading more facts about how the Federal Department of Education provides funds to Puerto Rican children, the thing simply keeps becoming more chilling. Then you realize: Wait a minute: Puerto Rican Department of Education is being sued for not complying with a federal law... when there are no equal funds given to comply with such law in the first place? Yes, the funds allocated to Puerto Rico for special education services are a billion... Yes, the Department of Education has bureaucratic issues... But... The plain truth to see by everyone who wants to see is that Puerto Rico's special education children are not being given equal funds for special education services, they are denied MOST of the funds that the states receive... A special education child in the continental US has \$15,000 in funds... A special education child in Puerto Rico, at the same time that these services are MORE EXPENSIVE here than in the continental US... gets only \$7,000. Sorry, la matemática no cuadra: ¿cómo se supone que se requiera por ley federal cumplir con una ley que el mismo gobierno federal hace imposible cumplir por discriminar contra los niños puertorriqueños de educación especial, negándoles igualdad de fondos?

As I kept reading... I was shocked to realize that what the Federal Department of Education is doing with Puerto Rican children has a well-known legal precedent, a precedent that anyone with a degree in a college Faculty of education is familiar with: the Ruby Bridges case, *Brown v. Board of Education*. Ruby was being racially discriminated against, racially segregated, and denied equal access to educational resources. That, said in straightforward words, was the argument of her case. The case reached the Supreme Court and led to the abolition of racial segregation throughout the United States.

Sigues leyendo datos y premisas legales, sigues conectando paralelismos... y los datos disponibles son bien claros: los niños puertorriqueños tienen el legítimo derecho de demandar por DISCRIMINACIÓN CULTURAL y SEGREGACIÓN ECONÓMICA (están segregando económicamente a los niños de escuelas puertorriqueñas respecto a las escuelas de Estados Unidos continental) al Departamento de Educación Federal, exactamente como pasó con Ruby Bridges. Realmente... el caso de Rosa Lydia Vélez ni siquiera tiene grounds para fundamentarse: ¿a la misma vez que se demanda a nivel federal por no cumplir una ley federal (IDEA) que requiere equidad de fondos para su

cumplimiento, EL MISMO GOBIERNO FEDERAL IMPIDE EL ACCESO A FONDOS NECESARIOS PARA CUMPLIR LA LEY? Vaya *chulería en empelote*...

Insisto, no estoy diciendo que el Departamento de Educación no tenga serias deficiencias sistemáticas que ameritan un *grow or blow*... Lo que estoy diciendo es: lo que está haciendo el Departamento de Educación Federal es incluso un *despelote* chulísimamente más grave aún. Están repitiendo exactamente lo mismo que se le hizo a Ruby Bridges, pero ahora lo están haciendo con los niños de Puerto Rico. Yes, the same discriminatory pattern that occurred with Ruby Bridges is evident, and it was knowingly done. It already has irreversible consequences: in 2019, only 2% of Puerto Rican fourth graders achieved grade-level academic competency in math, compared to 79% of fourth graders in the continental US achieving it. This is a cultural tragedy: the youngest generation is being forced into civil slavery... through a colonizing Federal Education Department. The youngest generation on the island is being denied the growth opportunities needed to achieve their own self-determined dreams and become the best person they can be.

I know firsthand what happens when you have a delay in math: in seventh and eighth grade, I had two awful math teachers. I barely learned; I simply used logic to get by. I never recovered from that. Although I had never wanted to study a career that required math (I had always been drawn to the Humanities), the fact is that I remained significantly behind in math after seventh grade, and the delay eventually became permanent. To illustrate with a practical example: I had never been able to pass a statistics class, and since studying graduate studies requires that class, I am not able to even aspire to graduate studies, because I know I won't pass the statistics class. Practicing statistics as a student teacher was absolutely hell for me. What I mean is: what the 98% of Puerto Rican fourth graders are not given the resources and support to learn NOW, will absolutely become a permanent delay that will absolutely condition their dreams: without math skills, they won't be able to dream of becoming doctors, scientists, engineers, architects, researchers, business owners... The Federal Department of Education is killing a whole generation of Puerto Ricans right now (the Alpha Generation). How dare you?! Now, the one who must get the *grow or blow* dose is the Federal Department of Education... and guess who are the ones empowered to do it?

Of course: the Children of Puerto Rico. Children suing in an action class is absolutely non-precedential, but totally possible if they are given the support and resources they need to sue the Federal Department of Education, exactly as Ruby Bridges did. This would be a **Children of Puerto Rico vs Department of Education (DOE)** case, with the exact legal grounds of the Ruby Bridges case.

Un caso de niños planteando una demanda de clase a nivel federal es un caso que no tiene precedentes, pero sí que puede plantearse en las cortes correspondientes y lo sucedido con el caso de Ruby Bridges deja bien sentado el potencial de un caso como este. Let ´s show the parallelism of both cases more clearly shown with a nice table:

Paralelisms of Ruby Bridges case and a Children of Puerto Rico case	
Ruby Bridges case	Children of Puerto Rico vs DOE
Sued DOE due racial discrimination	Can sue DOE due cultural discrimination (discriminación por etnicidad puertorriqueña y territorio)
Sued DOE due racial segregation	Can sue DOE due economic segregation (negación de fondos equitativos a niños puertorriqueños, cuya ciudadanía es ciudadanía americana)
Sued DOE due unequal access to educational resources	Can sue DOE due unequal growth opportunities (afectación a desarrollo académico/social; afectación masiva a generaciones completas por pobreza educativa estructural)

Now, let ´s clarify the legal grounds for a case like this one, which would teach these children a valuable lesson that is also a historical lesson for future generations: never assume that what must be changed cannot be challenged. Never normalize — especially among kids — stop looking for ways to improve what needs to be improved to reach the best growth possible.

So, the plaintiff of this case would be “All school-age children residing in Puerto Rico, regardless of school type, who are entitled to equitable and non-discriminatory access to educational opportunities under U.S. federal law, including IDEA, Title I, and Title VI protections.” Their claim, said in a few words, would be the following:

The U.S. Department of Education (DOE) has, through policy, funding, and oversight failures, systematically discriminated against Puerto Rican children in violation of multiple federal laws and constitutional protections. Our claim centers on cultural discrimination, economic segregation, and the denial of equal educational opportunity for U.S. citizen children in Puerto Rico. The proposed class action mirrors the moral and legal framework of Ruby Bridges’ case and Brown v. Board of Education — reframed not around racial segregation within states, but around cultural and economic segregation of a colonial population under federal governance.

In 1960, Ruby Bridges, a 6-year-old African American girl, walked into a previously all-white school in New Orleans. Her family, supported by the NAACP Legal Defense Fund, sued the state education system, arguing that racially segregated schools denied her equal protection under the 14th Amendment.

Today, Puerto Rican children, the majority of whom are impoverished U.S. citizens, live in a territory governed directly by federal institutions. Their public education system is chronically underfunded, culturally diminished, and segregated by neglect — not from other races, but from the dignity, quality, and opportunity afforded to their mainland peers. The structural discrimination they endure is perpetuated not by state governments, but by the federal Department of Education itself.

The Children of Puerto Rico would ask with this case: **Can federal agencies be allowed to segregate a population of U.S. citizen children into a lower tier of opportunity based on their cultural identity and geographic location?**

The Children of Puerto Rico would be challenging the following DOE law violations:

1. Equal Protection Clause – 14th Amendment (via the 5th Amendment’s Due Process Clause as applied to the federal government)

- Claim: The DOE has systematically discriminated against Puerto Rican children by providing inferior educational funding, resources, and protections as compared to mainland children.
- Legal framing: Disparate treatment of Puerto Rican children violates their equal protection rights, especially given that they are U.S. citizens.

Key Argument: The DOE cannot provide inferior protection or opportunity to a group of citizens on the basis of territorial status, cultural identity, or geographic location.

2. Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964

- Statutory citation: 42 U.S.C. § 2000d
- Claim: The DOE is in violation of Title VI by allowing racial, ethnic, and linguistic discrimination in federally funded education programs across Puerto Rico.
- Specifics:

- Chronic neglect of Puerto Rican Spanish language and culture in curricula.
- Systemic disparities in federal funding, especially in special education and mental health support.
- Allowing a colonial structure that leads to inferior services compared to mainland populations.

Key Argument: Title VI prohibits discrimination based on race, color, or national origin in any program receiving federal funds — which includes all U.S. education systems, including in Puerto Rico.

3. Individuals with Disabilities Education Act (IDEA)

- Statutory citation: 20 U.S.C. § 1400 et seq.
- Claim: Puerto Rico receives far less IDEA funding per child with disabilities than any U.S. state or D.C. — less than 10% of what children in other jurisdictions receive.
- Legal violation: This disparity, overseen and perpetuated by DOE, results in unequal access to:
 - Individualized Education Programs (IEPs)
 - Trained special education staff
 - Therapeutic and behavioral supports
- DOE's role: It administers this discriminatory formula and fails to ensure equal protection of disabled children in Puerto Rico.

Key Argument: DOE has knowingly permitted systemic disability-based discrimination under the guise of “territorial budgeting,” violating IDEA’s own principle of free, appropriate public education (FAPE).

4. Section 504 of the Rehabilitation Act of 1973

- Statutory citation: 29 U.S.C. § 794
- Claim: DOE’s policies deny children with disabilities in Puerto Rico equal access to federally funded educational programs, including general education with accommodations.

- Violation: Because DOE oversees this funding, it is responsible for ongoing structural discrimination based on disability status.

5. Every Student Succeeds Act (ESSA)

- Statutory citation: 20 U.S.C. § 6301 et seq.
- Claim: DOE's lack of accountability in Puerto Rico violates ESSA's mandates to:
 - Ensure equity of opportunity
 - Close achievement gaps
 - Provide quality instruction and resources in underperforming districts
- DOE has no effective monitoring of Puerto Rico's compliance, and federal equity goals are systematically unmet.

6. United Nations Convention on the Rights of the Child (UNCROC) [Moral Reference]

- Though not ratified by the U.S., this global framework affirms that:
 - Every child has the right to free, quality education
 - States must protect the cultural identity and emotional well-being of children
- Use as a moral standard, especially to illustrate how the U.S. treats Puerto Rican children below international norms.

The core factual allegations of the Children of Puerto Rico would be:

The U.S. Department of Education (DOE), through its policies, funding mechanisms, and oversight failures, has systematically discriminated against and segregated the children of Puerto Rico, resulting in educational, cultural, and emotional harm over multiple generations. All this can be constated factually:

- Puerto Rican children are U.S. citizens who, by federal law, are entitled to the same educational protections as any mainland student.
- They receive drastically lower per-child federal funding, especially for special education and school infrastructure.

- DOE allows the cultural erasure of Puerto Rican identity in federally funded programs and fails to ensure linguistic dignity and cultural equity.
- The consequences are intergenerational: Extremely low literacy and numeracy rates, Widespread school neglect and decay, High dropout and youth poverty rates, Minimal access to arts, mental health, or college preparation programs...

This core claim is not partisan, but humanitarian and constitutional: **no child should be condemned to inferior education by birthright of geography.**

This case is both legally sound and morally urgent. Puerto Rican children have endured decades of educational neglect and cultural diminishment at the hands of the same federal government sworn to protect their constitutional rights. The United States Department of Education must be held accountable not merely for funding formulas, but for permitting the institutionalization of inequality.

Like Ruby Bridges, this case places a generation of children at the center of a defining moral and legal question:

Does the United States guarantee equal protection to all its children, or only to those within its mainland borders?

The **Core Conditions of Federal Neglect** can also be stated very factually: Puerto Rican students live and study under conditions that would not pass inspection in any U.S. state — physically, pedagogically, or constitutionally.

1. School Infrastructure: Inhuman and Inhospitable

- Most public schools are architecturally obsolete, never designed for:
- Air conditioning — in a tropical climate that routinely exceeds 95°F.
- Emergency hurricane preparation, despite frequent direct hits.
- Electrical loads required for computer labs or smart classrooms.
- Renovations are piecemeal, slow, and frequently abandoned, leaving children in crumbling buildings, often with exposed rebar, water leaks, mold, and sealed classrooms.

2. Technological Desertification

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- Virtually no schools have:
- Fully functioning technology classrooms with reliable power or Wi-Fi.
- Access to printing, laptops, or educational software at scale.
- These students go home to extreme poverty — 6 out of 10 families cannot afford a home printer, digital device, or even a stable internet connection.

3. No Libraries, No Art, No Stage

- School libraries, where they exist, lack new books, printing access, or full-time staff.
- Most schools do not have auditoriums or music rooms.
- Arts and cultural programming are rare, unequipped, or excluded entirely — in a culture that breathes poetry, music, and drama.

4. Psychological Toll and Collective Awareness

- Students know they are falling behind the mainland.
- They see online the conditions of U.S. schools, and understand that they are not being given equal tools.
- Yet, what they lack in academic metrics, they overflow in moral clarity:

These children feel injustice viscerally, and they are ready to stand for their right to grow, if someone gives them the legal path to do.

This case is not just about test scores. **It is about a generation growing up in a system that teaches them, silently but forcefully, that they matter less.**

- A child in San Juan should have the same chance to thrive as a child in San Diego.
- A child in Ponce or Adjuntas should not grow up believing that being Puerto Rican means accepting less, expecting less, or becoming less.

No one has defended the Children of Puerto Rico at scale. And still, they show up to their classrooms. They share desks. They sweat through exams. They invent with scraps. They keep asking questions, singing in corridors, and drawing with broken crayons. **They still believe in their right to grow.** If they are given the resources, they can challenge the

federal cultural discrimination in education, rooted in structural neglect and normalized disparity. **The Department of Education has allowed a dual system to emerge: one for mainland children, and one for those in the colony.** This case would not only be legally historic — it would be a moral reckoning. It is time for the United States to hear the Children of Puerto Rico. They do not want charity nor *aybenditismos*. They want equal growth opportunities. They are ready to walk through the door, as Ruby Bridges once did — if it is opened for them.

And here comes the surprise that no one expected:

If the *Children of Puerto Rico v. U.S. Department of Education* case were to reach the U.S. Supreme Court, and the plaintiffs (the children) successfully demonstrate that their systemic educational deprivation is inseparable from Puerto Rico's colonial status, several constitutional consequences would become unavoidable:

1. If the Court finds the U.S. Government guilty of systemic educational discrimination tied to colonial governance...

Then the underlying legal regime that enables that governance — the Territorial Clause (Art. IV, Sec. 3, Cl. 2) and the Insular Cases — would come under direct challenge. These decisions have allowed the federal government to treat Puerto Rico and its people as “belonging to, but not part of” the United States. **The abolition of this logic would strip Congress of the legal cover to maintain a colonial relationship.**

2. This could compel the Supreme Court to strike down the legal foundations of Puerto Rico's colonial status.

The Insular Cases, which treat Puerto Rico as an “unincorporated territory,” have been increasingly discredited — even by current justices. If a child-led education civil rights case proves that this colonial logic has directly resulted in constitutional harm to minors, it would:

- Force a reconsideration or reversal of the Insular Cases;
- Establish that colonial administration creates unconstitutional outcomes, particularly for children;
- Legally expose that no U.S. citizen should grow up with fewer rights because of where they were born within the jurisdiction of the United States.

3. That legal blow would have political ramifications that the Court cannot avoid.

Once the colonial status is ruled unconstitutional as a generator of inequality, the federal government would be cornered into initiating a binding, decolonizing plebiscite, with only two internationally recognized, non-colonial outcomes:

- Statehood, under equal protection and full representation, or
- Independence, as a sovereign nation-state.

Current territorial status (ELA or “Commonwealth”) would be legally dead.

This would not be a political decision — it would be a constitutional mandate derived from a civil rights victory led by children, on the most defensible battlefield: education access and dignity.

4. The symbolic and moral power of the plaintiffs being children matters.

Just as *Brown v. Board of Education* forced the Court to confront the human cost of “separate but equal” through the voices of Black schoolchildren, this case would force the Court to confront:

How far the U.S. has gone in normalizing second-class citizenship for an entire generation of American children — simply because they were born in Puerto Rico?

It would be powerfully fitting that the final blow to American colonialism comes not through political posturing nor violent riots, but through the cries of children for a decent school and an equal chance to grow.

Also, given the urgency and the permanent harm being done to Puerto Rican children at critical developmental ages, it can and should be formally requested expedited judicial review — both at the district level and (eventually) at the appellate and Supreme Court levels. This is not only legally possible — it’s already a known judicial practice in cases where:

- Fundamental rights are being violated,
- The plaintiffs are minors, and

- The harm is ongoing, worsening, and irreparable if not addressed immediately.

Here are the proceedings to accelerate the case:

1. Motion for Preliminary Injunction

Filed with the initial complaint, this asks the court to take immediate temporary action to stop the discriminatory conditions before the full case is decided.

- Argue that Puerto Rican children are suffering irreparable harm (cognitive, emotional, social).
- Show that the harm is not hypothetical — it's proven by national education metrics (e.g., NAEP data).
- Demonstrate that children will be permanently disadvantaged if intervention is delayed.

This would pressure the DOE to issue emergency funding or support before the full trial.

2. Motion to Expedite the Trial

Filed with the district court, this formally requests speedier processing, citing:

- The age and developmental vulnerability of the plaintiffs (primary, elementary and middle school children),
- The constitutional dimension of the case (Equal Protection, Due Process, IDEA violations),
- The time-sensitive and irreversible nature of the harm (developmental damage).

Courts have historically granted these motions for children when:

- They're in foster care or at risk of trafficking,
- They're in unsafe public school conditions,
- Their educational or medical well-being is at stake.

This case squarely fits.

3. Request for Certification of Constitutional Question

If the lawsuit is structured around a federal constitutional violation, then it may be asked to the lower court to immediately certify the core constitutional question to a higher court (e.g., Court of Appeals or Supreme Court), skipping years of delay.

Especially if the case raises a national question — like the constitutionality of maintaining a colonial territory that produces unequal educational outcomes — doing this is strategically vital.

4. Amicus Curiae Support to Increase Pressure

Ask legal scholars, civil rights groups, pediatricians, developmental psychologists, and even international human rights advocates to file amicus briefs (friend-of-the-court arguments) showing the urgency of the matter.

