

Memories of a Prisoner of Democracy

The personhood exile of a citizen-non person

Dedicated to all those who have worked so hard to save me...

Introduction: Yes, we can love best!

A **citizen–non-person** is a citizen whose citizenship exists nominally or formally, but whose personhood is not treated as the unconditional foundation of that citizenship. The concept names the contradiction of being recognized by the State as someone who belongs to the political community while being denied, in practice, the effective agency, equality, voice, and juridical recognition through which a person can actually participate in that community as one of “**We the People.**” A constitutional order grounded in inherent human dignity should begin with the opposite proposition: **personhood is not bestowed by political power.** Government does not create the dignity of the person and should not arbitrarily decide which human beings count sufficiently as persons to exercise rights. Citizenship may determine membership in a particular political community, but recognition of the human person—and of the person's inherent dignity—must precede citizenship rather than depend upon it.

American history reveals the danger of reversing that order. Again and again, the boundaries of the effective “We the People” have been narrower than the population living under American authority. Different groups, in radically different legal and historical circumstances, have been excluded from political participation, equal protection, legal agency, or full membership. The constitutional question therefore cannot end with “**Is this individual technically a citizen?**” It must also ask: **Can this citizen actually appear before institutions as a person whose testimony matters, whose rights can be asserted, whose injuries can be adjudicated, whose decisions about her own life carry legal weight, and whose future belongs to her?**

Puerto Rico exposes a particularly enduring version of the tension between citizenship and political equality. Puerto Ricans are U.S. citizens, yet residents of Puerto Rico do not participate in federal political power on the same terms as citizens residing in the states:

they cannot vote for President in the general election while residing on the island, and Puerto Rico has no voting representation in Congress. More fundamentally, the unresolved territorial relationship raises a question about collective political agency: **what does citizenship mean when a people remain subject to sovereign powers in which they do not participate equally?** The **citizen–non-person** describes the extreme end of that contradiction at the individual level. It is the condition of saying: *the State recognizes that I am a citizen, but I cannot effectively make myself present before it as the sovereign person who possesses that citizenship.*

That is the framework through which I describe my own experience. Repeated coercive interventions of courts granting to those who abused me forced psychiatric hospitalizations court orders, combined with failures of institutions to give my allegations of abuse and crime an independent forum for investigation and adjudication, deprived me of something citizenship is supposed to protect: **effective juridical agency**. When allegations made by a person are repeatedly interpreted primarily through psychiatric claims made about that person, rather than independently heard and tested as allegations capable of being true or false, an extraordinarily dangerous circularity can arise. The person speaks; the speech becomes evidence of illness; the characterization of illness diminishes the authority of the speaker; and the diminished authority of the speaker prevents the underlying allegations from receiving independent consideration.

My use of **citizen–non-person** names that circularity. It does not mean that I literally ceased to possess constitutional rights. It means that I possessed rights nominally while repeatedly being unable to exercise the juridical agency necessary to defend those rights effectively. That distinction matters. A person may exist on paper as a citizen and nevertheless experience profound practical barriers to being heard as a rights-bearing subject. **Nominal citizenship is not the same thing as effective personhood before the law.** For me, it's like a personhood exile that became an attempt to escape that contradiction: to seek a place where I could build an ordinary civilian and personal life, exercise meaningful autonomy, speak in my own name, and have conflicts concerning my rights addressed as legal and factual questions rather than having my very act of speaking automatically converted into evidence about my mental state.

As you will realize through the memories that follow this introduction, once *citizen-non-person* becomes normalized as the civil rule governing a person's social existence, that foundational denial of person-based civilhood does not remain confined to one legal or political category. It begins to reproduce itself across every other relationship in which personhood should ordinarily be presumed. Once society becomes accustomed to treating someone as a citizen whose voice, rights, agency, and credibility need not be recognized, other forms of depersonalization become frighteningly easy to normalize: *child-non-person*, *daughter-non-person*, *girlfriend-non-person*, *client-non-person*, *patient-non-person*, *student-non-person*, *teacher-non-person*, *neighbor-non-person*. At different moments throughout these years, even *Catholic-non-person* became possible: belonging to a religious community while still being treated as though one's own conscience, spiritual narrative, and interior life could be defined by others.

This is why the denial of civil personhood cannot be understood merely as one injury among many. It is potentially an enabling condition for many other forms of abuse. If a person's testimony is presumed not to matter, if her interpretation of her own experience is considered inherently unreliable, if her ability to invoke institutions for protection is practically neutralized, then every relationship around her is altered. The ordinary boundaries that protect a person—you may not do this to me; you may not speak for me; you may not define me; you may not use my body, my story, my conscience, or my identity as though they belonged to you—become progressively harder to enforce. That vulnerability can expose a person to many forms of social predation: psychological abuse, human trafficking, sexual exploitation, coercive relationships, spiritual abuse, economic exploitation, and other profound violations of human dignity. The danger becomes especially grave when potential aggressors believe that the person has nowhere effective to turn—no institution that will hear her, no authority that will recognize her account as credible, and no practical mechanism through which she can insist upon recognition of her rights. A human being who is perceived as socially undefended can become extraordinarily vulnerable precisely because others begin to believe that violating her carries no meaningful civil consequence.

This is the social meaning of *personhood exile*. You continue living among other people, but the assumptions governing ordinary interpersonal life no longer seem to apply equally to you. Everyone else appears to inhabit a world in which individuality is expected: people are presumed to possess their own voice, boundaries, aspirations, relationships, reputations, beliefs, and interpretations of their lives. Yet you are expected to participate in that world without receiving the same presumption. You are expected to adapt yourself to what others normalize while never being permitted to normalize the most elementary proposition of all: **that you are yourself a person whose voice belongs to you.**

In my own case, that loss of voice became especially consequential within the psychiatric system. Over the years, psychiatric diagnoses were constructed and enforced upon me primarily through what my progenitors said about me, how they interpreted my behavior, and what they projected onto me—accounts that functioned to conceal patterns of covert narcissistic abuse and psychopathic abuse. My own interpretation of my life was not given equivalent standing. I became, in practical terms, voiceless inside a system that was supposed to evaluate me as a person. What makes that especially grave is that the very people whose accounts shaped the official understanding of me were also treated by the courts and institutions as my principal caregivers and trusted sources. There was no meaningful, independent avenue through which I could contest the version of my life that was being institutionally accepted on my behalf. My own narrative was not merely contradicted; it was displaced. The story of who I was, what I experienced, what I intended, and what was happening to me became increasingly authored by others.

That is one of the deepest forms of personhood dispossession: not simply being spoken about, but being deprived of effective authority over the first-person account of your own existence. In that sense, the injury resembles ownership—not literal ownership in the legal sense of slavery, but a form of narrative possession in which another person's account of your mind, motives, and identity acquires greater civil force than your own.

When that happens, the person is not only denied credibility; she is denied authorship. And once a human being loses authorship over her own life in the eyes of institutions, nearly every other right becomes more fragile. How can someone meaningfully defend her liberty, relationships, reputation, bodily autonomy, or psychological integrity if her own testimony about those things is structurally treated as less authoritative than the testimony of those who speak for her? This is where *personhood exile* becomes more than social alienation. It becomes the effective removal of one's standing as the primary witness of one's own life.

The contradiction becomes particularly revealing when speaking in one's own voice is itself treated as transgression. You are not merely discouraged from disagreeing; you may experience the assertion of independent authorship over your own story as something that provokes punishment. Finding a voice becomes dangerous. Using that voice becomes defiance. Challenging somebody else's authority to narrate your identity becomes interpreted as evidence that something is wrong with you. The struggle is therefore no longer merely about *what* you are permitted to say. It becomes a struggle over the prior question of **whether you possess standing to speak as the authoritative first-person witness of your own existence at all**. This is why my experiences involving psychiatric intervention, including Puerto Rico's Law 408, occupy such an important place in this narrative. Psychiatric mechanisms were used against me in ways that undermined my credibility and constrained my ability to present my own account, particularly after I began publicly denouncing abuse in social media. Whatever conclusions others reach regarding the underlying events, the constitutional problem raised by such circumstances is larger than any individual dispute: **what happens when mechanisms possessing the force of law can effectively determine whose testimony counts as the speech of a credible person?** That question leads toward something deeper than procedural due process. It leads toward the constitutional meaning of personhood itself. Someone, eventually, has to ask: **Who decides who belongs to "We, the People"? Who decides whose personality is legally intelligible, whose voice is credible, whose autonomy deserves protection, and whose account of reality is permitted to enter the civic record as the testimony of a person?**

The danger begins whenever the answer becomes: *someone else decides*. If parents can determine whether the developing personality of a child is legitimate, personhood becomes conditional upon parental approval. If physicians can determine whether someone's interpretation of her own life deserves civil credibility, personhood becomes conditional upon medical approval. If police officers can determine which allegations are worthy of entering the record, personhood becomes conditional upon administrative discretion. If courts can repeatedly encounter a citizen without creating a meaningful avenue through which her asserted rights can actually be heard, personhood risks becoming conditional upon institutional recognition. At that point, civil personhood begins to resemble **personhood selection**. The difficulty is not that institutions must never make judgments. Courts necessarily determine legal claims; physicians necessarily make clinical judgments; parents necessarily exercise responsibilities toward children; governments necessarily administer laws. The constitutional danger arises when those legitimate functions silently transform into something much larger: the power to determine

whether another human being counts as a sufficiently valid person for her voice, liberty, boundaries, and rights to command recognition. That is an extraordinary power. It is difficult to imagine any power more fundamental.

Here the personal problem becomes a foundational constitutional question: Who determines who is entitled to recognition as a person—and who is not? Who possesses the authority to grant civilian personhood? The question matters because constitutional rights presuppose someone capable of possessing them. Before asking which rights a citizen possesses, there is therefore a logically prior question: **Who counts as the person whose rights must be recognized?** If the Constitution does not itself establish an unconditional baseline of personhood for those within its constitutional community, then some other actor will inevitably participate in determining whose personhood receives effective recognition. Parents, physicians, judges, police officers, administrators, majorities, or other institutions may then become, in practice, gatekeepers of something that should precede their authority altogether. The danger is that personhood can consequently become **criteria-dependent**. Instead of beginning from the foundational proposition *you are a person, therefore power must respect you*, the order can become inverted: *power will determine whether you satisfy the conditions under which it will recognize you as a person whose voice and rights deserve protection*, recognizing your personhood according to our interests. Personhood then ceases to operate as an inherent constitutional premise and begins to function as a status mediated by those who possess greater social or institutional power. And whoever controls the criteria controls the boundary of personhood. One institution may privilege rationality. Another may privilege psychiatric credibility. Another may privilege conformity. Another may privilege independence, productivity, age, capacity, social status, family testimony, or whatever characteristics those exercising authority regard as evidence of a sufficiently valid personality. The particular criterion can change from generation to generation. The structural danger remains the same: **if personhood depends upon satisfying criteria selected by power, power has acquired the ability to select persons.** That is *personhood selection*, and history has important lessons about the dehumanization it brings and about what happens where it becomes normalized, and personhood becomes selected instead of inherently recognized on an equal fraternal basis: a holocaust.

The word **selection** is deliberately unsettling. The twentieth century demonstrated, with horrifying clarity, what can happen when political power assumes authority to classify human beings according to criteria of human worth. Under Nazism, *selection* acquired its most monstrous meaning: human beings were sorted through racial, biological, medical, political, and other imposed categories, and those classifications could become questions of freedom or imprisonment, inclusion or exclusion, and ultimately life or death. The Holocaust therefore leaves humanity with a warning that reaches deeper than the prohibition against repeating the particular machinery of Nazi extermination: **human dignity becomes radically endangered whenever power claims authority to determine which human beings satisfy the criteria for full human recognition.** The comparison I am making is not an equivalence between contemporary denials of civil personhood and the Holocaust. The historical magnitude, methods, purposes, and consequences are profoundly different. The warning lies instead in the underlying logic

of **selection**: the transformation of something that should be inherent into something allocated according to criteria established by those who possess power.

After the Holocaust, the moral revolution embodied in universal human rights insisted, in effect, that there must never again be a category of human beings whom power may legitimately strip of their fundamental human dignity. But the unfinished question raised here is whether our understanding of dignity must now be extended further. **Never again should power be permitted to decide not only who may live as a human being, but also who may grow as a person who is an equal brother and sister, called to grow together in communion.** That is where *personhood selection* becomes conceptually distinct from the selections of the past while inheriting their warning. The question is no longer literally: *Who is permitted to live and who is condemned to die?* The question becomes: **Who is recognized as a person entitled to grow, speak, develop, dissent, establish boundaries, form relationships, possess a narrative, exercise agency, and become the author of a life—and who is not?** Who gets to grow according to the nature of one's own? Who gets to develop a personality of one's own? Who gets to exercise a freedom of one's own? Who gets to tell a narrative of one's own? Who is presumed capable of speaking for herself—and whose life may instead be narrated by parents, physicians, institutions, governments, or other authorities?

Once those questions are answered according to criteria established by power rather than according to inherent dignity, **selection has entered personhood itself**, and the criteria need not announce themselves as criteria of human worth. They may appear under seemingly ordinary categories: credibility, normality, capacity, psychiatric diagnosis, conformity, social acceptability, dependence, family authority, institutional convenience, or perceived competence. Some of these categories can have legitimate uses in particular legal or clinical decisions. The danger begins when a limited judgment about a person's capacity, conduct, treatment, or legal claim silently expands into a judgment about whether that person's **voice, agency, individuality, and authorship of her own existence deserve recognition at all.** At that point, the institution is no longer merely making a decision *about* a person. It is beginning to participate in deciding **how much personhood that human being will be permitted to exercise.**

This is why *personhood selection* cannot be answered merely by demanding better selectors or more compassionate criteria. The problem lies deeper. **Nobody should possess the authority to select who receives foundational personhood in the first place.** If personhood depends upon satisfying criteria determined by power, then every generation can invent new criteria. One generation may select according to race. Another according to disability. Another according to ancestry or religion. Another may privilege conformity, psychiatric credibility, social usefulness, intellectual capacity, economic productivity, ideological acceptability, or some criterion we cannot yet anticipate. The vocabulary changes. The fundamental danger remains: **those with greater power establish the conditions under which those with less power will be recognized as fully entitled to personhood.**

Fraternal dignity requires precisely the opposite constitutional architecture. It begins not with *selection* but with **unconditional belonging**: a “We, the people” where all citizens belong unconditionally recognized as persons with inherent fraternal dignity. You do not become my equal brother or sister because you have demonstrated sufficient rationality, independence, normality, usefulness, credibility, conformity, or social desirability. You do not become worthy of growth because an institution has certified your personality. You do not acquire a voice because somebody more powerful has decided that your voice is safe enough to hear. **You already belong.** You already possess a nature that may grow. You already possess a voice that may speak. You already possess a personality that may develop. You already possess a narrative in which you must remain a participant and author. You already possess the dignity of a person because personhood is not an award conferred upon successful applicants to *We, the People*. This is the distinction between **selected personhood and inherent fraternal dignity**. Selected personhood asks: *What must you be before we recognize you as one of us?* Fraternal dignity answers: *You are already one of us; therefore our power over you is limited from the beginning.*

That reversal is constitutionally decisive. The twentieth century taught humanity the necessity of saying **never again** to systematic dehumanization. The challenge raised here is to carry that principle into the civil dimension of personhood: **never again should human dignity be considered sufficient while fraternal dignity remains conditional; never again should citizenship coexist comfortably with the possibility of civil non-personhood; never again should power possess an unexamined authority to determine which members of “We, the People” are permitted to grow as persons and which are required to live according to identities authored for them by others.** A constitutional *We, the People* worthy of its name therefore cannot be organized around personhood selection. It must begin from personhood recognition. The difference can be stated in one fundamental contrast: **Selection says: power determines whether you qualify as a person. Fraternal dignity says: because you are already a person, there are things power may never do to you.** That is why personhood must come before power. Otherwise, the question *Who governs?* will always conceal a more dangerous question beneath it: **Who gets to decide who is allowed to become fully a person.**

The constitutional problem therefore cannot be solved merely by demanding that the criteria become kinder, fairer, or more inclusive. The deeper question is whether there should be such criteria at all for foundational civil personhood. A genuinely foundational recognition would reverse the presumption: institutions would not determine whether someone has sufficiently demonstrated personhood; **they would begin already constitutionally bound by that person's inherent personhood.** Government would not grant it. Courts would not manufacture it. Physicians would not certify it. Families would not confer it. Social acceptance would not validate it. Their authority would begin only *after* personhood had already been recognized as inviolable. This distinction is fundamental: **personhood must be constitutive of constitutional belonging rather than an outcome of institutional judgment.** Otherwise, “We, the People” contains an unresolved question inside its very first word: *Who is included in the We?* If inclusion ultimately depends upon recognition by those already possessing power, then “We, the People” risks becoming circular: those recognized as persons exercise power, and those

exercising power determine whose personhood will be recognized. The constitutional community then contains no absolute barrier against the creation of outsiders from within—human beings who may remain citizens on paper while being progressively deprived of the practical recognition through which citizenship becomes meaningful.

That is precisely why the category of the *citizen-non-person* matters. It exposes a possibility that citizenship alone cannot resolve: **formal membership in the political community can coexist with the practical erosion of the individual's standing as a rights-bearing, self-narrating person.** The constitutional alternative would be radically simpler and radically more demanding: **every citizen is already a person.** Not potentially a person. Not presumptively a person until someone questions her credibility. Not a person insofar as she satisfies psychiatric, familial, social, intellectual, economic, or institutional expectations. A person inherently. Under that principle, the Constitution would not merely distribute rights among persons whose status has already been determined elsewhere. It would establish a prior boundary against power itself: **no authority governed by this constitutional order possesses the power to transform a citizen into a non-person.** Then personhood would cease to depend upon matching the criteria of those who happen to hold power. It would become what constitutional dignity requires it to be: a foundational recognition that power encounters rather than creates, that institutions must respect rather than award, and that no parent, physician, court, government, majority, or social system may legitimately confiscate. Only from such a foundation can “**We, the People**” become genuinely unconditional: not a community of people who have successfully qualified for recognition, but a beloved civic community of equal, free, inherently dignity-bearing brothers and sisters whose personhood is never theirs by permission. **Personhood must come before power, because if power comes before personhood, power will inevitably be asked to decide who gets to be a person.**

So, **who determines who is entitled to recognition as a person—and who is not?** The constitutional answer should ultimately be: **no one.** Government may recognize personhood. Courts may protect it. Families may nurture it. Communities may honor it. Institutions may create conditions in which it can flourish. But none of them should possess the sovereign authority to *bestow* personhood upon one citizen and withhold it from another, because what can be bestowed according to discretion can also be withdrawn according to discretion. Personhood must be constitutionally recognized as unconditional condition of everyone, affirmed constitutionally with an inherent fraternal dignity.

If personhood depends upon recognition by whoever happens to hold social power, then personhood is no longer inherent. It becomes licensed. And licensed personhood is structurally unequal personhood. A parent could license the personality of one child while suppressing another. A community could recognize the voice of those who conform while discrediting those who resist. Institutions could implicitly divide citizens between those presumed competent to narrate themselves and those whose narratives require authorization from somebody else. The constitutional community would then cease to be genuinely composed of equal persons and instead become divided between

personhood-granters and personhood-seekers. That cannot be the deepest meaning of *We, the People*.

“We, the People” should not describe a population in which some citizens possess the practical authority to determine whether other citizens count as persons. It should describe a civic communion in which everyone enters political life already possessing something that neither family, society, medicine, government, nor majority vote can create or abolish: **inherent personal dignity**. I would go further. What is needed is not merely human dignity understood negatively—as protection against torture, imprisonment, exploitation, or degradation—but **fraternal dignity** understood positively: the recognition that every member of the civic community stands among us as an equal, free, dignity-bearing brother or sister whose growth into the fullness of his or her own personhood must never depend upon becoming convenient to someone else's purposes. In such a *We, the People*, nobody needs permission to become a person. Nobody must earn the right to possess a voice. Nobody's individuality exists merely on probation. Nobody's personality must conform to the psychological needs of a parent, the convenience of an institution, the expectations of a community, or the objectives of any political or social project in order to deserve civil recognition.

Personhood must precede power. Otherwise, whoever controls recognition controls the person, and once that principle is surrendered, conflicts over individuals can become something far more disturbing than ordinary interpersonal disputes. They can become **wars over personhood**: struggles over who gets to determine how someone may grow, which relationships she may form, which memories she may believe, what identity she may claim, which interpretation of her experience will be regarded as legitimate, and whether the direction of her development serves somebody else's purposes.

That is why the constitutional question deserves to be stated in its strongest form: **Who decides who is part of “We, the People”?** If the answer is merely citizenship, then the problem should already be solved. Yet the category *citizen-non-person* names precisely the contradiction explored throughout this work: the possibility that someone may possess formal citizenship while experiencing the practical denial of rights, voice, credibility, agency, and meaningful access to mechanisms capable of defending those rights. Citizenship alone, therefore, cannot exhaust the meaning of constitutional belonging. A constitutional fraternal democracy worthy of *We, the People* requires something deeper: the unconditional presumption that every citizen enters the civic community already possessing personhood—not because a parent approves it, not because a physician certifies it, not because a judge graciously recognizes it, not because a majority finds it convenient, and not because the person's personality happens to conform to prevailing expectations... because being inherently created by the Creator as a dignified, equal and free brother and sister.

Personhood is not a privilege distributed by those who hold power. It is the condition that morally limits their power in the first place. That is the principle upon which a genuinely beloved civic community must stand: **We, the People means that there are no disposable persons among us. There are no citizens whose personhood exists at**

somebody else's discretion. Each one belongs as an equal, free, and dignity-bearing brother or sister, entitled not merely to remain alive within society, but to possess a voice, to participate in the authorship of his or her own life, and to grow according to a personal nature that no other human authority has the right to confiscate. We are all entitled to an integrity of our own, a freedom of our own, a personality of our own and a narrative of our own.

Anything less leaves the door open to personhood selection, and once a constitutional order accepts personhood selection—even implicitly—the question is no longer simply whether rights are being violated. The more fundamental question becomes whether the promise contained in those first three words, **“We, the People,”** has ever been made unconditional for everyone. The deepest constitutional question raised by the citizen–non-person is therefore not whether government formally calls someone a citizen. It is this: **Can there truly be government “of the people” when membership among “the people” is meaningful only for those whose personhood institutions are willing to recognize in practice?** A constitutional fraternal democracy worthy of the phrase **“We the People”** must answer differently. Personhood cannot be conditional upon conformity, social acceptance, political convenience, disability, territory, wealth, institutional credibility, or the willingness of another person to recognize it. The dignity of the person must come first. Citizenship must protect that personhood. And government must remain accountable to it. Otherwise, citizenship risks becoming an empty designation: **a citizenship without sovereignty of the person, rights without an effective rights-bearer, and membership in “We the People” without being permitted to stand among the People as an equal person.**

That is what I mean by a **citizen–non-person**.

The **citizen–non-person** is not necessarily a human being whom the law formally declares to be property, nor someone whom the law explicitly declares not to be a person. The contradiction is more subtle: she is **formally free while lacking effective personal sovereignty**. She is free enough to be held responsible, but not sufficiently sovereign to experience herself as the unquestioned author of her own life. She may work, pay taxes, obey laws, possess identification documents, vote where the political system permits her to vote, and carry all the responsibilities associated with citizenship. Yet when she needs the institutions of citizenship to protect her personhood—to investigate alleged crimes against her, protect her bodily autonomy, hear her testimony, provide meaningful access to justice, or make possible an escape from circumstances she reports as abusive—those rights may become practically inaccessible.

