

Memories of a Prisoner of the Unbeing

The personhood holocaust of a citizen-non person

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

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Introduction: Yes, we can love best!

A prisoner of the Unbeing is a person whose surroundings repeatedly deny her the freedom to live and grow as someone of her own. She remains alive, visible, and subject to other people's demands, yet her voice, boundaries, conscience, relationships, and future are treated as though they belonged to someone else. Unbeing names that contradiction: a human being is present, but the environment does not make room for her to exist as an equal person. It is the imprisonment of personal becoming through systematic depersonalization. By systematic depersonalization, I mean here a relational and civic denial of personhood, rather than the clinical experience sometimes described by that word. I mean being treated as an instrument, an extension of another person's will, a problem to be managed, or a story that others possess the authority to tell. The denial can be systematic because the same demand for submission recurs across daily life; it becomes systemic when the surrounding relationships and institutions reproduce it. No one can abolish the inherent dignity of a person. What can be taken away, however, are the safety, recognition, practical freedom, and opportunities through which that dignity becomes a life she can meaningfully call her own.

That is the meaning through which I approach the memories that follow. In them I describe a childhood and adulthood in which I experienced my progenitors' coercive control as a persistent refusal to let me become myself, remembering that coercive control is not just emotional and psychological abuse; it is a trajectory of behavior: when they can no longer control you with psychological abuse tactics, they will move onto other forms of control, including physical violence tactics like torture and sadist psychopathy. What I describe throughout these pages as narcissistic and psychopathic abuse is, at its center, this demand: my growth had to remain subordinate to their purposes and coercive control. Their approval could define what I was permitted to want, their interpretation could displace what I understood, and their demands could override what I needed. I was expected to adapt to their control rather than inhabit a home where my own personhood could develop in safety. I was born as a prisoner of domestic war: my mere existence

as myself was considered a war by my progenitors, so my progenitors' abuse implied a permanent war on my personhood. The later memories give this denial an ordinary, devastating texture. I recount affection made conditional upon complying with assigned roles; the adult burdens placed upon me as a child; isolation from meaningful support; and minute demands governing domestic tasks, belongings, and daily choices. I describe being made to feel guilty for refusing, including being told that God would punish me when I resisted responsibilities imposed upon me. I describe how my own account of my life struggled to receive standing when other people's accounts were accepted instead. These memories matter together because coercive control reaches beyond any single incident: it can make the person's freedom to refuse, disagree, seek help, or develop an independent life the recurring target of the relationship.

A child does not enter her first home already equipped with the resources to challenge the world it creates around her. She learns there what affection means, whether her discomfort matters, whether refusal is possible, and whether being herself is compatible with belonging. When belonging is repeatedly made dependent upon surrender, the environment can teach her to confuse submission with love and self-erasure with goodness. This is why systematic depersonalization is so destructive: it reaches into the very conditions through which a person learns to recognize and exercise her own agency. It injures the growing person while also narrowing the paths through which she might understand the injury and obtain protection. In that autobiographical sense, I describe myself as a prisoner of the Unbeing since birth. I was technically a citizen, but I did not experience my first home as a protected place where I could grow as an equally dignified person. I experienced it as a place where I was formed to remain subject to my progenitors' control. I was conceived to be groomed and abused. What I call social slavery is this lived contradiction between formal freedom and pervasive subjection; I do not use it to claim that the law literally declared me their property, although *de facto* the progenitors do consider me their property at all stages of my life. The injury was that my personal formation was repeatedly organized around compliance with abuse rather than freedom to become myself.

That first kind of being a prisoner of the Unbeing, being born in a psychological terror war, being born as a prisoner of domestic war, became another kind of imprisonment: that first Unbeing imprisonment acquired a civic dimension when I sought help outside that home. The Government agencies and other institutions from which I requested investigation, protection, and a viable route toward independence did not provide the rescue I needed when it was supposed to be given according to the rule of law. A government need not originate private abuse to help perpetuate its consequences. When authorities receive reports of coercive control, psychosocial abuse, and human trafficking, fail to examine them independently, or exercise power over the person without making protection effectively accessible to her, institutional failure can reinforce the very dependency she is trying to escape. Whether particular failures constitute legal complicity requires investigation; the moral question I raise is why a person's reported loss of freedom can remain unresolved while the institutions governing her continue to function as if systemic depersonalization is completely normal.

The prisoner of democracy is therefore the civic dimension of the prisoner of the Unbeing. The first names the contradiction of being governed in the name of the people while unable to stand among them as an effective equal. The second, the prisoner of coercive control, including

domestic terrorism and domestic psychological terror, names the broader imprisonment of becoming, whether imposed within a family or sustained through the systems beyond it. Their meeting point is the citizen–non-person: someone whose citizenship is acknowledged while the practical conditions of her personhood remain denied. The argument that follows begins there, with the difference between possessing citizenship and being allowed to live as the person who possesses it.