There are strong legal precedents for urgency in child cases:

1. Brown v. Board of Education (1954)

Urgency was explicitly acknowledged in ending school segregation, because of the psychological and educational harm to children.

2. Plyler v. Doe (1982)

The Supreme Court struck down a Texas law denying public education to undocumented children, arguing that denying equal education punishes children for circumstances outside their control — and that permanent developmental harm was unjustified.

3. Gary B. v. Whitmer (6th Cir. 2020)

Though later dismissed on procedural grounds, this case asserted a constitutional right to literacy, showing that failure to educate is a constitutional injury in itself. The court found that children in Detroit were being systemically denied a chance to learn, with physical infrastructure and resource deprivation similar to Puerto Rico.

A legal expedite request of this magnitude, with direct consequences upon the right to growth of ALL the school-aged children of the whole island, has a powerful framing:

Each day that passes, thousands of Puerto Rican children fall further behind due to conditions that would not be tolerated anywhere else under the U.S. flag. This is not a budgetary oversight — this is a systemic denial of opportunity, one that risks permanent cognitive damage and violates the core promise of equal protection under the law. In this case, any delay would ipso facto be a denial of our right to grow.

Yes, the courts have the authority to fast-track it — and even intervene before the full trial concludes, if there are powerful reasons —and those are quite powerful— to do so: the harm upon the Children of Puerto Rico is ongoing upon the whole youngest generation of the island, it presents a national constitutional crisis, and any delay would cause irreversible substantial harm to vulnerable children, besides being an outcrying injustice to those who law and order are called to protect first.

So, yes, surprise everyone: the Children of Puerto Rico really can reach the Supreme Court with a Children of Puerto Rico vs DOE case, if framed and handled properly, because a case like this would:

- Gain national attention as the permanent developmental loss in a whole generation of U.S. citizens (the Alpha Generation, currently enrolled between PK and ninth grade) is stopped.
- Be supported by amicus curiae briefs from child rights, civil rights, and education equity groups,
- Become a landmark case — potentially challenging both educational discrimination and colonial policy simultaneously.
- **If the U.S. Supreme Court finds that the educational discrimination faced by Puerto Rican children is inseparably tied to their colonial status, the Court may be compelled to declare that status unconstitutional. This would, ipso facto, obligate the federal government to hold a binding plebiscite with only non-colonial options: statehood or independence.**

Surprise, everyone! What had never been achieved through nationalist terrorism or revolts (including the attempted assassination of a Governor and a President, and a Capitol

attack), through FALN bombings, through political partisanship, through political sabotage (like answering “ninguna de las anteriores” in precedent political referendums simply to obstruct statehood), through the grito de Lares, through riots at the Milla de Oro, through hearings at the United Nations, though cultural advocacy of the Independentists... **What had never been achieved before in any way, now would be completed by the Children of Puerto Rico in a very lawful and peaceful way: the end of colonialism and systematic civil inequality of Puerto Ricans.** These children simply need what happened to Ruby Bridges: someone to open the door for them.

Por supuesto, los niños puertorriqueños también tienen sus issues con el Departamento de Educación de Puerto Rico, pero a nivel estatal el asunto se maneja de otra forma. **A nivel estatal, la estrategia de los niños ha de ser otra: *Walks On*, haciendo en las mismas escuelas manifestaciones civiles, a "Grow On" movement: nada nos puede impedir seguir creciendo, y vamos a reclamar our right a una educación que nos permita crecer como la mejor persona que podamos ser. El mensaje al Departamento de Educación estatal es simple: help us grow or we'll help you blow. Grow or blow.**

¿Por qué "Walk On" y no "Walk Out"? "Walk On" sigue la línea del nombre del movimiento de los niños, "Grow On"... Y aquí hay una realidad bien humana que asumir: NO se puede hacer walk outs con niños de edad primaria/elemental, por su edad. NO hagan salir fuera de las escuelas a niños de nivel elemental/primaria para hacer sus manifestación de conciencia civil: déjenlos que hagan su manifestación cultural en el patio de la escuela con el apoyo de sus maestros y padres, que son los que transmitirían las manifestaciones de los niños en social media. El DEPR NO PUEDE OPONERSE a que se usen predios escolares para children's strikes pacíficos: DEPR is the first one that must guarantee that the kids' strike right is respected according to their human development stage, sin pretender forzarles a hacer un Walk Out para manifestarse civilmente, cuando están en una edad donde walking out to a street endangers the best interest of the child. Puede haber observadores legales en los alrededores también, y el DEPR can't deny their entry either: kids do have civil manifestations rights, si son hechas salvaguardando su integridad y dejando que ellos sean los protagonistas (sin manipulación alguna: han de manifestarse y expresarse libremente, no manipulados por adultos que pongan palabras en su boca).

Donate them crayons and paint to create carteles de conciencia civil creativa. Harán proezas, eso está asegurado. Lo que a los niños puertorriqueños les falta en progreso académico les sobra en consciencia superdotada de justicia social. Ellos entienden muy bien que se les está discriminando, ellos ven otras escuelas en Estados Unidos y en toda inocencia preguntan "¿y porqué las de aquí no son así?" Explíquenles las cosas fraternalmente según su edad y déjenlos manifestarse con la superdotada conciencia de

justicia social que tienen por herencia cultural étnica. Ellos son los que son llamados a emprender el primer movimiento cultural de Estados Unidos creado por niños de primaria y elemental: **a Grow On movement that transforms culture creating new ways to keep growing on as the best persons we can be. Cultural growth begins with our everyday quest: how can we grow the best we can today? Yes, we can grow best!**

Como ya se dejó claro, todo esto tiene repercusiones culturales que van mucho más allá de meramente demandar al Departamento de Educación Federal: de la misma forma que el caso de Ruby Bridges abolió la segregación racial en todo Estados Unidos, el caso Children of Puerto Rico vs DOE aboliría el status colonial de todos los puertorriqueños. Que quede claro: tienen todas las de ganar. Es tremendamente fácil demostrar que el discrimen cultural y el segregamiento económico hecho por el DOE es consecuencia directa del colonialismo, es cuestión de presentar el caso con los abogados correctos, con los argumentos bien hilvanados, j́baros bien aguzaos. Por supuesto, los niños tienen que ser conscientes del gran cambio que están generando. Eso es aprendizaje significativo.

Aprendan la lección, generaciones del futuro: jamás nieguen oportunidades de crecimiento pleno a nadie, pero sobre todo no lo hagan con la generación más joven. That is a crime against personhood too: families have the right to be provided with equal educational growth opportunities for their children.

Explaining what colonialism to the youngest can be difficult, but... es importante explicárselos desde un frame de violación de derechos humanos (NO desde frame político-partidista alguno) porque... el caso que están planteando contra el DOE tiene absolutely all the potential of abolish colonialism, y tienen que entender el impacto social que irradian con su Grow On movement. Eso es parte del aprendizaje significativo característico del growthful education: estás realizando un servicio fraternal real y teniendo un impacto social positivo en ti y en las generaciones futuras; estás creciendo y ayudando a crecer, ¡son growthful stars!

Ojo: el colonialismo no se va a abolir con macheteros o violencia fratricida: lo van a abolir LOS NIÑOS con creatividad cívica.

I apologize, I got carried away a bit by the "cultural resonance" of my visit to the architectural store, right? That's part of what happens when you are let to be yourself in communion with Jesus, Charity, and your true family (my family of Heaven).

The thread of all the cultural resonances of my visit to the architectural store ends here. Let's move on.

Well, the plan was already determined silently: when this part of the letter, which from the beginning had been meant to describe the not-being as it happens in an ordinary civil death

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basis, I would at least try to also describe the memory of remembering being myself in a social environment in which I could enjoy growing together in communion spontaneously. I can't emphasize enough the extent of the impossibility of this mission in my circumstances, but I believed in Jesus Charity and simply went for it when the moment came. However, what happened before reaching the architectural store must be described first: what happens when social gaslighting becomes the permanent civil order and there is no being-based society, no communion-based communication, no truth-based social reality... In the social sense, when communion is blasted permanently, there is just nothingness, absolute nothingness, one not-being after another... a communion vacuum that ravages the very core of any kind of humanity on the whole civil level. There is no social consciousness either: slaving each other over and over again, using each other over and over again... erases any kind of true humanity from being possible to grow on.

Well, part of the plan was that I would need to go to an already *pattern-established* errand. That's important when you want to do something off the radar: let them think you are doing what they think you are doing. So... that meant I had to go again to the pharmacy in which I was psychosocially crucified to a state of civil death. That is a kind of errand that would be seen as ordinary, at least for those who surveil every step I do, everywhere I go... but I didn't expect what happened: they DID AGAIN A MEDICAL GASLIGHTING ABUSE, DONE TO EXHIBIT THEMSELVES ON CAMERA. They even tried to get me to leave without the prescription paper I needed to get the Adderall in the other pharmacy: They know this well: you can't get a controlled med prescription without a physical RX. So, they deliberately tried to force me to go to the other location far away, being unable to get the prescription once I was there (the other pharmacy's location is a whole hour away), then going back to get the prescription, and then go again to the hour away pharmacy, but at that time it would be traffic hour and the single hour would become the double... You get it: they simply wanted to drain energy, time, and, meanwhile, also humiliate you more. I have no idea of why such narcissistic monkeys can be kept in that pharmacy, but at the same time it is clear: denying a service is discrimination, and does it consistently (every month I ask for an Adderall, there is a whole psychosocial slavery-torture enforcement plan around the Adderall, is absolutely nauseating and disgusting how they rape your dignity in plain sight of all... but the most impotent thing is: that is done precisely with the medicine that you actually need... they don't do their nasty psychosocial social-control torture tactics circus with the several medications that my progenitors force me to keep delivering the prescription to the pharmacy: they do it with the very single medicine that they know they will humiliate you more and pushing you more into civil death state when using it for enforcing you as much as civil slavery as possible. As I have mentioned before, their power abuse games with the Adderall have lasted since way long ago, when you would come to

the pharmacy one month and the price of the prescription was 20.00 dollars, and then the other months it would be 120.00, with no explanation at all beyond a “the supplier changed”. Now they force me to go to that pharmacy to get the Adderall because they offer a membership discount that no other pharmacy offers... but of course, I must go there at the cost of my civil right to be: they killed me civilly... more than once. This is a social monopoly; this is exploiting poverty: manipulating someone into being forced to come to a particular pharmacy simply to be civilly enslaved further due to the systemic poverty enforced upon me.

I contained my tears strongly. I didn't have neurological pain, but the psychosocial disgusting feeling of being raped in your dignity and the impotence, frustration, and indignant rage of being forced to endure the same they already knew would cause you to suffer tear open alive, and being forced to endure that simply due to being too poor and not being socially recognized rights or juridical personality to defend myself legally... of course it was there. Once again, I had to record the move, simply for legal purposes: they were doing explicit and even voyeuristic, blatant psychoemotional abuse. I totally forgot what is being sincerely smiled, but how I was smiled at that moment was the hugest psychosocial aggression I had been forced to endure for a long while: they torture you psychosocially, they humiliate you, they make you cry, they cause you pain, they gaslight you brazenly... and then smile you saying “thank you” with a chilling indifferent attitude and total casual overly sweet tone of voice —the psychosocial manipulation is clear: she is invalidating my pain and triggering anger deliberately— that rapes your soul once more. Yes, soul-rape hurt, even if there is no neurological pain, like it happened on May 22. I will never understand such a creepy obsession with causing suffering to others and masquerading it with overly sweet, empty courtesy. You just raped me psychosocially at a known socially lethal point-blank range. You just robbed me of my dignity, gang rape style, along with the coordination of your “coworkers-social murderers.” You can keep your “courtesy.”

Really, I don't remember at all what having a personal identity in the social sense means, what it's like to go somewhere and be greeted with a meaningful smile and a sense of communion behind it. Everything around me is a Truman Show, with a very brute tendency to compete for who is crueler than who, and where it is more barbaric cruelty than where. It's Neo-Darwinism applied in the social sense: whoever enforces their power narrative with more brute social force is the one that rules, as it would become even more evident later... Rule of law? No, that's a luxury that only those who can pay for a lawyer can afford. The same happens with dignity: it's not inherent at all, as it should have been learned by all the governments to affirm after atrocities like Auschwitz... but historical lessons remain unlearned, no matter how much bloodshed they cost. Personal dignity remains being a commodity, never inherently recognized but recognized only according to the purchasing

power, bought like a stock at the trade market, its value determined according to the predatory profit aims of whichever king of the jungle is enforcing the economic power behind such civil slavery that keeps the prey subdued with more and more systemic poverty, with no chance of escaping nor such bondage debts nor such anti-communion hell. In this case, the “stock” that is being used for bondage debt (they play with the Adderall because they know I don’t have money to afford it elsewhere; that is an inverse bondage debt, you can call it bondage economic conditioning of your dignity) and anti-communion hell... is Adderall, the single medicine among all that helps you to be the best you. How do I call the kind of bondage that forces you to remain conditioned by civil slavery, so how capable you could be of growing best will always be determined according to the market’s interests? Let’s call it “marketing bondage”, for now.

Because I already assumed the risk that another civil death bloodshed would happen —I really didn’t expect it to happen as it happened, in the cruelest way possible, doing exactly what was done on May 22, and they knew how much it hurt...— I brought my dogs with me for the journey. They were my light in such circumstances; their mere presence is like being with those who love me most on Earth: they can’t lie, they can’t use double meaning, false projections... they simply are who they are, totally innocent and genuine to their gentle nature. For me, it is enough for them to be around to simply have an awakened shared dream come true as we share adventures —and tortures too— together as a family. Yes, my dogs are my only family on Earth, and we will remain together as long as possible.

So, I finally arrived at the other pharmacy location one hour later. As soon I arrived, the social Truman show was set to go, everyone set and ready to act as a *prosopon* (*notice: there is no self-determination expected at all, like any person would expect to have; these people-weapons are object placed there to be used as psyops warfare, of one side or the other; a whole social war unleashes... for something as “ordinary” as simply me going to get a med*). For the purposes of the next paragraph, assume my identity as “the target”:

“I will be passing exactly in this position so the target sees this or that...” “I will put my kids in this t-shirt so I can manipulate the target’s social reality perception, projecting this and that with the t-shirt content...” “I will tell this very exact word exactly when the target passes by, because it is the agreed dog whistle...” “I will bring other kids with me, passing by a cart full of kids exactly where the target passes by, just to project a society full of kids (when the truth is: Puerto Rico is the territory with the lowest natality rate of the whole United States...)” “I will leave this cart abandoned here, so this stuff will be necessarily visible when the target passes by...” “I will be ready to go to talk with the pharmacist exactly when the target is at the counter, so the target is forced to hear the conversation and then the pharmacist use a dog whistle word (in that moment, the word was “amor”: the pharmacist

called the client talking to her right beside me as I was in the counter “amor”)...” “I will fabricate a phone conversation just behind the target exactly when she takes her headphones off at the pharmacist counter, using the agreed dog whistle word... (in that moment, it was the word “mira”); “I will surveil her iPhone to wait exactly to the silence at the music to say this exact word, needed to implement the scheduled psychosocial slavery-torture tactic when she gets out of the store... (in this case, the word was “Pipo”. “I will place myself behind her at the pharmacy line, so then I would need to pass exactly in front of her with this product in my hand, and she will necessarily see it (no, lady, I didn’t saw what you passed in front of me, I know very well how to unfocus my sight); “I will place myself in the target’s way, in this very exact place after the target gets the med, because this is the exit route, the target must pass through here to get out of the store from the pharmacy, so I will block the target simply putting myself with my cart in such way the target would be forced to deviate route and be forced to see what the strategically placed abandoned cart has inside...” “I will pay for my shopping in the exact cashier that is the nearest available for the target get out of the store, with this specific products to be necessarily visible to the target...” “I will wait until the target gets out to then get out with my cart at the same moment, so the target can see the objects placed strategically in my cart...” “I will place myself in front of the target, so she is forced either to slow down or fully stop, so she would be forced to see what we want to force her to see... (this happened several times, but there was one so evidently boasted that I had to stuck my eyes directly to the floor as I was forced to fully stop, unfocus sight completely, and move on as soon I was allowed to...)”.

That what I just described in the prior paragraph happened... in a matter of 10 minutes inside the store, and it occurs EVERYWHERE I go; this is a whole civil lever social war I which the live ammunition is PERSONHOOD, what is being blasted unto civil death for psyops objectives is personhood: all those social prosopons mentioned before were meticulously designed psyops warfare tactics, deliberately planned to seem like “natural spontaneous social behavior”, objectifying their personhood’s social dimension to use it as social war ammunition, engulfing the whole social environment into the most absolute nothingness of being, as a communion vacuum: it is assumed as “civil normalcy” that no one simply shares as who they are, that no one is where they are merely for their own purpose, that no one has interest at all in a true communion, that there is no interest or space to even hear greeting with genuine warmth, or seeing kids simply being kids and persons simply being person... because absolutely EVERYTHING must be manipulated according to the social gaslighting enshovement plan. EVERYTHING. Even very biological needs will be exploited for psyops purposes. Don’t dare to go to the bathroom because more social war ammunition will be waiting for you there too, most of the time being done

using kids with t-shirts whose content is targeted for social reality perception manipulation, but fabricated conversations can be done and have been done there too. Absolutely EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING is a psyops prop... and you are not allowed to escape such a Truman Show, you are a civil slave. Besides the civil slavery enforced permanently, you are medically imprisoned and economically slaved too, forced to get the medication precisely there because both your systemic enforced poverty and also due your medical rights being violated via civil slavery: the prescription was moved to the other location directly against your self-determined order to the pharmacist (I told very clearly: process the prescription here, not there) and they know I have no means to sue them. Please notice: it was also attempted to force me to go twice to the stores, both the initial location and the other one, so I would be exposed to as much psyops props as possible... but because I asked explicitly for the physical prescription at the first location, even without them giving it as they are entitled to. They are the first ones that know that the physical prescription must be provided at the other location, I am not even supposed to ask for it, IT MUST BE GIVEN AUTOMATICALLY, but they know I am forgetful, and if I had forgotten to ask for it, or if I would had assumed their medical gaslighting as real (they said the doctor sent the prescription to the other pharmacy knowing that was false, but they really tried to convince me that that was what happened...) I would have been forced to endure this whole ordeal TWICE, as they induced unsuccessfully to happen... and the social gaslighting ordeal at the second location begun as soon I got into the parking zone.