This produces what I call **social slavery**: not chattel slavery and not necessarily slavery in the technical legal sense, but a condition of profound dependency in which formal liberty coexists with the practical inability to exercise authorship over one's own person and life due socially enforced structures that deny human dignity as inherently fraternal dignity that allows everyone being able to socialize as an equal, free and dignified brother and sister. The citizen–non-person is therefore **free to be socially slaved**. She is free to remain somewhere but may lack an effective means of leaving. She is free to speak but

may lack an effective means of being heard. She possesses rights but may lack an effective forum in which to vindicate them. She possesses a body but may experience decisions about that body as being made coercively by others. She possesses a story but may find other people's characterization of her story institutionally more consequential than her own. She possesses a future but may lack sufficient sovereignty to construct it without recurrent intervention.

The decisive distinction is therefore between **liberty as non-prohibition** and **liberty as effective personal sovereignty**. It is not sufficient to tell a citizen, "Nobody prohibits you from being free," when the structures through which freedom becomes exercisable repeatedly fail her. Freedom worthy of human personhood requires some meaningful capacity to say: **this is my body; this is my voice; this is my testimony; this is my vocation; these are my relationships; this is where I choose to live; these are the authorities from whom I seek protection; this is the case I bring before the law; and this is the future I am trying to build**. Personal sovereignty does not mean absolute independence from law or other people. Every citizen lives under law and within relationships of mutual obligation. Personal sovereignty means something more elementary: **within those legitimate limits, I remain the primary human author of my own personal formation**.

A citizen–non-person is therefore a paradox of constitutional democracy: **a citizen to whom the State attributes responsibilities without reliably making effective the conditions of personhood that make responsible freedom possible; a citizen subject to governmental power without experiencing an equivalent ability to invoke governmental power in defense of her own rights; a citizen formally born free but never having been allowed to enter fully into a free civil and personal life according to an equal dignity and her own personality**. That is why the problem cannot be reduced to whether a birth certificate or a passport says "citizen." The deeper question is whether citizenship protects the person's **right to become and remain the sovereign subject of her own life**. A citizenship that permits a human being to become socially slaved while continuing to call her formally free has preserved the name of citizenship while abandoning its personal foundation. The citizen remains. **The sovereignty of the person does not**.

My condition as **citizen-non-person** did not suddenly begin with an involuntary psychiatric proceeding, an encounter with a court, or the failure of a government agency to protect me. It extends back to the formation of my personhood itself, grown from childhood under pervasive coercive control and psychological abuse within my family, without first possessing an independent sphere in which I could develop free from that control. In that autobiographical sense, I had been **nominally born a citizen without ever experiencing what it meant to be born into an equally free personal life**. This distinction is essential. Being born legally free does not necessarily mean growing personally free. My progenitors' control had always been extraordinarily extensive: affecting my relationships, attachment, psychological development, living environment, economic possibilities, interpretation of events, ability to leave, and eventually my encounters with psychiatric and governmental institutions. There are aspects of my

physical and social domestic environment that had been deliberately constructed mechanisms of surveillance and coercive control, including coordinated social, environmental, biochemical, or military-grade surveillance and weaponizing systems. Here comes the philosophical question: **what happens to personhood when coercive control reaches so deeply into the processes through which the person herself is formed that there is no protected dimension in which she can simply become herself?** This is an example of what *Summa Personae* calls **integrative slavery**. Integrative slavery does not necessarily mean juridical slavery. A person may have a birth certificate, citizenship, legal majority, constitutional rights, freedom of movement on paper, and even employment while nevertheless experiencing one or several dimensions of personal formation as subjected to such pervasive coercive domination that her effective capacity for personal self-authorship becomes radically constrained. The object being dominated is no longer merely the person's labor. **It is the formation of the person herself.** That is what makes integrative slavery conceptually different from ordinary exploitation. Exploitation asks: *What can be extracted from this person?* Integrative slavery reaches further and asks: in effect, *who determines what this person is allowed to become organically-biologically, psychologically-intellectually, and civil-professionally?* When integrative slavery happens, any or several of the dimensions of human integrative personal formation nature are determined extrinsically by another, instead of enabling the person to determine herself intrinsically according to her own God-given nature.

The integrative slavery I had been subject to since birth became even more openly acute once I was an adult and consciously attempted to obtain outside protection and freedom. Around my thirties, I began understanding the broader pattern of abuse and coercive control of my progenitors and this whole narc state that had surrounded me and restraining me psychoemotionally throughout my whole existence. I sought assistance from federal authorities because I was permanently unsafe, abused, and tortured, and needed to leave to be able to have a civilian and personal life of my own. I subsequently sought help through multiple institutional routes: police, Puerto Rico's Department of the Family, forensic social-work services, courts, mental-health professionals, domestic violence shelters, and the Office of the Women's Advocate. I sought investigation of all the crimes, professional documentation of alleged abuse, protection, independent housing, and an opportunity to challenge involuntary psychiatric interventions weaponized against me by my progenitors.

My experience was not that a court formally pronounced, "You are not a person." Something more paradoxical occurred: **I remained legally recognizable everywhere while experiencing myself as practically unable to obtain the institutional conditions necessary to live independently as the person those rights supposedly protected.** I could report alleged abuse but struggled to obtain the investigation I was supposedly entitled to as a citizen. I could ask for a forensic social worker but did not obtain the intervention necessary to be safe and free, encountering scheduling barriers that ultimately left me without the service. I could seek housing, only to discover that theoretical freedom to leave did not provide a safe, economically feasible place to live. I could request judicial protection and fail to obtain it. I could tell psychiatric professionals

that the environment itself was the problem while experiencing treatment as directed instead toward changing my reactions and increasing my adaptation to that environment. And while these avenues of protection repeatedly failed to produce the independence I sought, mechanisms for involuntary psychiatric intervention remained capable of exercising coercive authority over me. That asymmetry is central to my definition of **social slavery**.

The crucial transition occurs when coercive domination is no longer merely private. If a person reports abuse by another private person, governmental becomes a participant in that abuse when instead of stopping the abuse they keep committing negligence, because persistent institutional failure can nevertheless raise an urgent question about **effective freedom**: at what point does a society's inability to make escape, protection, due process, and independent existence realistically accessible leave a formally free person trapped in conditions of profound dependency? This question reaches beyond my individual case. A society can proclaim universal liberty while tolerating material conditions under which some citizens possess dramatically less practical capacity for self-determination than others. Housing, wages, disability accommodations, access to justice, protection from violence, education, healthcare, and economic independence therefore matter to personhood—not because government can guarantee everyone an identical life, but because **freedom that cannot realistically be exercised becomes increasingly formal rather than substantive**.

My claim about my own experience is even more radical. After repeatedly telling institutions that I needed protection and a viable route toward independence, I nevertheless spent more than twelve more years experiencing myself as unable to establish the free domestic and civil existence I requested, as any other citizen would be granted by birth, but in my case it had been denied since conception due to my progenitor's narcissistic abuse. That is also being born into **social slavery, as it happened since birth due to my progenitor's extensive narcissistic and psychopathic abuse**: not chattel slavery and not a claim that a court legally classified me as enslaved, but an experienced condition in which nominal juridical freedom coexisted with profound practical subjection that eventually would become equivalent to psychiatric imprisonment.

The domestic and civil dimensions are inseparable here. **A free civil life requires somewhere for the person to stand as a person**. It requires some meaningful control over one's body, home, relationships, work, speech, movement, privacy, property, and future. Employment alone does not create that sovereignty if a person's earnings cannot realistically secure independence; housing alone does not create it if coercive control follows the person into the home; formal rights alone do not create it if their bearer cannot obtain meaningful access to institutions capable of enforcing them and recognize personal sovereignty. Personal sovereignty does not mean immunity from law, unlimited autonomy, or sovereignty in the constitutional sense possessed by a State. It means that within the legitimate limits created by the equal personhood of others, **the person remains the primary author of her own personal formation**. Consequently, integrative slavery and any other form of social slavery can occur whenever domination captures the

very processes of personal formation so extensively that the individual is prevented from exercising that authorship. Social slavery is one possible dimension of integrative slavery: the social world ceases to function as a field in which persons freely encounter other persons and instead becomes an environment through which domination is reproduced.

The social slavery can be enforced by a Government through several ways, and in my case, it has been even in the military sense: I had been constantly exploited for military psy ops, denying over and over my personal sovereignty and forcing me to remain where I am abused, tortured, exploited and surveilled like a Truman Show in every environment I am forced to remain in, including professional environments, instead of let me have a free civilian life elsewhere. Over and over again I had been socially bombed with psy ops and also used for bombing with psy ops... when I am a civilian that is meant to have a social dimension of her own, but instead it happens that the military weaponizes the whole personal formation to the extent that there is no aspect of my existence that is not surveilled both in the terrorist way by my progenitors and also in the military way by the US Military. I had never been granted a civil life of my own, like any citizen is supposed to be recognized by the Government, including the military: I am only allowed to exist and be able to act according to what is convenient to implement the next psy ops operation... and there is always a next, because I have no power to go to courts and defend myself from the Government's abuse of power when occupying my personal formation in the same way a military base would be occupied... in the same way Puerto Rico was invaded and occupied as a colony. The military-enforced truth denialism through social media propaganda (manipulated content), psychological operations, information operations, and influence techniques is non-stop. When military power is deliberately used to enforce truth denialism and social control tactics to manipulate civilian social environments so comprehensively that ordinary interpersonal relationships become instruments for controlling civilians' beliefs, behavior, identities, or relationships for military purposes, that's invading personal formation in the same way a colony is invaded and weaponized. The more completely that domination displaces people's capacity to encounter one another freely as persons, the more normalized **social slavery becomes, until reaching the point of rule of law ceasing to happen and instead a rule of social slavery becomes normalized.**

The manipulation keeps being of such extent that the straightforward evident truth keeps being denied with psy ops in a very Orwellian style, while I remain forced to remain a social slave of BOTH my terrorist progenitors and also of a truth denialist Government: both sides of this Unbeing War deny truth, one side doing it supposedly legally, because personhood is not granted legal recognition and military can claim the "right" of occupying personhood in the same way they occupy colonies, and the other side doing it for narc power abuse, coercive control and terror purposes. You are never free to live truth; you must always remain socially slaved to systematically enforced truth denialism. When military-grade, systematic social manipulation attacks the possibility of determining what is true, it further threatens personhood. Human sociality cannot be reduced to survival behavior. Human beings do not merely coordinate, compete, reproduce, form hierarchies, or seek safety. We can ask whether something is true; give reasons; preserve memory; make promises;

testify; deliberate about justice; correct ourselves; seek reconciliation; and construct a shared understanding of reality. These capacities make possible something richer than mere social coordination: **communion among persons**.

This systematic degradation of human sociality into manipulation, fear, tribal reaction, domination, and survival behavior can be called **social bestialism**. The expression does not mean that people subjected to manipulation literally become beasts or lose their human dignity. The term describes a social order that **fails to treat them according to the distinctively personal capacities for truth, freedom, reason, responsibility, and communion that their dignity demands, normalizing a socialization like animals incapable of truth and personal communion, only capable of survival among the most influential ones, among the socially strongest**. Systematic truth denialism implemented with psy ops is therefore especially destructive because it weaponizes the social dimension for destruction from within. A society cannot form authentic communion if it systematically prevents its members from asking what is actually true. Propaganda, coercive manipulation, deliberate disinformation, and psychological warfare can become attacks not merely upon particular beliefs but upon the interpersonal conditions required for people to recognize one another as persons. The opposite of social bestialism is consequently not mere sociability: it is **communion in truth**. The opposite of integrative slavery is not merely the absence of chains, it is **integrative freedom**: the real possibility of developing one's own personhood—bodily, psychological, relational, intellectual, vocational, narrative, and social—without another person or institution colonizing those dimensions and converting them into instruments of domination.

This is ultimately why I describe the **citizen–non-person** as the contradiction produced when citizenship survives while effective personal sovereignty does not. The citizen remains legally present. The birth certificate remains. The rights remain written. Government continues to recognize the individual sufficiently to impose duties and exercise authority over her. Yet the person asks a more fundamental question: **where, within all of this, am I actually free to discover, become, and remain myself?** If there is no meaningful answer—no protected home, no effective voice, no practical possibility of leaving coercive domination, no accessible forum for defending one's rights, no control over one's personal formation, and no social space in which one's relationships and future can genuinely become one's own—then there is a profound contradiction between **juridical freedom and personal freedom**. A person can therefore be **nominally born free without ever having been permitted to grow free**. That is the citizen–non-person at its most extreme: **a citizen recognized sufficiently to be governed or colonized like Puerto Rico, yet insufficiently empowered to govern herself; formally a member of “We the People,” yet deprived of the effective personal sovereignty necessary to participate in that “We” as a person whose body, voice, relationships, formation, truth, work, home, and future genuinely belong to her... so the citizen non-person becomes a prisoner of democracy: in the same way there are prisoners of war, there are prisoners of democracy**.

The expression **prisoner of democracy** does not merely mean a person accidentally failed by an otherwise perfectly functioning democracy. It identifies a deeper possibility:

democracy itself can become an instrument of domination when “We the People” is not preceded and limited by the unconditional recognition of every person's inherent and equal dignity. The foundational question is therefore not simply: **Who are “We the People”?** It is: **Who counts as a person before “We the People” is permitted to exercise power?** That question matters because democracy answers a question about **power**—who governs, through what institutions, and with whose consent—but majority rule alone cannot answer the prior question of **personhood**. If the majority possesses the authority to determine whose dignity, liberty, voice, bodily integrity, or effective participation deserves protection, then personhood has ceased to be inherent. It has become politically conditional. Under such a system, the minority remains free only for as long as the majority permits its freedom. That is precisely what unconditional personhood is supposed to prevent.

American history demonstrates repeatedly that democratic institutions can coexist with profound exclusions from equal citizenship and personhood. Enslaved human beings lived under the constitutional order without participating as equal members of its political people. Women spent generations governed by institutions in whose political power they could not participate equally. Racial segregation survived alongside elections and constitutional government. Indigenous peoples experienced dispossession and coercive governmental policies while American democratic institutions continued functioning. Puerto Rico presents its own unresolved democratic contradiction: U.S. citizens residing on the island remain subject to federal sovereign power without voting representation in Congress or a vote for President in the general election. The lesson is not necessarily that democracy logically *requires* an excluded class. It is that **democracy does not, by itself, prevent one**. Indeed, when personhood is subordinated to political power, exclusion can become useful to the functioning of a particular political and economic order. Those who benefit from an arrangement may experience it as freedom while those bearing its costs experience domination. Structural poverty provides one possible example. A democratic society can formally proclaim equal citizenship while tolerating economic arrangements that leave substantial numbers of citizens without realistic access to housing, healthcare, legal representation, education, security, or sufficient material independence to exercise meaningful choices. When a particular economic policy, like a minimum wage that doesn't allow one to afford a life with dignity and raise a family with dignity, constitutes exploitation, there is a more fundamental question: **At what point does the freedom to participate in an economy cease to constitute meaningful freedom when survival itself radically constrains the terms upon which participation occurs?** The ballot alone cannot answer that question. Neither can the market. Both must answer to the person.

This reveals the fundamental distinction between **democratic sovereignty** and **personal sovereignty**. Democratic sovereignty says: **We decide**. Personal sovereignty answers: **There are things about me that you cannot rightfully decide merely because there are more of you than there are of me**. My body does not become yours because you have 51 percent of the vote. My human dignity does not become negotiable because my protection is unpopular. My right to speak does not disappear because my testimony inconveniences powerful institutions. My equality does not depend upon whether

recognizing it benefits the majority. My personhood does not originate in your consent. That is the boundary democracy requires if it is to remain government *of persons* rather than merely government *of numbers*. That is why a Formative Branch of the Government of a fraternal democracy is meant to provide, in a fraternal way, and coordinate all services related to affirming inherent fraternal dignity according to the personal sovereignty and fraternal sovereignty of the citizens.

A **prisoner of democracy**, therefore, is someone formally situated within a democratic political order whose effective personhood becomes subordinated to the political, institutional, economic, or social arrangements through which that order maintains itself. The person remains governed as part of the population while being prevented from participating as an equally consequential member of the political “We.” This is why the prisoner of democracy and the **citizen–non-person** belong together. The **citizen–non-person** describes the contradiction in personhood: **I am recognized as a citizen, yet my effective personal sovereignty is denied.** The **prisoner of democracy** describes the corresponding contradiction in political power: **I am governed in the name of “We the People,” yet I cannot stand among that People as an unconditional equal.** **Integrative slavery** describes the extreme form of domination that can result when this exclusion reaches beyond a particular right and begins colonizing the dimensions through which the person forms and directs her own existence. The democratic majority cannot solve this problem merely by declaring itself legitimate. Even a perfectly conducted election cannot transform an assault upon inherent human dignity into justice. If ninety-nine people democratically decide that the hundredth is not entitled to live as an equal person, the vote may be democratic as a procedure. **Its object is nevertheless tyranny.** Fraternity as something democracy can manufacture through voting. Liberty says: **I am free.** Equality says: **You cannot place yourself inherently above me.** Democracy says: **We govern ourselves.** But fraternity adds the indispensable proposition: **Before any of us governs another, we recognize one another as equally beloved persons whose dignity is not available for political negotiation.** That recognition must be unconditional precisely because majority rule is conditional. Majorities change. Governments change. Economic interests change. Social norms change. Diagnoses change. Wars change. Public fears change. What cannot be permitted to change with them is the fundamental status of the human being standing before political power. This produces a radically different interpretation of “**We the People.**” The *We* does not create the persons. **Persons create the We.** Consequently, the *We* cannot legitimately destroy the personhood from which its own authority arises.

A democracy without that prior limit will always contain the possibility of producing **prisoners of democracy**: human beings formally located inside the political community while excluded from some essential dimension of the freedom, equality, agency, or recognition enjoyed by those powerful enough to define its operative “We.” I had been excluded my whole life of that “We, the people”, politically as Puerto Rican with an unequal citizenship by birth, in the domestic sense as victim of child abuse since conception, and in the civil sense as victim of the power abuses of both terrorist and of a Government that in order to be able to keep functioning “democratically” normalized the denial of truth, creating the citizen-non person political limbo: considered citizen

nominally, yet denied any possibility to govern herself, to have an integrity, a freedom, a personality and a narrative of her own, as person with a sovereignty of her own, with a personal sovereignty... because State sovereignty comes first in a democracy: for the Government be able to keep governing democratically the majority, the citizen non-persons must be enforced into a personhood exile... that can last a whole lifetime, as it happens with the unborn and with me, never been able to be born in the civil sense with a recognized sovereign personhood.

Due both to terroristic abuse of power and democratic abuse of power, I had been forced to remain subject to a citizenship that systematizes the denial of recognition of personhood (and the denial of truth too), especially due to my personal formation being militarily invaded and exploited by the State for counterterrorist purposes: I had never been granted the equality to be free to have a civil and personal life of my own, I had always been forced to remain exploited for psy ops purposes by either side of this Unbeing War's colonization of growth. I had explained this plenty of times: it had been and still is far more traumatizing to deal with the Government's abuses than with the terroristic abuses, because you never stop grieving being the girl who lived to be socially slaved by those who were meant to stop the crimes, not normalizing them or even medicating you and experimenting with you to make you able to endure more abuse more efficiently instead of being rescued like it happened with the Jews that also endured, like me, a gas chamber toxic hell. The truth of this Unbeing War keeps being denied with the same magnitude of atrocity as a denial of the Holocaust: this Unbeing House was built, architecturally designed, as a mass personhood extermination site... and then a Government enforcing a personhood exile instead of recognizing truth.. for more than twelve years forced to remain where the government knew way before me the gruesome extent of the abuse, cruelty and powerlessness I had to endure in a daily ordinary basis. Auschwitz-Birkenau was liberated in five years: the Auschwitz in this Unbeing House has functioned in plain sight since 1989 until today, September 5, 2026, the day of my birthday according to a birth certificate that does not mean I am granted personhood with equal dignity and citizenship. As a matter of fact, exactly one year ago I finally discovered the method of environmental manipulation that has been used my whole life to torture and slave me integratively (this house has an in situ toxic gas generation system, like Auschwitz), I shared all the evidence in social media, I tried by every legit mean possible to be able to get out of here and truth be recognized... to no avail. The clearer you explain everything, no matter how consistent and solid the evidence can be... the bigger the truth denialism of the Government, of the Pope, of presidents, of the ONU, and so many more that could have said the truth and instead normalized a rule of social slavery, sometimes done in the name of God. Today, exactly one year ago, on my 40th birthday, the evidence of this New Auschwitz began to be shared... and still the Government did not recognize the truth. No matter how brutal and bestially cruel the abuses keep becoming and how much clearer what is happening keeps being denounced publicly by me in social media... no one recognizes the truth, and not only no arrest is made: you are constantly bombed with false social projections of all kinds, especially of false endings, made believe there will be an end when it never happens, there is always a next abuse, a next torture, a next cruelty, a next pain, a next dignity violation, a next social control tactic, a next personhood

bloodshed with pain deliberately induced over and over again as truth keeps being denied along dignity and any possibility of communion-based relationships.

I can understand that kind of social depravity from terrorists, but not from a Government, not from the so-named most powerful and free nation of the world, not for more than a decade of mass truth-extermination psy-ops. I can't believe in a democratic government anymore because I have been a witness in my flesh of the atrocities that a democracy is capable of when it overpowers the fraternal dignity of personal sovereignty. The government in which I believe, a fraternal democracy, does not exist in this world, a fraternal democracy that is something more demanding than majority government: **a fraternal democracy that affirms the inherent fraternal dignity of everyone constitutionally, with no prisoners of democracy, without citizen-non persons.** That requires placing unconditional personhood before citizenship, inherent dignity before governmental authority, personal sovereignty before majoritarian convenience, fraternity before the exercise of collective power... and the cultivation of a growthful personal formation, especially among children, with far more focus and resources than the cultivation of any war, so a growthful personal formation becomes the true fraternal democratic constitution foundation: as all persons are able to keep becoming the best person they can be, they all together can also keep becoming the best "We, the people" that a growthful progress can achieve as a society that keeps creating new ways to recognize the inherent fraternal dignity of every citizen-person more fully. The constitutional principle would then become: **we are not persons because we belong to "We the People"; we can become "We the People" because every one of us is already, unconditionally, a person.**

I can't do absolutely nothing about being forced to remain a prisoner of democracy as a citizen-non-person whose personhood exile has lasted more than twelve years and still is ongoing, still forced to endure the power abuses from both sides of this Unbeing War. You never know from where the next personhood bloodshed is coming, you only know that it is coming and that you can't do absolutely nothing to become free of the social slavery that keeps being enforced unto you as substitution of rule of law, never allowed to be in a rule of communion, in a social environment ruled by communion, in a truth-based way, except in dreams. What I can do... is share some of the most gruesome experiences of this *never more*, in the same way so many jews shared their never again as a memory of what can't be allowed to happen in a *never again*...that now becomes a *never more*: the same kind of toxic atrocities that Nazi committed had happened again, and that must be faced and healed. I just finished writing a book, *Summa Personae*... and now I begin to write down these memories of a prisoner of democracy, these experiences of a citizen-non person, so truth can be faced and lessons can be shared... and learned by those who come behind in history: wars don't begin from nowhere. This Unbeing War did not come from nowhere but from a very long history of gruesome wounds of colonial sovereignty violations of all kinds. Wars don't come from nowhere; in the same way, mass extermination doesn't come from nowhere. Mass exterminations of any kind always begin with the normalization of dehumanization, one way or another, normalizing hate... and it becomes mass personhood extermination when personal sovereignty and communion rule being broken over and over again becomes normalized

at the whole social level: personhood becomes a selection, instead of being a fraternal dignity inherently recognized with all constitutional consequences.