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 creates that circularity. It does not mean that I literally ceased to possess constitutional rights (that in the case of Puerto Ricans, they are not exactly “constitutional” as equal citizens with an equal constitution, because our citizenship is statutory). 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-nonperson 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 and defraternalization it brings and about what happens when 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 nonpersonhood; 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 an 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. No, “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 rightsbearer, 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 to socially enforced structures that deny human dignity as inherently fraternal dignity that allows everyone to be able to socialize as an equal, free and dignified brother and sister. The citizen–non-person is therefore free to be socially enslaved. 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 enslaved 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, as I already explained: I was born as a prisoner of the Unbeing enforced by my progenitor's domestic terrorism and domestic psychological terror, 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 as mechanisms of surveillance and coercive control, including coordinated social, environmental, biochemical, and 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 (both narcissistic state and narcoterrorist state: my progenitors are both kinds of narcs) that had surrounded me and restrained 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 and had de facto right to, mechanisms for involuntary psychiatric intervention remained capable of exercising coercive authority over me in the name of my abusive progenitors and their narcissistic monkeys gang stalkers. 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, the government 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 and social enslavement? 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 and coercive control. 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.

Social slavery can be enforced by a government in 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 have 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 have 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 the 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. So, I remain a prisoner of the Unbeing, subject to the imprisonment of truth denialism and psy ops of both sides of this Unbeing War: the progenitors and their gangstalkers that have trafficked me and abused me with narcissistic coercive control my whole life, and the Government who allowed their atrocities to happen without stopping them. You are never free to live truth; you must always remain socially enslaved to a systematically enforced depersonalizing truth denialism, of one side or the other. 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 (being a prisoner of coercive control and psychological terror is being a prisoner of war, but the war is fought at home: the child becomes a prisoner of a domestic war, with the same mental health issues that a prisoner of war would have, but the child got the CPTSD from who where supposed to care her), 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 stronger 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–nonperson 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 person. 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.

Any 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 nonpersons 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 recognised sovereign personhood.

Due both to the narc-terrorist abuse of power of my progenitors and due to democratic abuse of power on the Government's side also, 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 personal 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 terrorist abuses of my progenitors and their gang stalkers, because you never stop grieving being the girl who lived to be socially enslaved 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, as 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 enforced a personhood exile that eventually became a personhood holocaust, instead of recognizing truth... so, the personhood exile that lead to a personhood holocaust had been endured for the more than twelve years I had been 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 New Auschwitz built within 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 enslave me integratively (this house has an in situ toxic gas generation system, like Auschwitz had one, but the gas chamber at this Unbeing House are used as a mass personhood extermination site, not exactly as a mass human extermination site), 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 personhood holocaust with a rule of social slavery, sometimes done in the name of God. Yes, 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 extreme social depravity from narc-terrorists; my progenitors and their gangstalkers had been social predators before my birth, and that won't change, nor will they ever recognize truth willingly. The day they are finally arrested by military forces, they will keep refusing the truth, and they will face their death penalties still refusing their horrific crimes, and I can deal with that; they are war criminals. However, I can't understand the social predation of such extreme truth denialism coming from a Government; it's terribly devastating, especially from the so-called most powerful and free nation in the world, and especially after 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.

Right now I can't do absolutely nothing about being forced to remain a prisoner of a domestic war and a prisoner of democracy as a citizen-non-person whose personhood exile and personhood holocaust 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 truthbased way, except in dreams. What I can do... is share some of the most gruesome experiences of this nevermore, 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 nevermore: 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 this sketch: *Memories of a Prisoner of the Unbeing*. Now I write 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 personhood extermination doesn't come from nowhere. Mass exterminations of any kind always begin with the normalization of systematic dehumanization, one way or another, normalizing hate... and it becomes systematic depersonalization; 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.

This is why these memories must be written: I cannot change the fact that my birth certificate declared me a citizen while 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 and personhood holocaust, 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 enslaved 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 against systematic dehumanization... 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 systematic depersonalization before it reaches its most visible and catastrophic conclusion of systematic defraternalization. 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 depersonalization becomes catastrophe. That is why these are Memories of a Prisoner of the Unbeing. 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 personal 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 in these sketched memories 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 nor prisoners of any Unbeing, because there are no citizen–non-persons.