As soon as I arrived, a civil slavery maneuver that had been employed before occurred again: traffic control tactics were coordinated —this means: the traffic of cars around me will be manipulated to control exactly where I can be able to park, especially if it is already known which zone I prefer to park, like in this case— so that I could only be able to use a specific parking space they had calculated I would be forced to take, as there was no other one available. I parked, totally expecting a social gaslighting move due to how rudely I was denied my right to cross when the right to pass was mine (that is very characteristic of traffic control tactics: people will do very rude traffic maneuvers simply to force you to go to the spot they want to force you to go)... and there it was: right in front of the forced parking space, a car with a giant gaslighting sticker.

How to describe the complete denial of your right to be you, over and over again, corroding you as more and more poisonous social gaslighting is shoved into you as a forced feeding torture would be shoved into a soul to deny any possibility of being-socially-who-you-are? You try to keep nourished with the Bread of Life Heaven gives you... But more and more poisonous social gaslighting keeps being shoved upon you, disjoining with brute force your mere possibility of remaining integrated according to your God-given personal formation, of remaining within the integrity of the giftedness poured upon you by the Father. No, that 's

impossible. That is what civil slavery does to the soul when it turns into a civil death state: it becomes impossible to be you in ANY social environment you are forced into with whatever narrative control performances and whatever psychosocial control-torture tactics the manipulative force-feeding is implemented. You are forced to remain in a state of permanent psychoemotional shock: cruelty keeps increasing, power abuse boasting keeps rising, the criminal degree of the civil slavery you are subjected to keeps expanding... and there is no “safe space” to breathe and recover from that absolutely everybody knows is a permanently induced psychosocial trauma, one after another, in the very same way there is induced coma. The social shootings now are way more targeted and coordinated than before. It’s curious how Jesus Charity describes what is happening now, while I’m dreaming, as “envisionings” because anyone can corroborate this with the store’s cameras: I had to keep my vision blurred or/and straight down 98% of the time, being there to avoid as many psyop props as possible. The other 1.9% of the time, my vision was focused on the iPhone. Yes, the civil death state also means complete denial of being able to have a vision of your own.

After such a beginning, I simply remained with my eyes fixed on the floor, walking straight ahead to the pharmacy zone on a non-patterned route (meaning I did not take the expected route to the pharmacy, as it would surely be crowded with social shooters, strategically located for shooting more brute-force boasting social gaslighting as soon I was on expected target range). Of course, the “target range” I can’t avoid at all, because absolutely everybody knows I came for medicines, is the pharmacy waiting line. Yes, the social gaslighting shootings at this pharmacy’s brand waiting lines had been monumental as well. I came with headphones with the highest volume level to avoid the most usual way of social gaslighting in that specific “social shooting range”: fake cell phone conversations or fake conversations between people. Both are forms of forced communication used frequently to manipulate my perception of social reality, if I do hear them. Well, something that has been done millions of times is that I am being SO ILLEGALLY AND ABUSELY SURVEILLED THAT THOSE WHO DO THE GASLIGHTING KNOW WHEN EXACTLY THE PAUSE OF THE MUSIC ON MY IPHONE WILL HAPPEN... SO THEY SHOOT ME WITH THEIR SOCIAL GASLIGHTING EXACTLY AT THE MOMENT WHEN THE MUSIC IS CHANGING BETWEEN ONE AND THE OTHER, A MATTER OF SECONDS OF SILENCE... BUT THAT TINY OPEN WINDOW OF SILENCE IS USED TO TARGET EXACTLY WHEN THE FAKE CONVERSATION WILL BE SHOVEN AS FORCE-FEEDING A GOOSE FOR FOIE GRAS. Look for a video of the process of force-feeding a goose that is being raised for foie gras, and you will see a graphic image of how social gaslighting works... and this time it was not only blasted at point-blank range: it was blasted at live immolation range, I was being immolated alive by the psychosocial toxicity exerted, like it would happen when you breathe toxic gas that burns you inside

chemically, leaving you visibly uncharred, but inside there is only unbearable burning pain to deal with.

I recorded the scene's frame (I did not record exactly what happened, but where and how it happened) immediately, making it very visible exactly when and how it happened. Why? Because the pharmacy is absolutely responsible for causing this hellish level of suffering and non-being. Besides that, the social gaslighting enshovement was cruelly evident: the prosopon spoke in a louder volume than was necessary for the proximity they were in, and also used an "overly sweet casual tone" when the social gaslighting prop was spoken: "PIPO". That was what they wanted me to hear: "PIPO". I was absolutely indignant: THIS is what happens when you are too poor and too enslaved to even avoid the social shootings that are thrown at you... simply due to the systematic poverty you are slaved with. I shouldn't even be there in the first place, but they did the whole move simply to, once again, rape me, tearing my very own integrity as a human being. Of course, it must be recorded exactly where and how they did it, how they parked the cart strategically in a place no one with common sense and genuine courtesy would park a cart to have a several-minute conversation, blocking the traffic of other shoppers simply to locate themselves very strategically where their raised voices would unavoidable be heard where I was situated in the pharmacy line, as soon as the music became silent... and at that very moment the music became silent, there was: a "PIPO" told in that disgusting fake courtesy tone.

This is systemic discrimination mixed with a tsunami of nothingness enshoved unto you over and over again as a "normalcy" that only they can believe as such themselves: there is no normalcy in enforcing more and more nothingness around where you are, there is no normalcy at all in absolutely NO ONE around simply being as who they are, and of course, where there is no be-who-you-are, where there are only prosopons without being, doing whatever it takes to enshove their social manipulation and civil gaslighting... doing whatever it takes to manipulate your reality perception with their power abuse boasting, no matter how illegal, inhumane and soul-rapeing is what they do and how they do it (both factors are horribly cruel)... No, that is not "normalcy", it's "ontological truancy": the act of projecting a prosopon as a true and "natural, spontaneous" being, using the prosopon to enforce a parallel social reality directed to invalidate, manipulate, or condition the target's volitive entity and social subjectivity, enforcing a manipulated social reality perception via intentionally and repeatedly enshoven civil gaslighting. I have simply been forced to go through one social interaction after another, never connecting at all socially with anyone around me. Any social interaction will be a forced transaction endured because there is no other option, as those connections, all of them, are being used as civil slavery chains.

How could someone dare to keep psychologically raping non-stop.... to a civil slave whose only getting out of a mass personhood extermination complex (the house of tortures I am forced to remain as “property”, not as domestic resident nor as family) is for going to a pharmacy, then the pharmacy soul-rapes her further, forcing her to go to a one-hour away location without real need to do it, it was pure sadistic denial of your self-determination. As I already said, I told them directly: 'Proceed with the prescription at this pharmacy (the one I initially visited) and send me a notification when it is ready, no matter how long it takes.' Then they literally lied in camera, soul-raping me live, kind of psychosocial porno here... saying first that the doctor send the prescription there, something I knew it was false and they knew it too, then said it was sent there because “it was the only place with the pill available”... when that was utterly false: Adderall is not a difficult medicine to find, you simply request it properly instead of exploiting the poverty and vulnerability of someone already weaponized... instead of using disgusting medical gaslighting that you know is highly denigrating... instead of denying the self-determination of the client that explicitly told you: provide it here, not there, but your power narrative enforcement agenda mattered more and did what fit your agenda, not my personal identity nor my rights...

What else can I say? Suddenly, manipulation, gaslighting, calculated deception, and autonomy violation have become customer service standards at the whole civil level, everything done with chilling normalcy and even throwing a smiling “thank you” with a level of trauma-triggering mockery (yes, it’s traumatic to witness someone treat you like with this level of psychosocial invalidation... enough to me deny her the greeting when she said “thank you”, something that is absolutely not who I am) that would have been the envy of the Joker. When this extent of social gaslighting shootings keep being shot to force feed you with more and more social reality perception manipulation tactics... There won’t be even a microscopic trace of incarnated communion possible to happen. There won’t be a way for you to remain yourself when your whole social surroundings are literally manipulated to enforce unto you —no, not unto others: unto ME. I am the one being explicitly targeted with systematic discrimination; I haven’t heard or seen, in more than seven years going to that pharmacy, a single other example of anyone at the pharmacy lines being denied prescriptions and being told no one knew when they would come, specific dates are always provided to others when a prescription is not available; I haven’t heard or seen anyone’s else prescriptions being transferred without consent; you don’t see people approaching to talk with the pharmacists saying dog whistling words when there are other clients at the counter: although it is true that conversation between pharmacists and clients had been manipulated a lot of times for social reality perception manipulation, the dog whistling psychosocial abuse only happens either with the client exactly before to me or with me: this highly-profiled discrimination—, an intrinsically disordered civil direction, shoving not-

being unto you until you become a cooked goose: you are finished into civil death, over and over again...

Don't dare to ask these people if they don't have a life of their own to live, instead of wasting themselves totally centered on manipulating the reality perception of someone who has no need or will at all to be forced to remain their forever center of their intrinsically evil devotion. No, don't ask a question; keep your eyes fixed on the floor and keep walking. I got out of the store as soon as I could, eyes straight to the floor even when I was deliberately blocked to keep walking: it is very well known that when obstacles are placed on my way, like carts, objects, or even people themselves forcing me to slow down blocking me... its always to force me to see something. Eyes down and get out. Remember the whole purpose of why you are truly doing this and keep walking. I embraced the dogs in the car and got out of the parking lot as soon as I could.

When I was going out... I breathed deeply, thanking God silently for the dogs being there. I remained calm and silent. Then... right at the exit everybody knew I would be taking, there was a street sign with the word "Pipo". There it was, again, the civil death enshoven. I chose not to take a picture at all. If anyone is interested in documenting that, it would be pretty easy to do it: everybody knows which exit I am talking about, and no bussiness would allow signs being strategically located without their consent; whoever allowed that there from the store was as social murder as the one who shoved the "Pipo" force-fed into the guts of my silent despair. I refused to fixate my eyes on the content (I saw the word but not the images in the sign) and moved forward to where it became out of my eyesight. Once again, I remembered silently what the reason was I got out and asked for the grace to remain focused. I chose not to cry, not to show a single sign of the despair inside me. What is the need for cruelty and social control over others? What is the need for social brute force boasting? Yes, the questions are there, but you are not allowed to think, nor to cry, nor to say a thing.

You gotta be in a very deep not-being civil death state to not being allowed to cry upon what should tear the heart of anyone with a little sense of humanity... but remaining human can also become a luxury you are unable to afford too. The consciousness of my *unbeing* had never been as deep as that moment: I had to keep going on, and now I had to disguise my language so as not to let it be seen what we were going to do. I prayed for everyone who shed my blood... and keep going. At that moment, I was forced into the *unbeen* even deeper: I had a mission to accomplish... and there was not wat to do it through simply being... especially after the hellish degree of social murder committed in the last hours, until what happened with this street sign... but just to let it be clear again: the sign was clearly there as a deliberate monument to social cannibalism that due the location must

had been consented by the store; it's their main exit. I swear not even Darwin would have agreed with such application of Neo Darwinist brute social force for civil gaslighting enshovement. You got it right: at this point, the expression that best fits to describe this brute-force enshovement of social gaslighting is "civil gaslighting": a whole civil order is directed to gaslight; civil gaslighting takes the place of civil rule of law. Where civil gaslighting is the social norm, then choosing truth defies the criminals with the mere BE. This is no longer merely a matter of social gaslighting, nor mere truth denialism as a social trend; this is civil gaslighting corroding the very core of what once defined society as a law-and-order-governed entity. No, now what governs is the brute social force of the civil slavery of the king of the jungle with the role of "civil gaslighter-in-chief". There you got it, served as cold as the hearts who committed all the bloody personhood integrity rape described through these last paragraphs, since going to the initial pharmacy to exiting the last one. I would never have dared to imagine I could taste such deep unbeing, such forced civil death state, with such disgusting soul-rape intensity. But I had to go on... no time to cry. No time to clean myself from the stagnant water of this Charca that was splashed onto me, and whose cult-to-death rotten decadence odor could be felt even by the hardest-skinned fishes.

There was no way to even be able to have the space to choose to be myself through such intense deadly social shootings, one after another, one after another, one place after another... and that became especially evident at this moment: either I consciously gave cues to divert the attention from what was going to be done or it would be totally impossible even to be attempted at all. And... I was so deeply devastated after what just happened that... yes, if there was any chance to find a little place to enjoy the gift of being who I am... and that happening through spontaneous social communion... right now... yes... the inner despair was too deep. How could... how anyone... this is hell on earth, not-being and intrinsically evil gaslighting brute forces unleashed... and welcomed with the same normalcy anyone would get a nice portion of social shit to eat it with absolute delight and even offer it to others as an exquisite delicacy.

You read that right. Now it is not merely a matter of shoving your head by force into a bucket of social shit to deny you breathing and even force you to consume it... No, now with civil gaslighting it works different: now a plate of social shit was presented onto a nicely decorated table, even with home touches and smiles, and while you see that is social shit in a nice plate, but still inedible and disgusting social shit, well, everyone around you looks at the served plate, describing its indulgence, talking about their healing properties, even praising the level of culinary expertise required to achieve such "perfection" in a plate, offered with the "courtesy" of a pairing dressing, and everyone eats with immense pleasure... You stare them all, blank state, not knowing if praying for them or exorcising the

demonic influence directly in silence, because the truth denialism among them is of such magnitude that there is not an inch of possibility of any kind of enlightenment go through, so you remain silently staring: this is social shit, and no matter what you do to try to force me to assume as normalcy force-feeding a whole civilization with very nicely dressed intrinsically disordered civil gaslighting... it is social shit. *Aunque la mierda social se aderece con realeza, mierda se queda.* Lo que es intrínsecamente desordenado no puede ser asumido como orden civil regente, y si me cuesta la vida decir que mierda es mierda y negarme a comérmela como si fuera bocadillo de jamón serrano, el Cielo me espera. Prefiero morir de inanición social que por sepsis cultural generada por toda esta putrefacta contaminación socio-fecal cuya ingesta cotidiana se pretende normalizar vía gaslighting civil aderezado con “*aceite extra crimen*”. Ahórrense la “cortesía”, ni siquiera me lo ofrezcan, paso de semejante noción de “banquete succulento”: eso de degustar cordura simulada a la plancha con ensalada de realidad paralela impuesta no se me da bien, me da muy mala digestión existencial. Además, el pan que no se amasa con comunión real se infesta de ácaros, y soy alérgica a los ácaros: donde no hay don de sí real tampoco habrá caridad encarnada.

Once upon a time, there was this basic moral notion, assumed at the whole civil level, that an end never justify the means... but now, whatever means are required to reach an end, whatever it takes, it will be done, even if it means the end of social communion at a whole civil order, blasted with a civil gaslighting expansive wave whose truth-denialism magnitude has an equivalent destructive force of a social atomic bomb if remaining radiated unto the future with the same “courtesy” used to enforce civil slavery over and over again, in more than more sense: economical civil slavery, political civil slavery, cultural civil slavery... You have no idea with what you are playing, the kind of hellish forces being let loose and unleashed. May you, generations of the future, learn the lesson: there is no real civil order possible without social communion, and there is no communion direction possible without a truth-based society. Without unconditional communion direction, fraternity perishes, and defraternization will kill humanity faster than any climate change.

I thought it wasn't possible to find another more powerful force-fed not-being enshovement... but I was, again, wrong. This is a civil gaslighting pattern that is consistently observed over and over again at all civil levels (from domestic environments to the top military: this pattern keeps repeating on and on): in a civil slavery scenario, chilling cruelty, no matter how cruel it could already be, CAN AND WILL become more brutal, and WILL always keep becoming as cruel as possible... especially due the desensibilization that the targeted cruelty behind enforcing civil slavery causes by itself: when someone enforces civil slavery unto another, the first one dehumanized most is always the ones who

dehumanizes... and that has consequences: in the same way the cruelty against yourself as dehumanizer keeps increasing, denying yourself the natural call of all human beings to remain becoming more fully human... in the same way your cruelty remains increasing as you keep denying to let everyone to remain beloved according everyone's inherent human personhood's dignity... in that very exact proportion you do it *ad intra* it will also happen *ad extra*, your cruelty will simply keep becoming more psychosocially toxic every day, blurring also your capability of seeing others' dignity as an unconditional belovedness to marvel at. So, as civil gaslighting keeps being enshoven as public service policy, as customer service policy and even as civilian service policy of a whole civil order (executing "service" as civil gaslighting enshovement... destroys the gaslighting enshover from within), psychosocial cruelty of a depravation degree never witnessed before in the history of humanity... will keep becoming more depravedly crueler and crueler, and in a very "normalcy" basis.

I have already explained this before: there are no non-military or non-governmental aspects in my civil life. In my case, there is no distinct civil life separate from government and military life, as you become owned by the Government to be exploited as a volitive object to be used for their psyops, over and over again. Then your whole social-civil existence becomes scripted by those psyops, turning what is meant to be a natural civil glow into a Truman Show produced by a Government... enforcing upon me with more and more civil slavery a power narrative that had never been mine, nor will ever be. I renounced worldly powers. This is civil death: you are forced to become who you are not, even in the memory sense (you are not allowed to articulate your own memories according to your own meanings; psychosocial gaslighting will always remain enforced to condition memory) ... and, as I also explained before, this also applies in the affective sense also. I did not survive May 22, there is no way to remain human when socially you are the volitive object to be blasted over and over again as live personal ammunition, according to the targets of the power narrative that force-feeds you into the most absolute civil unbeingness.