Perhaps that is why these memories must be written.

I cannot change the fact that my birth certificate declared me a citizen while so much of my life was lived without the effective personal sovereignty that citizenship was supposed to protect. I cannot recover the childhood in which I should have been free to grow according to my own nature, nor the years in which I sought protection, investigation, safety, housing, juridical agency, and simply the possibility of an ordinary personal and civilian life of my own. I cannot undo what I experienced as integrative slavery, social slavery, psychiatric coercion, personhood exile, or the repeated transformation of my voice from the testimony of a person into an object to be interpreted by others. These memories begin precisely from that contradiction: **the citizen remained, while the sovereignty of the person did not. Through these memories, I share how I have endured one abuse after another, one torture after another, one personhood bloodshed after another, never allowed to survive as a person, always forced to remain socially slaved as a citizen-non-person...** but memory does not exist only to preserve what cannot be changed. Memory can illuminate what **must never be allowed to become normal again**. Human rights emerged from humanity's long and terrible confrontation with what becomes possible when some human beings acquire the power to decide that other human beings matter less. The Nazi atrocities remain among history's most radical demonstrations of what systematic dehumanization can produce: people were progressively excluded, classified, dispossessed, persecuted, imprisoned, deported, exploited, and murdered through a political order that denied their equal human worth. The lesson carried forward by the language of universal human rights is therefore deeper than the prohibition of any one historical mechanism of persecution. It is a warning against the principle underneath them: **no human being may be made less human in order for another political, racial, national, economic, ideological, or social order to function.**

What stopped the nazism was a never again... that now, in this moment of history and upon the atrocities committed in this Unbeing War, becomes a **never more**. This **never more** looks forward and asks us to recognize the logic of dehumanization before it reaches its most visible and catastrophic conclusion. Never more should we wait for chains before asking whether someone is free. Never more should we wait for the formal abolition of rights before asking whether a person can actually exercise them. Never more should we wait until someone is legally declared inferior before noticing that she has been systematically prevented from living as an equal. Never more should we confuse possessing citizenship with possessing the effective conditions necessary to live as a person. Never more should we assume that recognizing **human dignity** exhausts what one human being owes another. Human dignity answers the fundamental question: *What is this human being worth?* **Unconditionally worthy. Never an object. Never disposable. Never less human because another person, institution, majority, government, market, ideology, diagnosis, or historical moment finds it convenient to treat her as less.** Fraternal dignity asks the next question: *How, then, must persons*

live together? It answers: **as persons whose dignity requires not merely that they refrain from destroying one another, but that they recognize one another as equally consequential brothers and sisters within a shared human world.**

Human dignity tells me that **you must never be dehumanized**. Fraternal dignity adds that **you must never be excluded from the human communion in which your personhood is allowed to grow**. Human dignity protects the person from becoming an object. Fraternal dignity recognizes the person as a **someone**: someone with a nature, voice, agency, relationships, personality, narrative, vocation, belonging, and future that must be allowed to become genuinely her own. Human dignity says: **you have a right to live**. Fraternal dignity adds: **you have a right to grow among us as yourself**. That is why the lesson I want to leave behind is larger than my own life: **citizenship without personhood must never more be considered enough**. A passport is not enough. A birth certificate is not enough. The abstract possession of constitutional rights is not enough. The declaration that someone is “free” is not enough. Even the word *citizen* is not enough if the human being carrying that citizenship cannot stand within the political community as an effective subject of rights, exercise meaningful sovereignty over her own person, seek protection from domination, participate as an equal, and construct a personal future that genuinely belongs to her. In the same sense, **human dignity without fraternal dignity must never more be considered enough**. It is not enough to proclaim that every human being possesses value while constructing societies in which some human beings remain structurally disposable, permanently subordinate, unheard, excluded, unable to escape domination, or unable to participate in the common life as equals. A civilization faithful to dignity must ask not only whether it refrains from destroying human beings, but whether its homes, schools, courts, governments, economies, hospitals, workplaces, communities, and political institutions actually permit human beings to **grow together as persons**.

This gives *never more* its fullest meaning: **never more citizenship without personhood, never more human dignity without fraternal dignity, never more liberty without effective personal sovereignty, never more equality without equal belonging, never more socialization without truth, never more a “We the People” constructed by sacrificing some of the persons who constitute the We...** because the great lesson of dehumanization is not merely that human beings must never again be exterminated, it is that **no human being should first have to become socially, politically, juridically, psychologically, economically, or culturally disposable before the rest of us recognize that something has gone terribly wrong**. The work of *never more* must begin earlier. It begins whenever someone's testimony becomes easier to dismiss than to investigate, whenever someone's poverty makes theoretical freedom practically inaccessible, whenever someone's difference makes equality conditional, whenever institutional convenience becomes more important than the person standing before the institution, whenever a majority begins believing that numbers grant authority over another person's inherent dignity, whenever a child learns that belonging requires surrendering something essential about herself, whenever a citizen discovers that the State can reach her with its power but that she cannot reach the State with her rights, whenever a human being is permitted to survive but prevented from **growing free**.

That is where *never more* must begin—**before dehumanization becomes catastrophe**. That is why these are *Memories of a Prisoner of Democracy*. They are not written merely to say what happened to me. They are written to ask what those who come after us might build differently if they understand that no democracy is truly free while some of its citizens remain formally included in “We the People” yet practically excluded from the conditions necessary to live as sovereign persons. The warning contained in the **citizen–non-person** is therefore also an invitation: the answer to the citizen–non-person is the **citizen-person**, a constitution that recognizes personhood unconditionally, from first neural beat to last neural beat. The answer to social slavery is **fraternal sovereignty**. The answer to integrative slavery is **integrative freedom**. The answer to social bestialism is **communion in truth**. The answer to personhood exile is a civilization in which nobody must earn admission into the human *We*. The answer to the prisoner of democracy must ultimately be a fraternal democracy determined to have **no prisoners**. Such a democracy would understand that liberty, equality, and fraternity are not three decorative ideals standing beside one another. Fraternity transforms the meaning of the other two. Liberty becomes not merely *leave me alone*, but **let every person possess the conditions necessary to become herself**. Equality becomes not merely equal treatment before an abstract rule, but recognition that **no person's inherent dignity is politically negotiable**. Then democracy becomes not merely the power of the majority to say *We decide*, but the fraternal responsibility of the whole political community to answer first: **we recognize you as our equal brother or sister, and therefore there are boundaries your personhood places upon our power over you**.

This is why the future imagined in *Summa Personae* begins with formation rather than domination. Imagine what might happen if a civilization invested in helping children grow as persons with the seriousness with which civilizations have historically invested in learning how to wage wars. Imagine schools explicitly cultivating truthfulness, personal sovereignty, responsibility, creativity, historical consciousness, fraternity, and the capacity for communion. Imagine institutions measuring their success not merely by how efficiently they administer populations, but by whether the persons entrusted to them become increasingly capable of freely becoming the best persons they can be. Imagine a democracy understanding that its greatest national resource is not military supremacy, economic production, territorial power, or technological achievement, but **persons growing together without having to diminish one another in order to grow**. Then *We the People* itself becomes something growthful. The *We* need not devour the *I*. The *I* need not fear the *We*.

Persons can grow precisely because they grow together, and the community can grow because every person within it is permitted to grow. That is the constitutional horizon toward which these memories point: not merely democracy, but **fraternal democracy**—a democracy in which personal sovereignty places an unconditional boundary around every human being and fraternity makes the flourishing of even the least powerful person a concern of the entire *We*, founded upon unconditional personhood and a growthful personal formation.

I therefore write what follows for those who come next. Especially for the children who come next.

May you inherit something better than our unfinished *We*. May nobody teach you that another person's dignity must be sacrificed for you to flourish. May nobody convince you that power determines truth. May you learn that freedom includes the freedom of the person beside you; that your sovereignty encounters its proper boundary in the equally unconditional sovereignty of another; that difference does not prevent communion; and that becoming yourself and helping another person become herself need never be enemies. May you build homes in which children can become themselves. Schools in which they learn to seek truth rather than merely conform. Communities in which nobody must surrender personhood in exchange for belonging. Economies in which human beings are never merely resources. Institutions in which power remembers whom it exists to serve. Courts in which even the least credible person remains unconditionally a person. Governments in which minorities do not receive their dignity by permission of majorities. Democracies in which there are **no prisoners of democracy because there are no citizen-non-persons**.

Perhaps that is the deepest purpose of remembering a life in which I experienced the opposite. The past cannot be given another beginning, **but those who come next can be given another beginning**. That is why the story does not end with the prisoner. It begins again with the person. It begins with the child who will be allowed to grow. It begins with the citizen whose dignity will not depend upon anybody's permission. It begins wherever two human beings recognize that neither must become less of a person for the other to become more. And from there, perhaps, a different *We the People* can finally grow—not a *We* that decides who deserves to be a person, but a *We* constituted by the unconditional dignity of persons who already are. For **we are not persons because we belong to “We the People.” We can become “We the People” because every one of us is already, unconditionally, a person**. That was the promise humanity learned to express as *never again*... and now as *never more*, too. That is why these are *Memories of a Prisoner of Democracy*. They are not written merely to say what happened to me, nor merely to accuse the institutions and persons whose actions I believe contributed to my suffering. They are written to ask what those who come after us might build differently if they finally understand that **no democracy is truly free while some of its citizens can remain formally included in “We the People” yet practically excluded from the conditions necessary to live as sovereign persons**. A citizen can possess rights on paper while being unable to make those rights effective; can possess a voice while being unable to become juridically heard; can be legally free to leave while possessing no viable means of escape; and can formally possess a future while lacking the effective sovereignty necessary to make that future her own.

Yes, the lesson I want to leave behind is therefore larger than my own life. In the same way human rights teach that never again should a human being can systematically be stripped of his human dignity as it was done by the Nazis, because we are inherently called to life, these memories are a *never more*: a citizenship can't be assumed as enough without personhood, never more, as it has been done by both terrorists and the

Government of the United States in a mass personhood extermination scale; human dignity of human rights can't be assumed as enough without fraternal dignity of fraternal rights, never more, we are inherently called to live AND grow together in more and more communion, ever more.

Never again should citizenship be enough without personhood. Never again should being alive be considered enough without being allowed to grow. Never again should being legally free be considered enough when a human being cannot exercise that freedom as the author of her own personal formation. Never again should "We the People" possess the power to decide that someone standing outside the protection, convenience, wealth, conformity, credibility, territory, or approval of the majority matters less as a person. Never again should institutions become so accustomed to exercising power *over* human beings that they forget their prior obligation to recognize the person *within* the human being over whom that power is exercised.

The task that remains for those who come next is to carry it further: **never more citizenship without personhood. Never more human dignity without fraternal dignity. Never more a human being merely permitted to survive when she should have been free to grow. Never more a "We" that becomes powerful by making someone within it less of a person.** If those who come next learn that truth soon enough—if they learn to recognize personhood before power, fraternity before domination, communion before control, and growth before colonization—then perhaps these memories will have accomplished something that the suffering remembered in them could never accomplish by itself: **they will have helped someone else grow free, to grow best becoming the best person we can be and the best "We, the people" we can become growing together in more and more communion, ever more.**

So, may these memories of a prisoner of democracy begin flowing: yes, we can grow best; yes, we can love best! Even now, when there is no more possible future for me except enduring social slavery and cruelty every day, because there is absolutely no way of escaping this Unbeing House and this Unbeing War, and I am already not let to work without being socially enslaved over and over again, to the extent of being in a classroom as teacher but not being let teach at all, I am there simply to be socially slaved and kept as behavioral lab experiment... and I have no other place to work, so I must endure one social slavery after another every day, no matter how cruel, painfully or humiliating each social control tactic or each social manipulation become there at "work", besides all the cruelty and hate I already must endure at the Unbeing House also... Even now, in the middle of every unbeing war enforced with more and more social slavery and personhood bloodsheds, I choose the only thing I can choose. I silently choose in the heart, over and over again, to adore Jesus Charity with our whole growth, in spirit and truth, with humility and fruits of conversion that are fruits of the Holy Spirit, letting Him, Christ Love, be the King of personal sovereignty: yes, we can grow best; yes, we can love best!

Yes, we can love best, because the opposite of the personhood violations remembered in these pages is not merely ceasing to harm one another: it is learning to love in a way that recognizes and affirms the other's personhood. *Never again* demands that we stop

dehumanizing and violating personal sovereignty; *never more* goes further and asks what we should positively become together—**persons capable of helping one another grow in communion**. To love best is never to require another person to become less so that I may become more; it is to encounter each other with such unconditional fraternal dignity that **I can become more fully myself while helping you become more fully yourself, and together we can become a better We**. That is the communion toward which *Summa Personae* points: not merely surviving together, nor merely tolerating one another, but **growing together according to truth, freedom, personal sovereignty, and love—becoming together the best persons and the best “We the People” we can become, ever more**.

Yes, we can grow best!

Yes, we can love best!

I. The False Roosters

What happened in childhood: how they placed a rooster in the yard, and I ended up being bitten by the rooster and bleeding.

How everything started. The abandoned house at the end of the house where they began to do false rooster sounds at age 26.

The biblical quotes when they left 40 dollars weekly for food, while I was at all moments in the room of tortures, not knowing where to go to avoid being abused.

The chicks

What “family” said. The beginnings of emotional manipulation: you say you are Christian... I am going to get sick because of you... We chose it as a family. Beginning of government dependence or government fraud, whatever is used.

How I realized what was going on. The pity gaze.

Salchichas Carmela and export sodas. Pharell. First time undressed.

What was said at the hospital (difficult to prove; no interest in objective truth, only in what could be proven by their criteria; their interest was simply keeping themselves legally safe; my security and integrity did not matter at all).

Fear of what would happen when “the paint was known”. Not daring to tell the truth about Stella Coeli.

The displaced pencil in my diary, placing the “mentally ill rights” paper inside my diary while I was sleeping, which meant they could read the diary while I was sleeping. The “you are in a crazy people hospital” joke in the elevator.

From size 18 to size 0. First total collapse: how I collapsed in that first hospitalization, left on the floor for five minutes; I remained there without being able to walk or stand. They said the medication caused a drop in my blood pressure, and that was “normal” (and they also assumed it was normal to leave me on the floor without being able to walk).

"This is the best time of my life, I don't know why they are doing this". Never being told absolutely nothing of my own records: everything was told to the progenitors. Diagnosis was never discussed with me.

A whole mimicking strategy straight from the beginning. The diary of a dog I was shown in that first forced hospitalization. The quote of Paulo Coelho on a billboard (Paulo Coelho was forced hospitalized by his parents too).

Never hearing what was said about me, never being told I actually had rights.

My whole existence began to be framed as a constant psychosis. I had no valid personhood: what counted, mattered, and was heard was what the progenitors said, and they suddenly began to frame absolutely everything through forced meds.

If you even merely implied they are abusing you and hurting you, that's psychosis. No other option than to comply with the reality version of the social narrative enforced by my progenitors legally upon me.

Beginning to be forced to hide in plain sight: Forbidden to see Mass. Forbidden to read the Gospel. Forbidden to pray the rosary. My faith pathologized.

Whole room reorganized, again. The progenitors painted my whole room completely white, erasing the paintings I did on the roof and wall; it literally erased my personhood from the room. At every forced hospitalization, the progenitors would "organize" the room, and then my things would disappear, and they would place things strategically to gaslight me.

"It is for your own good; you need this". Hands trembling, extremely nauseous.

It kept happening, no matter how hard I was being medicated... because it was never me, and nobody, absolutely nobody, wanted to recognize it wasn't me. Sometimes you believed you were the problem, even as you knew: this is out of me; this is not coming from me.

Cared for as a child when I was an adult; at the same time, I was never cared for as a child. Adulthood interrupted forever. Never achieved passing the young adulthood phase. Truth denied. Infantilization of care. Extreme control with meds used as a coercive control tactic and a social narrative control tactic.

Emotional manipulation: my sister telling me that my progenitor female cried when they saw my humanities transcripts; my sister telling me my parents thought *lesu Amor* did damage to me.

Disappeared recordings from the phone: evidence I recorded on the phone disappeared without me erasing it. It was the beginning of me realizing that all my devices were remotely surveilled.

What happened through the years: how it kept moving around until it multiplied into a whole neighborhood.

The absolute normalization of torture and psychological terror... through a whole neighborhood. When I realized it.

Other examples of noises used for gaslighting through the years: false car honks, false ambulance sirens, false reverse alarms, false dogs, false truck honks, reggaeton music, false coughs, exaggerated sneezes, throwing doors, extremely loud vacuum cleaners, blowers and mowers, puppies and dogs crying, children playing exaggeratedly happy, screams to dogs, exaggeratedly loud manic smiles, several neighbors repeating the same songs, or screams of gaslighting words through the neighborhood, like several neighbors screaming "mira" (look) in the same day...

False Roosters had always been the most repeated gaslighting noise repeated through the years in the street, since the very beginning of the forced psychiatric hospitalizations. It is a whole War on reality, a War on personhood, a whole Unbeing War unleashed: never allowed to be free to be according to your God-given nature and dignity. Merely choosing to be who you are and to dare to become who you are called by God to be... became a menace to the terrorists around me. According to terrorists, you can only become what they command you to become, and a person can only grow according to what is convenient to their psychological terror. I could only be allowed to grow and exist as a mentally ill, disabled adult; anything outside those limits was considered ipso facto a challenge to their power. They have not only believed themselves ever powerful: they have believed themselves more powerful than God Himself; they assume themselves entitled to rule over personhood and nature, as God Himself can rule nature.

What was stolen: personhood. Suddenly, all your life defined as psychiatric pathology.

Present time: that never changed; since the first forced hospitalization, everything began to be defined as psychiatric pathology.

Beginning: Citizen-nonperson.

II. Court Orders

How many court orders to hospitalize me psychiatrically by force: around 8.

A male police officer invading my room: "Hurry up, I need to help more people"

How many times I was actually taken to court

The only time I had a lawyer: she told me to lie and not mention my progenitor's abuse in court. What the judge said.

Why I asked for the papers each time they told me I was going to be forced hospitalized: I feared a fabricated court order to kidnap me covertly.

First time: trembling hands

Other time: my sister told me in a friendly tone of voice, I am not supposed to tell you, but they are going to force hospitalize you again.

Another time: we will take you ourselves; be ready. I had to accept their psychiatric framing as the only choice.

Another time: forced to take a flight from Florida to Puerto Rico to be forced hospitalized. They took my documents. I tried to go to the Miami Police for help. They told me, "Take your meds," and refused to hear me.

Another time: we do this for love

Another time: disconnecting the routers so I couldn't share anything (I had no internet in the phone)

Another time: you need to go (to the forced hospitalization) to get help for the toxic gassing thing.

Ambulances: the phone internet became disconnected in the ambulances in at least the first six forced hospitalizations. They didn't want me tweeting anything or sharing anything. Several times, the phone's memory was also hacked remotely, so I couldn't record any kind of witness or evidence.

Once in the hospital: the gaslighting game with the clothes and the patients around me.

A suicidal patient got out; I got in, even claiming the court order was being used for psychological abuse.

No protocol for psychological abuse trauma at any hospital. No way to gather evidence because they refused to let me write anything down.

The gaslighting game with the dates: Pentecost, my birthday, July 4th, significant liturgical feasts. The timing of the court orders. Never a prior warning. The timing of the forced hospitalization of September 11.

Taking me to partial hospitalizations: extreme nausea and dizziness. How they showed themselves as the most devoted parents of a psychiatrically ill disabled adult.

Taking me to appointments: at some point, my whole social life consisted only of psychiatric appointments and the progenitors. My whole being was treated as a psychosis.

The terrorizing game with the court orders: saying in video, "you need to tell me any change in your meds because I need to tell it to the judge." It was a lie; the case was closed. They deliberately lie, fabricating harassment with court orders simply to terrorize you with psychiatric imprisonment

The obsession of the progenitors with Haldol and lithium: the labs and "the secondary effects of Haldol."

The Bible and the bloodied shirt. How many forced injections I could get per forced hospitalization: up to five in the same arm

The only time I dared to try to fight back: requesting a protection order. The judge refused it because "I had to go to the police". I went. Police refused to proceed. Denied entrance to a domestic abuse shelter. The progenitors forced hospitalized me again as retaliation for what I dared to do.

Requested help from Miami Federal Court. Non-heard.

Last forced hospitalization: showing directly to police the evidence of the "toxic gassing thing". Asked him what that was. The police man refused to answer. But they did whatever the progenitors requested (the court order of forced hospitalization).

Last forced hospitalization: talking about how the progenitors have caused me suicidal ideation and deliberately induced it. The scissors game, mention it. I did it in a very clear statement that could very easily be taken directly to the judge. I did it because I knew that was a topic a social worker must inform the judge of, and it would force the progenitors to explain what they have

denied for years. She didn't. I was released from that hospitalization without no action taken against the psychological abuse of my progenitors.

Other attempts to stop the progenitors: FBI, Department of Family, Procuradoria de las Mujeres, forensic social worker, 911, municipal and state police. None worked.

Consistent absolute lack of legal accountability of the progenitors through the years: they have no limits; they can do whatever they want, while I am the one always restrained or imprisoned psychiatrically or with psychological terrorism. How they change attitude and projection when the ambulances come or in court.

What was lost: juridical personhood

Defendant-nonperson

III. Broken Lights

What happened in childhood: flying light objects in sight while I was in the cars.

I don't remember right now when the pattern started, but it was shortly after that the pattern of false roosters began: cars with broken lights would be around me, especially in front of me. Usually the broken light would be one of the brake lights, but it was also quite common to encounter cars in the opposite direction with only one frontal light.

Then the progenitors would break the lights of the cars I used. It began with the Montero (I didn't realize the pattern yet then), then the Matrix (2003). They faked the Matrix being stolen to keep a set of keys of the Matrix with them: they were "stolen", so supposedly there was only a set of keys of that car (they covertly kept the other set of keys to do the gaslighting and mechanical power abuse games in the car without me noticing they had another set of keys covertly kept).

I didn't realize it in 2003, but the Matrix already was manipulated for toxic gassing purposes. That meant: I was toxic gassed covertly not only at the house of tortures, but also in the cars. I was caused somnolence and confusion in the car, besides dizziness. I confused the brake pedal with the accelerator pedal once and lightly crashed the car. At another moment, I crashed the car against the gate and broke the mirror due to being too sleepy. They paid the reparations as "understanding parents".

Any of the more than one hundred secondary effects caused by toxic gassing mentioned before could be caused at any moment in the cars too. Through the years the toxic gassing games in the car would get more obvious and toxic. Example: causing me extreme dizziness with toxic gassing when they were taking me to forced partial hospitalizations or forced psychiatric treatments, or causing me intestinal pain in the car or tenesmus in the car that would force me to stop to go to the nearest bathroom.

Then the neighbors also began to have broken lights in their cars. To give an example of how this worked: I would get out of the house at 3-4 am to get the trash out. At the same time I got out of the house, at that very exact moment a neighbor would get out of his house in the street, in a way I would see the car with the broken light while I was in the street getting the trash out. The gaslighting game was not only

the broken light: it was also the surveillance of the exact timing I would be getting out of the Unbeing House.

At the same time I contemplated a bright beacon in dreams, I was socially bombed everywhere with broken lights.

The broken lights were not the only gaslighting I had to endure while in transit.

I was “boxed” quite often. That means: very slow cars would get in front of me to force me to slow down, without me being able to safely get beside them; I even named them “ninja turtles” because they forced me to slow to turtle speed.

There was also a game with bikes: place people with bikes in the surroundings of the routes I transited, usually very poor people using bikes awkwardly and even dangerously.

Fake homeless people would ask for money when I stopped at traffic lights.