Perhaps that is the deepest purpose of remembering a life in which I experienced the opposite. I cannot give my childhood and young adulthood years another beginning. But these memories can help us ask what another beginning should mean for the children who come next: a home where affection does not demand self-erasure, a community where seeking help does not cost someone her voice, and institutions where protection is accessible even to those whose accounts are disputed. Ending the Unbeing imprisonment means making room for the person who was always there, because the prisoner of the Unbeing is never actually a non-person: even when I use citizen–non-person to name the contradiction of my experience, the denial of personhood belongs to the environment, not to the inherent worth of the one subjected to it. My progenitors'

treatment of me could not establish that I was less entitled to dignity. An institution's failure to hear me could not make my voice stop belonging to me. A life constrained by domination could not erase my right to a future of my own. The work of liberation begins by refusing to confuse what has been done to a person with who that person is.

This is where the never again of the struggle against systematic dehumanization meets the never more I propose against systematic depersonalization. The Holocaust must be remembered in its historical specificity; the lessons I draw and call "Personhood Holocaust" from its remembrance do not make my experiences equivalent to it. The connection is an ethical warning: power must never acquire permission to make another human being disposable. Universal human rights affirm dignity that does not depend upon the convenience of those who govern. The fraternal rights I develop in *Summa Personae* name a further responsibility within that same commitment to dignity: to recognize and protect the conditions through which each person can grow among others as an equal and free brother or sister. So, as it was prayed along the Jesus Charity that had saved me over and over again from the systematic depersonalization of this Personhood Holocaust, fraternal rights can be offered as a philosophical and civic proposal for the recognition of an inherent personhood sovereignty. Human rights do not protect only survival; they already encompass profound freedoms and conditions of personal development, but those protections must be developed further into fraternal rights to protect personal sovereignty in the fullest fraternal sense possible, not only protecting it from experiences like mine, but also from other experiences that are also arising in our times, like the use of Artificial Intelligence to substitute personal sovereignty, as it happens with algorithms. When personal sovereignty is protected, so are the relationships where a person actually lives, which can be seen as "personal formation nodes" that must be inherently protected. Then the proper questions can be asked to let these memories become a nevermore: What does fraternal dignity require of a home? What does equality require when someone cannot obtain protection? What does freedom require when leaving is formally permitted but practically inaccessible? Fraternal dignity asks us to carry recognition into those concrete places, so that nobody's belonging requires surrendering her own personhood.

Then the never more goes further on: never more should a child have to become less herself to remain loved. Never more should a citizen's testimony be displaced merely because hearing it is inconvenient. Never more should institutions confuse managing someone's reactions with addressing the conditions she reports as harmful. Never more should a birth certificate, a passport, or rights written on paper be treated as sufficient evidence that the person carrying them is able to grow free. Yes, this is a hope: that this never more can one day commemorate an end to systematic depersonalization. Until that end is real, it must remain a commitment to bring it about, beginning wherever someone is expected to surrender her voice in exchange for belonging.

Love, growing together in communion, is the most powerful strength against the Unbeing, because it recognizes the person whom domination refuses to recognize. It does not first ask how useful you are, how convenient your needs are, or how easily your story can be fitted into someone else's account. It encounters you as someone whose existence matters in its own right. Love says: your body belongs to you; your conscience is not mine to possess; your suffering

deserves attention; your growth need not serve my control. It makes communion possible because it allows the other person to remain other, free to become herself rather than an extension of me. That love must become practical. It listens without claiming ownership of the speaker. It takes reported harm seriously enough to seek an independent examination. It respects refusal, protects privacy, supports safe choices, and helps make independence possible. In a family, it nurtures a child's developing agency. In a community, it offers reliable companionship and material help. In institutions, it becomes protection, accountability, and meaningful access to justice. Love breaks the chains of systematic depersonalization through persons willing to interrupt domination and build the conditions of real freedom. The person who has been harmed must not be made responsible for ending abuse simply by loving more: we are all fraternally responsible of letting Love and growing together in communion as unconditionally beloved brothers and sisters, as a beloved community, become the social way to heal all kinds of systematic depersonalization, to heal all kinds of unbeings enforced through this Unbeing War.

For me, this strength has its deepest source in Christ Love, whom I call Jesus Charity. In Him, I find a recognition that is not conditional upon the roles others have assigned me. My faith sustains the conviction that I am beloved, that my life has meaning, and that my capacity to receive and give love has not been reduced to what I have endured. Choosing Love, choosing letting Love grow more, does not mean calling cruelty good, surrendering the need for protection, or granting those who hurt me continued access to my life. It means refusing to let domination and trauma become the final measure of what a relationship can be.