It's curious because, according to the Government, markets must be "unconditionally free..." but personhood? No, personhood can be unconditionally free, not even affectively and intimately: personhood must be trafficked, conditioned, and enforced into civil slavery upon the conveniences of the "market". It is the market—not being the human being you are, created with inherent dignity—what determines if your personhood dignity is supposed to be recognized socially, and marketing potential is what conditions how such dignity is socially entitled to be recognized. Then marketing becomes a highly lucrative social force-feed (have you noticed all the manipulated content at the "feeds" of social media, right?), an enshovement of more and more civil gaslighting, enforcing via civil slavery whatever narrative control performance projects best, whichever parallel social reality projection fits the narratives of power best. This had also been explained before: this

even applies to sexuality. The Government and the military own my sexuality to the extent of them forcing me to remain their “intimate inmate” for their psyops operations, forcing me via civil slavery to only be allowed to be socially validated as capable of “intimacy and sexuality” according to their “force-feed” civil gaslighting. The issue, of course, also becomes cultural: never expect a civil order to respect personal sovereignty when the Government and the military are the ones blasting it to the very core first. Psychosocial prostitution is other of those very normalized intrinsic evils that, especially in a reggaeton-prone culture, can appear “harmless”: exploiting someone’s sexuality and intimacy psychosocially in exchange for marketing profits or social favors. Once again, the term “bondage marketing” fits amazingly well: marketing that is designed to keep people “bonded slaves” to social gaslighting, force-fed, enshoved as it fits their narrative of power best. If enforcing civil slavery is necessary to enshove bondage marketing, so be it, no matter how criminal and depersonalizing the means are.

I have spoken openly and honestly about the beauty of living a chaste life. Everybody knows my commitment to true communion and how now I articulate my sexuality as a personal giftedness, not as an *erotic porno billboard* to be seen by all, like it has happened in this house of tortures when my progenitors monitored and recorded my erotic for all to be able to see according to their psychoemotional sabotage purposes. I won’t repeat what I have already explained about that.

Well, when you think there can’t be more non-being enforcement after what you just endured, now you are simply in the car with your dogs... I had to endure silently an even MORE cruel cult-to-death enshovement than the already endured: the military psyops put in a giant billboard, absolutely not able to be visible... an ad with the phrase: “*vente, chula, quítame lo caliente.*” I am tempted to search if the phrase is actually taken straight from a porno movie, but I won’t. The dog-whistling within the words of the phrase is astonishingly evident: the word “*chula*” is not used in Puerto Rico; I use it when referring to someone who is boasting, gruesomely nasty power-abuse. The ordinary word used in Puerto Rico would be “*dura*” (due to a popularized song that says it). You can look for yourself ANY use of the word “*chula*” in Puerto Rican cultural content, including Puerto Rican songs: it is not used at all, nor by kids in schools, nor by young adults... that is a word that ONLY I USE, and there is the civil slavery targeting very well evidenced. So, a word explicitly used only by me... is used reframed as a pornographic expression. This level of psychoemotional denigrative violence and psychosocial social-torture tactics can be expected of social terrorists like my progenitors... but no: the one behind this magnitude of psyops is the US Military. They used your own word (*chula*), knowing you were forced to go through that exact place (once again: social monopoly is CRUCIAL to enforce anything via civil slavery), enshoving your own personal expression (*chula*) but rewritten as porno-style expression.

So, now I am enshoved with bondage marketing... a projection of my own words and of the articulation of my sexuality as pornography. Once again, I remained silent. I did not find the exact ad projected in the billboard, but I just found out it is a song... and you can bet: it was explicitly composed for civil gaslighting purposes. Not the first time it has been done. I don't care about the song: the memory I am sharing now is how grueling not-being remains being enshoven with more and more denigrating cruelty, after everything already endured before in the very same day... and then, when you think you are done... then you are forced an ad explicitly manipulated to project your own words as porno language, the very not-being of your sexuality. Over and over again, you are forced to endure soul-rape, gang rape style... but this time, it was the military branch of the Government who actually raped my very sexuality, and very directly, in plain open sight. I already said it: these levels of psychosocial aggression and psychosocial martyrdom are of a degree of psychosocial cruelty never seen before in human history. Yesterday's *Circus Neronis* is today's *Mors Civilis* circus. Romans used the term "*mors civilis*" to refer to the loss of legal rights and status as a citizen, especially being dead in the eyes of the law, often describing how someone had lost all civil rights, often as a punishment (through slavery, exile...). Now, *mors civilis* is not used as punishment but as torture; as psychosocial control-torture tactic... IMPLEMENTED BY A GOVERNMENT. If the US Government requires applying *mors civilis* to someone to accomplish their psy-ops objectives, no matter how lethally denigrating the enshoven psychosocial brute force degree is... they will and it has been done. It is being done.

You are immersed in social shit over and over again, let to breathe a little bit, then immersed again, or worse: then you are gaslighted to believe social shit is a delicatessen for everyone, so it must be that for you too, there is no other "choice" accept "social reality" as it "is" (according to the Government's social reality perception manipulation enshoved via civil slavery over and over again). Now, social control is not done by burning books, but by cancelling the possibility of self-determination of the meaning of your own words, of your own life... or your own sexuality. Now, social control is not achieved by forcing the burning of books with *forbidden content*, one page after another, until censorship makes sure that there is no trace of *uncontrolled truths* let to be known... but by enforcing the cancellation of characters with *forbidden narratives*, one personhood tearing after another, until *mors civilis* makes sure that there is no trace of *uncontrolled being* let to be alive. Again, I kept the tears inside and kept moving on.

So, this is how civil death and being enforced into the not-being feels as a reversal of reality: as a reversal of who you are into who you are not, and you know you are not that way, but because you are a civil slave, there is no way to escape the enforced reversal of your way of being into who you are not. The issue of reversal into the unbeing is even true in

the neurocognitive sense: when I am toxic gassed with an extra ration of cruelty involved, I am literally caused neurocognitive reversal in a way that I begin to literally invert letter orders and sequential reasoning. Through the years, I have had been induced with toxic gas torture, over and over again, transient dyslexia: I suddenly begin to invert the order of the letters, but I am conscious of it, and able to self-correct. I am so conscious of it that I can even see the reversal, and I deliberately choose to correct the order as I write. However, it often happens that I think so quickly (yes, the problem of thinking way faster than my writing speed has always been an issue for me) that I write the word with the inverted letter before being able to correct it cognitively, so I correct it on the keyboard. The inverse thing doesn't happen only with letters: I can also invert whole words and even whole sentences of their correct syntactical order. Imagine what would you feel if you are so enforced into not being that... you are forced to write in the opposite direction of your own mind. Well, that is the "normalcy" I had been forced to... but there is a way worse reversal into the unbeing: when you are forced to behave in the opposite direction of your own character, when you are forced to function in the opposite direction of your own God-given nature and call.

San Pablo se quedó corto, cortísimo, describiendo exactamente lo que acabo de decir:

"Pues no hago lo bueno que deseo, sino que obro lo malo que no deseo. Y si lo que no deseo es precisamente lo que hago, no soy yo el que lo realiza, sino el pecado que habita en mí. Así, pues, descubro la siguiente ley: yo quiero hacer lo bueno, pero lo que está a mi alcance es hacer el mal. En efecto, según el hombre interior, me complazco en la ley de Dios; pero percibo en mis miembros otra ley (everything that is enforced unto you via civil slavery and psychosocial control-torture tactics) que lucha contra la ley de mi razón, y me hace prisionero de la ley del pecado que está en mis miembros. ¡Desgraciado de mí! **¿Quién me librará de este cuerpo de muerte?** (Ro 7;19-24).

I did not switch from the word "not-being" to "unbeing" accidentally; it was a deliberate change. Jesus Charity Himself is the first One able to demonstrate that it is absolutely impossible for the human being to kill their being: the being will remain there, it comes from the Creator... there is, technically, no way to be a not-being, no even if you yourself attempt to kill yourself ontologically (yes, with the kind of people I live with, that lesson is very well learned: there are people that assume that they can choose not-be-human-beings as nature). What will happen is an "order reversal": the order of being will be reversed, and the giftedness God Himself infused upon your being... will become inoperative. It won't become non-existent, but it will be unable to operate (non-operative). The best way to describe that is not precisely "not-being": it is "unbeing". You become untied from the designated will for you by your Creator. Then the inner emptiness will progressively begin to root from within... Some may deny this... but you do need to be who you are to embrace a

life with meaningfulness. There is no way you can embrace true personal lovefulness without incarnating what you mean and the being the Creator has given you.

When you are enforced via civil slavery (not by personal sin) into the unbeing... It's not something easy to deal with. I have always been naturally prone to frustration when I am not allowed to do my best work, whether at school, college, or work. Well, the already increased level of frustration rises ever more, multiplied by 666, when, besides not being allowed to DO my best... I am not allowed to BE as God created and called me to BE, as the best person I can BE. During my whole college academic life, the levels of frustration were absolutely overwhelming due to this "unbeing overload", sometimes high enough to cause me knee paralysis and me being unable to stand up. This happened in two extremely dangerous and highly frustrating circumstances: while studying for philosophy tests, I knew I would fail because I wasn't able to memorize so much information at the same time, and write all of it legibly without experiencing pain in my hand. I could be walking or studying, and then, suddenly, I would fall, especially when studying in private, as it was evident that I had way more struggles with studying than any of my classmates, and I had to wait until I regained my movement. Other times, knee paralysis would happen while praying, so I had to stay kneeling until my knees regained the capability to move. Sometimes I was told, with the best intentions: "You are SO prayerful, you remained so much time kneeling, how wonderful!" I smiled widely... never explaining it wasn't exactly voluntary, but a sign of how stratospherically high my frustration levels were due to not being able to be who I was and called to be, nor to change what was going on around me, and I knew it just changed, but only I saw it... If someone had told me the very same thing had actually been happening my whole life and I didn't know it... at that moment, I wouldn't have believed it, but now I know: this being restraint frustration had been there my whole life, but it becomes way more intense when you actually think you are finally able to be you and then... BANG, nope, this is not your place to be either. Either you obey or go. Either you learn like the others, or you go...

Besides the whole frustration issue, there is another issue to deal with: the "reality discrepancies". I had no idea this was happening because it had been induced deliberately, but it has happened absolutely my whole life: you need to keep switching narrative versions because you need to "concord" with the reality around you... However, you do notice that both versions (your personal version and the social reality around you) do not "fit". I will give a very concrete example of this.

During my whole life I was told I am allergic to shrimps. And I believed it true because when I ate shrimps, I would feel my throat become "filosa" and blocked. I had to have Benadryl. Apparently, my progenitor female is also allergic to shrimp, or so she claims. I never saw

any allergic reaction myself, and she told me once she became hospitalized at an ER due to an anaphylactic allergic reaction at work... but I wasn't allowed to visit her at the hospital, so that must be assumed as faked as her "brain cancer."

The fact is that I assumed my allergy to shrimp was real... until I moved to Spain. I did notice a pattern in Granada: I suddenly stopped having allergies entirely, both nasal allergies (sinusitis) and a shrimp allergy. When I came back to Puerto Rico, they eventually started again, albeit lightly, at some point, although sometimes I did have a fully blown allergic shrimp reaction back (curiously enough, it never happened in the college residence I lived). It was changing. I was told it was due to severe stress (yes, the stress I was under was severe, no discussions about that...). I kept eating shrimp because I love them, always having Benadryl nearby.

Then... I moved back to Spain. And the same pattern repeated: my body behaved differently, and there were no allergies at all. I had trouble reconciling the new reality with the one I had left behind, especially considering that it also occurred in Granada. So, why would a real allergy happen only in Puerto Rico and not in Spain? Was it I who was the problem again? But I am not the problem... although it seems so. I faked a shrimp allergy in Spain simply to "fit both realities." It took me a while to realize: it's really exhausting to actually lose energy "fitting" realities that don't fit. Have your own and let others deal with their own reality discordances, instead of you being the one who constantly adjusts your narrative to fit the narratives of those around you... When that happened, it was not related with my progenitors at all: I simply got tired of always forcing myself to "adapt my own narrative" according to what fit social realities that I definitely didn't fit in, so I began to attempt a way more transparent life and began to form a deeper personal identity, something that would take me long to achieve, but I did: I stopped having several versions of my own reality according to what fit others best. You can bet that switch wasn't liked at all by my progenitors, because they were so used to control my narrative with the skills of the most finesse personhood butcherer that earth had ever known... and it was then when they began to use medical forced hospitalizations and increased toxic gassing targeted to destroy my newly formed personhood identity to the core: according to their narrative control tactics enforced, from now on, I my new identity would be "being mentally ill" for all the social purposes. The unbeing became enforced again.

Experiences of what happened during those years had already been shared... but then the unbeing reaches new levels: you then realize it is the government that allows, consents to, and even enforces itself into the unbeing. Freedom of speech is protected (not in my case, for years, daring to speak the truth would cost me a guaranteed forced hospitalization, paid with courtesy by Medicaid), but freedom of personal formation is not. How curious it can be

not being allowed to form your own personal formation freely, in a land that calls itself the land of the free. Then you discover: the land of the free had never been free of slaves. Puerto Ricans are not equal citizens, we are a colony... so I had not been free to form my own cultural formation freely either. Then the term “social slavery” begins to be understood... until reaching a fully blown civil slavery... that leads to the civil death that happened on May 22, with a Government deliberately allowing it and continuing to use me as a social war field and social war ammunition. After so much years of frustration... now what begin to emerge is rage: anger against a Government that has allowed and committed one personhood bloodshed after another, forcing me to remain a civil slave, anger against a Government that has allowed the torture of children around me and my dogs having cancer, a Government that prefers to spend billions in bondage marketing instead of acting according to rule of law... a Government that is also enforcing more civil slavery to the youngest generation, as I had explained before... a Government that should had arrested my progenitors since a long time ago, but instead they believe themselves master and commanders of the personal formation, and they still dare to enforce unto you commands that are absolutely out of their proper authority to enforce, like exploiting my sexuality for their psyops wars purposes. Yes, it is enraging to be forced into unemployment, even by a Government. Suddenly, it seems that for absolutely everyone, it is absolutely intolerable to allow people to be... themselves. Except if you are gay or trans. In that particular case, yes, you are allowed to be you with pride, and you will be given sex-change hormones way more easily than an Adderall prescription, and everybody will celebrate you being you, including the Government. Believing that Love is Love is to be celebrated together, but believing that God is Love and living your faith coherently is reason to get you hospitalized by force. Yes, I had several forced psychiatric hospitalizations during the Obama presidency. They are the only socially accepted exception to celebrate you being you, and also to celebrate we being together (the legalization of homosexual marriages). For all others: You are allowed to be you and celebrate being you only if that fits our power agenda, and only according to what fits our power narrative enforcement. This applies to all political parties, not only to Obama. If you don't fit, you need a pill (usually Ativan plus injected Haldol, all paid courtesy of Medicaid).

It is not easy to deal with memories and facts with a degree of cruelty no one should be exposed to... At the same time, you see and know: all this has been done deliberately... and still is being done deliberately... The unbeing behind this civil death has been so massively and cruelly enforced that it could be a curious data fact to count each crime committed against me, through all these years, one by one: both the ones committed by the Government and the ones committed by the other social terrorists I'm sure I hold the record of the person that has been victim of more crimes in the history, especially if they are

counted through my whole life history, and listed one by one since infancy. If kidnapping is defined in a psychosocial sense (being psychosocially kidnapped, eventually also enforced with medical imprisonment) ... my kidnapping imprisonment is way longer, for a lot, than the current Guinness record of the longest time in captivity (9 years). A very striking feature of the enforcement of unbeing is that what defines you socially is what others determine for you (and that can take many shapes, some apparently harmless, but still are a violation of personal sovereignty) and what others enforce upon you... As a civil slave, you won't be able to have any social self-determination: no matter how many crimes are being committed, how many laws are being violated, even by your own Government... there's no civil defense possible. What a record to be known for...

Truth is still being denied.... after 13,000 days forced to remain in a house BUILT BY DESIGN to function as mass personhood extermination site, with complete arquitechtonically integrated systems explicitly designed to implement several kinds of psychosocial torture —like covert surveillance of your whole life, for psychosocial exploitation purposes—, with emphasis in psychosocial torture administered via gaslighting or via toxic gasses... and in psychoemotional manipulation via implementing permanent systems of social reality perception manipulation. Everything was done by prosopons who projected themselves as a "dutiful, caring, Christian family..." but they wouldn't be able to do this without a Government allowing me going through 13,000 days of psychosocial kidnapping, and still counting... As it was explained before, it took 5 minutes to Natasha Kampush receive help to get out of hell immediately... nobody thought about send her back to her captor and do Mengelian biomedical/psychosocial experiments with her In my case, after 5,000 days (rounded-up amount of days since the first report to the FBI), the Government still assumes that is "legal" to let military enforce civil gaslighting over and over again via civil slavery, exploiting a civilian for psyops...

Of those 13,000 days, 5,000 days had been confirmed that the Government knew and my tortures began to be shared live... they knew, and instead of telling the truth, they chose to keep enshoving more and more social gaslighting... even unto civil death: the social dimension was blasted into the unbeing... And even while everybody knows the harm that is being caused, as soon as I have any social interaction at all, even more suffering keeps being inflicted... both by the other terrorists and by the Government, both at the same time, exploited as a social war field over and over again... The mere use of a person as an object (as a social war field, as a social war ammunition, as a civil death "social shooting practice target") is exploitation by itself: what's being blasted is the "subject" of the being, civilly enslaved as an object.