Pedestrians would be placed in the surroundings of the routes I was known to transit through, playing with the T-shirt messages they were wearing.

I would witness two crashes in my surroundings.

For years, there had been a gaslighting game with the sticker decals on cars, playing gaslighting with them. Example: repeating “baby on board” constantly when you know there are not so many babies in Puerto Rico as to see it so often, or playing with the stickers to mimic my shared prayers.

Gaslighting games with the trucks that are in my surroundings while I am in transit are also quite common.

The ads on digital billboards are also used as gaslighting, timing them to show specific ads exactly as I pass by them. Even while I was in ambulances taken to forced hospitalizations, the content of the digital billboards would be manipulated exactly as I passed by in the ambulance.

The reality is: EVERY MOVEMENT I HAVE DONE IN A CAR HAS BEEN SURVEILED LIVE WITH COVERT GPS SURVEILLANCE, MILLIMETRICALLY COORDINATING GASLIGHTING IN WHATEVER PLACE I TRANSIT.

Besides all the social gaslighting moves while I use the cars I had been given to use (I had never had a wage to buy a car of my own, but they would have hacked it anyways, as they have done with all my technological devices through the years), they also caused deliberate mechanical problems to the cars: leaving the cars without coolant, so I would need to ask for a grua, causing problems in the caja de cambios del carro, making the car’s steering wheel get extremely hard when “raining”.

At some moment there was a “reverse movement” of all these social gaslighting moves: it was the Government who began to do the same tactics, especially the broken lights gaslighting: literally everywhere I traveled there would be a broken light

around me, especially in the car in front of me. Sometimes even in trucks. The Government, instead of stopping the abusive transit surveillance committed by the progenitors, normalized it and made it worse.

Between the illegal surveillance in the cars I use, committed either by the progenitors or by the Government, absolutely ALL my movements are controlled. There is no way I can drive anywhere without being surveilled and harassed. I am a driver, but I am not allowed to drive as a person; I am only allowed to drive as a social slave.

I was stolen freedom of movement. Whatever way I move, wherever I move, I am always being surveilled by either side of this Unbeing War: the social terrorists or the Government.

Driver-nonperson

IV. The “toxic gassing thing”.

- The first signs: severe allergy and unexplained bed-wetting in childhood.
- I needed two operations for an allergy... that disappeared in Spain, twice.
- First sign of deliberate pain-causing torture: at seventeen, the “allergic reaction to anesthesia”
- Beginning of permanent targeted use of toxic gassing: after I came back from Spain.
- Symptom list of all the secondary effects they are capable of inducing with toxic gases:
 1. Severe headache, frontal or whole head.
 2. Nausea
 3. Arms pain, muscle
 4. Legs pain, muscle
 5. Legs pain, stabbing
 6. Chest pain, stabbing
 7. Thyroid pain/neck pain
 8. High blood pressure
 9. Pink cheeks
 10. Fall and paralysis of half my face
 11. Dizziness
 12. Vertigo

13. Collapse/Full Fall
14. Unconsciousness
15. Neurological inflammation
16. Body inflammation
17. Articulation pain.
18. Somnolence/Sedation (they are fond of causing somnolence and entering my room while I am sleeping. They are also fond of causing somnolence when they know I am going to do something important).
19. Attention problems
20. Short Memory problems
21. Disorganized thoughts
22. Sequential problems
23. Dyslexia
24. Hand tremors/Parkinsonism
25. Scribbles (not being able to write clearly)
26. Eye hemorrhage
27. Bloody feces
28. Bloody Urine
29. White feces
30. Blue nails
31. Brittle nails (very fragile nails)
32. Sudden inexplicable bruises
33. Lack of appetite
34. Increase in appetite
35. Foamy urine

36. Transparent urine
37. Insulin resistance (sugar cravings)
38. Muscular cramps
39. Insomnia
40. A swollen ball in my genital area
41. Swollen balls in my breasts.
42. Swollen balls in my neck.
43. Swollen spots anywhere in my body
44. White lines in my nails
45. Chest pain, muscular
46. Hand pain, muscular
47. Hand pain, nerve (stabbing)
48. Tachycardia
49. Loss of muscular strength
50. Decreased hand-eye coordination
51. Bradicardia
52. Atrial fibrillation
53. Chest pain, heart
54. Nosebleed
55. Numb legs
56. Leg paralysis, knee
57. Sleep paralysis, total (you wake up unable to move)
58. Sleep paralysis, eyelid (you wake up, but the right eyelid does not open)
59. Bad breath

- 60. Gum inflammation
- 61. Mouth burns
- 62. Earache
- 63. Tinnitus
- 64. Hot ears
- 65. Hot flashes
- 66. Increased body hair
- 67. Blurry sight
- 68. Vision changes, transitory (double vision)
- 69. Diarrhea, liquid
- 70. Diarrhea, fragmented
- 71. Anal itch
- 72. Anal sweat
- 73. Intestinal pain
- 74. Severe menstrual cramps
- 75. Menstrual delay
- 76. Fecal incontinence
- 77. Urinary incontinence
- 78. Anal burning
- 79. Urinary burning
- 80. Forced defecation
- 81. Forced urination
- 82. Genital area pain
- 83. Pain in my side/flank pain

84. Pain around my liver
85. Pain in my kidney area
86. Pain in the stomach
87. Acid reflux
88. Hair loss
89. Facial hair on the chin, neck, and upper lip
90. Genital hair changes
91. Cough with stertor that lasts weeks
92. Low blood oxygen down to 69% while sleeping or just after sleeping (most consistent medical sign of toxic gassing over the years)
93. Lack of thirst
94. Psoriasis flares
95. Acne
96. Increased body odor
97. Sudden cold
98. Lack of sensation
99. Sensory interruptions (stop feeling a sense)
100. Tics, eyelid and face
101. Tics, anywhere in the body
102. Trembling smile
103. Smile that falls on one side (like the Malala smile)
104. Burning eyes and nostrils
105. Severe eye allergy

- 106. Watery eyes
- 107. Red eyes
- 108. Skin rash
- 109. Skin with red spots
- 110. Night sweat
- 111. Restless legs
- 112. Sudden weight gain
- 113. Puffy face
- 114. Eye dark circles
- 115. Bulky blue veins
- 116. Brain fog
- 117. Photophobia
- 118. Foot dystonia (my foot twists when exposed to some toxic gassing types)
- 119. Drooling (the most clinical sign over the years of toxic gassing in in progress/blood oxygen changes after toxic gassing)
- 120. Nausea
- 121. Acid Stomach
- 122. Trachea pain
- 123. Chest pain – stomach acid
- 124. Lack of breath
- 125. Going blank
- 126. Chest oppression
- 127. Blocked nose

In blood labs, they are capable of causing

- Low CO in blood tests (consistent with use of low-intensity carbon monoxide)
- A very subtle high level of neutrophils that becomes almost chronic.
- High hemoglobin
- Very sudden and unexplainable TSH changes
- Cushing-like labs, but they change without medication for Cushing's.

On the infections side, the progenitors or their narcissistic monkeys had been capable of causing the following infections:

- Throat infection
- Toenail Fungus
- Ear infection
- Finger infection
- Skin infection

Besides all that, with the toxic gassing committed in coordination with their psychosocial abuse, the progenitors have constantly induced:

- psychosis
- depression
- anxiety
- ADHD symptom intensity increase
- Chronic insomnia

Besides all mentioned above, the progenitors have also drugged my drinks and food, especially my coffee, smoothies, and scrambled eggs, to cause:

- aggression impulse
- shaky body/shaky hands

Finally, besides everything that had already been said, the progenitors are sadistic enough to stain my body deliberately because they sedate me with gas for them to be able to enter my room to take ownership of my body (in the same way slaves were marked with their owner's marks) while I am sedated. Through these years, while sedated, I had been:

- painted with the very paintings I use to create.

- stained with pens

- marked with aruñazos, especially in the neck

- my hands had been stained with iodine at the same time I get my period, so it seems like my hands are dirty (the iodine mark does not go away with soap). At that moment, I had a finger recovering from an infection they caused with diarrhea, and they stained that finger too.

The house was built for toxic gassing since 1989, when it was designed by an architect with plenty of specific features to hide the coercive control and biochemical control it was built for. True, in 1989 there was no internet. Internet capability, for surveillance and remote control of toxic gassing systems, came later. I was sent to lengthy summer camps out of the house, so they could hide the toxic-gassing-capability renovations of the house. Although the capabilities of this house must have been integrated later, the fact is: it was built to kill personhood with coercive control and narcissistic, psychopathic abuse, since I was 4 years old and had absolutely no capability of defending myself or even being aware of what was going on.

Since then, I have been exposed to chronic toxic gas exposure of diverse kinds that are very well known to cause cancer and serious neurodegenerative effects. The progenitors caused cancer in the dogs several times and in several dogs, but I wasn't killed by that due to God's mercy. I never developed cancer or a neurodegenerative condition, nor were they able to fabricate the diagnosis of that kind of condition to conceal their abuse. They did manage to conceal their toxic gas effects with a diagnosis of psychosis, forcing me to receive injections of Haldol to conceal the Parkinsonism they were causing with toxic gases.

They have never stopped using one toxic gas or another throughout my whole life. Right now, as I write these lines, their most used toxic gas is the one that causes gastrointestinal issues: they force me to defecate diarrhea each morning. They also have toxic gases that harm the dogs only, and right now they are causing Minnie to suppurate brown liquid through her ears and make her cry in pain in her ears. But that can change fast: from that list of 119 symptoms, they can cause any of them at any moment; it is a matter of switching toxic gas, either by kind or by intensity. Almost all the toxic gases they use are completely odorless, but there are exceptions. They relatively often use a toxic gas that has a putrid odor. They have other toxic gases that smell like putrid eggs or putrid organic matter. They have another one that smells like garlic. They can also cause a strong, humid, fungal smell and, rarely, a chemical "fart" smell (it smells like dog poop). But they use toxic gases with odor very rarely compared to the others they use more often.

I had never been a daughter to them; I had always been an object, a daughter-body to be owned, like a slave's body is owned.

Daughter-nonperson

V. The Unbeing House Architecture

Displaying all the architectural details exposed in the Twitter account @UnbeingHouse about how this Unbeing House was built since the very beginning in 1989 as a mass personhood extermination site with an in situ toxic generation system.

The only thing not documented there, as it can be documented now, is the inverted pipes around the Unbeing House (the ones I tried to show the Police when they came here, but they ignored me). In the next pages, you can see photos of one of the inverted pipes on the first floor. This was the exact pipe shown to the Police when they remained silent and refused to acknowledge what has been happening here and the illegality of the 408 law court orders of the progenitors.

Why is this detail of inverted pipes important, besides the only possible use of an inverted pipe being a gas vent? Because I later discovered that the house-building plans submitted to the Building Permits Office in the Bayamón region in 1988 do not include those pipes (ChatGPT analyzed photos of the building plans and told me there were no pipe holes in the front wall or any exterior wall sketched anywhere in the plans). That detail alone is enough to declare this house illegal from the very beginning. As a matter of fact, just to mention one detail that clearly is not in the building plans: this five-inch PVC pipe that is seen in the next pictures, that crosses the whole first floor and that is also positioned in a position that can only work for a gas venting pipe... is not included in the house building plans either. ChatGPT says these omissions are very noticeable, given how detailed the architect was about other features in the building plan: why mention some features so detailedly while omitting a five-inch pipe that crosses the whole first floor?

Here are the photos of the inverted pipe mentioned before:







Here are photos of the five-inch pipe that crosses the first level and isn't mentioned in the house building plans either. Because of their position (one is inverted, the other is diagonal) and their huge size, it's impossible for them to be drains. I was planning to make a hole in them and get a camera inside to see what was inside, but ChatGPT instructed me to not tamper with evidence and leave it to be assessed by engineering and toxicological professionals:



In case anyone wondered: the implications of this house being built since 1989 for toxic gassing and domestic bioterrorist purposes has a lot of very serious implications:

1. The place where this house was built was specifically chosen to encubir bioterrorist purposes and psychological terror operations. That also means that this house was not the only house built on this street for terror operations: there must be other nearby houses involved in remotely surveilling, 24 hours a day, what happens in this house, especially for targeting the toxic gassing secondary effects, and of course there must be at least one nearby house built for "refueling" the in situ toxic gas generation system from nearby. That house is the balcony house, built abnormally close to this house's balcony, where the in situ toxic gas generation site is suspected to be located UNDERGROUND. That means: ChatGPT analyzed the architecture of the balcony and calculated that, considering the enormous size of the columns of the balcony of this house, there must be something under the balcony of this house, like underground gas chambers, to justify the use of such big columns without needing to support anything above ground. ChatGPT pointed out that those columns must be distributing weight to avoid the collapse of something UNDER the balcony and that zone of this house must be assessed with Rebar radars and specialized equipment; I must not risk assessing that by myself).
2. This house was built with dirty narcotraffic money, which would mean the whole street is a drug cartel zone since, at minimum, 1987, when the land to build the house was bought. My progenitors always justified building such a big house with a pharmaceutical wage of my female progenitor. The reality they covered for years is evident: no legal job could cover the costs of 24-hour covert surveillance of a house... and the also enormous costs of having a toxic gas generation and distribution system functioning 24 hrs in a "domestic" environment. All this means constantly buying chemicals covertly, paying bribes to those who cover their tracks, paying those who do the chemical mixing of the in situ toxic generation system (example: they need abnormal amounts of water, so they created a covert water supply from the public water system; if you close the main water valve of this torture house, the water keeps running as if nothing happens; they have another water supply valve elsewhere that is not the legal water valve), and a permanent remote surveillance job on the clock... They must have had, since the very beginning in the 1980s, the support of a huge, wealthy drug cartel, funds paying for all those expenses and also to commit the psychological terror operations around the street and neighborhood, and all that happening since the very beginning in 1987-1989. They must have had, since the very beginning, the support of a whole drug cartel not only to back up the terror operations of this torture house, but also to support the terror operations of the houses built nearby, also built lavishly with money laundering money, to support the terror operations of this Unbeing House and its surroundings. Collaboration of several neighbors in their house maintenance operations (no one comes here to do a repair: there is a neighbor that does all the repairs) has been confirmed over the years.

Yes, all that means I am a biological daughter of narcotrafficants and terrorists. I got a purebred criminal bloodline. I was born into a custom-made drug cartel castle.

Vi. The Pets

-childhood: history of pets, especially dogs, dying suddenly due to “hormigas” (they simply appeared filled with ants), several pets dying of “virus” successively, without being taken to the vet, me being beside them while they were dying, seeing their pupils die.

-history of not sterilizing the pets and female dogs bleeding due to huge dogs, way longer than them, roaming the street while they were in heat.

-history of hitting the dogs as “training”: they need to know who they must obey. Always causing pain to the dogs to force them to obey. They would do the same with me implicitly, but with toxic gassing torture: you are caused discomfort and pain if you don’t obey their “rules” (their narcissistic abuse rules).

-Killing kittens right after birth, doing as if the kittens did not exist. Dropping pregnant female cats to “the monte of friend houses,”. Victor mocking that he did not know the cat was pregnant.

-Pets that I remember: Bonita (disappeared after 17 years), Hammie (they told me the hamster died when I was in Rome), Ruby (they disappeared it), Paleta, dying of cancer masses, agonizing for two weeks after months of decline, without ever being taken to the vet or being given humane euthanasia, The cancer masses were clearly a reaction to toxic gassing exposure.

-Caramelo, how sweet a dog he was, how they faked a treatment of “brain cancer” in Florida during a whole month, played with gaslighting and urinating the first floor during the whole month, played with the gate opening “alone” for months... to finally use both gaslighting to kill Caramelo one night before “arrival”: they faked he was atropellado por un carro. He died poisoned, did not scream, simply appeared dead with a small wound in the mouth.

-How they killed Mishu: poisoned with something that made her yellowish. They poisoned her for months until finally causing her death. All I could do was accompany her. I had no money to take her to the vet, and it was a Sunday also; there was no one to ask for money or to take her to the vet. It was a very cruel death.

-What they have done to Princess: causing her abscesses and cancer, hair loss and eye problems, terrible skin itch and infections. She needs allergy meds to deal with the chronic toxic gassing. She lost hearing completely due to the chronic toxic gassing and the perpetrators causing them ear infections. She stopped going down stairs.

-What they have done to Minnie: causing her eye problems and hearing loss. Causing her weight gain and serious skin infections, besides also causing cancer masses. She also needs skin allergy medication for dealing with the chronic toxic gas exposure. She had a terrible phobia of brooms (they did something to her with brooms) and has anxiety due to the sight and hearing loss.

-What they have done to Poppy: burning him alive, getting him parvovirus without providing treatment, hitting him, and screaming at him to "train him", causing him sight loss; he stopped going downstairs.

-Animal abuse is also coordinated among narcissistic enablers in the neighborhood: the game with homeless dogs,

-How the immediate neighbor (the balcony neighbor) treats the dogs: despicable cruelty, including the children, always screaming at the dogs, leaving one dog abandoned in the street. How they use the dogs for gaslighting. Leaving the dog roaming the street, homeless.

The dogs are the only family I can live with, but I must endure seeing them tortured due to remain with me. I have a dog family, but I can't have a family as a person: I can't raise them with dignity; I can't afford all the expenses that the progenitors cause them due to the chronic toxic gas exposure.

Family-nonperson

VII. Hidden in broad daylight (The normalization of torture)

-How the government has normalized torture over the years

-How many times I tried to denounce it and it was not heard, despite the risk of death I endured and the extreme suffering I was forced to endure.

-What happened when I tried to get a protection order.

-How I had been unheard over and over again, no matter how many times I have shared graphic evidence on social media.

-Forced to exist as a non-citizen in broad daylight: I must remain hidden in broad daylight because I keep enduring torture after torture, but no authority recognizes it. I am abused in broad daylight, and at the same time I must remain hidden in broad daylight: I can't go to a court, I can't go to the Police, I can't defend myself...

I am a prisoner of democracy: I must remain prisoner so everyone can get the normalcy they need to function. I am unable to function as a person, but as a social slave, a prisoner of democracy who is constantly tortured and trafficked in broad daylight, and must comply with everything she must endure... because I am a social slave, I can't change the destiny that has been assigned to me since being born in a house in which I was conceived to be controlled and forced to suffer.

Torture is usually understood as the Government torturing you, making you suffer deliberately. The fact is: the Government has done the same. They have not only allowed the torture I had endured every time they forced me to remain enduring extreme suffering without being rescued; they have also committed the same torture the terrorists have done, sometimes even using children.

All this had been a personhood bloodshed after a personhood bloodshed, constantly bleeding... until you reach the civil death status: you have no civilian life, you don't have a personal life, you only exist to be tortured and controlled, by one side or another, over and over and over again.

It is then, when the Government doesn't act upon hate crimes and war crimes... that the narcissistic abuse and bioterrorist abuse becomes torture...

And from the citizen-non-person.... You become a prisoner-non-person, EXACTLY as it happened in forced labor camps in Auschwitz... but this is forced citizen-non-person labor.

What is happening exactly as I write this has been painfully common in absolutely EVERY school I have been hired, civilianly as a teacher... but the fact is I am being hired for being experimented on by the Government, which commits the exact very torture that the terrorists do. I want to cry; I want to beg these students, "let's learn"; I am tired of asking for silence... to no avail. Technically I have a civilian life, but in practice... at every "job" I am hired, it is simply to be experimented on, tortured, made to suffer deliberately... over and over again. In the case of schools, as I am right now... I am forced to remain in the school as forced labor to be experimented on. I am forced to defecate at school; I am forced to suffer at school; I am forced to not be myself at school... and seeing how children are used to exploit me. As I write this, I see students doing the wrong things, but they don't care about learning because they care about carrying out the planned torture.... What I do as a teacher has NO value. At all. What matters is measuring my behavior, measuring my pain (right now I am being caused chest pain with reflux; yesterday I was caused chest pain with sudden emotion/stabbing) ... I have no civilian life, at all. Where I park, where I BUY, where I work, what I am forced to see on social media... EVERYTHING IS FORCED TO BE A SOCIAL WAR BOMBING, OVER AND OVER AGAIN. Every civilian is to be enslaved. My social dimension is being used to enslave me and keep me a prisoner of BOTH sides of this war: a prisoner of terrorists, and a prisoner of democracy. As a prisoner of democracy, in this very exact moment I am being ignored by students, tortured by the toxic gassing of the administration, and this is only the beginning of the evening. I still have two other periods to be tortured. These students care NOTHING about what they are supposed to be doing: learning. And I can't do ANYTHING; I am forced to labor, enslaved socially by my own students and administrations, keeping me prisoner in the name of THE GOVERNMENT. A government that has forced me to remain enslaved in every sense possible for more than 12 years. Even the technology I use for "professional purposes" is sabotaged for torture. At the same time, the students push your buttons and make you scream like a demonically possessed entity, angry, exhausted, denigrated over and over again. That is my existence as a prisoner of democracy hidden in broad daylight (The normalization of torture). You are constantly humiliated and depersonalized deliberately. I can't be a civilian. In any sense. Everything, absolutely everything social and civil, is exploited as social war ammunition. Your own social, personal dimension becomes a social-war field... to be exploded alive, over and over again.

This has been told many times through the years: it has been and is way more traumatic to deal with what the Government allows and commits instead of recognizing the truth and ending the tortures... than to deal with the horrifying cruelty and sadistic and narcissistic abuse of the progenitors. The progenitors are criminals; they are not going to change... but the grief for the society that should have been there, the grief for the Government that forced me to endure more than 12 years of suffering and personhood bloodshed and kept committing over and over again the same torture instead of stopping the crimes and rescuing me...

That grief seems to have no end. It has lasted years, and it is as unbearable as the pain of the torture committed by the perpetrators: the pain of never becoming a constituted person, because you are forced to remain... a prisoner of democracy that is also a prisoner of terrorists. Since birth, I have been forced to endure the torture of being part of a "family" that functioned like a family of terrors who built a whole Unbeing House to control my body, mind, and relationships extrinsically, when they are supposed to be intrinsic dimensions of the personal human formation... and at the same time, the Government did nothing to rescue me after

denouncing the abuse to the authorities, forcing me to remain publicly tortured... for more than 12 years, and still counting. I am de facto part of "we, the people", in any civil sense. My only "we, the people" is in heaven. I go through every day in total isolation, merely interacting as a social transaction of a slave to their masters, never able to talk reality as it is, never able to share who I am, never able to... grow together in communion with any human being: at home I am abused, at work I am abused, people are literally trained to abuse me better according to a war target, everyone implementing their respective social control tactics and their respective social reality manipulation tactics... until social communion becomes totally impossible in a very normalized way. You are never assumed to be constituted as a person. You are always assumed to be constituted ONLY in order to be socially enslaved, with every civil means possible. And when I say "every social means," I mean literally everyone: social media is manipulated, all the social environments you are in are manipulated, all social relationships are manipulated, there is never, like in dreams, a tender gaze, a pure and freely given self-gift, a heart-to-heart conversation, a people that is constituted growing TOGETHER in communion as a people that includes me as people... Even the bathrooms I use are controlled. Breathing, liquid and food intake, heartbeat, clothing, bathing- all my vital functions are absolutely controlled extrinsically.