Yes, these memories sketched here are therefore a testimony of deep and disturbing suffering, but they are also a call to a Love capable of transforming any kind of unbeing into growing together in more and more communion, ever more. The hope of these memories is that the chains of any Unbeing can be broken when personal sovereignty recognition becomes protection, when truth is met with fraternally responsible inquiry, and when fraternity becomes a shared obligation; it will help people grow free to be who they are as sovereign persons. I did not write all this because the future must repeat the past. I sketched all this because another beginning can be possible as a fraternal democracy after all these lessons can be learned, and because no other person, especially children, should ever again be forced to normalize having to become less themselves as a prisoner of any kind of systematic depersonalization, of any kind of unbeing. This is a never again systematic dehumanization and a never more to systematic depersonalization. This is an ever more to the freedom to grow together in communion. This is the horizon toward which Summa Personae points, and the hope with which I open these Memories of a Prisoner of the Unbeing: that Love will become strong enough in our homes, communities, and institutions to protect the person whom power has tried to silence.

Yes, we can grow best!
Yes, we can love best!

Memories of a Prisoner of the Unbeing

I. The False Roosters

The narcissistic and psychopathic gangstalking abuse I had endured at this Unbeing House began at birth... but when I began to be conscious of something malignant going on in this house of torture? At what moment did I begin to realize: this is not merely not normal; this is being done maliciously with the explicit intention to abuse me? Determining a starting point is not always easy when there is coordinated coercive control that keeps switching abuse methods when one form of control becomes less effective than another, but the most sound starting point of me becoming aware of something really malignant going on covertly around me began around age 26: the false roosters.

Domestic violence that becomes coercive control can take many forms of domination to kidnap you of your personhood, but there is a fine line where the domestic violence becomes coordinated coercive control: after that point, the abuse was not being committed only in the domestic environment but also at the neighborhood level, with neighbors collaborating in the abuse to force me to question the reality of the abuse I was claiming to be a victim of in the domestic environment. This kind of gaslighting has a name in narcissistic abuse jargon: after this point, it became very evident there were a lot of narcissistic monkeys engaging in gang stalking in the surroundings of this house of torture. The extension of this gang stalking, how it also began when I was a child, how it has been enabled since the very beginning by narcoterrorism, how all these neighbors had collaborated through the years to enforce first coercive control and then psychiatric imprisonment as a way to keep me imprisoned in their systemic depersonalization and human trafficking... would be discovered later on. At this point, what was discovered was: this is not an ordinary domestic abuse issue; here, there is coordination with neighbors to enforce psychological abuse and hate crimes (that was the first crime I was able to verbalize when I first began to notice the gang stalking happening in the neighborhood). When I noticed that sounds of false roosters were being heard in a nearby "abandoned" property in a way that I was being harassed (the sounds were very clearly being done in coordination with what I was doing in my room and at the house of tortures) I began to assume: this is a coordinated psychological abuse; this is not merely my progenitors doing something isolated but a whole neighborhood working 24 hours to isolate me socially and abuse me psychologically.

I don't think the selection of false roosters as the first gaslighting/gangstalking tactic was not by choice but deliberate: I feared roosters since first grade, because the progenitors placed a rooster in the yard, and I ended up being bitten by that rooster and bleeding. Due to that "natural" fear to roosters, it took me ages to realize: those sounds of roosters I am hearing at 3 am, 4 am, when I woke up to be able to pray and write poetry without being harassed by the progenitors at the Unbeing House (I began writing and praying while they were still sleeping, so they wouldn't interrupt me) were VERY CLEARLY false roosters; that volume of rooster sounds, from the

distance they came and from a place that was an abandoned house, couldn't be real. That was the whole beginning of the coordinated coercive control: after that, the narcissistic gangstalking simply became more and more gruesomely boasted by the narcoterrorists around me, sometimes coordinating the gaslighting sounds to fabricate "psychiatric acute crisis" for which the progenitors would claim in court, committing perjury, that I needed to be involuntarily hospitalized psychiatrically, as it happened for the first time at age 28.

The false roosters came along a period of absolute social isolation, because I had absolutely nowhere to go to be able to be safe from the progenitors' abuse. They would be my only source of income too, and their cruelty was despicable. For example: at the same time, they were causing me to have diarrhea and acute pain with the food, which I assumed they poisoned, so I had to buy everything packed individually for them not being able to "poison it". Individually packed food is more expensive, and I didn't have a fridge either, but they left me only 40 dollars to buy food for the whole week, leaving those 40 dollars with biblical quotes that mimicked my prayer life while I was imprisoned with coercive control (I feared for my psychological safety) inside that room because I had nowhere to go to be safe from them, except remaining in my room at all moments, not knowing where to go to avoid being abused.