For the integrative personal formation model, the biological dimension is an organic body; the ontological dimension is a volitive entity; the filial dimension is a social subject. For the integrity of personhood's being biome, the 3 natural dimensions of the human being must remain intrinsically articulated; they influence each other... Enforcing civil death fully disarticulates the social dimension... and that is how civil death becomes an unbeing state—as organic death is also—, but enforced totally socially... and this permanent enshoven pain of not-being-you doesn't stop with pills. And all this is being done with absolute normalcy, even with the military behind the psychosocial shooting trigger... as normal and "legal" as Auschwitz was in Nazi Germany

Imagine for a second... just try... all the deep rage and frustration, all the impotence and disgust... of being forced into the unbearable unbeing and civil death I had been forced into in the ways I had described. Imagine being shocked over and over again, not with electrical shocks, but with cruelty shocks, because... the cruelty increases and never stops. Imagine what it feels like... being allowed to remain alive simply to force you to bear the pain, either of physical torture or psychoemotional torture, of not being allowed to live as you, you are only allowed to remain alive to be forced not to be you, over and over again. There is no day without pain: literally every day, several psychosocial slavery-torture tactics of several kinds will be devised to keep you as a civil slave without being able to escape. In the social sense, the erasure of personhood is as absolute as the total lack of social communion assumed as "normalcy." No one sees each other as brothers and sisters called to grow together in communion (please note: communion already requires you to be who you are, not a prosopon; without truth, there is no fraternal communion nor fraternal charity possible). What will be left on earth, if dominating each other keeps escalating into absolute denial of being? In my case, I had been robbed of personal sovereignty with psychosocial torture and civil slavery... but what will happen when, eventually, there is access to brain functions, like it would happen with assistive cognitive devices implanted neurologically? Yes, that will happen. So, if personhood is not respected even by the Government, what will happen next? The social manipulation will become neural cognitive manipulation, denying individuals control over their own minds according to the convenience of the military or the Government? This is not exaggeration at all: if personhood is not protected and dignity doesn't become truly inherent... the mere BE PERSONALLY will become the luxury of those who can afford to be recognized as BEING A PERSON, while the others will remain slaves conditioned to what others enforce upon them what to be or how to be. There are fraternal rights inherent to all human beings as persons; personhood's limits that are intrinsically evil to cross and that can't be crossed by anyone, not even by governments. The most evident example of those rights in our days is quite evident: you can't deny a person the right to grow unconditionally beloved, as part

of a family, able to raise a family with dignity. No one can be allowed to deny anyone the universal personal call to love and to grow together in communion, belonging to a human family where you can be belovedly you. No one can be allowed to play God and choose whose human beings have personal dignity and who doesn't: we all have, and that has to have constitutional consequences. No one can be allowed to own the social dimension of anyone else. Persons CAN'T BE OWNED; personal formation must remain free to be formed in the most fraternally self-determined way possible by everyone. That lesson should have been learned when slavery was abolished legally... but the fact is: slavery is still present, not any more in plantations, but as civil slavery, as economic slavery, as cultural slavery... and it won't be truly abolished until personhood's dignity is inherently recognized in everyone, from the first heartbeat to the last neural beat, with all the consequences that an unconditionally growthful personal affirmation of everyone imply in civil government systems and civil institutional systems.

All that I described in all these paragraphs, beloved generations of the future, are historical lessons that must not be forgotten. Civil death is a path I wish anyone to be enforced to endure as I had been... but as all these memories become shared for the generations to come, new pathways are being opened for others to *grow on* as an everblessed, beautiful, beloved lovefull harvest that *glows on*. Others will walk through the field that will *bloom on* from these communion seeds that are being sown now, watered with plenty of personhood bloodsheds to quench the thirst of all these growing together in communion sunflowers, along with plenty of fraternizing fertilizer to let more and more new life flow on. Remember these historical lessons: freedom without communion is social slavery. Markets without boundaries are predatory bondage. Government without personal accountability is civil slavery. Truth-denialism without end is invalidation of the being... and systemic civil denial of the integrity of the being is first-degree social murder. You, future generations, will be able to understand this way better than it can be understood now. It will be realized at the proper time: another kind of normalcy is possible. There is no need to keep controlling and dominating each other. New ways can be created. New horizons can be opened. New possibilities are waiting to be explored. Peace is not only possible, but it is also part of who we are, if we learn to become who we are called to be in a communion-based way. Someday it will be understood: without growing together in communion and affirming the sacredness of personhood inherently, there won't be true progress possible to happen, so we can keep growing on, glowing on, blooming on... as a loveful human family in which everyone can become the best person we can be as equal and dignified brothers and sisters, without enslavements into silence, without stripping the subjective presence of anyone, without enforcing voicelessness as identity, without any suppression of the "I am who I am", without truth-denialism without end, without fratricidal psychosocial murders,

without communion-breaking normalization, without personhood exiles, without enforcing civil death unto anyone... without ANY KIND of invalidation of the being who we are and who we are called to be. No one realizes yet the immense treasure of embracing growing together in communion as the constant social normalcy... but you will, future generations, you will...

So, after all that I went through in this very excruciating day... I finally arrived at where I was really getting out to: the architectural store. What do I mean by “architectural store”? It is a store of architectural features for gardens or dignifying cemeteries. Yes: anyone would love to be buried with one of these architectural ornaments painted in their eternal rest nest. I saw everything. I had been wanting to come here for so long, and there I was! I was not disappointed: they had a good variety of concrete-designed features for the garden and burials. There were even remarkably large planters and durable decorative elements for the exteriors. I gazed at everything, touched the textures, paid attention to details...

And suddenly... something in me changed. And I didn't expect it at all. The best way to describe it is that I suddenly felt I could breathe... I suddenly felt an enjoyment long lost: I AM that I Am. Plain, simple, straightforward. I was not being observed, I was not being surveilled, I was not being gaslighted... I was simply there, like any other client, enjoying the variety of artistic and creative offerings available. Even your body changes. Really. It's like losing half of your weight in a few seconds: you begin to walk, marveled, not understanding clearly what is going on, but you want to hold on to the memory of it. So I started a memory...

The only problem was that... I couldn't say what I wanted to say, at least not all, because a very kind woman who seemed the manager of the store was walking around, and what I was going to say describing all this, of course, would be shocking to be heard, so I simply kept recording a memory video... as if it was a phone conversation, so I wouldn't make her feel uncomfortable...

When I realized that detail, I breathed even more deeply: since when had I cared for... not making anyone uncomfortable with my videos? I don't want to sound rude... but the fact is: in my circumstances, people care nothing about how they make me feel. And I marveled silently at myself, along with Jesus Charity's beautiful breeze: I am still able to care for others' feelings as You do, even if absolutely no one on Earth cares about mine.

There are pills that are muscle relaxants... and there are places that are *BE relaxants*. I kind of spread my hidden wings a little bit, and I really don't remember when was the last time I was able to do that inner gesture. It was not a minor gesture: there was an extremely beautiful architectural ornament of an eagle, totally white, a perfect canvas for a great

seedism painting (*seedism* is my style of painting: you paint with brushstrokes that are seed size... since when I haven't taught about the mere possibility of painting a big work art again, as I had ever done through my whole life, I have always loved to paint big canvases...). Well, I could have explained at that moment what was already envisioned on that day, but I couldn't say that aloud with a manager roaming... so I simply limited myself to pointing the eagle very carefully, as if it were a phone conversation, when it really was a video. Where there was an eagle, I saw a beautiful work of art: a *seedism* Eagle that PreK-K students could be taught to paint (it was a big eagle, about the size of a PreK-K student, and that is the point of them painting it: this is an envisioning as big as you...) and give to the Secretary of the Department of Education, with a very nicely note, written in perfect English: let the children grow... Well, Jesus Charity would say it in another way: let My children grow... The eagle has excellent details, considering it was made of concrete. It had a sculpture quality, actually. I didn't dare to know the weight... but it was absolutely perfect for kids painting it and learn they are called to fly to new heights too, especially if the eagle was about their own size... Please remember: PreK-K students would be the ones who would benefit the most among whichever generation of the future assumes the civil duty of disciplining the Federal Department of Education and stop their cultural discrimination and economic segregation of Puerto Rican children. There is a powerful future in painting such a solid and beautiful eagle in that way. There was a gorgeous repertoire of religious statues, but the eagle was the one that captivated me the most. I saw everything and enjoyed every second. I was surprised by the simple beauty of everything (not only was everything very well-crafted, but everything was completely white, which meant it could become a canvas) and also because... I was being myself. Is this how it felt in the past? I had to ask because I didn't remember it at all.

Jesus Charity explained to me: I wanted you to remember that it was important to me.

For Him, being joyfully myself, calmed, not forced to react to anything, surrounded by a kind of art that I had always loved but never able to see a store dedicated to this (yes, I have always loved concrete architectural features for gardens, including the kind of fountains they had), able to breathe, able to marvel, able to have a very simple conversation with the manager asking for columns (that was the most crucial detail of all: seeing if the columns could be used for a Shared Dreams gazebo) and able to greet her with simple spontaneity... mattered. As impossible as what He asked sounded, it became true: I found a place in which I could remember how being me felt. That by itself is a work of art too: the art of living *anchored in being*... simply in being... and *anchoring in being* is a wonderful expression to choose because there were excellent anchors there too. We found the columns we were looking for after I was told where to find them. They had more than 10 column styles to choose from, a good variety. Although I couldn't share the present envisioning of that day

(the Grow On movement, including the Children of Puerto Rico vs. DOE case) in the video, I was able to share another beautiful depth to an already shared envisioning: a Crescere sandwich for you, future generations, to celebrate an International Day of Personal Sovereignty.

That was what was written right after the visit to the architectural store:

This is a Crescere sandwich: a sandwich for the future generations to celebrate an International Day of Personal Sovereignty: "Te felicitarán todas las generaciones, porque el Poderoso ha hecho obras grandes por ti: Mi nombre es Santo, y Mi misericordia llega a los fieles de generación en generación..."

The way of sell and cook this sandwich it's different, it's fraternal: for a 7.77 fraternal price we would sell a Crescere of hot sobao bread, new albor sauce, queso de papa and churrasco (marinated with sofrito love for at least eight hours, the renewal number; this promotes cultural renewal, unseen heart details count), along a besito de coco (a traditional Puerto Rican dessert: never deny history, tradition must grow n' glow on, remaining fertilized for the future with fraternal creative innovation and communion-based progress) and a .33 fraternal offering to a fraternal cultural initiative of the bakery, like a weekly poetry get together for families. Let an employee serve community reciting poems selected for them. Each guest is given a free fraternal coffee with love. Childrens' poetry is great too, there're great children's poetry authors like S. Silverstein. I'm called to write childrens' poetry and spiritual growth books for teens in Spanish. Even if you don't raise your own children... a sacramental motherhood giftedness is always beautiful. Adults can enjoy children's poetry too, recited with breeze voice, for spiritual infancy.

Because this is a sandwich that celebrates personal sovereignty, each person would pick 3 ingredients [three: number of growing together in communion, of the family, of the Trinity] of their personal taste: a protein (bacon, another cheese...), a veggie (onion, peppers, pickles, jalapeño, carrots, avocado, lettuce, tomatoes,, potato sticks to add crunchiness...) or another spread (butter with herbs, infused honey, mustard, mezcla de sandwichitos...). In special days, special fraternal choices for the 3 picks can be offered, like a fried egg. Being you won't cost you extra now: simply pick your 3 most beloved choices [4 heart ingredients + 3 fraternal ingredients = seven: number of perfection, sacraments, gifts of the Holy Spirit] among the fraternal choices of the day and enjoy being creative together as a beloved community!

Enjoy growing together in communion!

Forbidden to Forget: An Open Letter for the Next Generations...

Well... something that happened in that day envisioning was that I didn't believe what Jesus Charity say as possible. Anyone who knows me a little bit, just a little bit, knows that for me saying "what He says is non possible..." well, I am not that kind of person... but when that happens—and it happens very rarely: I am always the first believer of what He proposes and envisions or plasmates through the Holy Spirit— ... well, I can ask a sign. And I had no idea the sign would be waiting me at the store: it was the eagle. The Eagle was an American eagle, like the patriotic eagles; it was not any kind of eagle. The sign I asked in silence when I was given the gift to ask for it was... a patriotic sign never seen before, because what He proposed had never been seen before (kids suing?! I had no clear idea yet that there were precedents for doing that and I didn't searched for not giving cues, I deliberately chose not to share the envisioning in the morning because I knew I would get out eventually, I already reached the part of the text in which I had to get out... and... well, sharing that before going out and do what must be done would simply made things worse than... I don't need to explain further how terrible everything was before reaching that eagle...) I looked at it and said nothing, but 'Look, an eagle!' Jesus Charity kind of winked at me: NO ONE in Puerto Rico sells patriotic eagles. You may find, sometimes, USA flags, if lucky enough... but patriotic eagles are nowhere to be seen here. Yes, that qualified, that was the not-seen-before patriotic sign... and it happened quite faster than expected. I really expected the sign to happen digitally, way later.

The eagle also has some biblical meanings worth pondering. In the Bible, the eagle consistently evokes strength, divine care, and spiritual elevation.

1. Strength and Renewal (Isaiah 40:31)

"But those who wait for the LORD shall renew their strength,
they shall mount up with wings like eagles..."

The eagle here represents renewal, perseverance, and spiritual elevation. Just as eagles soar high above storms, believers who trust in God can rise above hardship.

2. God's Protective Power (Exodus 19:4)

"You yourselves have seen what I did to Egypt, and how I carried you on eagles' wings and brought you to myself."

God compares His rescue of Israel to an eagle carrying its young, emphasizing protection, strength, and tenderness.

3. Swiftmess and Judgment (Deuteronomy 28:49)

“The LORD will bring a nation against you from far away, from the ends of the earth, like an eagle swooping down...”

Meaning: In prophetic warnings, the eagle can represent nations or empires executing swift divine judgment.

4. Royalty and Exaltation (Ezekiel 17)

In Ezekiel’s allegory, two eagles symbolize powerful kings (Babylon and Egypt), linking eagles with sovereignty, ambition, and destiny.

The visit was brief, but it was enough for me to realize that I had no idea I had to say goodbye to myself. I had no idea how beautiful it feels to simply be yourself, enjoy who you are, and be present, undisturbed... and except for that brief moment there, it is clear that being myself is not allowed anymore, absolutely anywhere. I never dared to imagine, me, that had ever been so rooted in truth... I wouldn't dare to imagine I would be reaching a civil death state, never allowed to truly be me in the social sense, ever again. I told him, kind of shocked, silently: 'Thank you, it was amazing. You even gave me a sign so fast...' but... I never said goodbye to myself. And I knew that as soon as I exited that place, the unbeing enforcement would be back. And... such a state of calmness and joy wasn't a matter of being medicated either: Adderall still was not having effects when I was there. That was important for Jesus Charity, too: the problem is not using Adderall, but rather thinking that your self-determination capabilities rely solely on a pill. There is being too that needs to simply... let be. The mere letting yourself be who you are and who you are called to be... works wonders.

I had been so extremely tortured in the last two weeks... that I needed a 50 mg Adderall dose to begin to feel any cognitive effect at all. That is the highest starting dose ever required. Usually, the starting dose feels stronger, so it's essential to be cautious about the dose. You should keep increasing it until you finally feel the cognitive benefits increase. At the same time, the first one is usually the one that needs to be higher; afterwards, it can be a little bit lower... but I was kind of... how deeply depleted I had been of dopamine to need

such a high initial dose of Adderall to feel a change I usually had felt with a 20 mg Adderall starting dose?

While we were writing the text of the Crescere sandwich... we were simply kind of celebrating moments in the past (yes, it's amazing when your memory begins to flow back and words also begin to flow on, as the Adderall started to have effects) in which I had celebrated with Him simply being who I am and who He has called me to be. I did not write down the exact moment we celebrated at that time because I was already writing the Crescere sandwich post, and it took me some time to get the meanings rightly placed within the space provided. However, between one rewording and another, memories flowed... and once again, I was being me, this time neurocognitively.

These are the kind of BEE celebrations that flow among us as family of Heaven:

1. I have always desired to grow into the best person I can be growing together in communion

I celebrate that I have never sought to grow just for myself—my deepest desire has been to grow with others, cultivating goodness in shared space. I've longed to live a life that nourishes community, dignity, and truth... even when surrounded by systems enforcing disconnection and lies. I have humbly wanted to grow into the best version of myself—not for glory, not to be seen, but to live rightly, and to invite others to do the same, always remaining growing as the best person we can be.

2. I believe that becoming more fully myself glorifies the Giver of my being

I celebrate that I do not believe my worth comes from visibility or applause. I do not want to be the center: I TRULY want God to be the visible One, the center of all love. Yet, I have also learned from Jesus Charity that there is a very beautiful, pleasing and glorifying offering to God when I choose to keep becoming my true self is a way of adoration, a way of saying: Here I am, Lord, living the life You gave me as honestly and humble as I can.

3. I have understood that joy is not incompatible with suffering: joy is found in being always faithful to His charity alliance and always adoring Him with our whole growth, even in suffering

I celebrate that even while under attack, torture, civil martyrdom, manipulation, silenced, or socially erased, I've continued to say: Still, withing me, I will be myself, who I am

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according to Him. I will not betray the truth of who I am. Joy is found in the interior freedom to remain faithful to His calling and to my God-given nature.

4. I have not wished to become “something else” or “someone better” in the eyes of others—but to unfold who I already am in His eyes

I celebrate to embrace the grace to keep *anchoring in being*. There is danger in false molds, fake personas, roles of artificial strength. I celebrate I’ve chosen instead the slow, hidden unfolding of true being. My nature is good. My nature is loveful. I want to be faithful to how I was created.

5. I’ve embraced the idea that each step of my healing, each act of resistance, each peaceful moment of growth is a form of domestic liturgy

I celebrate that, to me, becoming the person God created me to be is not a private project: it is Eucharistic, sacramental. It is an act of thanksgiving and of offering. Even unseen. Especially when unseen. My life is meant to become an adoration giftedness, not an attention getter.

6. I have always aimed to disappear into Christ—not to disappear in despair, but to let His light be the one that shines

I celebrate how beautiful is longing for the day when He is visible, not me. I have wanted to adore Jesus Christ with our whole growth and reach the moment I will finally be able to dedicate to adore only Him. I wish to grow beautiful, so that His beauty may be known in the world, not my own.

7. I have believed deeply in the sacredness of communion: the shared life, the shared dignity, the mutual help toward the good.

I celebrate a notion of being who I am that is not about “doing whatever I want,” but about living in truthful growing communion, a space where we help each other grow toward light. I don’t want to be exceptional. I want to be fully myself, in a world where everyone is allowed to be their full self.

8. I do not measure success by external milestones, but by inner truthfulness, faithfulness, and fruit of grace.

I celebrate that despite injustice after injustice, I have never embraced cynicism. I want to live truthfully. Even if the world doesn't recognize it. Even if it costs everything.

9. I've seen myself as a temporary sign, a witness who points not to myself, but to the God of Love

I celebrate how He makes possible to hope a life that can serve as a reminder to others that personhood matters, who you are matters. Not so I am exalted, but so that others might dare to believe they matter too.

As I keep remembering how I felt in that visit, and since God knows how much time I haven't felt that way... I had no idea at all: I never said goodbye to myself.

Allow me now to do a little prayer, asking the grace to do what is being done next:

Lord of Love,

You made me in truth, not in error.

You gave me a nature meant for communion,
not for isolation or erasure.