At the same time, you keep being a prisoner of the unbeing in every environment, always denied the right to be who you are, according to a purpose of your own... There is no way either to be in peace, nor to rest in peace. No, letting you die is not among the Government's options either. They force you to endure a permanent civil death every day; still, they force you to remain alive... like an OVNI, Object with Volition Non identified. Through twelve more years and more false endings had been fabricated, thousands of times in which the Government had literally treated you as a pendeja, tricking you into believing there is an ending when there is no ending... stabbing you with truth denialisms over and over and over and over and over and over again. Somehow you are not able to die, but not able to stop ceasing the unbearable suffering either, always forced to endure one cruelty after another cruelty, one personhood bloodshed after personhood bloodshed... until there is only a living entity remaining: I am not dead, but I am not a person either. I am in a civil limbo, on a permanent basis... and that has always been enforced upon me as the only normalcy possible to exist socially. I have been forced to endure a closeted life, always sharing on social media... the life I am forbidden to live awake, although I am not allowed to rest from torture and coercive control either.

Then... it happens, like when breathing becomes a conscious function: vital and social functions that are automatic for others; in your case, they are not. You become exhausted for enduring over and over again... what no human being should be asked to endure, but in your case, if is assumed as the only normalcy possible. I have reached the point of being forbidden to have personhood in every way possible, even forbidden to write about my dreams without being harassed and surveilled FOR WHAT I PRAY AND DREAM... and that is what the Government assumes and forces you to suffer as "constituted" OVNI every day.

That is how... you become a constituted-nonperson: you are never given the freedom to be free to be yourselves, with an identification of your own, bonds of your own, purpose of your own... You are always a prisoner of democracy that is also a prisoner of terror in every way possible, always terrorized due to... making impossible the chance of being free to be yourself, making impossible that you have blood in your veins for any other purpose that is not to spill it for forced injections, infections, or getting used to a personless cold existence, because you can be constituted de iure as a citizen even if de facto you are forced to remain as an OVNI nonperson

in all social dimensions and civil environments. There is no chance to ask the Supreme Court to force the Government to act and stop forcing you to endure torture. The Government can do as they want, whatever they want, exactly as terrorists also do what they want. **Constituted-nonperson**

VIII. Suicide-inducing behaviors

How consistently suicide-inducing behaviors are done around me, even knowing they are suicide-inducing.

Everyone competes to see who is more and more cruel than whom.

The cruelty of the progenitors has been lifelong, but it increases when it is exacerbated by something that they know can make me happy or empower me. Whatever empowers me or makes me happy, they can't tolerate it.

If I choose to remain alive, it is because I am a living Eucharist to Jesus Charity. There is no other reason to remain alive left, after being tortured day after day for so long with such extreme cruelty enforced.

The progenitors, through the years, have tried to induce my suicide. It began quite early: with emotional deprivation. I felt so unloved as a child that in third grade I wrote on a test, "I want to die and be with God," not fully understanding what suicide was, but wanting to be with God because "my parents don't love me." My progenitors, instead of showing concern, did a psychological manipulation move: they said, "How could you say something like that, if we work so much to buy you all you have and all you want?" They moved aspirin (it was assumed I was allergic to aspirin). I left it under the pillow to drink it and be with God, but it did not take me to a psychologist, "who was for people who were crazy". They even projected that the profession of psychologist didn't let you earn money to live (they groomed me for not studying psychology). In fourth grade, they moved me from school, and then I was bullied unmercifully for being stinky and never dressed as I should, because I had no one to care for me; they left me alone at the house. They constantly committed neglect to induce suicide as I grew up... but eventually they would play with the issue directly, not merely implicitly.

I worked in a special education school in 2018-2019. I had a student who faked psychosis (supposedly caused by PANDAS) simply to project psychosis onto me. This wasn't the first school in which I had students who were manipulated and abused to abuse me... but at that moment I didn't know the pattern would repeat at EVERY school I was hired: I would be hired to be tortured and controlled socially.

Well, this "psychotic student" would supposedly try to commit suicide with scissors... and afterward that incident, the progenitors would leave scissors in absurd ways and in nonsensical ways simply to project me committing suicide.

First, I thought that was SO cruel; it would've been better not to give them attention and see if they stopped. When I finally let it be known on social media (that is seen and surveilled by everyone, both by the progenitors and the Government), I noticed the psychological abuse pattern; they kept doing it as if nothing was happening. Nor did the Government stop the suicide-inducing degradation scheme, nor did the progenitors stop what they were doing either. I was simply an object to be exploited and trafficked. I was not expected to have feelings about the deep cruelty and degradation that was being enforced upon me... by both sides of this Unbeing War.

The progenitors never fully stopped playing with the scissors to project my suicide, but at some moment I faked I forgot what the scissors meant, just to see if they stopped playing with the scissors. Their cruelty got even worse: they began to play with scissors only to boast to others through my own life and in the content I share on social media that they would induce my suicide. This is ALWAYS the pattern with the progenitors: their cruelty keeps getting worse, worse, always worse, in a despicable showcase of psychopathy and never-ending psychological control tactics. Of course they didn't want me to study psychology when I chose what to study at University: they are masters of dark psychology.

When that happened, I began writing about how they induced suicidal ideation in me with their unshakeable cruelty, how they knew they were being deeply cruel and kept becoming even more cruel, knowing it induced suicidal ideation. I prepared everything to be given to a forensic social worker... but I noticed the Government was reading it while I wrote. I had no privacy choice under the circumstances I was: I was either read by the progenitors and the Government or by the Government only, and I chose the second option. Surprise: the Government itself fabricated the whole forensic social worker appointments and made it impossible for me to keep going to those appointments to give the text I wrote by hand, so the progenitors couldn't see it. The forensic social worker faked an excuse: they had no appointments available at the time I requested them (I couldn't be absent from work to go there, and the appointment must be presential to not be surveilled by the progenitors through their hacking of my devices: the forensic social worker claimed that "she couldn't give me an appointment at 5:00 pm, as she initially did without a problem, because the office building forced her to close at 3:00 pm"). Then the Government began to project on social media that they made it impossible for me to report the suicidal ideation because I would be forced to be hospitalized.

So, I was left in a macabre situation I wish no one: I was forced to remain a permanent victim of the unspeakable cruelty of my narcissistic and psychopathic sadistic progenitors (they literally enjoy making me suffer and controlling me)... and the Government did absolutely nothing to stop the suicidal ideation... except adding UNCONSENTED antidepressants to my psychiatric forced meds, compounding them without my consent.

Notice what I just said: I was given by the Government unconsented meds that were already given by force through court orders that the progenitors got, to GROOM ME INTO ABUSE.

That means: instead of stopping the abuse to end the suicidal ideation and supposed depression and anxiety that the abuse caused me, the Government chose to medicate me UNCONSENTEDLY with anti-anxiety meds and antidepressants to MAKE ME ABLE TO TOLERATE THE ABUSE BETTER instead of ending the abuse. It's like knowing someone is being raped, and instead of ending the rape, you give the woman pain medication so she can tolerate better the rape. Get the atrocity done by the Government, right? Or should I say: it's like get an IUD because the Government knows that you are being raped and instead of stopping the

rapes they keep sure your don't get pregnant of your incestuous rapist but keep allowing the atrocious circumstances that let the rape happen?

I realized I was being medicated with antidepressants covertly in two ways. The first was noticing that an attachment feeling I had always felt physically since early childhood was gone, and that absence lasted for years. I got it back partially, after years not feeling it at all, while testing through a second way... which was the covert medicines they were giving. That means: I was being given by the Government psychiatric medication UNCONSENTEDLY, with compounding of my known forced psychiatric medication that numbed my feelings, instead of being given my freedom from those who denigrated and humiliated me, hurting or invalidating my feelings.

Watch out, people: now you can go to your pharmacy, and the Government chooses which medicines you get compounded in the pills you take, assuming... that they are what you are prescribed. Not only were my pills compounded: the medication that was actually supposed to be in those pills was decreased from the dose it was told it was. So, I got less of the medicine I did need, and I got unconsented meds I would not need if freed of the abuse of my progenitors. How nice from Big Brother Government to provide free psychiatric treatments to tolerate better what had been caused by abuse that is supposed to be ended with rule of law instead of being "managed to be able to tolerate better" with pills and fake mental health diagnosis! [The neighbors play loud reggaeton at the end of the street, among the houses that had been used for gaslighting and even built for gaslighting since the very beginning, at the same time I wrote that].

So, at the very end... if I chose to remain alive, it was not due to being helped to live free. Nor the Government ended the abuse while I was caused suicidal ideation —sometime/ by the Government too, when they also committed extreme deliberate cruelty— nor the progenitors stopped it while knowing they were causing suicidal ideation, even when explaining it in social media.

In the end, if I chose to remain alive, it was because of the identity Jesus Charity gave me: I am a living Eucharist. My life is His gift. No matter how deep the social communion deprivation becomes, I can live only by the Eucharist.

His living Eucharist has sustained me through all these years of personhood bloodshed and personhood exile.

What the Government has done is far more traumatizing than what the progenitors have done. I can deal with being the daughter of terrorists. I can't handle being forced to remain tortured and abused, constantly gaslit with social media psy ops, enduring pain and hate and cruelty beyond what is speakable... and the Government keeps denying truth and not only refusing to arrests the criminals that has kept me a prisoner of psychological terror and bioterrorism my whole life... but instead also forcing me to remain their prisoner: I am being kept by the Government as a prisoner of democracy. In order for their democracy to keep working as a "functional democracy", I must remain a prisoner of the unbeing, de facto considered a citizen, but denied being a person, denied being free to be a person. Social war is being fought through psy ops that reduce the social dimension of human personal formation to social slavery: you are exploited as a psy ops war field and trafficked as psy ops ammunition.

The progenitors had been doing the human trafficking thing the whole life... but the Government does it crueler.

Natascha Kampusch was helped less than five minutes after being discovered. Auschwitz-Birkenau did not last more than 10 years. Here I am, after almost 15 years denouncing the gruesome crimes and abuses and atrocities I had been forced to endure... Here I am, still enslaved and imprisoned both by terrorists and by a Government.

The cruelty of the last days, as an example. I am always struggling between the cruelty of one side and the other. There is no way to BE at peace: cruelty is the most common form of social reality control. The crueler the behavior is, the better for each side of this Unbeing War.

What happens if you want to seek treatment for the suicide ideation you are being enforced: the Government plays power games to deny me access not only to justice, but also to any kind of integrity possible. No possibility of documenting how the Government denies justice, except these words. I can go to no one to say: force the Government to act and stop the atrocities and power abuses. I am increasingly analyzed, psychosocially monitored, and surveilled based on my behavior. I am never free of the psychological/psychiatric nonconsented experimentation, of one side or another; I am never free of cruelty, no matter how much you beg the Government: stop this.

In the end, I remain alive as a deliberate choice to be the living Incarnate Eucharist Jesus Charity says I am... and at the same time, I know I am in a civil death state; I am not surviving; I am being killed thousands of times without escape to suffering.

The song heard in Old Navy: "murió porque no supo sufrir". No, I am dead because I am not allowed to be a person in ANY social sense nor civil sense. I am merely a behavior to be observed, analyzed, tracked, experimented on, induced, including inducing suicide deliberately over and over again... until dreams become impossible to live, literally impossible. Then you become a mere external behavior extrinsically monitored and manipulated, never able to have an intrinsic purpose beyond.

Behavior-nonperson

ix. No safety possible

No safe water

No safe food

No safe sleep

No safe house

No safe cleanliness.

No safe hygiene.

No safe dogs.

No safe mail.

No safe clothes or shoes: you buy them, but they can steal them, make them disappear, or break and stain them. On the very same day I wrote this, I discovered that the progenitors broke AGAIN another pair of jeans, this time one I bought barely three weeks ago. The terrorist war against personhood is non-stop: neither the Government nor the terrorists allow you to have personal property. For the terrorists, all property is an object to be exploited (Even I am an object to be exploited); for the Government, all property is an object to be militarized (Once again, even my personal formation is an object to be militarized).

No safe money: they cause constant unnecessary expenses; they can infect the dogs to force me to pay the treatments; they can cause abscesses at work that may or may not be paid)

There is no safe integrity: my nature keeps being controlled and tortured; pain is caused deliberately. I am never allowed to have the integrity to live according to a purpose of my own.

No safe privacy: everything I do is surveilled.

No safe personal space: in every space I am being tortured.

No safe freedom, nor any possibility at all of any kind of personal freedom: I am socially enslaved at every moment. I CAN'T EVEN PRAY WITHOUT BEING SOCIALLY SLAVED

No safe faith: I am constantly tortured for choosing to give light to the word and follow Jesus Chariity.

There is no safe job: all professional environments are manipulated for torture. Using children to manipulate me. Humiliating me and torturing me over and over again.

No safe creativity: my whole intellectual life is being sabotaged constantly.

There is no safe personal life: there is no way to have a personal life; I am being militarized at all moments.

There is no safe body: I am not allowed to have a body of my own.

Kidnapped-nonperson, Target-nonperson

X. Nevermore: All Human Rights violated

I have no right to eat what I want (food can disappear, or I may not be able to afford it).

I have no right to eat when I want (if my progenitors are out of the room, I can't eat).

I have no right to drink what I want (the drinks can disappear, or I may not be able to afford it).

I have no right to drink cold drinks when I want (if progenitors are out of the room, I can't go out to the fridge).

I have no right to wear what I want (progenitors mutilate the clothes and shoes I like more).

I have no right to organize stuff the way I want (progenitors are constantly "reorganizing" my stuff).

I have no right to cook when I want (if progenitors are in the house, I can't eat).

I have no right to go out when I want (I need to tell them when I am going out, and they may or may not give the gasoline to get out).

I have no right to receive medical services/mental health services when I want and how I truly need them (both SIM and INSPIRA, and even RCM and APS in the past, manipulate the medical service to cover up the abuse. I had been denied labs and psychologists systematically, and given forced medications I don't need... and at the same time I had been denied treatment for the ADD I do have).

I have no right to go to style my hair and nails when I want (I may or may not be able to afford it or to find a place where I can receive the services).

I have no right to take the dogs to the beach (I don't have a car for leisure activities, only to go to work and needs, not wants).

I have no right to take the dogs to the vet and have them healthy (even when the progenitors actually give money to the vet, they also cause the diseases in the dogs, on purpose).

I have no right to communicate (I can't communicate at all. All social aspects of my life are a transaction. Everything around me is fabricated according to agendas. I can only communicate with the dogs and with mentally disabled persons, the only ones who do not fake).

I have no right to privacy (everything I do, write, think, or say is analyzed, seen, and monitored. The privacy in my life has always been zero).

I have no right to share when I want to and how I want to (all my devices are hacked/monitored and can't be disabled at any moment, by hackers that have been doing the same for years).

I have no right to breathe oxygen/pure air (I have been tortured consistently with toxic air for years, including known carcinogens, and the torture is still ongoing thanks to authorities that don't tell the truth).

I have no right to water (I have to bathe once a week because it is what the progenitors allow me to bathe. I technically don't have a bath of my own because it is not safe. I don't have regular access to water to clean my clothes. I haven't drunk water regularly for years because they gave me a burning throat water bottle, and since then I have had a phobia of bottled water. Tap water is proven unsafe if not boiled.

I have no right to legal work with a professional and ethical work environment (I have been consistently tortured and exploited in all the work I have been in, including the present work. The authorities know it and back it up. The church knows it and backs it up).

I have no right to a social life (all the interactions around me are fabricated. I can't connect with anyone nor have a life in communion with anyone. I am a social object to be lied to and exploited; that's it).

I don't have a right to cultural life nor to an artistic life (everything I share and develop culturally is manipulated and even sabotaged. None of my works of art are safe. Some have been stolen. Some have been sabotaged, especially with fungus. Some have been lost, broken, or simply thrown away. I can't be an artist when my materials are stolen, and my works are sabotaged.

I don't have a right to a spiritual life (I can't pray, not even dream, without being mimicked and abused, and even tortured, due to my spiritual choices. I can't go to a parish nor work in a catholic school without being harassed and tortured. Even the Archbishop covers up the abuses in the parishes. The Eucharist and homilies have been used for harassment too).

I don't have a right to intellectual life (my books are stolen or manipulated, my access to WordPress or Microsoft Office depends on whether I have the money to get them or not, my writings are stolen or deleted, even if I write by hand. The texts I write on a computer are sabotaged with grammar mistakes, if I am actually granted permission to use a computer or a

device to write. I can't organize thoughts or systems because the intellectual development is deliberately sabotaged.

I don't have the right to personal space (all the places I am are being monitored for exploitation and torture purposes. I don't have a home or a place to call my own).

I don't have the right to private property (my progenitors can move, throw, or even steal my stuff at any moment). They pick my stuff to use it for their exploitative purposes. Anything that "belongs" to me can disappear at any moment, and that includes devices; they stole an iPad.

I don't have financial control (my progenitors can create any financial need at any moment). For example: if they cause a dog to get sick, I need to have money for that; if they decide to leave me without a car, I need to have money for that; if they mutilate my clothes, I need to buy new clothes; if they cause me to need labs due to toxic gassing, I need to have money for that. They have ten thousand ways to control me financially. They monitor my bank accounts when they monitor my devices.

I don't have a right to an independent life (I have been given jobs so underpaid I need my progenitor's support to merely survive. I had never been given a job paid well enough to have my own apartment, where I couldn't be tortured. The jobs I've had as a teacher always required a huge investment to teach in my style, or even to have basic materials.

I don't have the right to access technology (There were times I was so deprived of resources I didn't have a computer or access to the internet at all. When I do have devices, they are always hacked. Always. What I do on my devices has been monitored my whole life. What I do on my devices is used for psychological exploitation purposes. Even the authorities show they also know what I do on my devices. The printers have also been hacked so much that the norm is me being printer-deprived.

I don't have basic consumer rights (even Amazon manipulates my search results for psychosocial exploitation purposes. The ads are used for psychosocial exploitation too. Brands play mind games with their ads. If I need to return something, I may not be able to do it for the circumstances of the abuse. There were years when what I bought depended entirely on the very limited budget the progenitors gave me. When I buy from eBay, packages may be manipulated, and when I buy from Amazon, packages may be stolen.

I don't have the right to have my mail delivered (My packages can be returned without my consent. They can also be stolen by my progenitors. I can't receive mail that is safely given to me).

I don't have the right to have personal documents (My progenitors have stolen my wallet while I was sleeping. They have also stolen my medical card. They have also stolen my passport).

I don't have the right to travel freely (My progenitors stole my passport. I can't get a new passport without the old one).

I don't have the right to make personal phone calls (Both sides monitor all my phone calls).

I don't have the right to sleep (My sleep can be deprived in several ways, from loud noises to toxic gassing that causes insomnia, to causing me to need to pee every hour, so I need to wake up to pee).

I don't have the right to legal personhood (my progenitors took my legal personhood by force. I received forced psychiatric treatments based on their lies and tortures, not based on my well-being and dignity. I was deprived of every basic sense of humanity while on those treatments).

I don't have the right to own my body (My progenitors and also my bosses can cause at any moment physiological effects of torture that make me unable to own my body: I bleed when they chose to, I defecate when they chose to, I pee when they chose to, I breathe what they allow me to breathe, I eat and drink what they allow me to digest without being vomited, or may be the nausea won't allow me to ingest anything, I can have attention and memory when they chose to, I can have access to medical attention when the authorities chose to, I can have access to vitamins and supplement if I have the money to afford it, I eat and drink what I am allowed to, I may be caused infections and fungus, especially nail fungus, at any moment, I can remain conscious if they allow it, I can function with a regular heartbeat if they allow it, I can actually walk and smile physically if they allow it, I can think without mood swings if they allow it... my body is controled by torture in ten thousands of ways, it had been so during years and authorities have allowed it on purpuse. The use of torture is also bioterrorism.

I don't have the right to equal protection of the law (The progenitors have used law 408 to deny my personhood, but I can't go to court to defend myself, either from the progenitors or from the authorities whose negligence is responsible for what is happening here. When I told the free lawyers I was given that I was being abused, they told me to take my medicines.

I don't have the right to psychological integrity (Both authorities and progenitors are SO EXTREME in the psychological mind games, narcissistic moves, and psychosocial control tactics, including use of toxic positivism, that their constant psychological abuse can be called psychoterrorism. Both authorities and progenitors are psychologically abusive. I can't go to court to protect myself; I am forced to exist as a constant victim of psychological abuse and torture, without ever being able to be in a place where I am psychologically safe. If I am at the house of torture, I will be psychologically abused. If I am in stores, I will be psychologically abused, like being in Costco and having fabricated conversations around me, or being in Walmart and having people with T-shirts with toxic positivity, or even being at the doctor and being gaslit precisely in the place I should get medical attention. If I am transitioning between one place and another, I will be harassed with a broken brake light. In my work, I am also psychosocially harassed. I can't present evidence to any court. I can't defend myself. Once again, I am forced to exist dehumanized, as a victim of abuse.

I don't have the right to freedom of information (the information I look up on Google is manipulated with ads that are targeted to me for exploitation. When I use social media, posts are manipulated on Instagram, Twitter, Facebook, Pinterest, and even WhatsApp. Notifications on my devices sometimes have to be deactivated because they are played with. Amazon also manipulates search results. I am not allowed to take these social media companies to court to defend myself from their social harassment, especially with content manipulated with two

periods. Either I stop using social media to avoid being harassed, or I must endure forced harassment; I have no other choice than to use social media. Some posts are clearly AI-created to manipulate reality.

I don't have the right to my own reality (Wherever I am, I am forced to "fit" the reality of my abusers. Example: if I am at the house of tortures, I must go to take psychiatric medicines in front of my progenitors, simply due to their enjoyment of controlling me, because right now there is no legal obligation to do so. At one moment, my progenitors actually told me what to say to the psychiatrist about how I feel; I was not even allowed to feel by myself. In the work, I know they are socially trafficking me and abusing me, but I can't tell them or defend myself in court: I must let them abuse me and only tell whatever fits their reality. So on, so on, no matter where I am, I must fit my abuser's reality; I am not allowed to live according to the truth.

I don't have the right to safety (wherever I am, whatever I do, I am a constant victim of hate crimes, because of both my political views and my religious life, or even simply for being me. The perpetrators' use of covert psychological aggression and violence is constant, but it can happen and does happen outside the house of torture too. I am never safe, not even sleeping.

-I have no right to freedom of movement (wherever I go, I will be monitored and even followed. It has happened that the same car appears several times, either in front of or behind the car I am using).

I have no right to self-care or to a good image (the progenitors can cause image problems at any moment). They can sabotage and steal makeup. They can cause my face to look full of "psoriatic" flares that are caused by the toxic gassing. They can cause, with economic control tactics, me to be unable to afford going to cut my hair for more than a year. They can keep me from washing my hair, so I am seen as greasy. They have played with my face-cleaning stuff, so I barely wash my face.

-I have no right to work from home or to have a workspace at home (I just got from trash students' work that my progenitors threw away without my consent. They have taken students' drawings or students' tests. They have sabotaged my devices, including computers, so I can't do my work as well as possible. In the case of STEG, ASTA, and even AES, my own bosses sabotaged or controlled what I did on my computer without notifying me, covertly, in coordination with what was being done at home.

I have no right to hygiene (I may have money for basic hygiene supplies, or I may not). I may have things and alone space to clean, or I may not. My bed sheets are rarely washed; I never have alone time to do it. They have actually mutilated my bed sheets and my blankets/comforters. I may be allowed to wear my own clothes, or I may be forced to use others if mine disappear. I may be allowed to bathe or not. I may have enough toothpaste to wash my teeth once or not. I may be allowed to cook my food "safely" or not; they play with both the gas and the food's hygiene. I may be able to wash my clothes or not. Where I wash my teeth is always filthy due to a clogged pipe that my progenitors deliberately clogged more than one year ago. They remodeled the whole bathroom in a way that I can't use it. The water has fungus, and the house is infested with roaches. Everything around me is highly unhygienic. They do play with basic hygienic stuff for their social exploitation purposes. Example: playing with the soap,

buying a lavender soap when they have never done so before, doing it simply to mimic my use of lavender in the dreamed contemplative prayers.