Very shortly, what began to be a constant torture, "false roosters," became a whole set of "chicks": more and more false sounds began to be used for the same kind of gaslighting as the false roosters. I couldn't be left alone in peace at any moment, at any place in this Unbeing House: if I remained inside of my room to avoid the direct psychological abuse of the progenitors, then the false roosters and other sounds would be used to torture me and imprison me with coercive control.

Openly committed emotional manipulation began at this point. This means: there had been emotional manipulation through my whole life with these progenitors, but at this point it began to be explicitly committed to boast that they were committing emotional manipulation; they knew it, and they didn't care about me knowing it either. They truly acted committed, one psychological abuse after another, without any kind of fear of legal or penal consequences: they only cared about boasting cruelty, without me being able to realize how someone as "family" could be that cruel. The rest of the family also began to show signs of emotional manipulation never let seen before in that explicit way, like a sister saying "you say you are Christian but you don't respect your parents and that is a commandment" Claryfing I was defending myself of the progenitors abuse was to no avail: I was systematically invalidated, the problem was always me, never the progenitors... Then the progenitor female appeared crying, "I am going to get sick because of you, I am going to get psychiatrically hospitalized..." What she was doing was projecting what they would do with me, saying that they chose it as a family: beginning to force me to be psychiatrically hospitalized for claiming I was being psychologically abused, especially after I went to the FBI to report the hate crimes that were happening around me.

How did they pay for all this scheme of forced hospitalizations? They forced enrolled me in Medicaid; they were allowed to do the entire process of enrolling me in Medicaid without my consent: all the forced medications and forced treatments I was given due to "me being mentally ill" were paid by Medicaid. That was the beginning of my forced government dependence and of the government funds fraud committed by the progenitors.

They never told me they were going to force-hospitalize me psychiatrically. One day an ambulance came, and I was taken away with shaky hands and high blood pressure, not realizing then that both were symptoms of the toxic gassing used by the progenitors to keep me imprisoned with their toxic gassing too. I only realized what was going on when the ambulance arrived home, and the progenitors said: "We do this because we love you." Once I arrived at the psychiatric hospital, they gave me a pitying gaze and left me after saying all the lies they had to say to justify me remaining hospitalized in acute psychiatric care, like me only eating salchichas Carmelas and export soda crackers and fearing for my safety.

When I dared to speak about the false roosters at the hospital, what was said was that it was difficult to prove: there was no interest in objective truth, only in what could be proven by the progenitors' criteria; the interest of the hospital was simply keeping themselves legally safe; my security and integrity did not matter at all.

At that moment of my life I was recently sharing the most important creative work of my life: a painting of a Christ Love called "Iesu Amor", which I sent to the World Youth Day in Brazil. For that painting I used a famous actor as a model, that right now I will simply call "Stella Coeli", and I was I complete fear of what would happen if it was known I used him as a model of the painting. So... I kept myself not saying the whole truth for fear of harming Stella Coeli's reputation, but I did realized everything that was going on when enforcing me such absolute psychological abuse was related to him, to me not being believed about what he felt for me and what I was telling about the abuses I was being victim of.

During that first forced hospitalization there was no privacy possible either: the nurses displaces the pencil in my diary, that meant they read it while I was sleeping. They also kept placing the "mentally ill rights" paper inside my diary while I was sleeping. There was also a very covertly nasty joke of one of the nurses, inside an elevator: "you are in a crazy people hospital" joke in the elevator.

At this stage of my life I went from size 18 to size 0. It was at this first forced hospitalization that my first total collapse happened: I collapsed and was left on the floor for around five minutes; I remained there without being able to walk or stand by my own. 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).

When the psychiatrist talked to me I told her "This is the best time of my life, I don't know why they are doing this". I asked for information about why I was brought there. Never being told absolutely nothing of my own records, not even of my diagnosis (I was diagnosed with psychosis and schizophrenia):: everything was told to the progenitors. Diagnosis was never discussed with me.

At this forced hospitalization, as it happened in all of them, there were narcissistic monkeys of the progenitors, like the neighbors were also gang stalkers. I had no idea how it was possible. There was a whole mimicking strategy straight from the beginning. I was not allowed to read any book, especially the Gospel, but another patient was allowed to read a diary of a dog, that I was shown and read hidden because I was bored in that hospitalization. What they were doing was projecting me as the equivalent of a dog: the progenitors would do the same plenty of times through the years, they even named my dog after how I was called in prayer, a princess of Heaven. At that hospitalization there was also a gaslighting game with a quote of Paulo Coelho on a billboard (Paulo Coelho was forced hospitalized by his parents too and he also dreamed to become a writer

like me). At that forced hospitalization the progenitors bought me a whole wardrobe... of my clothing style and the exact brands I bought in JcPenney, that they never have bought me before. As a matter of fact, they have actually told me in previous times I had to dress more "modern".