You placed in me a longing—not to be exalted,
but to be faithful.

I do not ask to be seen.

I ask to be true.

To become each day the person You dreamed
when You shaped me in hiddenness.

Let my growth be a form of adoration.

Let my healing be a quiet hymn to Your mercy.

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Let my being—imperfect, hidden, wounded—
become a sign that You are still present in this world.

I do not need the world to believe in me.
Let me believe in You,
with such depth that it transforms me.

And when the time comes
for my voice to fall silent,
let others not see me—
but see You
as the Incarnated Eucharist
we will always be
in You, for You, by You, with You...

Because I was never meant to shine alone—
I was meant to reflect Your light
growing on in Love...

Amen.

So, now that I have the grace... let's say all the proper goodbyes that must also be said... besides saying the goodbye to myself, I didn't know I had to say. Yes, the goodbyes had been there, pending to be said, but totally unable to, until now. Sometimes I might wanted to say them, but wasn't allowed to express them: it has not been rare through the years that I am forbidden to write, either because the device I use is hacked and whatever I write is sabotaged or even deleted, or because my writing materials are stolen and I have no journals or pens to write... or even because I am in a forced hospitalization and I am

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absolutely forbidden to be recognized as a human being that has her own ideas to express and a personhood of her own to affirm as she is called to do it, so they forbid me to be able to write anything, denying me paper or pencils to be able to write whatever I might want to write as witness or memory...

Other times, what happens with the goodbyes is that... you know that even if you say them, there won't be closure, not in the social sense. When I began to go through a very intense "terminal" period that in some sort of sense still is present... There was one terminal process after another... but still, the goodbyes couldn't be even spoken. I still wasn't allowed to articulate them in my personal formation, and I am not the kind of person who writes words that can't become incarnated. I still was in an inner disbelief of cruelty being able to increase more than the hellish levels of cruelty that I had already endured at that moment... but yes, it can and it will keep increasing, as far as communion breakings and civil slavery keep being enforced socially. Assuming that there won't ever be a comeback to the society I once knew as possible... is a goodbye that needs time and tears to grasp the air to pronounce.

In the Social Studies classes of Primary and Elementary school, we were taught notions of society that no longer exist, or that, in my case, never existed at all in the first place. Family is supposed to be the basic cell of society, and everyone is meant to grow up as a family. We were growing up to form a family of our own and be good citizens someday, each one building society (Legos were used) according to our God-given "gifts" (I remember this particular word because I didn't understand the word "talent" and that was how I was explained it); to create a whole Lego structure, you have to have different pieces in the right place; we all had a place to serve best to the entire Lego creation be able to be built, we could only build "society" together... I don't remember what kind of "society" we ended up building (I don't remember what Lego structure we created together; it was some kind of a structure from the series of "Fabuland" Legos that no longer exist; they were not like "Duplos", but they were very bright and bigger than regular Legos and were for building structures like houses and farms...), but since then, I have loved Legos. There was a "playhouse" zone to play together, everyone was meant to collaborate, and we did not merely "collaborate" with chores around the classroom: we enjoyed it... I could keep giving examples of the many notions learned in Social Studies classes that eventually became non-existent, but it's too heartbreaking right now to keep doing it. I am grateful for the lessons learned, but at the same time, I now ask: Where is the society in which we were taught to grow, that we were told would be there... but eventually, civic values (*una identidad ciudadana basada en valores cívicos, no en afiliación ideológica o política...*) simply ceased to build society anymore? Yes, this is a kind of goodbye that's not easy to find the words to express fully... We were taught to grow in a society that is not even

expected to be social anymore, it is not expected to be family-based anymore... And that is so true that right now, jobs are not expected to pay well and offer benefits that allow those who are called to raise kids to raise a family with dignity. Not even a married couple can be raised with dignity on the current minimum wages and the total lack of proportional compensation for workers (current wages are not required to be proportional to the profits that the employees generate, nor are required to be proportional with any dignity line according to the cost of life... wages are totally determined according to what profits more the company, without proper social duties —like complete medical family plan paid entirely by the employer, a family-compatible vacation time, family leave...— at all required to be assumed by law...). That is the reality: society is market-based, what determines “civic values” is your purchasing power, and what defines “civil identity” and “social connectivity” is your political-ideological affiliation; there is no such thing as “fraternal civic affiliation,” nobody sees *“la fraternidad como lo que nos une como ciudadanos.”*

So, let’s say all the goodbyes that had been pending to be said, beginning with the hardest first:

1. Now I say goodbye to my dreams...

To what could had been and wont, and to now will be in different forms...

Goodbye to my dreams...

to what could have been and will not be—

to what now must become something else,

in forms I cannot yet foresee.

2. Now I say goodbye to the family that wasn't really there, and to the family that won't be there... because they had never been a true family in the first place...

Goodbye to the family that was never truly there—

because they never were a family in the first place.

And goodbye to the family that now will never be.

To the generations I hoped to raise,

to the warmth that was stolen before it could grow,

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to the safety that never embraced me.

3. Now I say goodbye to a faith institution I believed to be centered in Him...

Goodbye to the Church I believed in.

To the faith institution I once thought centered in Him—
but proved too centered in itself.

I once believed the Church would give light to the Word,
Incarnating the Eucharist with reverence,
Honoring His alliance with fidelity.

But when fidelity became an inconvenience,
and sacramental life no longer mattered,

I understood:

This is not the Church of the Lamb.

This is not the communion I longed for.

I do not seek a church of my own—

but I will not feign loyalty to what misrepresents the Gospel.

I do believe that in the future the Catholic Church will grow on...

but right now, there is no way

to believe in right conscience

in an institutional praxis that doesn't grow on

more and more faithful to His Love...

4. Now I say goodbye to a rule of law that never functioned as equal law and order...

Goodbye to the rule of law that never ruled.

That stood still while I was broken.

That erased my young adulthood,

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one missed opportunity at a time—
 the job I never held,
 the dog who was killed,
 the children I could not shelter from cruelty.
 I witnessed torture normalized,
 and horror called “order.”
 That is not law. That is complicity.
 The humiliations had been so ravagingly cruel...
 So much dignity had been stolen...

5. Now I say goodbye to a freedom that was never really freedom...

Goodbye to the illusion of freedom—
 this was not liberty, it was civil slavery.
 These were crimes.
 These were social war atrocities.
 These were social terrorism attacks on personhood.
 This was social monopoly disguised as democracy.
 “The land of the free”...
 was never free of slaves.
 The most honest part of the Constitution
 is the frame that holds it in place.

6. Now I say goodbye to a notion of Government as service to the common good...

Goodbye to the myth of Government as service.
 As service to the common good.
 You exiled my personhood,

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Erased me with social gaslighting
 Muted me with truth-denialism
 Turned my personal formation into social war field
 Only allowed to influence exploited as a social war ammunition
 You allowed the absolute denial of my juridical personality
 And called it lawful.
 So I embrace the truth:
 Goodbye to the fantasy of equal rights.
 You lied.
 Rights are for those who can afford to be heard.
 Influence is the real gatekeeper.
 And the voiceless, the violated—
 they are sent to civil death...
 This is personhood exile since a very long time
 Way before I myself knew,
 and it was not my choice.
 But someday I will know
 A true citizenship to be heard, to grow on...

7. Now I say goodbye to the notion of dignity as inherent

I once believed that every face
 was met with care, with truth, with grace—
 that just by being, we were known
 as worthy, seen, and not alone.

But years have carved a harder song,

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where silence shields what's deeply wrong,
and systems smile while stripping bare
the sacred right of being there.

So here's goodbye to that bright dream—
that dignity's a common theme.
It isn't, yet within my soul
I guard its flame, I keep it whole.

For though the world may turn its eyes,
and dress its harms in soft disguise,
I'll walk as one who knows what's true:
that God beheld, and still does too.

I have tried to find in my memory exactly from where the notion of “dignity being inherent” came from, because one word my progenitors had NEVER spoken aloud around me, through my whole life, is "dignity", in any of its forms. It was not determinant either at school... until I became a missionary, but I already had a very clear notion of what “dignity” meant way long before.

I discovered this memory quite recently: I learned it while studying to become a pre-confirmation catechist around age 12. Yes, I was allowed to be a catechist on my own, after being a catechist helper for a time, at that age. I excelled in religion class, and at that moment, I had already read the Bible several times. However, I do remember a very particular detail about the catechism coordinator at the time, who believed in me with trust that I will never forget.

Some parents complained that I was far too young to teach that class: I was basically the same age as some of my students (I was a confirmation student myself, but because confirmation classes were held at another hour, it was compatible for me to teach catechism classes at the grade level just below mine). One mother in particular was very rude and came directly to me, confronting my age and lack of "authority" and "knowledge"

to give that class. I knew there were complaints, but the catechism coordinator did not say anything to me, so I let her choose when to inform me. However, this mom came directly to me, not to her. I was a teen. I was in no position to know how to handle an angry parent. I cried... but in front of the Sagrario. I know now, as a teacher, that crying in front of parents is a NO. Well, I didn't know then.

I heard from inside what the catechist coordinator said: she is the best of her religion class in the catholic school she is, she had been the best in her class at every catechism grade she had been, she goes to the formation classes required to catechists, she already knows what is being taught in her confirmation class, she had read the whole bible... something like that she said, I don't remember right the details of that part. She told a whole list of that kind of stuff...

Then she said what struck me most, and she didn't know I was hearing. She was taking classes in the zone I gave without knowing I was inside the chapel...

Además de todo lo que acabo de decir, esto es lo más importante: ella va a misa y comulga. La he visto adorar la eucaristía.

Y no hay ninguna otra persona más que ella para dar este grado...

Si conoces a alguien mejor preparado, me dejas saber, pero se preguntó (a la oficina arquidiocesana) y se le permitió dar esta clase...

Le ofreció llamar a la oficina... pero la persona no quiso el número. El hijo se quedó en mi clase y más adelante las cosas mejoraron. Por ser justa... creo que si la coordinadora le habló con tanta confianza fue porque creo —nunca lo corroboré con certeza— que eran familia.

Dejó claro que no se trataba de ponerme ahí porque no había nadie más: sí que podía hacer esa función parroquial... O sea: de repente no era conocida por rara (como pasaba en escuela intermedia bastante often) sino por potencial... Get it? Ciertamente: de ordinario se pide confirmación para ser catequista, pero si hay que hacer una excepción, se pregunta y se hace. Se preguntó y no hubo problemas... Eso me ayudó a confiar en mí. Y las formaciones para catequistas eran con proyectos y actividades, en ese momento era popular llamarlos “dinámicas”... Y además de eso... era la primerísima vez que alguien me expresaba verbalmente que se había fijado en que rezaba. No me molestó ser la más joven, por bastante, en los talleres de catequistas.

Soy bien pero que bien honesta en esto: en esos momentos de andanza arquidiocesana, cuando era adolescente, jamás, ni una sola vez, noté un ápice de tono nacionalista en ninguna de las formaciones a nivel vicaría arquidiocesana. El problemón en que me metí

como estudiante de teología por cuestionar en la clase del secretario del arzobispo qué tan real era la noción nacionalista que se estaba promoviendo al usar a la Iglesia para promover nacionalismo político, y al dejar bien claro que la realidad es que pastoralmente somos más parecidos a Miami que a Latinoamérica, así que donde realmente nos corresponde estar ubicados eclesiásticamente es en la USCCB, no al CELAM, o como mínimo no solamente al CELAM... no, eso no se notó ni por atisbo en esta etapa de catequista. No sé cuándo fue escrita la carta pastoral que desencadenó el problemón (parte de esa clase era discutir *Patria, Nación e Identidad*), pero puedo asegurar que siempre he repelido politizar la religión (en Puerto Rico se tiene la mala costumbre de politizar en el sentido partidista todo lo que sea posible *partidizar* y odio eso) y si eso hubiera sucedido en mis formaciones de catequista —y asistí a ellas por años...— me hubiera dado cuenta. Si por algo siempre he sido conocida es por no saberme callar las verdades y si lo hubiera notado... lo hubiera dicho como la bocazas que siempre he sido si algo me resulta tremendamente incompatible con lo que creo o soy llamada a vivir.

No sé si se entiende el shock: para esta coordinadora era importante que las catequistas tuvieran vida sacramental y eucarística. Era la primerísima vez que me enteré de que alguien se fijaba en eso. Usualmente cuando pides ser catequista lo más que piden es que vayas a los talleres de formación y que tengas tiempo disponible los sábados... pero en este caso también tenía peso que las catequistas participaran en la eucaristía y fueran a misa. Nadie, ni siquiera las maestras de religión en el colegio... nadie, o al menos eso pensaba, se fijaban en que, si que iba a la iglesia a mediodía a rezar, para mí la clase de religión NO es teaching facts, it's inspiring conversion and sparking belovedness and grace...

It's the only time I have heard in my school life someone defending me so trustingly... In school I was used to be justified, not exactly defended... pero a todo al que le preguntara a esta coordinadora quien era la mejor catequista... decía que era yo.

Si no hubiera sido porque de repente a mi progenitora le dio con convertirse en coordinadora de catequesis, yo hubiera sido la destinada a ser catequista de confirmación eventualmente. No, bajo ninguna circunstancia yo iba a ser catequista con mi propia progenitora de coordinadora. Que quede claro: en ese momento no sospechaba de su narcisismo y de que hizo eso solo porque me envidiaba... pero tenía bien claro que yo no iba a respetar su liderazgo como coordinadora de catequesis y si algo he aprendido desde pequeña es que si no te llevas con el líder de equipo ahórrate el disgusto y cámbiate o pide hacer el trabajo sola (me pasó varias veces y nunca se me impidió hacer un trabajo de equipo sola si planteaba razones justas, por ejemplo: yo soy la única del grupo que leo y se van a recostar de mí para hacer el trabajo, y no me parece justo, así que mejor me voy sola

y que ellos se esfuercen como debe). Incluso llegué a comentar en privado al sacerdote mis objeciones a dicho nombramiento, pero no se me escuchó (Ese sacerdote más adelante me daría la extrema unción encubierta: no me informó que estaba haciendo la extrema unción, pero era óleo sagrado y evidentemente eran los mismos gestos). Nunca más hablé con él, me molestó que hiciera eso... pero quién sabe si la gracia sacramental de hecho me hizo bien, porque sin saberlo se me estaba intentando matar. Siempre he tenido la duda de si es permisible que un sacerdote haga eso... pero en fin... a partir de cierto punto en este tiempo de mi vida todo a mi alrededor dejó de funcionar como corresponde...

Mis objeciones para oponerme eran varias, y las comenté cuando dije que no podía convertirme en catequista de confirmación en esas circunstancias (se hizo bien en preguntármelo sin comentárselo a mi progenitora y lo agradecí: para empezar mi progenitora no rezaba en casa (quien haya leído "El Alma de Todo Apostolado" sabe muy bien que no hay apostolado sin vida interior... y ese libro lo conocí desde temprano...) y nunca pasaba tiempo con sus propias hijas (en ese momento aún estaba mi hermana menor en un momento de desarrollo que requería atención), así que iba a ser bien incomodo tener que callarme la boca cuando yo dijera algo que contradijera su imagen de "madre ejemplar": explíquenme cómo vas a dedicar tiempo a catequesis cuando para empezar no dedicas tiempo a las hijas... Soy el tipo de personas a las que es difícil contener ese tipo de comentarios en circunstancias que ameritan decir la verdad, y si eso pasaba en medio de una reunión de catequesis me iba a meter en problemas, además de dar un terrible ejemplo a los propios niños: hija teniendo conflicto con mamá en plena catequesis.

Sin embargo, mi objeción más importante es la que absolutamente NADIE cuestionó, y cualquiera que la conociera de vista (o sea, en la parroquia) podía haberlo cuestionado sin ningún problema, de la misma forma que una mamá vino donde mí a decirme que no podía dar la clase. Yo sí que se la cuestioné al párroco: ella NO tiene absolutamente NINGÚN tipo de formación catequética, pastoral o siquiera BÍBLICA. Tampoco tiene experiencia alguna en enseñar catequesis (ni siquiera en casa nos enseñó oraciones básicas o catequesis alguna: las oraciones básicas las aprendí en catequesis). ¿Cómo la van a poner a coordinar catequesis?

Nunca se me dijo si fue que mi progenitora se ofreció, pero no me extrañaría. Quedaba bien claro que envidiaba que yo indudablemente tuviera el carisma de enseñar catequesis. Lo que la progenitora me dijo fue: *el párroco me dijo que tenía que ser yo, sí o sí...* pero dándole otra connotación que yo jamás le habría dado a un puesto como ese: *yo tengo dinero para cosas de la catequesis...*

El detalle no es menor... El mero hecho de dar a entender —conste que lo expresó; esto no fue “dar a entender”, pero el que cualquier agente de pastoral de a entender semejante percepción ya es indicio de que no entiende la pastoral como corresponde— que tienes la capacidad de ser coordinadora de catequesis porque tienes más dinero que otros (sí, la progenitora daba las donaciones mensuales más altas de toda la parroquia, 200,00 mensuales) es un HUGE RED FLAG de las verdaderas intenciones tras su interés de ser coordinadora de catequesis. Me consta que el párroco sabía el tipo de dilemas domésticos que su forma de ser generaba: él mismo en su momento lo dijo, *tus padres no son un matrimonio ordinario* (y el párroco era estudiante doctoral de psicología en ese momento...). Debió haber sido bien claro, no necesariamente en público si no era necesario, si, de hecho —como me parece que fue como pasó— fue la progenitora la que propuso ser coordinadora al ver que no había nadie más para “competir por el puesto”: ella no es de las personas que NUNCA se pone en una posición en la cual alguien pueda siquiera parecer ser “mejor” que ella. Esa era la verdadera razón por la que nunca aceptó que la siguieran ascendiendo en su trabajo: ella no quería crecer ni mucho menos ayudar a crecer, solo quería estar donde nadie pudiera ser mejor que ella o dominar la zona de trabajo más que ella por la experiencia que tenía.