I have no right to self-care, a good self-image, or good self-esteem (the progenitors can cause me to be seen in unclean/spotted clothes). They can make my hair greasy because I can't wash it. They can cause my face to be disfigured, either by not being able to smile (asynchrony) or by "psoriatic" flares caused by toxic gassing. They have stolen or broken makeup when they actually bought it for me. They have played with my face-washing stuff, so it is not safe to use the face soap, so I barely wash my face. They play psychological warfare constantly to belittle my self-image with emotional denialism (they deny my feelings constantly, deliberately, for abusive purposes. They are like a deformed mirror where my self-image is deformed by their narcissism and cruelty. They actually envy my good self-esteem that comes from how much God loves me unconditionally, not like them, whose "love" depends on their convenience).

I have no right to love (My progenitors manipulate the meaning of "love," using it to their convenience. At some point, the phrase "te amo" was used for social exploitation. Wherever I am, if I love someone, well, he or she will be exploited for exploiting me, or even tortured for torturing me, and that includes pets, students, and all kinds of people, including minors. I am not allowed to even choose a couple of my own; the authorities are imposing Eduardo Verastegui as "love" when I am clearly saying he is not the person for me, and he has actually known about the abuse and not told the truth, acting like a "hero" for consenting to and allowing torture and hate crimes, besides allowing the social trafficking of minors. I am not interested in people who understand love as manipulation and truth denialism. I can't choose to love no one, nor have a home and form a family where I am loved for who I am.

I have no right to have a memory of my own (You can understand this quite literally: the toxic gaslighting does affect my memory and attention, a lot... but there are also other memory factors involved. The progenitors have had my iPhones, so they can't connect to iCloud, and I have lost many photos, recordings, and videos. I have lost many pictures of myself from albums. I have lost a lot of memories from major milestones in my life, like medals, trophies, and certificates. I have lost many diaries and intimate writing notebooks; they have stolen them. They have also stolen my very favorite books over the years. They deleted texts from Microsoft 365 iCloud, and they destroyed handwritten poems, pretending it was the dog that did it. Above all... the most effective memory destroyer is gaslighting. They gaslight over and over again in such a way that you know that even how they told you you were born was fake. They also stole my pediatrician's clinical history? I requested to know the truth about my past; although it was highly incomplete, it mainly had growth charts, and there was nothing about the many ear infections I had when I was a child. You need to recheck your memory, already affected by toxic gaslighting, over and over again to be sure the memory that is there is not gaslighting.

I have no right to a human existence, with a home of my own and a family that IS a real family (The progenitors call and project themselves as "family" when they are torturers and narcissistic sociopathic controllers of my existence. I have no freedom to have a human existence, with a home, a family, and being able to exist peacefully, without being constantly harassed and hated for being who I am).

Now I will explain, one by one, how every human right has been violated, one by one...

- Article 1 Right to Equality: I had never been granted to be an equal citizen, I had always been reduced to the convenience of either those who trafficked and tortured me or to the convenience of the Government who allowed or committed the tortures. I had never had an equal civilian life.
- Article 2 Freedom from Discrimination: I had been discriminated over and over again, in a very normalized basis, I have no possibility at all of a non-discriminatory life. I get a medical service? It will be given in a discriminatory way. I get a job? It will be provided in a discriminatory way. I go to a Government office or to the courts? I will be discriminated there too, even denied every possibility of getting the service. I request a forensic social worker to provide a service to make me able to be free? The forensic social worker will commit covert discrimination with technicalisms to deny me the service. And I can keep mentioning over and over again how I had been systematically discriminated along the years over and over again.
- Article 3 Right to Life, Liberty, Personal Security: I have no right to liberty, personal security or even personal life. I only exist to be tortured, without ANY possibility of safe anything, except torture: it is always secure that I will be tortured.
- Article 4 Freedom from Slavery: I had been a social slave my whole life.
- Article 5 Freedom from Torture and Degrading Treatment: I endure torture everyday.
- Article 6 Right to Recognition as a Person before the Law: I had been denied juridical personality since a very long time ago.
- Article 7 Right to Equality before the Law: I had been denied equality before the law at every 408 law enforced against me without any possibility of rightful defense of the charges against me.
- Article 8 Right to Remedy by Competent Tribunal: I had been denied the services of a free lawyer to be able to successfully request a protection order and be able to defend myself in court against the abuse and torture I had been forced to endure at this Unbeing House. The very Government that says that "defends Christians" is the one that denies me EVERY possibility of defend myself and be able to have a personal and civilian life.
- Article 9 Freedom from Arbitrary Arrest and Exile. I had been on a personhood exile for many, many years, more than a decade. I am forced to exile if I want the possibility of a civilian life elsewhere outside United States. I had been in arbitrary arrest via psychiatric imprisonment every time a 408 law was used to deny me freedom to exist free of my progenitors abuse and able to be believed in courts.
- Article 10 Right to Fair Public Hearing: I had been denied over and over again the possibility of a public hearing to be able to defend myself of my criminal progenitors and their narcissistic monkeys and social terrorists companions.

- Article 11 Right to be Considered Innocent until Proven Guilty: I WAS NEVER CONSIDERED INNOCENT OF THE CHARGES HELD BY THE PROGENITORS AGAINST ME. No judge heard my version of their accounts. No police officer gave account of my version of the story.
- Article 12 Freedom from Interference with Privacy, Family, Home and Correspondence. I had been denied privacy, both by the Government and by the narcissistic terrorist progenitors and their narcissistic monkeys my whole life. I am surveilled remotely, at all my apps and spaces, at all moments. I HAVE NO POSSIBILITY AT ALL OF ANY PRIVATE SPACE OR COMMUNICATION, AT ANY MOMENT.
- Article 13 Right to Free Movement in and out of the Country: Everywhere I move with the car or with the cellphone I am being surveilled and followed. I am forbidden of leaving United States to a safe place elsewhere.
- Article 14 Right to Asylum in other Countries from Persecution: I had been forbidden to request asylum to Spain or any other country since years ago.
- Article 15 Right to a Nationality and the Freedom to Change It. I am a Puerto Rican. I am denied a real nationality, a nationality that is not statutory nor colonial.
- Article 16 Right to Marriage and Family: I had been forbidden to form a family of my own through all the years I had been forced to remain as a victim of my progenitors' crimes. My dogs, the only family I had been allowed by the progenitors to have, are used to slave me and to torture me: they are constantly tortured, if not killed and poisoned, simply due to being here with me.
- Article 17 Right to Own Property: I had been forbidden to have property of my own since a very long time ago. The progenitors had always been able to break, steal, sabotage, manipulate, destroy or disappear anything that is supposedly "my own": I can't have ANYTHING that is "my own" at this house of tortures. Even my body is not my own (I am being tortured with chest pain as I write these words).
- Article 18 Freedom of Belief and Religion: ALL THE TORTURES I AM FORCED TO ENDURE EVERYDAY ARE ENFORCED DUE TO ME CHOOSING TO REMAIN FAITHFUL TO MY ALLIANCE OF CHARITY AND GIVE LIGHT TO JESUS CHARITY AND THE LIVING WORD. I AM TORTURED EVERYDAY DUE TO MY FAITH.
- Article 19 Freedom of Opinion and Information: I AM DENIED TRUTH EVERYDAY. I AM DENIED FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND FREEDOM OF INFORMATION EVERYDAY.
- Article 20 Right of Peaceful Assembly and Association. I am never allowed to be at peace, at any environment. No matter where I am forced to be, there will be no possibility at all of peaceful assembly at any moment: there will always be a Truman Show and a psy ops ready to destroy any possibility of being at peace and assembly at peace.

- Article 21 Right to Participate in Government and in Free Elections: I can't vote. I AM HARASSED EVEN IN THE PLACES I AM SUPOSED TO GO TO VOTE.
- Article 22 Right to Social Security: I had been denied the unemployment I have had right to receive. I had collapsed of hunger because I have had no possibility to get food stamps of my own.
- Article 23 Right to Desirable Work and to Join Trade Unions: EVERY WORK I HAD BEEN... HAD BEEN GIVEN TO ENFORCE TORTURE AND SOCIAL CONTROL.
- Article 24 Right to Rest and Leisure: I AM FORBIDDEN TO HAVE LEISURE AND REST. I AM ALWAYS FORCED TO REMAIN IN CONSTANT ANXIETY AND FORBIDEN TO HAVE A PLACE TO REST SAFELY WITH MY DOGS.
- Article 25 Right to Adequate Living Standard: I HAD ENDURED INFRAHUMANE CONDITIONS OF LIFE SINCE MORE THAN A DECADE AND STILL COUNTING.
- Article 26 Right to Education: I was unable to complete a PhD or unable to complete any educational degree due the progenitors hacking to my devices.
- Article 27 Right to Participate in the Cultural Life of Community: the progenitors had sabotaged my intellectual workd and creative works my whole life, even a craft from sixth grade.
- Article 28 Right to a Social Order that Articulates this Document: there is no possibility of social order in my life: social slavery had been normalized my whole life as substtute of rule of law.
- Article 29 Community Duties Essential to Free and Full Development: I am forbidden to be part of any community. If I am allowed to be at any community, is to be controlled, tortured and suveiled, slaved socially over and over again.
- Article 30 Freedom from State or Personal Interference in the above Rights. The US Government had violated my human rights over and over again justifying their violations of my human rights AS A DEFENSE OF HUMAN RIGHTS. They feel entitled, over and over again, to keep me as a prisoner precisely projecting that they VIOLATE MY HUMAN RIGHTS TO DEFEND HUMAN RIGHTS.

In the same way, upon the Jewish Holocaust there was a never again, and upon the terrorist attack on the Twin Towers there was a never forget; upon this Unbeing War and the systematic violation of all 30 human rights committed one atrocity after another atrocity, one personhood bloodshed after another personhood bloodshed, until reaching a civil death state... upon this Unbeing War there is a never again: never again may some people be entitled to deny personhood of another human being, allowing life to be a non-personal existence.

Human rights are not enough; there must be fraternal rights that affirm a personal life with inherent fraternal dignity.

You end up stripped of every possibility of being human and having a human life. You end as an Object with a Volition that is non-identified. You end up being stabbed to civil death over and over again, in a constant personhood bloodshed that has no end. No matter which side commits the atrocity, you always end as the object to be exploited, as the OVNI-nonperso

XI. Chronic lack of hygiene

My progenitors' lack of care began in early childhood: my hygiene was either barely attended to or not attended to at all. They made it seem like I didn't like to bathe or maintain hygiene, but in reality, they caused it from the very beginning.

As a child, I was almost always dirty in some way. I loved to play outside, and if I was with my progenitors, I was barely cleaned up for appearances (if someone else was around).

They never taught me a hygiene routine since childhood. My grandma taught me a hygiene routine. They gave me milk after cleaning my teeth. I had lots of cavities since early childhood. My uniforms were poorly cared for, and I always had either broken clothes or dirty/smelly clothes.

They deliberately switched the water temperature. I hated cold water temperatures. Their toxic gassing also made my skin itch and feel burned when I touched water. Sometimes I bathed once a month. I have a huge dark scar on my hip from the childhood years when I barely bathed.

They never taught me to use deodorant, to wash my face, or to wash my hands. I was horribly bullied due to my lack of hygiene; they knew it, and they kept allowing it without doing anything to stop the bullying. The only time the school asked why we lacked hygiene, they told a pity tale: we work SO MUCH to provide them everything; why don't you do what you must do? They shifted adult responsibility onto me, the child. That made me feel guilty about what they failed to do as parents, as if it was my responsibility to be the parent. I always had oily skin and acne because they never had a skincare routine. I was taken to a dermatologist to get checked up, especially for my psoriasis, but they never cared if I used the meds or not, and I barely used them.

No one cared about my routines. I had to be the adult in charge of myself. They boasted about my achievements as if they were theirs, when I was actually caring for myself or being cared for by teachers at school.

When the toxic gas abuse intensified and began to be openly normalized in adulthood, around age 26, the first thing I noticed was that getting baths made my skin burn. I knew they were causing it, but I had no idea it was toxic gas; I first thought they were manipulating the water. I stopped bathing except for one very long bath a week, where I immersed myself in hot water in the bathtub. It was always relaxing for me.

Then they remodeled my bathroom exactly as I hated bathrooms. The bathtub I used to immerse in hot water was destroyed, and they said that another wasn't able to be put in the bathroom "because the concrete wasn't able to hold it" (that was a lie; ChatGPT analyzed construction photos and concluded there could be a bathtub without a problem; they simply hated me so much they didn't want me to get a bathroom with a bathtub). The new bathroom didn't have warm water in the bathtub, and because it was built exactly as I hated bathrooms, with a kind of bathroom I hated to use, and they knew it, I refused to bathe in that bathroom. I began bathing in their bathroom; that made it impossible for them to manipulate only the bathroom I used: I was using the bathroom they used themselves.

Then they started playing gaslighting games in their room and bathroom. They knew I bathed there when they got out on Sundays (so it became totally normalized that I only bathe once a week), so they played a whole game of leaving stuff around or in the bathroom itself as gaslighting. Just to say an example: they left a shampoo whose brand was "Very Smelly," and then, during the week, they would cause me diarrhea and intestinal pain to force me to smell putrid diarrhea. Or they would leave a shampoo for "voluminizing hair" and treatments for "grow hair" and then cause me massive hair loss due to toxic gas exposure.

They never left me money to buy my own hygiene products. Either I had to take of what they bought (that was the expected), either I had to take money from what they gave me for food to spend in hygiene products, or I had to explicitly ask money for buying each item I would need, with the risk of them saying (like they did a lot with the sensodyne toothpaste I preferred to use) "that is too expensive, we can't afford it", They had always had money to afford a 24 surveillance system and a 24hr toxic gas system through the whole house and surroundings, but they said they had no money for a sensodyne toothpaste of my preference. Their aim was control and dehumanization; they always had plenty of money for everything, including putting a bathtub in my bathroom if they truly cared about my hygiene. The issue with the warm water and the bathtub is that they hated me relaxing in it. They want me anxious, scared, dirty, and smelly, with greasy hair, always scrambling for money for basic needs like hygiene products I was never able or allowed to afford with dignity. They wanted me with tons of cavities too. They even projected that I needed to get special dental care that they would be unable to afford to pay for, so I would lose teeth.

At the time the forced hospitalizations era began, at age 28, I already was years along the barely-able-to-get-a-bath period. And they dared to say to the doctors I was the one who chose not to bathe. I told the truth to psychiatrists: they were playing with the water; I felt my skin burning when I was bathing; the water was being poisoned. I was labeled as psychotic. I learned that no matter how I said it, if I mentioned the word "poisoned," I would get extra antipsychotics... no matter how right I was or how much evidence I could get.

It took me several years of barely being able to bathe to get it straight: it was the air, not the water itself, that they were poisoning, although they could contaminate water, and they did sometimes. I once burned my throat due to drinking contaminated bottled water. Since then, I've stopped drinking water. They also stained my bedding and contaminated my clothing and bed clothing, causing me rashes and skin infections. Sometimes even cleaning the clothes or bedding made my skin burn or itch on contact.

They play with the clothes washing machine to make the spin cycle fail and keep me from drying the clothes. They have also made the dryer fail. Especially when they know I want to clean bedding, so I can't clean it because I don't have a dryer.

All the basic needs with water in this Unbeing House had been exploited at some point to cause me something.

They finally caused the whole house water system to circulate contaminated, dirty water throughout the house, including where I brushed my teeth. There is no way to have safe water or safe hygiene in this house of torture.

I am now realizing I have endured 13 years of being unable to bathe more than once per week, if lucky, even in clearly toxic circumstances, like the times I have been unable to bathe when I am menstruating, like in this very moment while I write this. I have no idea how I haven't got an infection during the times I was unable to bathe for a whole month, and I got my period and still was unable to bathe. There were times they had forced me to defecate and to urinate, and all I could do was use baby wipes to clean myself, and if I was lucky, be able to change my inner clothes (they break my inner clothing and make it disappear also, so I never have enough inner clothing to change myself more than once weekly).

So, said in a few words, you live in a huge house, but you live as uncared for as a homeless person. I had been forbidden to care for myself for years. It is curious: when I was a child, I was expected to care for myself as if I was the adult in charge. Now that I am an adult, I am forbidden to care for myself. For all hygiene purposes, I am a homeless person. I am technically assumed to be able to be cared for, but de facto, no care is possible at all. I have barely been able to bathe, only once per week or once per month on a normal basis... since age 28. I am currently age 41. If I want a full bath with warm water and space to do hygiene... I have to pay for a motel. Exactly in the same way that if I want to be able to write without being forced to poo, I have to pay a 5 dollar breakfast at Burger King. For all de facto purposes, I am homeless, living in a house only to be tortured. If I want to have breakfast without nausea and forced poo, I need to pay for it elsewhere. If I want to clean my bedding and my clothing safely, I need to pay for it elsewhere. If I want to bathe safely, I have to pay for it elsewhere. If I want to care for myself (and the dogs too), I have to pay for it elsewhere. I had to pay to get elsewhere what I am forbidden to be here, so I am technically homeless.

Homeless-nonperson Uncared-nonperson

XII. The 24-hour Surveillance, digital and physical

I have endured a whole lifetime without any possibility of privacy.

Childhood: they read my diaries. I realized it because the hairs on the pages were not in the same way I left them. I also made double creases in the pages, and they wouldn't be in the same way

EVERY device I have used has been surveilled and hacked, since the first computer they bought me.

They knew I was seeing pornography when I was 13-14 years old, and they did not stop it. They used it for emotional hijacking.

Not only were my devices hacked; there were cameras and surveillance systems at the house of torture too. Example: knowing how I masturbated with pilones and then leaving gigantic pilones in the kitchen as emotional hijacking (implication of the pilones game: we know what you are doing, we can access whatever you do at any moment, you have no possibility of intimacy).

The surveillance of what I write and of my sexuality disorders had been especially perverse: whatever I did, wherever I did it, they surveilled it.

While I was living in Spain, they showed that they knew information on my social media that I never shared with them. They also surveil my social media remotely.

Whatever I do with my devices (iPhone, iPads, Android cellphones), they have shown consistent access to them. They have proven over and over again not only access to pictures, but access to what can be heard through those devices.

You become a Truman Show: people begin to interact with you simply to perform acts as if you were in a live movie show. Everything begins with the forced technological and physical surveillance of the progenitors: even the Government surveils also my technology, as an "anti-terror" measure, but I am not given the chance of a life with privacy elsewhere either. I am the Truman Show of both the Government and the terrorist progenitors and their narcissistic monkeys.

Stella Coeli also has surveilled everything I do on my devices and computers. Then a notion of "love," without any possible truth or intimacy, becomes the norm. It is not easy to say: after

going through so much in your life... then you are surveilled and denied truth with what you can't avoid to "share" because you are being seen by force. You become destroyed from within when there is no possibility at all of intimate love, not even with God: what you pray to God is never allowed to be prayer nor an act of love; it becomes surveilled and exploited data to traffic with. Your prayer becomes militarized data.

What was lost: a sense of privacy, forever, and the possibility of intimacy.

data-nonperson

XIII. Control Obsession

This is, by far, the most difficult section to sketch of this whole text. It is very broad, and disturbingly cruel to showcase. I am writing and praying while sketching this without writing down anything by hand, simply walking, praying, and sketching, knowing that everything I am writing is being surveilled and that cruelty can increase again at any moment as I write this. I simply trust in God Love and keep choosing to walk as Jesu Charity walks.

There are several sections of this text focused solely in control tactics of the progenitors and their narcissistic terrorist monkeys and gangstalkers. I just wrote about the digital remote and written surveillance, and later sections focus on economic control, intellectual-creative control, and, at some point, even spiritual control.

In this section, I will focus on the form of control that underpins all other forms of control: psychosocial control tactics and psychological terror tactics.

Everyone must understand I was not merely raised to be abused. No: I was conceived to be groomed, controlled, abused, and tortured. I was born to assume control with such normalcy I wasn't supposed to detect how deeply I was being psychologically and socially controlled, and for most of my life, it was that way. Although since childhood I was unable to feel connected to my progenitors, I always believed I was the problem, that I was the issue, due to thinking they were being abusive because I felt unloved; I believed they were very hardworking parents who never spent time with me because they were always working to get money to pay for all we needed. I never would have dared to think: they had all the money needed and only played the "hardworking parents" card to make me feel guilty and bypass other people's awareness of the abuse I was being subjected to since conception. My both progenitors are masters of covertness: they have known very well how to hide their true darkness triad (psychopathy, narcissism, sadism). They have enjoyed controlling me and causing me suffering since very early.

My very first memory of how they threw my baby blanket and I felt unsafe and distressed at 9-10 months old is already a memory of early psychological abuse, but let's go a little bit further, just a little bit: kindergarten. At kindergarten I loved a toy called Esk-A-Skeeth. It was not expensive; I simply liked it a lot. They bought me other stuff, but did not buy me what I liked most: that toy. I ended up stealing it from a classmate and being reprimanded for something they themselves induced. In first grade, a classmate lost everything in a fire, and they forced me to give my most beloved plush toy, an Alf I had since baby. They kept inducing emotional attachment issues and a lack of emotional connection since the crib, while they always remained under the guise of very caring parents who wanted an independent child able to care for herself while they worked

so much to provide us. Besides the very evident toxic gaslighting since very early childhood (causing me bedwetting and then telling me I must grow up and learn to go to the bathroom, causing me nosebleeds and a deviated nose to then say I had "sinusitis" and needed medication and eventually an operation, all that while they were enjoying the attention they were getting for being "such responsible parents", is disturbing by itself...), my whole childhood is plagued by emotional manipulation tactics of all kinds. I craved the attention of my teachers and adults, and was considered a very mature student that didn't get along with her peers, no one realizing: I was being forced to mature way too early; my progenitors were inducing me to become an adult child: still a child, but assuming the emotional responsibility of adulthood way too soon. I was forced to learn way too early how to be responsible for myself. I jumped a whole stage of how to manage my own emotions due being too focused in managing my progenitor's emotions and not to harm their egos (not make them angry, not make them embarrassed, don't make them cry, so on).

What saved me from their complete emotional control: my prayer life and my intellectual life. I read a lot; they read absolutely nothing. They even said reading books was a loss of time; they couldn't lose time reading books; they had to earn money to provide for us, or so they said (in reality, they had drug cartel funds to afford whatever they wanted, including to fund the criminal toxic gassing and surveillance system of this Unbeing House). They did a lot of emotional manipulation to force me to feel guilty about the basic expenses I had, and also about the books and stuff they bought me for creative and intellectual life... that was actually convenient to them: the more I was isolated with books, the more incapable I was of noticing how different my classmates' parents were, but I did notice, and envied the attention and love my classmates got from their parents instead of only getting stuff from their parents, as it happened with me.

How early I could state it was confirmed they chose me as the scapegoat child of their narcissistic abuse? It can be confirmed as early as 1990: they separated me from my sister's bedroom (we shared rooms at the beginning) and eventually refused me the bedding I wanted of the Little Mermaid. This move was key: they needed me in a separate room in order to toxic-gas only me and not keep harming my sister, who needed leg braces due to toxic-gassing effects (I would also get a twisted foot, but they did not correct mine, and that twisting in my feet is very proven to be caused by toxic gassing...). As soon as they separated the sisters and placed me in the biggest room, telling me and relatives they did that because "I was the big sister", when the true reason was that they separated us to be able to toxic gas only one child (me), there you can confirm: they already chose me as the scapegoat child, as early as first grade.