I was never talked about my rights to inform the judge I was being abused, now I was offered help to inform to the judge my claim of abuse. As a matter of fact, nobody never told what was said about me in courts, I was never told I actually had rights to defend myself.

After this forced hospitalization my whole existence began to be framed as a constant psychosis. I had no valid personhood to anyone: what counted, mattered, and was heard in the medical appointments was what the progenitors said, and they suddenly began to frame absolutely everything through forced meds, terrorizing me with more forced hospitalizations if I didn't took them exactly as they wanted to. No matter how I tried to be believed and provide evidence, if I even merely implied they are abusing me and hurting me, that was considered immediately psychosis, so there was no other option than to comply with the reality version of the social narrative enforced by my progenitors legally upon me. My reality began to be erased systematically and legally. I became a personless identity, medically, juridically, legally, and socially also.

I began to be forced to hide in plain sight, forbidden to see Mass, forbidden to read the Gospel, forbidden to pray the rosary. My faith became pathology.

My whole room became "reorganized" by the progenitors, again, who took whatever they wanted from my stuff and left whatever they wanted, so personal property stopped being personal at all, it became owned by my progenitors. 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.

After I refused taking forced med after the first hospitalization because my hands were terribly shaky and I was sleepless, potentially drugged while getting out of the forced hospitalization, the progenitor female told me in her extremely nauseating fake charming tone: "It is for your own good; you need this". It's disgusting how she said that while my hands were trembling and and I was extremely nauseous: the psychiatric concern was being used to undermine my health.

The false roosters issue and all the other sounds that began to be used for coordinated gangstalking coercive control 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.

A huge irony began to happen: the progenitors, who had never cared me at all through my whole life, began to care for me as a child when I was an adult. I was never cared like that by them, not even as a child! Adulthood became as interrupted as my innocence. I never achieved passing the young adulthood phase after age 26. Truth denialism began to be the absolute social normalcy: the reality that mattered was the social reality enforced by the progenitors. Infantilization of care began along extreme social control enforced with meds used as a coercive control tactic and a social narrative control tactic: no matter where I was, I could only be validated as psychiatrically ill.

There were other episodes of emotional manipulation: for example, my biological sister telling me that my progenitor female cried when they saw my humanities transcripts with failing grades and then telling my progenitor thought painting *Iesu Amor* did damage to me. The whole psychiatric ordeal began as a war against me becoming known due that painting as someone creative, smart and faithful.

At this point the evidence disappearance also began: I would record sounds or take pictures in my phones as evidence and the material would disappear as if it deleted on its own. The phones also began to show remote hacking signs, especially when the internet began to fail exactly at specific moments, like when I was put into the ambulance. It was the beginning of me realizing eventually that all my devices were remotely surveilled by the progenitors the whole time along, since my very beginning of having my first computer.

The false rooster issue worsened a lot through the years: how it kept moving around until it multiplied into the whole neighborhood. I would wake up at 3 am, there would be false roosters. I would work at 10 am, there would be false roosters, at 3pm, at 6pm, at 10 pm... there was not a time I could be out of reach of the false rooster sounds gang stalking coercive control. So, suddenly there begins an absolute normalization of cruelty, torture and psychological terror... normalized through a whole neighborhood, everyday, at every hour. I was full of questions: who organized this and how it was paid, especially considering the huge amount of resources that implies so many people having speaker systems and money to be 24 hrs doing that kind of coordinated harassment? I would realize eventually that the only way to have the amount of money and omnipotence to commit these crimes without fear is... a drug cartel working on the neighborhood.

Other examples of noises used for gaslighting through the years are: 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, you are never allowed to assume social reality in a truth-based and communion-based way, you must always remain remotely controlled and surveilled. 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 narcoterrorists around me. According to these narcoterrorists, 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 since this first hospitalization was personhood. Narcissistic families are criminal organizations: they operate on normalized deception, betrayal, lies, and human rights abuses. They actively seek out vulnerable people to take full advantage of them, discard them, and leave

them for civil death, viewed as an object to be exploited and tortured with coercive control. Coercive control is domestic abuse that is coordinated; it's not a "sister" of domestic abuse but entrapping a victim either in the control relationship or in the control after the relationship through systems. Suddenly, all your life became defined as a psychiatric pathology; you stopped being considered a citizen who is a person with dignity. That never changed; since the first forced hospitalization, everything in my personal formation began to be defined socially as psychiatric pathology... and that was the beginning of acknowledging what I had actually been my whole life but never realized until now: I had always been a citizen-nonperson, technically a citizen, but always forced to remain a nonperson, a prisoner of the Unbeing enforced by my progenitors with their extensive coercive control and covert malignant narcissistic abuse.