Esa dinámica de *“I must be seen as best and more admired than anyone else, especially best than whatever my daughter can do best and more admired than whatever my daughter is most admired for...”* ya se ha observado en silencio... y se puede manifestar incluso como “competencia espiritual”: si yo leo el evangelio todos los días y lo medito con un altar doméstico, ella va a sabotear el mío, busca también su evangelio del día, se jacta de tener su propio altar doméstico y además... hasta mi Biblia se lleva; si yo rezo el tema de maternidad espiritual, ella se busca un libro de “oraciones para mamá” y lo deja colocado no solamente donde pueda ser visible solo para mí (por ejemplo: llevándolo en la mano cuando sabe que no puedo grabarla con el celular), sino que lo pone —casi como trofeo de competencia psicosocial— bien específicamente donde sabe que el libro será necesariamente visible en los videos que hago... Nunca, en toda mi infancia, vi a ninguno de mis progenitores haciendo oración personal ni mucho menos matrimonial: solo los ví haciendo “oración personal” cuando se ponían al lado de las pastillas forzadas, que me forzaban a ir a donde ellos para tomármelas frente a ellos: uno de ellos se sentaba al lado de donde colocaban las pastillas... y como sabían que necesariamente tendría que verlos, sobre todo si estaba grabando, el que fuera que estuviera se sentaba “rezando leyendo la Biblia”, o “leyendo el Evangelio del día”... Incluso dejaron supuestas libretas de oraciones escritas a mano, al estilo de *prayer journals*, imitando las mías. Jamás hicieron eso a lo largo de toda la vida: se pusieron a hacerlo a partir de ese momento solo como psychosocial abuse control-torture tactic... Podría seguir dando ejemplos del afán de

“mostrarse superiores” e incluso “competir y dominar espiritualmente” ... pero esos son lo suficientemente gráficos. Creo que ya se entiende de dónde viene la imagen de *social abortion altar* que he usado en social media bastantes veces. Really, no real mom or real dad does that, period, yes, algo que da mucha pena, más que anger: a mom or a dad assuming “prayer life” and “Christian motherhood or fatherhood” as the equivalent of worshipping a social abortion altar... They even left the red paint I poured in one of the social abortion altars filled with their “cult to death worships” and exhibited the red stain for a very long time, until they finally chose to repaint the whole wall in which the red stain with a whole new coat of paint, more than a year later after the red paint stain was poured. That kind of stain on the wall was not that difficult to clean: it was craft red paint over wall paint, it was a matter of cleaning it with a wet, soapy sponge, if they really had the intention of not boasting their cult to death “adoration” leaving the stain where it was. Hablando de adoraciones macabras: en determinados momentos también se pusieron a ir a adorar el Santísimo Sacramento en el Triduo Pascual cuando sabían que yo tenía planificado hacerlo. It´s sickening to have to see that.

Se le pudo haber dicho en privado lo que hubiera sido bien evidente para cualquiera que supiera su tipo de dilemas domésticos: lo que no has aprendido a coordinar en casa primero no lo vas a aprender a coordinar en la parroquia después... Que quede claro: salvo alguna esporádica oración de mesa en Thanksgiving, ninguno de los dos progenitores, jamás, rezó personalmente conmigo en la casa, ni rosarios, ni oraciones espontáneas, ni invitar a leer un libro de espiritualidad juntos, ni siquiera leyeron la Biblia conmigo... Nada, absolutamente nada: nunca hubo la más mínima vida de oración doméstica, ni siquiera antes de dormir o al despertar. Lo que no se busca vivir como corresponde en la casa primero tampoco se podrá vivir como corresponde en la parroquia después, sea cual sea el puesto parroquial que se busque. Be absolutely sure of that fundamental domestic ministry (*pastoral doméstica*) principle: the evidence behind it is irrefutable.

El párroco, sin aclararme cómo se había dado la propuesta, sí que me confirmó el dato que no había absolutamente nadie más para el puesto... Una vez dicho lo que había que decir por el bien común, no volví a hacer comentario alguno, sobre todo porque ya yo entendía que había colaboración entre las partes. No asistí a actividad catequética alguna de mi progenitora ni una sola vez. Ella, sabiendo que tengo un conocimiento bien autodidacta y vasto de catequesis, jamás me pidió dar formación a catequistas ni nada por el estilo.

Lamento tener que decir esto, pero lo digo como lección para parroquias: solo pusieron a mi progenitora ahí porque tenía dinero para gastar en los materiales que se necesitaban para hacer actividades. Ella sí que iba a las reuniones de vicaría arquidiocesana... pero era curioso cómo sacaba tiempo para eso, pero NO para dedicar a su familia. Ella siempre

estaba "huyendo" de la casa. No sé si se nota lo que hizo la progenitora, porque lo ha hecho constantemente a lo largo de toda la vida: hizo "mejor" precisamente lo único que yo NO podía hacer mejor. Cuando yo era catequista, era una adolescente sin dinero para gastar en cosas para mis estudiantes: mi clase era más bíblica-based y *contemplative-teaching* (o sea: en mi clase no era opcional lo de aprender a rezar con confianza), aunque sí que usaba los materiales que hubiera disponibles (cosas de pintar o papel). Las oraciones básicas a nivel de pre-confirmación se saben, lo importante a nivel de pre-confirmación es saber dialogar y tener todo lo bíblico en orden para confirmación. La pre-confirmación podía durar dos años, dependiendo si el niño venía directamente de primera comunión o se tomó un año libre de catequesis tras la primera comunión y se integró después a pre-confirmación. Yo no podía gastar en disfraces, en artilugios, ni siquiera en crayolas... No, mi clase era Biblia, libro de catequesis asignado y Sagrario. No pedía oraciones escritas, no me parecía necesario, me bastaría con que me constara que dedicaban cierto tiempo a estar frente al Sagrario... pero en estos momentos sí que sugeriría que se les diera un *prayer journal* porque a esa edad hace muchísimo bien para enseñar a rezar. Había que compartir testimonios también, porque a nivel de confirmación ya se esperaba que supieran ser testigos. En ese momento la catequista de confirmación era mi propia madrina de confirmación, había muy buena coordinación entre ambos grados porque yo sabía muy bien lo que les iban a pedir en el nivel de confirmación que yo misma either estaba completando o acaba de completar (duré como catequista varios años).

No sé si mi progenitora se enteró de esto y lo hizo por eso, porque a mí se me ofreció el puesto de coordinadora, y hubiera sido la más joven que se hubiera escogido. Me lo ofreció la misma coordinadora que me defendió de la madre intempestiva. Sabía que iba a la universidad, pero me lo propuso. Pensaba que podía hacer bien. Podría venir los sábados y se podía gestionar lo de las reuniones en la vicaría considerando que estaba en la Universidad. Siendo ella como es (persona de pueblo que no veía malas intenciones si no había razones para hacerlo), sí que se lo pudo haber comentado a mi progenitora para que me "convenciera". En la parroquia todos asumían que era una mamá ejemplar y yo no contradecía esa imagen, sencillamente sonreía y guardaba silencio. No sé, de verdad, si se enteró por alguien más. Le dije a Toñita que no me consideraba apta para esa responsabilidad, era muy joven, fui honesta, lo recé, no me sentí obligada y eso también lo agradecí, ella dijo que lo que fuera que rezara, lo entendía...

Nunca le di importancia a esa petición, creo que es la primera vez que escribo esto... hasta ahora que me doy cuenta de la envidia narcisista tras la decisión de mi progenitora de ser coordinadora de catequesis. Noten lo que hizo: en lo único que ella podía ser mejor que yo como "catequista" era comprando cosas para los niños, porque ella sí que tenía dinero

para hacerlo. Y se la pasaba literalmente comprando en *Oriental Trading* cositas para todas las fiestas habidas y por haber: Thanksgiving, Navidad, Pascua, Primera Comuni3n... (la coordinaci3n de confirmaci3n es m1s compleja que esas, ah1 no la ten1a tan f1cil)... incluyendo estar comprando disfraces para nacimientos en vivo, algo que la parroquia misma no pod1a costear por su pobreza. Eso es exact1simamente lo mismo que hac1a conmigo: comprar cosas, dejar que tuviera las cosas que "quer1a"... y que realmente si las compraba, era porque le conven1a para su *self-image projection*, no ten1a que ver con amor. No dije nada... pero... que esto quede de lecci3n para aprender: **a un agente de pastoral catequ3tica, sea quien sea (ayudante, catequista o coordinador parroquial de catequesis) NO SE LE ESCOGE PORQUE TENGA DINERO.**

La coordinadora con la que fui catequista y que me propuso sustituirla se qued3 como coordinadora un tiempo m1s... y yo comenc3 a tener otra vida en la universidad... y aunque estaba destinada a ser catequista de confirmaci3n, no lo har1a con la progenitora de coordinadora. Vino otra persona a dar la clase de confirmaci3n (muy amigo de mis progenitores, dominico... pero nunca supe si sab1a o no con lo que estaba colaborando con su validaci3n al estilo de mis progenitores de "vivir la fe"). Muri3 de c1ncer y rec3 por 3l sin ning1n tipo de rencor...

En fin, el tipo de nociones respecto a la dignidad que aprend1 en las formaciones de catequistas ya no se ven. El tema de la dignidad se ha vuelto mucho m1s ideol3gico... y econ3mico: la dignidad la tiene quien pueda pagarla. Lo de creer y vivir que la dignidad es inherente... that's another goodbye.

8. Now I say goodbye to the assumption of good faith:

Goodbye to the assumption of good faith.

You must live what you preach.

Good faith without deeds

is just another lie with a smile.

Genuine faith has consequences.

Real love has consequences.

Truth doesn't need social gaslighting to be...

9. Now I say goodbye to the notion of respect to personal sovereignty:

Forbidden to Forget: An Open Letter for the Next Generations...

Goodbye to the notion of respect for personal sovereignty.

I coined the term “*soberanía personal*”

and lived its defense.

But the world... it manipulates “personhood”

to fit its ends.

Most people define it not from truth,

but from convenience.

What is respected the power narrative

Not the equal worth of everyone as children of God.

10. Now I say goodbye to the notion of a united America:

Goodbye to the dream of a united America.

Because as America is constituted

There is no inherent personhood—

and thus can never be truly united

except by ideological illusions that come and go.

Political parties now substitute

the notion of a civil identity based on common civil cores

common values to which all belong.

It excludes the unborn.

It erases the poor.

It builds on sand, not soul.

I do not believe in an equality

that forgets our unrepeatable worth,

that cares more about whether you are a republican or democrat

than about helping to grow all as equals and beloved.

Forbidden to Forget: An Open Letter for the Next Generations...

Finally... I never knew I would have to do this goodbye, but now...

11. I say goodbye... to myself...

Now I say goodbye to myself.

To the self I might have been

if the *unbeing* had not crushed me.

If justice had stood up.

If communion had triumphed.

If I had been allowed to grow.

If *being* would had been a gift.

If *be* would had been a right.

If truth would had been told.

But you, generations of the future... You will learn the lessons as it can't be done now. For you, there won't be a goodbye, but a *good fly* to new heights, like ascendant stars of Heaven: *ultreia et suseia*. I am really happy for the lovefull harvest that will eventually come for you, like a beautiful sunflower *bloomgarden*, everyone growing together in more and more communion upon the shining *new albor that comes from above*.

So, at the very end, even if I didn't survive... I am grateful for being granted the gift of radiating all this new growth unto you, that comes from Jesus Charity, who makes all things anew... What I now realize was my loss... will help grow in so many children for generations to come...

Beloved children of the future: because the Puerto Rican Department of Education is already too broken and has to be blown... let the blow become a glow: ask that, as the Department of Education of a whole state has to be blown down and glowingly rebuilt, the intergenerational effects of increasing the budget for the education of a whole generation be properly studied. As I write this, 2025, there is no data available at all about the impact of increasing educational budget upon multigenerational poverty. There are a few basic already known numbers:

Forbidden to Forget: An Open Letter for the Next Generations...

- the population of the island that currently relies in any form of welfare is around 60%
- the population of the Puerto Rican public education system that currently is at poverty levels is 50%; of that 50%, 38% are at extreme poverty levels
- at the continental USA, current poverty levels at public schools systems is 17% and current extreme poverty levels are at 7%.
- Currently, at Alpha generation, Puerto Rican children at the poverty level are double the average of continental USA schools, and Puerto Rican children at the extreme poverty level are FIVE TIMES the average at continental USA schools.
- Right now, there is no data available AT ALL about the intergenerational poverty rate among Puerto Rican families. That means: there is no way to know right now how many of those 60% who rely on welfare right now had parents and grandparents who also had to rely on welfare on a lifelong basis, but considering the historical facts... it can be assumed that, if 2nd and 3rd generation welfare dependency are joined together, the intergenerational poverty rate percent of Puerto Rican families is somewhere 70% of the 60% of the general population that right now have to rely on welfare on an ordinary income source to survive. Considering also that 48% of the Island right relies on Medicaid and that, of that 48%, **61% are children** (Alpha Generation), the percent of intergenerational family poverty rate (please notice: right now we are not referring to the 60% of general population individuals that rely on welfare, but to whole percent of Puerto Rican families, either married or with children, that depend on welfare from mom generation to son generation and then to grandchild generation too) is even higher than 60%, because the mere having children is already tied with systematic social inequality poverty at the whole USA level, and if 61% of children are already enrolled in Medicaid, that means there was no growth from the 2nd generation to the 1st generation in that whole 61%, PLUS the already astonishingly high colonial systematic poverty levels at the general Island multigenerational population.
- Based on historical facts that can help to assume a multigenerational poverty rate, it can be assumed that the Silent Generation welfare dependency was above 90%, due to the well-known historical facts of the general extreme poverty on the island at that generation; Baby Boomers and Gen X also had a high reliance compared to general US population due colonialist systematic poverty levels enforced, including the cabotage laws; Millennials had a sharp welfare dependance increase due closure of 936 and the economic collapse afterwards; in Gen Z most families are 2nd generation welfare dependency and a significative number are a 3rd, both percents being astonishingly higher than continental USA, once again, due colonially enforced systemic poverty along one generation to other.

This presents a valuable opportunity to gather all statistical data accurately and examine the degree of impact that increasing educational growth opportunities from one generation to the next can have on decreasing intergenerational (1st generation, 2nd generation, 3rd generation of family welfare dependency...) and multigenerational (Silent generation, Baby Boomers generation, Gen X generation, Millennial generation, Gen Z generation, Alpha generation) poverty levels. Does increasing educational growth opportunities in one generation have an effect on decreasing welfare dependence in the next generation, particularly after intergenerational welfare dependence has already reached the 2nd and 3rd generations? That kind of socioeducative research will take a minimum of 40 years, but we think that the lessons to be learned for all Americans are worth the lengthy time. The decrease in mental health issues that an increase in the quality of education may cause is also worth studying in a social scenario like Puerto Rico: right now, almost 25% percent of the adult population meets diagnostic criteria for a psychiatric disorder, including substance abuse; 7% have serious mental illnesses. Of that 25%, only 18% can receive or seek any type of treatment. It should be noticed that the percentage of the population in the continental USA requiring mental health care is also almost 25%, but in the case of the USA, 65% can receive or seek treatment; around half of those with mental illnesses and a third with serious mental illnesses go without needed care... so studying the impact of increasing school education quality on mental health (curiously enough, it can be interesting to know if there is also an intergenerational/multigenerational mental health care decrease, as it would be studied for multigenerational poverty rate/intergenerational welfare dependance) is something that would impact the whole USA: how much less you will need to invest in mental health care later if more growthful formative opportunities are given at the school education system? The question is worth asking, especially in terms of decreasing suicide rates and violent deaths: in Puerto Rico, around 25% of violent deaths are suicides and 74% are homicides; in the continental USA, 60% of violent deaths are suicides and 30% are homicides.

It is enough to close the eyes and pray for you, future generations... to be able to be thankful for all the growthfulness with what you will be able to glow on and bloom on... like a sunflower field on an infinite horizon, more and more radiated by His new albor... more and more radiated with a growing together in communion that will last for so many children of God to come and that will be able to given the chance to grow more and more growthfully as America, the lovefull...

I do give thanks for everything Jesus Charity has taught me and revealed to me in His infinite joy, as we kept celebrating, growing together in more and more communion every day, choosing over and over again to adore Him with our whole growth, as we are doing it

now as a Family of Heaven with every sunflower we are offering, with every growing together in communion we are making possible for you, future generations...

So, today, the **National Sunflower Day**, I conclude this letter for you, generations of the future, gifting you a fraternal lesson that is also *forbidden to forget*, a fraternal lesson I wished all those I mentioned at the heading of this letter would have learned in the proper time to avoid all the personhood bloodsheds that had been shared in all these memories...

If you really want a society where everyone learns to grow together in communion... begin with the youngest of your citizens at school age: the kindergarten students. *"Train the child in the way they should go, and when they are old, they will not depart from it."* (Pro 22:6). When Kindergarteners are going to graduate, explain them how their graduation as "declared ready to grow on": you are prepared to grow on as a growthful society where everyone can grow as the best person they can be, growing together as the best person they can be, walking together as a beloved community of equal brothers and sisters.

Have a big bucket of completely white building blocks (Legos) that are Duplo size (these are designed for younger kids). The shapes must be varied, and the sizes are meant to be varied too, each one compatible with the others. Let them choose their favorite one, give them very colorful and permanent Sharpies, and ask them to paint their dreams on the building block. Not any dream: THEIR dream—each one's dream—to become the best person they can be, in whichever way they imagine they are called to do it. Let them be creative. Teach them: these are permanent colors; they can't be erased. Each piece is as unique as you, and no piece can be replaced if lost. *"Every man must decide whether he will walk in the light of creative altruism or in the darkness of destructive selfishness."* (Martin Luther King, Jr.)

Once they are done, ask them to build a structure together, using all the Legos to create the same structure. Let them agree together what to build, with "building fraternally" being the only "building code": whatever you choose to build fraternally, in love and dignity, growing together in communion, you can build on.