One very common emotional manipulation they did then was playing with the gifts: they would give plenty of stuff instead of getting me affective attention, and they "cared" very well to NOT give me the gifts I wanted most. While I wanted toys, they gave me clothes I didn't ask for. If I said "I don't want clothes, I want Barbies," then the progenitor female would go crying to the bathroom, crying because "I didn't want the clothes she bought me with so much sacrifice," making me feel awful for not wanting her gifts. I was the one caring for the emotional needs of the progenitors, and not otherwise. I really wanted to have an Easy-Bake toy, a very affordable toy, but they never bought it, and I wanted it for years.

There is another very important detail that speaks loudly about the complete lack of emotional connection capability of the progenitors since the very beginning: I never saw them wearing wedding rings, and I asked why plenty of times. They made me feel uncomfortable for asking that, and insisted that someone stole their wedding rings in the first house we lived in Toa Baja,

before moving to Toa Alta. In fact, they never wed for emotional connection: they were a pair of criminals in a criminal conspiracy operation. For them, being wed was literally becoming partners in CRIME: partners in psychological terror. Technically speaking, they had never been civilly wed; they simply did a legal transaction as a façade of a civil wedding, but their intention had never been to be a married couple, but to control those they conceived and the house they built for psychological terror. They wed straight from the beginning for psychosocial control purposes, not for raising a family: since the very beginning, the progenitor female was the dominant narcissist and emotionally immature parent; the progenitor male was the passive abuser and the emotionally absent parent. They had very steady abuse roles since the very beginning. They were fiercely obsessed with maintaining their image as hardworking, “honest” parents who always provided for their daughters. My two biological sisters were groomed as a golden child and as an invisible child since very early on. They even sent us to different schools. I was the one who was constantly love-bombed with gifts, stuff, and travel. The progenitor female did hit me physically with a belt as “discipline,” but the main harm committed by the progenitors was neglect: what they did not do and the affection they never provided. It would take me a whole lifetime to understand: they are incapable of affection; they only know control as a way to relate to others.

As far as I know now, my blood relatives from my mother’s side, the ones I visited most, were not aware of the abuses of my progenitors and truly believed, as they projected, that they were “doing the best they could as hardworking parents”. However, that is not the case with neighbors: it can be confirmed that there had been neighbors of this street and even of the parish collaborating with my progenitors’ abuse and psychosocial control tactics since very early on. It can even be said that there were classmates of my school used as narcissistic monkeys of the narcissistic abuse of my progenitors.

I had huge emotional dependence issues since very early childhood: I became dependent on anyone who gave me some affection due to how deprived of affection I was at home. I was unable to distinguish who was lovebombing me, who was grooming me for abuse, and who was truly loving me. I suffered savage bullying in school, especially in elementary and middle school, due to the hygiene neglect caused by the progenitors’ negligence, especially after fourth grade. I was left alone to care for myself after fourth grade; I stopped having a grandma caring for me.

I began to have masturbation issues, very related to my affective dependence issues, very early on, still without access to the internet, but I would eventually learn about sexuality through porn that appeared on the computer; the progenitors never spoke to me about sexuality, except that they would not keep me at home if I got pregnant. I have a suspicion that I have never been able to confirm: I learned about masturbation because I was sexually abused while sedated (the progenitors are able to sedate me and make me feel nothing while I am sedated during the night, when I am supposed to be sleeping. They are able to paint my body and mark it without waking me up..., and for a long time I slept in a kind of “awake state”, hearing everything around me while sleeping, as if my body was on alert at all moments without me knowing why). I have a lot of reasons to suspect that my sexuality disorders so early on, without anyone explaining to me, not even the internet, what masturbation was and how it was done... was because someone abused me sexually while sedated. I masturbated even in pools. The perpetrators knew because they surveilled me covertly, especially in the bathrooms. I am completely sure there is recorded material of me having sexual issues as a pre-teen and teen. That was the only way the progenitors could know what was going on. They have used that stage of life as emotional sabotage material. They had even played whole gaslighting games with objects I used for masturbating, like pilones and perfume bottles.

If I recovered from masturbation issues, it is not due to the progenitors helping me: it was because Jesus Charity saved me from my emotional dependence issue, although the emotional and affective deprivation at this house of tortures has never ended; it's a permanent state. In this Unbeing House, affective deprivation and affection only if you did what they told you has always been the norm.

Masturbation was not the only issue I had with affective dependence. The progenitors, avid of controlling with affective deprivation, had a narcissistic monkey they used as my boyfriend. I met him online through a system that, at the time, was called ICQ. I was unsupervised online and managed to get to know him and date him in movies. It was love-bombing at first sight; now I get it. The sexual perversions began very slowly without me realizing they began happening since day one. I was coerced to have sex with this person, even though I was a minor and he was a legal adult. I was coerced into a very irresponsible sexual activity pattern and, what was infinitely worse, to get used to living a life that was not coherent with my faith. The experiences of narcissistic abuse, lovebombing, and psychological control with this narcissistic boyfriend were plenty, but I had no idea then that he was a narcissistic monkey of my progenitors, and I was being trafficked for psychological terror and psychological control purposes. Here is where the psychological control tactics become also social control tactics: the progenitors and their narcissistic monkeys had been quite capable of attempting to control my social relationships to control who gives me affection and how I am loved. I do not have enough words to describe the damage this false romantic relationship did to me... but I managed to get out of that promiscuous life thanks, again, to Jesus Charity. Miraculously, I got out of that human trafficking scheme without getting pregnant or coerced into a forced marriage. I haven't seen her since more than five years ago, and that stage of my life is considered to be ended; I do not wish to have more contact with that person.

With the end of that relationship, the progenitors were left without options to control me psychologically with affective dependence: I was able, with the grace of Jesus Charity, to discover the truest love possible, the Love of God. However, the progenitor still had a "positive psychological control tactic" that they have kept using since my teenage years: economic control, lovebombing with gifts, depriving me of money when they wanted to control me psychologically. Right now, the only thing they can manage to do is to force me to communicate with them to ask for money... for the expenses they themselves cause me to have after years of economic dependence they themselves caused with their abuse. That's my sole communication with them: when I need money. I don't have any human or emotional expectations of them anymore. This is important to state: no daughter, either as a child or as an adult, has it easy dealing with the fact that her parents won't ever love her. But that is a reality I already accept: the parents I needed and expected to be... won't ever exist. The parents they projected to be never existed. They were never "hardworking loving parents": they had always been abusive, they will always remain abusive, and their place is jail for life. I don't wish them death, but I am quite aware that what awaits them both is a federal death penalty case.

The worst psychological control damage the progenitors had ever done through my life had always been through affective dependence and affective deprivation... and that fully stopped with Jesus Charity coming into my life. After that, they had a period of positive psychological control, using money for love-bombing. Then, when they realized they could not control me psychologically anymore in a positive way (making me admire them, needing their love, depending on their approval or affection), at that moment what I would call the "negative psychological control tactics" began: instead of controlling me in a positive way, they would start attempting to control me psychologically in a negative way, through neglect, deprivation... and

torture. At this stage I would be deprived of freedom, of health or of resources if I did not agree to behave and be defined according to their psychological control tactics.

The first negative psychological control tactic, the one that started at 28 years of age, was the psychiatric imprisonment stage. For a whole decade, they would force, over and over again, psychiatric forced hospitalizations through 408 laws granted by judges that never questioned them or let me speak my version of what they said, punishing me for daring to be myself, for daring to live my faith, for daring to question and challenge their psychological abuse, for daring to try to be free. That period of forced psychiatric hospitalizations is over (the 408 law changed, and now they do not have it as easy to hospitalize me by force under a 408 law, or under a 411, which they also used at some point), but I am still required to take forced psychiatric medications after what they did. I had never been able to receive psychiatric care according to my own needs. I had always been defined psychiatrically according to what they said I did and said. Until this day, I had never been told what they did and said in court. Some day I will ask Puerto Rican courts to open my files and let me see what records are kept of what they said to those judges, but something is quite clear: they committed gross perjury over and over again, either by directly lying or omitting information about how they induced what they claimed were "my psychiatric conditions due to not taking medications or not following treatments". The psychiatric secondary effects of the toxic gases they use at this house of tortures are well proven, but beyond those secondary effects, there are the huge traumas they themselves have caused to harm me and attempt to destroy me psychologically when they realized psychiatric imprisonment would not destroy me psychologically by itself. That is very well established pattern: as soon they know they can't control psychologically, then they try to destroy me psychologically, increasing cruelty and trying to induce my suicide. That is how narcissistic abuse functions: they do not kill you themselves; they induce you to kill yourself; they don't lose control over you; they force you to lose control over yourself.

When they realized psychiatric imprisonment did not destroy me psychologically, and I still had interior freedom despite their psychiatric power abuses that were also legal power abuses... There the other psychological control tactic began, the final one, after affective psychological control tactics, psychiatric psychological control tactics, and economic psychological control tactics: then they would attempt to control me psychologically with pain. They would punish me savagely with torture, or by torturing my dogs, for refusing to comply with their psychological terror control tactics. Their use of toxic gassing for torture purposes and for causing pain in order to control me psychologically can be quite established if my social media over the years is assessed forensically for that purpose. At this stage, they would cause whatever pain is needed to force me to divert my psychological energy to deal with pain. If they can't control me psychologically, they will drain me psychologically... but at some point they began to realize that enduring so much pain and torture has forced me to become way stronger psychologically than they would have ever expected through the years.

You must have this quite clear: the progenitors and their narcissistic monkeys and gang stalkers never expected me to be still alive at age 40 (I am currently 41), and besides that, they would have never expected me not to become disabled after their abuse. They expected me to die of cancer due to the toxic gases I had been forced to breathe through the years, which have caused cancer in the dogs but not in me. They expected me to become disabled (they built a whole new room on the first floor expecting me to become disabled) due to their gruesome toxic and psychological abuse, unable to trust, love, and enjoy life as God has created me to be, quite capable of embracing the vocation He had given me. They planned my death for years. The progenitor female even faked a brain cancer diagnosis just to create a false medical history

of brain cancer, expecting me to get one due to the toxic gases they force me to breathe (yes, they still use toxic gas despite them knowing everybody knows what they are doing; they actually enjoy the negative attention they get if they have no way to get positive attention: they feel superior and powerful and above the law; they feel entitled to own my mind and body and relationships... They especially feel entitled to own and control my future). I am still not disabled and still not dead. And they can't rage enough about that. Their narcissistic rages at first were seen as passive-aggressive rage and as pain-causing rages (their use of torture to control me with physical pain).

Finally, when they realized physical pain was not going to work to control me psychologically either, they entered the psychological control stage they are in right now: cruelty. Despicable, cold-blooded cruelty of sadistic proportions. They didn't only become extremely cruel in every way they could: they needed to show and boast they were choosing to be that cruel and even enjoying it. Then you see them causing injuries to the dogs and refusing to pay for their care. Then you see them causing me two consecutive throat infections and then an influenza infection, the three within a four-week span that collided with my birthday and with the anniversary of me discovering the truth about their toxic gas in situ generator system at my 40th birthday. Then you see them projecting suicide (their suicide) as a last-resort psychological control tactic that did not work either. Then you see them playing mind games as cruel as leaving me medicines that I didn't ask for and that are used to treat the very secondary effects they are causing me with torture: they have an insatiable thirst for regaining psychological control at all costs with lots and lots of cruelty that they showcase with histrionism, knowing that they are being recorded and that the federal courts have enough evidence to process them at any moment... and even their own relatives, at least from the maternal side, will be the ones handing them to the authorities. Then you see them, and their narcissistic gang stalkers in the street, committing horribly cruel psychological abuse against children in the neighborhood, especially of the children of the house of the balcony that clearly collaborates directly with the toxic gas generation system of this house of tortures. Yes: they involve children in their psychological terror tactics, including teaching children to abuse animals. Their cruelty spiral is still ongoing... but the key behind it is the same as in all other previous psychological control tactics: what they desperately want is psychological control and to force me to lose myself and lose my faith in goodness and in God.

Because other sections of this text will be dedicated to economic control, control through pain, and other forms of control, I did not explain them further now than what was necessary to understand those control tactics as part of their main psychological terror and psychosocial control tactics. At some point, their psychosocial control tactics were so extensive that I only related socially according to what they dictated I should relate with as a mentally ill person (all my social relations happened only through psychiatric treatments). They caused me not to see relatives for around seven years due to me thinking they were as narcissistic as them, because the progenitors kept playing mind games over the years to project their narcissistic abuse absolutely in every social relationship I had. They also projected their narcissism in all the persons I knew at the parish. Their social control tactics were quite extensive... but it keeps falling by its own weight, as I keep facing the truth about those they projected their narcissism upon.

As you can see, in this section, I focused on psychosocial control tactics, which had always been the source of all other sources of control. I must finish this section, of course, talking about their psychological terror tactics, done through the years through all their ways of psychosocial control.

What do I call psychological terror tactics? Gangstalking coordinated with the neighbors to make me feel there was no escape possible from their psychological terror, that I would be their psychological prisoner forever... because the prison they want me to become a prisoner of is not physical; it is mental. They want me in permanent fear. That is psychological terror tactics: wanting you to be permanently terrorized about what pain they are going to cause next, how they are going to deprive you of money or dignity next, how they are going to cause you anxiety or despair next, how they are going to psychiatrically imprison you next, how they are going to force you to live in fear of their next cruelty-boasting passive-aggressive (or not so passive aggressive anymore) rage episode... or how they are going to harm children next. Yes, for their psychological terror tactics, they need the gang-stalker neighbors involved, and they work literally like a drug cartel and a narco-state demonically opposed to any state of grace and state of freedom to adore God with our whole growth (there is another section to talk about spiritual control and refusal to acknowledge God's authority, but it must be mentioned now to understand their psychological terror control tactics: they totally refuse to recognize God's power over me and over nature; they need to be the ones overpowerful).

Their most extensive psychological terror tactics through the years were, without a doubt, the psychiatric imprisonment. They forced you to remain in constant fear and terror of what other court order they would fabricate simply to keep me imprisoned and unable to talk about their abuse and be believed. For years I lived in constant fear of them forced hospitalizing me again, especially around especial dates, because they are quite fond of ruining especial dates like birthdays, July 4 and liturgical feasts as Christmas. That was their use of the 408 law: for terrorizing, to keep me shut up and controlled, unbelieved and isolated legally and socially.

Another very well-established way to terrorize me is torturing the dogs. They had never stopped hurting the dogs deliberately as a terror tactic, especially when their cruelty has been left without other previously used effective tactics that stopped being effective. They know my dogs are the only family I live with, and will not hesitate to hurt them to hurt me. That fear stopped when I began to pray Caramelo as part of the Holy Family of New Albor: whatever happens to the pets and me, we would go straight to heaven, me or each dog killed or hurt, with them. I had to accompany a cat they poisoned, and I was left without money and resources to take her to the vet, after weeks of the perpetrators poisoning her slowly until finally killing her. I am at peace; I did what I could under the circumstances... but the fact is, I can be killed at any moment (the neighbors are putting loud reggaeton as I write these lines of this paragraph, talking about the dogs and I), and the dogs can be killed at any moment too. I must trust God, love, and let God be God (the neighbors of the house I call "bbq gacebo" put loud reggaeton again as I write that on the computer: this time the reggaeton was put on loud by a neighbor on the same street, at the end of this street, where it is known to be a gang stalking perpetrators cluster. They know it is illegal to play loud music, but the gang stalkers, as the perpetrators, also believe themselves entitled to break the law as they wish. I cannot live in fear of being killed with toxic gassing, or of the dogs being killed by their cruelty. Whatever happens, we are in the hands of God-Love-with-us. I also have learned not to be terrorized for what they can do against themselves or the children of the neighborhood. They are not fond of letting themselves exhibit explicit cruelty that can be easily prosecuted... although at this stage everything they are doing is easily prosecutable, as the domestic terrorists they are. All this is not mere narcissistic, psychopathic, sadistic abuse and crimes: these are domestic terrorism, human trafficking (including trafficking minors) and narcotraffic federal crimes, besides money laundering and corruption. At some point I have joked they are narcs: both narcissistic and narcotrafficants. They could have chosen to convert, and they have chosen over and over again the cult of death's way.

A final comment about the psychological control tactics of the progenitors.

There is an extraordinary opening scene in the movie *My Sister's Keeper* in which a girl explains the process of being born genetically engineered.



Well, being born from these kind of progenitors, both completely incapable of a real emotional connection and both incapable of a conception open to communion... it is like being born socially engineered for abuse, at least in the human sense. Everything they conceived me for was for abuse, torture and feed their fragile egos.

According to God, that story is quite different: according to God Love I can be considered an immaculate social conception, raised socially by my guardian angel (to whom I learned to pray without being taught) and the Word of God I read so avidly since being a little girl... raised in ways that prepared me for being able to conceive Jesus Charity eventually: due to the complete lack of social connection capability of both progenitors, the way I learned to connect socially could only come from my prayers... and that empowered my heart for the mission I would be given when the moment to conceive creatively Jesus Charity came. I am not trying to give an "alternative story" to cover up the trauma that the progenitors caused. Remember: as I grew up I had no idea of the progenitors being abusive, I thought I was the problem, but I prayed, and through prayers I developed a personality that socialized in a way that was different to those around me. The detail of me being unable to connect with the progenitors began very little. After the incident in third grade in which I was punished and made feel awful for saying "my parents didn't love me" I learned to develop a prayer life of my own... and according to God I was immensely beloved and part of a history that came from His Heart, no matter how disconnected I was from those two progenitors... Yes, I suffered a lot when I realized I couldn't feel connected with any of my parents, but I didn't let me define according to what they approved to let me feel more connected, I let me be defined to what connected me more to God Love... and that choice changed my life forever and truly empowered to socialize in a different way: sacramentally, based in growing-together-in-communion. When I had been explained I am a social immaculate conception, it doesn't mean I am incapable of sin. I am free from original sin since my baptism and yes, I am capable of sinning, but the progenitors abuse had been such, through my whole

life, that they had made me incapable of sinning consciously: their abuse had conditioned me to be free of sinning in the way that the dependence they generated in me with their abuse made me unable to fully consent to the sins I was committing, so they never became mortal sins... no matter how mortal I thought they were. My kind of sins had been other: when I didn't choose to love in all the correspondance possible to Divine Charity.

Yes, the psychological control tactics and the social control tactics of the progenitors had been extremely harmful through my whole life, extreme enough to make me a social immaculate conception: the way in which I learned to socialize did not come from them. Yes, I had suffered immensely... but as I will explain in the conclusion, my life has not been less worthy due to the immense psychological devastation my progenitors have caused through my whole life. I forgive their cruelty and inability to be parents, wish them salvation... but I also have very clear: their place is out of my body, my mind and my relationships. Their place is out of my life, in the jail for life.

While I am still forced to remain at this house of tortures I remain a **victim-nonperson**.

XIV. The Huger Games

Body-nonperson

XV. A body not my own

Body control

Organism-nonperson

XVI. Crazy by law (Experiences of forced hospitalizations through the years)

Here I will tell some of the experiences I lived through during around eight forced psychiatric hospitalizations.

No psychiatric hospital in Puerto Rico has a protocol for psychological abuse, like the Artemis protocol I proposed for psychological abuse victims who receive emergency mental health services. No matter how I said, "this is psychological abuse," or if I could even verbalize "they are using the 408 law as psychological abuse and retaliation," no psychiatric hospital, not even the ones that were solely psychiatric hospitals, has any protocol to protect the rights of anyone who claims to be psychologically abused. As soon as you claim you are being abused psychologically, you are assumed to be psychotic and injected with more antipsychotics.

At all moments, I had been given psychiatric services always assuming I HAVE SOMETHING WRONG (psychosis, schizophrenia, bipolar disorder). The fact is: in my case, the mental health services I need are because I HAD BEEN DONE SOMETHING WRONG, SOMETHING TRAUMATIC, PRECISELY COMMITTED BY THOSE WHO CLAIM THAT "CARE ME". Both circumstances are not the same at all, but the services I am always given are based on what the progenitors say I have, not on how they have harmed me. So, I am not cared for as a patient with a voice of my own. I am a patient, but not a person: I am given treatment according to what those who harm me (my progenitors) say I (not them) am wrong.

Here are some of the darkest experiences over the years that happened in forced hospitalizations:

- Police man who said to me, entering my room by force: "You need to hurry up; I need to help more people."

- Cellphones disconnecting from the internet in every ambulance except the last, when I didn't have cellphone internet already.

- Pharrell song "Happy" where I was undressed in the first forced hospitalization.

- Panamericano: Diary of a Dog

- Panamericano: totally collapsed on the physical exercises zone floor, left alone for around five minutes until I could get up by myself. Everyone acted like it was normal: my blood pressure dropped, they said later. No one took my blood pressure while I was on the floor.

- Panamericano: mind games with the nurses' name badge card holders.
- Pavia: left on the floor to sleep.
- Pavia: forcing me to hear reggaeton.
- Pavia: refusing to speak at the whole hospitalization except to the social worker, very little, talking about the abuse.
- Pavia and, at times, Federico Trilla also: refused to be let to write anything.
- Federico Trilla: this is not socially caused at all, what you have is biological, schizophrenia is biological. A mental health condition has no social causes; it is all biologically caused.
- Federico Trilla: bandera luz to the Capitolio with the stolen sheets.
- Capestrano: they are your parents, you must respect them, its all you have, you can't say they are abusing you.
- Capestrano: refusing to see evidence.
- Capestrano: refusing to refer me to neurological emergency despite having physical signs (in the eyes) of evident neurological impairment.
- Capestrano: baptizing with a penis.
- Capestrano: roommate with a fire starter, smoking.
- Capestrano: sedating me exactly like the progenitos did at the house of tortures and taking my blood while sedated. Claiming they did a urine test when my urine was never taken.
- Capestrano: giving me at the end of the forced hospitalization a pin with the two flags (Puerto Rico flag and USA flag), implying I was forced hospitalized psychiatrically due to political reasons.
- Capestrano: my charity alliance ring chain got totally broken during undressing.
- Capestrano: they took a medical card the progenitors took from my trash. They were told, and they did nothing.
- Capestrano: refusal to document dirty marks on my body during undressing. Of course that is caused by the progenitors' refusal to let me bathe.
- Last hospitalization: I informed the progenitors that they were inducing suicidal ideation and wanted me to die by suicide. Nothing was done.
- All hospitalizations: I was not told anything directly. At some hospitalizations, I was not given my own discharge and medical papers. My claim of being abused appeared on no discharge papers at any of the forced hospitalizations, but everything my progenitors said was there.
- All hospitalizations: I was never given the chance to communicate with the judge and inform I was being abused.

Patient-nonperson

XVII. Professional Harassment

The most gruesome examples of gaslighting and manipulation endured in professional environments through the years.

Worker-nonperson

XVIII. A failed Children's holocaust: Child abuse over the years

Introduction: what is the Children's Holocaust

My own childhood holocaust.

Children abuse around me.

Pregnant women game around me.

Students abused through the years (worst cases).

Minor neighbors abused over the years

Child-nonperson

XIX. Social Slavery (Everything about slavery, especially economic slavery)

How social slavery had been possible because I had been forbidden to live by my own for years, and when I lived outside Puerto Rico, they still had control of my devices, besides affective manipulation and control.

How I had been economically enslaved over the years

Consumer-nonperson

XX. Always forced to endure pain, one way or another

How I had been forced to always endure pain, one way or another.

Sufferer-nonperson

XXi. Truth denialism as substitution of rule of law

The constant truth denialism in every environment

The truth denialist game of social media: you use social media because you are socially deprived and have no other communication way to communicate to survive; at the same time, social media is used to torture you with truth denialism over and over again, with forced content manipulated to distort your social reality interpretation and to keep you far away from the real truth. Social media is used to socially enslave you; you know it, and you have no other chance than to comply with the “algorithm” (it’s not an algorithm you can’t refuse; it’s a psy-op you can’t refuse, with social content handpicked and manipulated to control you with social control tactics) to survive. You have no possibility of any kind of social content at this house of tortures if not online. You are as lonely as talking with Wilson in Cat Away, but Wilson is social media:



The constant gaslighting to manipulate the interpretation of reality over and over again, denying you the very possibility of being able to live according to truth.