II. Court Orders

After that first forced hospitalization, how many court orders to hospitalize me psychiatrically by force were granted by the progenitors? Around 8 within a 10-year span. I was not even allowed to know I could defend myself against perjury, fabricated evidence, retaliation, denial of due process, interference with my constitutional rights, failure to report abuse, and other misconduct. The legal system served the progenitors as the psychiatric imprisonment system and the progenitors even boasted that they could do whatever they want with those 408 laws they were granted: once I recorded them lying straightfoward about what the judge could do, and it didn't mattered at all, they kept using the 408 law as psychiatric imprisonment tool, insisting I had to inform the progenitor male of "any change in medication, because the judge said he must be told"... but the case was already closed when he insisted in that, he was simply saying it for terrorizing with psychiatric imprisonment.

There are plenty of horrifying experiences related to all these court orders. I will mention only a few of them.

In one of the court orders, a male police officer literally invaded my room, bringing the court orders, saying: "Hurry up, I need to help more people!" not allowing me enough time to finish what I was doing and pack properly. What he was doing with such a phrase was mimicking my topic of prayer at that moment: "help to grow".

Of all those eight approximate court orders, I was taken twice in front of the judge, always afterward the ordeal of the forced psychiatric hospitalization. At no moment was I allowed to claim I was being psychologically abused (that was how I told it at those moments). I had to tolerate judges making mocking comments about the lack of my hygiene routines (a female judge told mockingly that taking forced meds was like "brushing your teeth every day", when it was widely known I did not brush my teeth every day...) and another judge praised my progenitor male in front of me for being "such a good father" with someone like me. That was the only time I had a lawyer: she told me to lie and not mention my progenitor's abuse in court; the only thing I could say was that I was taking my meds, and then the judge would praise my progenitor male for being such a wonderful father. Just to provide context of what was going on: I was being subjected to a 411 law by my progenitor male; he was attempting to get legal guardianship of me, as if I couldn't be an adult on my own due to "being mentally ill".

I had such fears for my safety that I asked for the court papers each time they told me I was going to be forced hospitalized; it was not enough with my progenitors telling me, papers must be shown: I feared a fabricated court order to kidnap me covertly.

At another time, my youngest biological sister told me in a fake friendly tone of voice: I am not supposed to tell you, but they are going to force hospitalize you again. No one stopped the nonsense.

At another time, the progenitors told me: "We will take you ourselves; be ready." The coercive control was such that I knew I was being abused, and at the same time I also knew I had to accept whichever psychological abuse they enforced legally; I had to accept their psychiatric framing and imprisonment as the only choice.

At another time, the progenitors flew me to Florida to fabricate a forced hospitalization from there, then forced me to take a flight from there to Puerto Rico to be forced hospitalized in Puerto Rico. Yes, they spent a lot of money on the whole ordeal. 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. I traveled as a human trafficking victim traveling with pimps.

At another time, while I was scrambling again to get packed for another forced hospitalization, the progenitor female said in her fake charming tone: "We do this for love." Once again, they were mimicking my prayer life and faith life content.

At another time, the progenitors disconnected the routers so I couldn't share anything (I had no internet on the phone) about what they were doing. At another moment, they also disconnected the routers the day before a forced hospitalization, so I couldn't send to Bomberos de Puerto Rico an email with evidence of their toxic gas system and why it must be assessed by the Bomberos urgently.

At another time, shortly after that one, the progenitor female said in front of the police who came to my room: you need to go (to the forced hospitalization) to get help "for the toxic gassing thing". She meant my denouncement of them using toxic gas generation systems at this house of torture. She was cynical enough to project it was a lie... when I could actually demonstrate it immediately with photos and videos, but I wasn't allowed to.

Part of the coercive control of the progenitors was controlling my communication capabilities. When an ambulance arrived to take me to a forced hospitalization, the progenitors would disconnect the cellphone internet with remote hacking: the cellphone's internet would become disconnected exactly in the ambulances in at least the first six forced hospitalizations, while in the others they would hack the memory of the phone to make me unable to record and gather evidence. They didn't want me tweeting anything or sharing anything.

Once in the hospital, the gaslighting gang stalking game would begin with the clothes and what the patients around me did.

Once a suicidal patient got out, and I, who was claiming psychological abuse, got in, even claiming the court order was being used for psychological abuse retaliation. As a matter of fact, I wasn't even allowed to claim the hospital had to provide evidence of psychological abuse; they told me nothing required them legally to gather evidence of psychological abuse; they only had to gather evidence of sexual abuse. Why is that? Because there is no protocol for psychological abuse trauma at any psychiatric hospital, and there is no way to gather evidence by my own because they refused to let me write anything down.