Through the years, the creativity potential of the structures will increase: as soon as another graduating class emerges, they will be asked to do the same, but also using the building blocks left by the previous graduating students. This means they will build upon what prior students have already left for the next generation to continue building together. The Lego pieces of each graduation will become part of the school's permanent Lego "archive": each graduating class will repeat this ritual, building upon what the previous generation left behind, so the school's growing structure—year after year—becomes a living archive of dreams, a monument to growthful community. Each year's class adds their

bricks to a growing structure—one that evolves with every generation. The structure may change form over time: a tower, a tree, a wall, a garden, a path, etc. Older pieces remain part of the build, past, present, and future held together in unity. *“We are each other’s harvest; we are each other’s business; we are each other’s magnitude and bond.* (Gwendolyn Brooks)”

Remember: each child chooses their own Lego block shape and size freely from a diverse set of Lego forms (slopes, arches, tiles, bricks, etc.). This symbolizes the sovereignty of the person — no one is assigned a role or mold. They will learn then that every person has a distinct form of being—some more structural, some more bridging, some more decorative, some foundational... but everyone is necessary to build a growthful society where everyone grows as a beloved brother and sister. Letting the students to select from a variety of shapes, sizes, and forms honors their personal sovereignty—their unrepeatable way of being. Some may choose foundation blocks, while others opt for arches, slopes, connectors, or ornaments. This teaches that everyone has a different social vocation: some support others, some bridge ideas, some beautify the world, some build up from below... *“Now there are varieties of gifts, but the same Spirit... and to each is given the manifestation of the Spirit for the common good. (1 Co 12:4, 7)”* All are necessary. None can be replaced.

Why is each Lego piece white, like a white canvas? Because they need to learn that every child starts from the same shared state of dignity: a blank, equal base. They are going to grown on as equal and dignified brothers and sisters. When the student draws, paints, or marks the piece with whichever dream they choose to grow best, this is the plasmation of their personal formation: the plasmation their own way to be in the society they are growing on, as they are becoming. They need to learn to grow to be themselves: *“If you’re always trying to be normal, you will never know how amazing you can be. (Maya Angelou)”*

Right now, this kind of *growthful building blocks* (Lego-brick-like) do not exist: a 100% recycled white Lego brick, Duplo-sized, designed to be painted on with permanent markers. So, a growthful building blocks brand can be created to allocate 100% of the profits as social profits, enabling the poorest schools to receive support for being able to articulate formative curricular options, with a special emphasis on an essential formative class: a Creative Citizenship formative curriculum class, which would also include a Social Arts club. The Goeiz Foundation can effectively manage these social profit funds so that they reach the schools that need them most, where students lack equal growth opportunities the most. Of course, this is compatible with the Goeiz Foundation’s mission: promoting a growthful culture for all, a society in which all can aspire to become the best

person they can be, growing together in communion as equal and dignified brothers and sisters.

Anyone who knows how Growthful Education works (I have explained this in other writings) will understand what this means: a formative curriculum is the school curriculum that focuses on the personal formation of students according to their own personal growth objectives (not according to lective objectives, like academic curriculum does). This curriculum fully integrates honoring personhood inherent dignity into the school educative system, so a meaningful learning can be achieved: in a growthful school, learning is not merely ordered to get grades but to learn in a way that what you are learning has an impact on your personal formation, so those lessons you learn in the academic curriculum become fully integrated into your personal growth objectives during the formative curriculum period, which also includes regular periodical integrative mentoring with glowers to assess how you keep learning to self-form as the best person you can be, so the students keeps remaining learning to self-determine their growth objectives as they grow on. Yes, the growth objectives of the students are meant to be as important as the teacher ´s lective objectives: in a growthful school system, students have the sacred right to require to be educated with an education that fully integrates their personal formation articulation, helping them to grow as they keep **learning by forming** as best person they can be, not merely getting the minimum grade required to pass each class.

Primary and Elementary School educational systems are focused on affirming growthfully all the personal formative fundamental skills according to each student ´s strengths, including the social and cognitive dimensions of human personal formation. Middle School and High School levels focus on self-determined, growthful personal formation, but this self-determination and growthfulness begins to be built upon the core formative skills learned at the Primary and Elementary School levels.

So, within a growthful educative system, a class of the formative period —like a Creative Citizenship (*Ciudadanía Creativa*) class would be— is a class in which students from several grades can interlock, and this may be elective formative workshops, an *essential* formative class that each student is asked to choose among given options (example: there can be a Creative Citizenship essential class, with one period focused in ecology, other period focused in multiculturalism, other period focused in civic politics and other in civic activism; the student can choose which one fits more his or her personal essence among the given options) or a required class (a *core formative class*); either a required core formative class for a specific student (depending on each student ´s FEP determined by each one along the glower, including if a particular student requires reinforcement in a specific formative grade standard; according to each student ´s formative needs, any

particular formative class or formative workshop can be articulated by the glower as part of his or her *core* formative curriculum in his or her FEP; if a student shows a need of corrective formative action towards not abusing animals, the Creative Citizenship formative class focused in ecology—that for others is an essential class, not a core class—, due to the particular formative needs of this student, the glower would articulate it in his or her FEP as a core class), or as a required core formative class to all students (like it happens with academic subjects, classes which are all needed to attend according to the grade level; this would be the case of Faith Education class in Christian Schools, it would be a core formative class required to all students according to the faith values the parents have all the right to be able to choose for their children being formed with).

Formative curriculum content fully honors the *essence* and particular formative needs of the personal subjectivity of the students: if each one is unique, why must it be assumed that they must all learn the same way, or that they must all fit into the exact curricular needs? It´s that the society we expect to build: citizens who must fit an assigned “socioeconomic profile”, only expected to follow the given “instructions” (eventually known as “laws”), only required and given resources for the bare minimum (in the same way eventually the welfare system will only provide the poorest only minimum to survive), without equal growth opportunities being offered to all, so everyone can grow best? A society's ends (los fines de una sociedad) as a whole begin with the means that schools shape within first (comienza con los medios por los cuales los ciudadanos más jóvenes son formados primero). Within a growthful educational system, students are not merely expected to meet a bunch of standards minimums; they are also expected to have personal dreams and growth objectives to achieve according to their own personal growthful cognitive assessment profile along each one´s FEP (Formative Educational Plan), whose progressive articulation is assessed and coordinated by the school glowers. Within a growthful educative system, all students are given equal resources to learn according to their personal learning styles, and can aspire to become the best. They are required not only to demonstrate grade-level minimum skills, but also to demonstrate progressive personal self-formation skills aimed at becoming the best person they can be in a self-determined manner, within a fraternal civic core of values and progressive, growthful core standards per grade (the word “core” is used because it comes from the word “cors”: schools are forming the heart of society as the provide these students the possibility of aspire to grow best). So, in a growthful school, each student requires a whole progressive personal formative assessment too, and it is as important as the academic assessment; both the formative curriculum and the academic curriculum are considered intrinsically educative. The academic curriculum and formative curriculum not only enrich each other; they affirm the student´s dignity inherently, and that is how you build a

growthful society of citizens who inherently affirm the dignity of all... exactly as it was done with them first: teaching to always keep growing on, glowing on, blooming on... No, they won't be able to eventually aspire to glow on and bloom on if they are not even allowed to grow on first, with the possibility to aspire to grow best in the first place to then be able to aspire to glow on and bloom on as the best person they can be. This is a fundamental principle of a growthful educator: never *block* the way of a child's *grow on*, a student's growthfulness must always keep *growing on*, so they can also keep glowing on and blooming on into the best person they can be, learning to enrich themselves and the whole society with their growthfulness first (not with their taxes first).

There you have the symbol of the Grow On movement: a growthful building block (a white Lego building block) hand-colored by children. But because Legos are not made of recycled materials, it's better to start a brand from scratch.

When all these sovereigns, uniquely shaped and uniquely expressed bricks, are joined in a collective structure, they see and learn that the community builds together: no two pieces repeat—not in form, not in design, not in symbolic meaning. That is building society, growing together in communion: a communion of uniqueness, a communion of unique gifts, freely given, freely received, giving the best that can be given because we also received first the best that could be given to grow as the best we can be.

So... now that you have learned how to build society together, we declare you graduated: we declare you prepared to *grow on*!

For Jesus Charity, this is a beautiful and whole social arts envisioning: building a growthful society is an art in which all children have a unique creative potential, if provided with a growthful education that honors their inherent dignity, fully integrating their personal formation as they learn not only *to do best* but also *to be best*. They are not merely seen according to numbers, but first and foremost according to who they are (their unique personal growth plans). Eventually, after receiving not only a free, appropriate, public, and universal education but a *dignifying education*, some of them will also become remarkable social artists, with careers that will directly impact personal formation on a broader social level... and so, a growthful society can keep growing on, glowing on, blooming on, more and more, each generation achieving more growthfulness, ever more...

This isn't just a build. It's a living, growthful pedagogy of personal sovereignty, teaching that how we choose to form as a person matters not only in how society is built, but also in how the next generation, those who come after us, will be able to build society too. This teaches both the amazement of unity, yet each one remaining unique, and also the joy of co-creating society as the best we can be, not through enforced conformity. Whatever you can

dream of as the best person you can be, it will also build the best society we can all be: you, and the next ones after you.

The same growthful social artwork that kindergarteners would do in their graduations can be done with the Elementary School (we declare you ready to glow on!), Middle School (we declare you ready to bloom on!), and High School (we declare you prepared to grow on, glow on, and bloom on!) graduations, although in their case the bricks would be brought ready to be built with (they would bring the growthful brick already painted and ready to be built) and they can discuss together before the graduation what kind of structure they plan to leave built as legacy, including the prior blocks. The blocks of previous generations can be constructed within a month before graduation, so at graduation, it would only be needed to uncover the already built structure, built with ALL the previous blocks, and then each graduate adds their growthful block. Knowing how creative dynamics work with older students, it could be appropriate to explain more specific "social building codes" according to their respective cognitive development. With each stage, fraternal codes can deepen, adding symbols of justice, empathy, and responsibility, while exploring how to develop policies, foster inclusion, honor the vulnerable, and reflect on how their own formation impacts future generations: how much growthfulness a generation can achieve with be directly influenced by how much growthfulness the generation before them was able to reach first.

Examples of "fraternal building codes" for these *growthful social artworks* can be:

-Making a "Lego war" is not allowed: throwing the Lego pieces against each other and making a "Lego Wars" game is not permitted. War can never be understood as a game, and you won't be able to build *anything that lasts for generations to come* in life if you do that.

-Each piece is unique as you: If a piece is missed, no other piece will be able to replace it. If you don't become the best person you can be, if you don't dare to dream about how to grow best, the whole society will be missing the gift only you can give. How a society can be built will always be influenced by who you are and who you choose to become. You are allowed to paint any dream you choose in whatever Lego piece you choose, as far as you dream it freely, fraternally, and growing best. It is required to be socially responsible with what you dream and paint in your piece: we don't allow anyone to waste their social creativity potential with non-fraternizing or non-growthful influencing.

-Respect the Form of Be of Others: Don't force someone to be what they're not. You must build with, not on top of, others. Everyone has the freedom to form themselves according to what each one determines is how they are called to grow best, as long as it is being done growing together in fraternal communion.

-Celebrate What Is There: If a piece is oddly shaped or hard to use, the group must find how it fits, because fraternity means honoring all gifts, even exceptional ones. You must build upon, not tear down, what came before. Society keeps progressing by honoring the ancestral legacy and adding new light to what has already been achieved and built growing together in communion.

Why are these growthful building blocks so powerful? Because students learn that they are valued for who they are and that the choices they make will always have an impact, both in the present and as a legacy. They are also powerful because these growthful bricks become memory preservation: a visual, tactile record of each child's unique creativity; because it builds social-emotional learning, building connection between years, generations, and classes; because this fraternal lesson creates continuity: alumni returning to visit years later could see their own brick still a part of the present growthful social art structure kept visible to anyone to see. *"Alone we can do so little; together we can do so much."* (Helen Keller)"

Their symbolic value of this social building project is priceless because it literally teaches that building social fraternal vinculation begins at schools: the school is constructed literally piece by piece, soul by soul, exactly as society is built one fraternal brick by other fraternal brick... and then the social structure becomes sacred, a monument to growth, diversity, and togetherness. Painted Lego bricks can last decades. This project offers a visual, lasting symbol of dignity and communal creativity, a lived experience of formation as freedom, and a civic memory that shows: to grow on, to glow on, to bloom on... are not just achievements, they are callings to build a better world, one growthful graduate at a time. *"The function of education is to teach one to think intensively and to think critically. Intelligence plus character—that is the goal of true education."* (Martin Luther King, Jr.)"

Each child is a unique building block of our beloved community. Their shape—formed by personality, family, culture, and interior depth—is not to be remolded to fit a narrow mold, but to be received, understood, and placed with purpose into the wider mosaic of society. Just like in a LEGO structure where each piece has its own place, our society becomes strong, vibrant, growthful, and durable only when each person's uniqueness is integrated with care.

This social creative project also has practical value: painted Lego bricks can last many years, especially if Sharpies or high-quality markers are used, they are handled with care, and they're stored or displayed with intentionality. However, beyond the practical value, the most important value is the civil one: students would see how celebrating growing milestones (like a graduation) will always require to build and be built socially as the best person you can be growing together in communion, as Jesus Charity and my family of

Heaven has done with me through my lifetime. What we are taught to become, we teach the world to be. As Jesus Charity teaches to teach, education is not a factory line: it is plenifying personal formation. It is a progressive growth process through which children, youth, and adults are invited to discover themselves not only as individuals, but also as members of a shared human project, rooted in place, time, and meaning: *“Education is the passport to the future, for tomorrow belongs to those who prepare for it today. (Malcolm X)”* Formation is not about brightness for the sake of competition. It’s about light that helps others see, a shared light. We don’t educate to produce towers of separation, nor do we build society for keeping the light for a few selected: we educate to build a culture that is a city of fraternal light, full of places where every student, every story, every calling has space to shine.

True education that builds a growthful society invites the heart and the hands, not just the mind. It invites students to feel their place in a community, to build something lasting with others. That’s why we are called to honor every child, not only those who excel by standard measures, but also those whose excellence is felt in ways beyond test scores or academic rubrics. As a growthful society where everyone can grow best, we are called to especially honor the sacred dignity of special education students, whose daily courage, patience, and creativity often illuminate deeper truths about human resilience and communion. Their inclusion in the “structure” is not optional: it is essential. They are not ‘extra pieces.’ They are cornerstones of a loving, inclusive, and truly educated society. *“You are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hidden. (Mt 5:14)”*

Yes, generations of the future: this letter has been addressed to you, sharing memories and creative projects that would have become lost as the civil death state keeps being more and more systemically enforced... I had to include a heading with all those who had allowed such systematicity, so the context of all these shared memories of this letter could be understood in the most fraternizing way to you, generations to come, so you may be able to learn the lessons that were not able to be learned on time to avoid all these personhood bloodsheds... I also included them because they all are part of the proper goodbyes that were pending to be said, and have now been told... finally, without anger against all those who have allowed all these atrocities during 40 years of systematic civil slavery. I accept that I am gone in peace, as I had always prayed for... I also accept that what had been denied now... will be possible for you, future generations: you will be able to build upon what Jesus Charity is giving you know, the possibility of aspire eventually to a civil fraternal growthfulness for all, especially for all the children, in the same way I have known and am being embraced by the lovefulness that comes from Him and of how my family of Heaven have formed me since my social conception. The cognitive foundation, His envisioning, is set for other generations to come.

I confess I will laugh—even if no one can see me— of whoever Secretary of Education is given the *most magical blow ever* by the Puerto Rican children whose guardians assume the civil duty of stopping the intergenerational systemic discrimination against all Puerto Rican Children... because, one day, a very fierce bunch of Puerto Rican Children will handle to whoever is the Secretary of Education a *fairy growthful brick blow*—a very *candid* card along glittered growthful bricks: “You will only be able to win our case with a fairy lawyer, but in case you get one, we let you know we also have *fairy growthful bricks* to blow you. Grow or blow, your choice. Happy defendant time!”— and then the Children of Puerto Rico will be the ones teaching those above how to handle their rights properly, *one fairy growthful brick at a time*. Yes, I will also laugh of whoever Puerto Rican Secretary of Education is properly forced to *grow or blow* the Department of Education. Ya que como quiera tienen que implosionarlo, como ya se ha explicado antes... hagan que lo implosionen con mucha *growthful dynamite*, niños. You have the fraternal right to grow dignifyingly, as the best person you can be growing together in communion, even if those fraternal rights are yet to be seen. Para ustedes, niños del futuro, el poder aprender siendo ustedes mismos y el elegir ser growthfully, creciendo como la mejor persona que puedan ser... no será misión imposible, sino *misión invencible*. Let the Government know what they weren't able to see, and what could have been seen way before, to avoid what has happened now: *grow or blow*. Really, I will laugh from wherever I see it happen, happy for all these shared memories that made it possible. I even recommend you to use plenty of glitter—because you will be able to shine incredibly brighter than all generations before you were able to—in those fairy growthful bricks you handle to whoever is needed *to be blown* so you can keep growing on, glowing on and blooming on... building together a more and more *loved nation*, one fairy growthful brick at a time. Jesus Charity is such an outstanding Loved Teacher, let Him form you and teach you how to be lovingly beloved, you will be amazed at how beautiful and heart-changing His lessons always are!

May the lesson that Jesus Charity has allowed with me to grow on, glow on, and bloom on as I was raised and taught by my family of Heaven... be also learned for generations to come: society won't ever become what children are not taught to do first nor formed to be first. Do you want to build a fraternal society where everyone grows best growing together in communion? Do you believe in a society in which everyone grows together in communion as equal and dignified brothers and sisters? Do you truly believe that every citizen is equal and has the right to develop into the best person they can be, growing in greater communion with one another? Well, don't teach kids in unequal schools without the resources they need to learn and progress to their full potential. Don't teach kids that mediocrity is acceptable as long as they have the minimum number to pass the grade. No, you need to have both the required grade skills and also learn them, as they help you grow

best. This allows you to form yourself more and more, becoming the best person you can be according to your own personal growth nature.

This is also forbidden to be forgotten, even if it didn't happened to me, nor has ever happened to Puerto Rican children due systematic cultural discrimination, economic segregation and denial of equal growth opportunities... but you, future generations, will be able to achieve more after the proper lessons required for this social progress can be finally learned equally and dignifying by all: Yes, we can grow best!

May you, beloved future generations, build upon what we've prepared for you: the possibility of grow on, glow on and bloom on as a society of fraternal liberty, founded on a dignifying personal formation, and shared communal joy and equal growth opportunities... for all the children to come.

May you, children of the future, jóvenes del mañana, *grow in peace...*

Fraternally yours,

VMG