You are forced to live detached from all surrounding social reality: you are there, forced to be there, forced to have those interactions, forced to endure one suffering after another, forced to swallow one truth denial after another, laughed at, humiliated over and over again,

without any kind of authority, neither over your own existence nor over what you are supposed to have authority in the environment you are.

You are totally detached from social reality: that reality is not yours to participate in as an equal; that reality is enforcing, colonizing you over and over again, in every way possible. In the same way, when you are forced to endure extreme pain, you live like it is a body that is your own; when you are socially enslaved by truth denialism, you are forced to exist in a social reality that is not yours; you are gone of the rule of communion, of the rule of law, of any kind of truth-based rule.

The false ending game through 13 years.

Entity-nonperson

XXII. Six times the effort (intellectual sabotage and creative sabotage)

How all my creative works and intellectual works were sabotaged over the years, especially Iesu Amor and the theology of light.

Creator-nonperson

XXIil. Religious Persecution

All the experiences related to religious harassment and spirituality harassment (mimicking of my prayers, not allowing me to pray, punishing me with pain for giving light to the Word, or punishing in any way for choosing to be faithful to my charity alliance).

Not being allowed to live my faith as a person, I must always be surveilled, harassed, and unable to access the truth.

Christian-nonperson

XXIV. No real home possible

The constant manipulation, without any kind of social communion possible.

I go to a doctor? I go to a store? I go to work? I teach students? All those are examples of relationships that have been hijacked by the Government, in theory for “helping me survive”, at the cost of forcing me to survive in a completely non-communion society.

Only God knows the cost and the trauma of, for years and years, having absolutely NO ONE to have a truth-based conversation with and grow together in communion. I have the phone for professional issues and medical issues. There is not a single friend on its contacts list. There is no emergency contact either. I lie about every emergency contact I am asked for, because I have no emergency contact.

I have a grandma I am unable to see due to the progenitor’s abuse, even if she is in the same house... and at the same time I have uncles and aunts and cousins that collaborate with the Government, but I can’t also share with them because they have a duty to accomplish, not a relationship to care.

I have also, supposedly, a husband waiting for me. A husband that has lied millions of times, never telling the truth of the abuse and torture I am forced BY THE GOVERNMENT to endure. Always looking happy, as if nothing is happening to me...

All this causes a macabre normalcy: a relationship-less life. Because you know EVERY relationship is weaponized, by one side or the other side of this Unbeing War. It’s macabre normalizing not being allowed to trust ANYONE in the human sense, because you are a human to no one: no matter how you relate to someone, it will be used for psychosocial manipulation. There is never simply... a real relationship to care.

The most brutal form of relationship control is... using my relationship with children, usually my students, to control and manipulate me socially. It’s a brutal torture: besides enduring suffering every day, also having to endure children being trained to manipulate you and disrespect your authority because they are not in the classroom to learn; they are in the classroom weaponized to enforce psychosocial control tactics upon me. They are being used as child soldiers, and no one, not even the ONU, dares to stop it... In some instances I have resigned... but the issue keeps repeating at EVERY school I apply for a job... to the extent of every job ending up becoming, sooner or later, forced labor in a gas chamber (my classroom becomes a main gas chamber).

The agony and pain of being refused a family and a home with real relationships is hard enough... to then also being refused a society with real relationships.

The grief for the society that wasn't there will never end. The grief for being forbidden to care and forbidden to be cared for will never end.

Uncared-Nonperson

XV. No real relationships possible at all

Sharing everything online, but no matter how connected my life could become, I had been refused real connection for more than a decade ago. Counting only the years after the period of my forced hospitalization began, I had been “sharing” online what I had been forced to go through... since almost 15 years ago. The manipulations. The lies. The tortures. The hate. The gaslighting. The gangstalking. The pain. The suffering. The loss. The civil death.

Although there were periods in which the progenitors denied me the chance to have internet to share (yes, they control at all moments if I can connect or not, and what I can share and what I can't share, and there were times in which they explicitly manipulated my devices to not allow me to connect and have internet, like when I was entered into ambulances in each forced hospitalization), I had the chance to share all kinds of evidence of the abuse happening here... since a long time ago.

For years and years I had been “connected”, but completely unheard. For years and years, I had been forced to get used to the reality of being fully connected to the internet, but fully disconnected as a human being: no one hears my cries, no one mourns my suffering, no one stands for the truth while I keep being tortured and abused and enslaved.

I wish I could say the progenitors were the biggest liars. It is not so. Yes, they have lied, a lot, even criminally (they committed perjury to get me forced hospitalized with court orders).

The biggest liars here have always been the government and the Pope. While I had been drowning in extreme pain and extreme suffering... I had been gaslighted over and over again through the years with such a disconnection that I ended up with no real relationship at all.

I would be in an ER treated for what I haven't, and ignored for what I truly had.

I would be in a classroom, hired simply for being tortured, forced to hear students fabricating conversations only for the progenitors to hear them on the cellphone, never having a single conversation that was only heard by me, a conversation with personal interaction in which something was truly said to me.

I would be in a church, or watching a mass online, simply to hear what was targeted to me to hear and see so those who harassed me would “get the message”. The Mass or the homily wasn't said Gospel-centered, nor was the sacramental life Gospel-centered; it was pure love-bombing and gaslighting to divert the attention from what was truly happening, or to manipulate

the interpretation of reality for social control tactics. Then you get used to an ecclesial life without real relationship: you are there merely to be “seen through” but never talked to and treated like a person. This is so true that through years and years in which I shared dreams every day... those dreams were exploited over and over again, without ever talking with me personally about ANY OF THEM. Everyone has mimicked my dreams, but in almost 15 years, I have never had the chance to speak with someone about how I dreamed with Jesus, Charity, and to have a personal conversation about what it felt like to encounter Him once more.

It had never been my choice to be a Church of one... but I had been forced to be a Church of one since a very long time ago. I was never given the chance to have a personal conversation with ANYONE at any church: even my confessions were being remotely surveilled, and the Church knew it way before I was aware of it. I was not defended and told the truth to stop the sacramental surveillance. I was let to suffer. I was let to be abused. I was denied sacramental dignity.

In any place I am, there are huge measures of social control: people walking beside me, toxic gassing placed strategically, conversations around me, T-shirts on those around me, including children; absolutely NOTHING is there by chance; everything is manipulated... however... I am never spoken to personally. I am never given the chance of a conversation that only I can hear, a conversation spoken only to me. I am never given the chance to speak like a person who can be herself. I am never touched with tenderness or empathy. I am never simply let be human and live according to who I truly am. I must always fit the Truman Show that is enforced around me at all moments. No matter how many lives I could record to explain myself and how many posts I could make to denounce what is going on... I keep being forced to live a lie, and I keep being forced to endure the worst tortures of all: absolute denial of social communion, everywhere. The Government, with the excuse of stopping my progenitors' abuse, commits an even worse abuse than them, depriving me of EVERY CHANCE of having a social communion anywhere. That is far worse.

You never stop crying and mourning the society that was meant to be there but wasn't. The society you were taught as a child you belonged to, but you're denied all chances to belong in a truth-based way, not with manipulation, not with gaslighting, not with lies, not with exploitation and trafficking, not with social slavery. Society then becomes an abstract thing you remember as it was taught in primary school social studies... but it hasn't been real for you for decades.

Only God can know the harm I have suffered from the denial of real relationships throughout my whole life, first due to my progenitors' narcissistic power abuse and eventually due to the Government's power abuse that behaves exactly like the narcissistic power abuse. True: my progenitors have denied me real relationships throughout my whole life. However, the Government's power abuse harm has always been the biggest and most painful. Through the years, as I keep discovering more and more details of the horrible abuses of the progenitors, I didn't get traumatized discovering their deep hate and inability to love and connect. No, I kept being traumatized by the Government, which didn't allow me to connect with anyone, because absolutely all my connections became a Truman Show, until ending without any kind of relationship possible at all, not a single one. The most painful harm has been the Government doing the same as my progenitors: instead of stopping my progenitors, the Government did a worse abuse than them. Thanks to the Government, absolutely ALL my relationships became unreal, based on social slavery.

Then it can happen, and it happens often, that even your emotions are supposed to react according to what others dictate you should be feeling, and not according to your own reality. You are expected to exist disconnected from the social slavery you are forced to endure and disconnected from the pain and suffering you are forced to endure, always following the script that others write for you. You are expected to smile while you are being tortured. You are even supposed to be grateful for how you are being enslaved by both the Government and terrorists. You are expected to behave normally and even spontaneously and naturally in totally controlled environments.

You are expected to comply with the script of those around you. You can never be expected to have a life of your own, or a relationship according to the true reality you are forced through. Just to say a very ordinary example of this, you are expected to keep talking normally to those who surround you while being tortured with toxic gas, while everybody knows you are being tortured with toxic gas, but everyone is instructed to act as if nothing is happening, including children. You cannot relate to those around you explaining the pain you are forced to suffer, how uncomfortable being tortured is, how frustrating it is being enslaved socially over and over again.... Nope, the relationship is a façade. You must relate according to the fabricated script in each circumstance. At the house of tortures, the façade is me being a “mentally ill adult, dependent on her parents who love her so much”. At work, the Truman Show façade is being “an employee hired to be a teacher”. None is true at all. In each environment, a façade serves as a barricade to truth: it is used to deny the truth with an “official” extrinsic version of reality that is enforced socially in the same way a social bombing would happen: with military-grade logistics that you are unable to escape.

Then you find yourself in the middle of a personhood exile: everyone engages in a life you are not allowed to be part of. Of course, on the terrorist side, that is absolutely expected: you cannot have communion with demonic activity. But it can happen on the Government side... it can even happen on the Pope's side. As I write this, the Pope is visiting France. There are huge crowds and, in theory, joy. Everyone is celebrating what the Pope is saying... while he is saying what he is saying there, at the same time he is denying the truth about what is happening here. I may be connected to read whatever the Pope says and does, but I am not connected as a person to be taken into account, no matter how much I can be tortured due to my faith. So, you see a whole Church celebrating at the same time the truth about the torture you are being forced to endure, and have been forced to endure for more than ten years, is being openly denied BY A POPE.

It's just an example of a very normal thing for me: feeling something completely different from those around me, a total emotional disconnection. I am supposed to be happy, to celebrate, to give thanks... while I am being tortured and exiled from personhood, forced to remain alive in a permanent civil death state.

The best way to illustrate this is... a scene of Armageddon. Grace (Liv Tyler) sees everyone celebrating... while she only wants to cry her loss. The scene can be seen in the following screenshot:



In her case, someone appeared to cry with her. In my case, I must keep the anger to myself and cry by myself the life I had been stolen, the dignity I had been denied, the innocence and trust that had been broken, the truth and communion I had been forced to remain exiled from permanently for a whole life, the agency of my nature I had also been refused over and over again, while everyone is celebrating and giving thanks and joyful, like right now in France, while the Pope is not saying the truth while I am being tortured over and over again, not only tortured due to the terrorist tortures, but also tortured because I have no way to avoid always grieving the society that wasn't there to connect with, always seeing society from a personhood exile, never allowed to be part of a truth-based society... of a communion-based society that doesn't exist even when it is commanded by God to exist: in the Church.

Connected-nonperson

XVi. The end of writing our dreams down

Un temor desde escuela primaria que quedó latente, nunca escrito explícitamente pero sí implícitamente.

Mis abuelas.

Lesión... no idea of what other word use.

What happened... prior birthday

Realizing both things at the same time was horrible enough... to choose not to write dreams anymore. I don't want to be read that way.

When September 11 came... I was barely able to eat due to the nausea I was being caused by toxic gassing, in the car, at the house of tortures... and at the work of tortures too. I was not allowed to sleep that night, woken up by the noises of the dogs scratching through the night due to the toxic gassing being used. Minnie is secreting liquid from one ear while we are being toxic gassed; that is something new that didn't happen before. I try to comfort her, but it is very little what I can do for her, we are all forced to endure the toxic gassing tortures over and over again at that house of tortures.

When I woke up to write what I dreamed, absolutely beautiful... I was barely able to write: I was being sedated with toxic gas; the perpetrators began to use the kind of toxic gas that causes severe sleepiness... I wrote what I could and ate what I could despite the nausea. It is absolutely horrible to have something so beautiful to share, knowing it is the last time you are going to share a dream... but then you are not only barely able to write: you had been SO MUCH TORTURED in the last 24 hours that you are literally like out of yourself, seeing from outside what is happening to your body: the nausea, the huge somnolence, the constant nausea and difficulties swallowing food...

I kept writing what I could, writing even while forced to defecate, writing in the toilet... and then I discovered something I had no idea was there.

When I got out to leave Princess outside... I discovered she had a huge mass at the base of her tail. A mass that wasn't there at the last grooming (the one before this last one). A mass caused by the toxic gassing we are all forced to breathe in the toxic gas chamber called "my room of tortures". I was shocked, but unable to cry, because I am too numb right now. I want to cry, but I can't. There she is, my most loyal friend and companion, dying of cancer because she is remaining with me, and I am unable to provide treatment. All I can do is discuss her options with her doctor at her next appointment on September 19. I have been told several times that if she has a mass, her allergy medications must be suspended, but due to the severe toxic gassing at the house of tortures, suspending her allergy medication would be a huge torture to her. This is it. Finally, the toxic gassing killed another dog, causing another cancer that can't be operated on, not only due to lack of money but also due to being unable to suspend the medication that allows the mass to keep growing. All I can do is try to ask the progenitors for money to do her a biopsy of the mass on September 19, to know if it is malignant or not. Yes, this is happening simply due to us being forced to keep enduring more and more torture, for we are being forced to stay in an Auschwitz House, a mass personhood extermination house...

As I am writing this, exactly as I am writing these words at the work of tortures... I am being forced to defecate for a fourth time in less than 24 hours. This is hell: functions of your body that had been created to be intrinsic are being controlled over and over again extrinsically, forcing you to become a puppet of whoever is controlling the toxic gas system where you are: sleep, being able to eat or not (I bought a breakfast that I was unable to eat because of the nausea that is being caused), defecating, being able to be alert and wake up... all those functions right now are being controlled extrinsically with toxic gassing, and I can't do ANYTHING about it, because I am a social slave; I am being enslaved over and over again with more and more torture...

Thank you, Jesus Charity, for all that we have shared until now... I am sorry for not having the way, the strength, or the clarity to be able to keep sharing our dreams... I am weakened right now. I am like I am outside of myself, trying to handle so much pain exposure...

Conclusion

This recollection of memories stops in chapter XVI because my adult life ended around that age: at age 26. I would begin to be forced hospitalized at age 28, after a period of more than one years totally enclosed at my room, never finding a safe place to be and understand what was going on, always writing poetry and spending the 40 dollars I was given to spend in food the best way I could (this is the period with which I start this text in chapter 1...), in which I dropped so much weight I ended changing from size 18 to fitting a size 0 pant I had as a left over in the closet from my years in Spain. I never transitioned from young adulthood to mature adulthood; instead of letting me keep growing as an adult, I began to regress into my teen years and childhood again. I eventually lost the freedom to cook my own meals, clean and organize my own spaces, manage my own expenses, or own personal property or a personal space to become independent... Since age 28, I began going back to a child-adult stage, but in the opposite direction: I became an adult treated like a child, instead of a child treated like an adult, like the progenitors did when I was a little girl.

As you can see now, this text is a non-linear recollection of memories of some key details related to my imprisonment years both as a prisoner of terrorists and a prisoner of democracy: as a prisoner of the Unbeing War. If someone wants a more linear telling of all these abuses, I would suggest that those who want to see a more sequential telling of my imprisonment time look at my social media over the years. That is way more linear and sequential. In the memories I share now, the same incident may connect across more than one chapter.

Yes, what I tell in these memories is a horrifying story of suffering and hatred: a story of how I have been tortured, trafficked, abused, dehumanized, and left in agonizing psychological pain over and over again throughout the years. There are experiences in these pages that no human being should ever have been forced to endure.

But now I want to share a question that Mikhael, my guardian angel, asked me after I finished sketching the section on psychological control tactics—the most difficult section for me to sketch. I was asked whether, knowing what I know now, and knowing all the suffering I have been forced to endure, I would choose to ask the government or anyone else to kill me, or whether I would choose never to have been born at all.

My answer is no. I would still choose to be born. And I would not ask anyone to kill me. I would choose life. I would choose it not because what happened to me was acceptable, necessary, deserved, or somehow made good simply because I survived it. Evil does not become good

because something beautiful eventually grows in the place where it wounded us. I do not need to call cruelty good in order to call my life good. My life is good because it is a gift from God Love.

I would not exchange for absolutely anything the gift of giving birth to Jesus Charity and welcoming the new identity He has given me: to become a living and incarnated Eucharist, a life offered in love, continually called to grow in communion with Him and with others. I give thanks for the gift of life that God Love has given me. I know that, to Him, I am infinitely beloved, even if to my progenitors I have never been—and may never be—a beloved daughter. Their inability or refusal to love me does not determine the measure of my lovability. Their treatment of my person does not determine the value of my person. The violence that has been inflicted upon my life does not possess the authority to define what my life means. God does, and before God Love, I am a person. I am beloved. I am capable of receiving love, giving love, creating, thinking, imagining, teaching, serving, dreaming, writing, praying, adoring, and continuing to grow.

There is an extraordinary grace in having been allowed to grow for the glory of God Love. I would not exchange this life—the possibility of adoring Him through all that growth—for absolutely anything.

I give thanks because I can still grow.

I give thanks because, after everything intended to diminish my personhood, I can still discover more deeply who I am before God. I can still learn. I can still ask questions. I can still contemplate. I can still write. I can still create things that did not exist before they passed through my imagination and my hands. I can still dream of possibilities beyond what has already been done to me.

I give thanks because suffering has not exhausted my capacity for wonder. There are still ideas to discover, pages to write, paintings to imagine, prayers to offer, children to teach, dreams to nurture, places of communion to envision, and acts of charity that have not yet happened. There are still people whom I have not met. There are still children whose growth I may somehow help. There are still moments when another human being may feel more recognized, more dignified, more capable of dreaming, creating, learning, or growing because I was alive and encountered them, and that matters to me profoundly. Teaching has given me another reason to understand why life is a gift. To stand before children and encourage them to learn, question, create, discover, and imagine a larger future is itself an affirmation of life. Every child possesses a personhood that precedes anyone else's judgment of his or her usefulness, intelligence, obedience, success, or worth. To participate, even imperfectly, in helping another person grow is something for which I can give thanks.

I give thanks for creativity because creativity is one of the ways I experience that abuse has not been granted the final word over my interior world. Someone may attempt to control a human being, but there remains something astonishing about the capacity of the human person to imagine what does not yet exist—to envision a different home, a different school, a different community, a different society, a different future. I can still imagine. I can still dream. I can still build. I can still love, and I can still turn toward God.

I give thanks for every opportunity to transform what I have learned through suffering into a deeper commitment to human dignity. Having experienced what it means to feel that one's

personhood is treated as conditional makes me cherish even more fiercely the truth that human dignity must never depend upon whether someone is wanted, convenient, believed, productive, healthy, powerful, socially accepted, or understood. Every human being is a person. Every human being possesses inherent dignity. Every human being deserves the possibility of growing without having to diminish another person in order to do so.

I give thanks that I can still envision a world in which we grow together: a world in which children are protected and encouraged to become fully themselves; in which creativity is cultivated rather than crushed; in which education expands the horizon of what a child believes is possible; in which mercy does not erase truth; in which fraternity does not require the disappearance of individuality; and in which no person's dignity has to be sacrificed for another person's power.

I give thanks that I can still desire peace without confusing peace with silence. I can desire mercy without calling injustice acceptable. I can desire forgiveness without pretending that wounds never existed. I can seek communion without surrendering personhood. I can choose charity without denying truth.

Perhaps one of the greatest gifts of remaining alive is precisely this: I am still becoming. The story is not finished. What others have done to me belongs to my history, but it does not possess my future. There is more to my existence than what was inflicted upon me. There is the person I continue becoming before God. There is the love I can still give. There is the knowledge I can still seek. There is the beauty I can still create. There is the good I can still attempt. There are people I can still serve. There is growth that has not happened yet. There are still dreams beyond the dreams I already know how to dream. Above all, there is God Love, there is Jesus Charity, who have changed my life after converting me into His creative mother. There is the possibility of knowing Him more deeply, of adoring Him not only with words but with my whole existence—with my intelligence, my creativity, my work, my wounds, my healing, my relationships, my service, my writing, my teaching, my imagination, and every new capacity that grows within me. This is part of what it means to me to become a living Eucharist: not merely to survive, but to allow life itself to become gift; to receive love and respond with love; to become increasingly capable of self-giving without surrendering the sacred dignity of the self that is being given; to allow Divine Charity to become visible through a human life.

Jesus Charity gives a different answer to hatred. Where hatred says, "You should disappear," Divine Charity says, "Grow." Where dehumanization says, "You are not a person," Divine Charity recognizes the inviolable dignity of the person. Where abuse attempts to reduce a human being to an object, Divine Charity encounters a brother or sister. Where violence attempts to produce fear, Divine Charity can still create communion. Where suffering threatens to make the future unimaginable, hope dares to dream again. Where someone has been treated as though her existence were unwanted, God Love can still say: You are beloved. That is why gratitude does not require me to be grateful for abuse. I am not grateful for cruelty. I am grateful for life.

I am grateful that cruelty did not become the totality of my existence.

I am grateful that there remained within my life the possibility of God, love, Eucharist, thought, creativity, learning, teaching, service, beauty, fraternity, mercy, dignity, communion, dreams, and growth.

I am grateful that I have been able to write.

I am grateful that I have been able to create.

I am grateful that I have been able to teach.

I am grateful that I have been able to dream.

I am grateful that I have been able to love.

I am grateful that I have been able to pray.

I am grateful that I have been able to adore.

And I am grateful that I am still able to grow.

My gratitude for life does not erase the testimony of what happened to me. On the contrary, it makes the distinction clearer: what was done to me was not the measure of what my life was worth. My life was worth protecting then. My life is worth living now. Its meaning does not belong to those who hurt me. It belongs ultimately to God Love, from whom I received it and before whom I continue becoming. So if I were asked again—knowing everything, remembering everything, understanding how painful the road would be—whether I would erase my existence altogether, my answer would remain: no. I would still choose to have been born, because I would still choose the possibility of encountering God Love.

I would still choose the gift of giving light to Jesus Charity.

I would still choose to become a living and incarnated Eucharist.

I would still choose the children I have been able to teach, the things I have been able to create, the words I have been able to write, the dreams I have been able to dream, the people I have been able to love, and every moment in which I have been able to recognize and defend the dignity of another human person.

I would still choose every opportunity to grow, to glow, and to bloom in Divine Love—and to help others grow with me.

I would still choose the possibility that wounds can become places from which mercy grows, without ever pretending that the wounds were necessary.

I would still choose the unfinished future.

I would still choose to adore.

I would still choose life, not because life has been gentle with me, not because human beings have always recognized my dignity, not because suffering deserves gratitude, but because beneath everything that human beings have done, there remains a gift they did not create and therefore cannot ultimately define: the gift of being alive before God Love. For that gift, I give thanks. For the grace of continuing to become, I give thanks. For Jesus Charity, I give thanks. For every day in which I am still able to love, create, serve, adore, dream, and grow for the glory

of God Love, I give thanks. That life—this living, growing act of adoring Jesus Charity with our whole growth—I would exchange for absolutely nothing.