The dates of the court orders were timed for coercive control and narcissistic abuse too: the progenitors chose special dates like Pentecost, my birthday, July 4th, and significant liturgical feasts to coordinate their court orders' timing. They never gave a warning; you knew you were forced hospitalized when the ambulance arrived. The last forced hospitalization they fabricated was coordinated with the exact accusation of terrorism I was denouncing against them on social media: they forced me to be hospitalized on September 11.

The progenitors never stopped toxic gassing me and poisoning me covertly: even while taking me to partial hospitalizations, I would have extreme nausea and dizziness, two very distinctive secondary effects caused by the progenitors' toxic gassing systems. At the same time they did that, they showed themselves as the most devoted parents of a psychiatrically ill disabled adult. They devoted themselves to taking me to appointments to such an extent that, 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 was constant: they threatened to force me to be hospitalized again if I did not take the meds exactly as they said; they became addicted to committing harassment with court orders simply to terrorize me with psychiatric imprisonment. Precisely for such psychological terror purposes, the progenitors also developed an obsession with forced injections like Haldol and forced meds like lithium: they wanted specifically Haldol because the secondary effects of their toxic gassing caused Parkinsonism, and they wanted to conceal that with the Haldol forced injections, which also cause Parkinsonism... and their obsession with lithium was constantly telling and implying that if the labs of lithium showed I was not taking the meds, they would force hospitalize me again, I began collecting bloodied forced medication band aids in the Bible due the faith persecution I was enduring with such gruesome psychiatric terrorizing tactics. At some point, my blouse became bloody with the blood of a forced injection, and I sent the shirt with prayers to Pope Francis by mail. How many forced injections could I get per forced hospitalization? Up to five in the same arm. I was massacred with forced injections.

The only time I dared to try to fight back was when I packed my stuff and went to the court requesting a protection order against the progenitor's narcissistic and toxicological harassment. The judge refused it because "I had to go to the police" to make a denunciation. I went. Police refused to proceed. I was also denied entrance to a domestic abuse shelter. The progenitors forced hospitalized me again as retaliation for what I dared to do.

At some point, I requested help from Miami Federal Court because the FBI San Juan failed to stop these crimes. I remained unheard.

The last forced hospitalization was on September 11, 2025: at that time I showed directly to police the evidence of the "toxic gassing thing", a reversed pipe in the wall whose only possible use was a gas vent. I asked the police what that was. The police refused to answer and remained silent upon my claim of toxic gassing, but they did whatever the progenitors requested for the court order of forced hospitalization,

At the last forced hospitalization, I managed to talk in the best way I could about how the progenitors have caused me suicidal ideation and deliberately induced it, mentioning the scissors game the progenitors did to project they were inducing my suicide. I wrote it as a clear statement that could 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. The social worker didn't. I was released from that hospitalization with the same result as all others, with no action taken against the psychological abuse of my progenitors.

There had been other attempts to stop the progenitors: FBI, Department of Family, Procuradoria de las Mujeres, forensic social worker, 911, municipal and state police. None worked. The absolute lack of legal accountability of the progenitors through the years had been absolute: they have no limits; they can do whatever they want, while I am the one always restrained or imprisoned psychiatrically or with psychological terrorism. The progenitors even change facades before and after an ambulance arrives. The court orders are their most powerful coercive control punishment for not complying with their narcissistic abuse-assigned role of scapegoat: to look for the coercive control behind the court orders, you have to stop looking for isolated incidents and start looking at the pattern of punishment in their domestic abuse. When I say no, when I make my own decision, when I express an opinion and denounce their abuses on social media, when I set a boundary, when I live a life of my own... I will then be punished to regain control, "following the consequences" of their patterns of punishment, as the court orders had always been. Then they will twist your pain and claim of abuse to convince others I am the one who is unstable, to escape responsibility, attacking my credibility and rewriting the whole history to protect their image and make me the problem, so they don't have to own what they did. So, through these court orders, they went from being progenitors to perpetrators, always intending to gain and maintain control over me. A perpetrator seeks to dominate, restrict, and control; uses repeated patterns of punishment and consistently imposes negative consequences whenever the victim exercises autonomy, makes an independent decision, says no, or sets a boundary; targets the victim's freedom, autonomy, and everyday decision-making; may appear reasonable, logical, and credible to others while manipulating the situation and managing their image... and does all this to enforce compliance and maintain long-term control.

What was lost with all these court orders was juridical personhood: I became a defendant-nonperson, supposedly in courts to be "protected from mental illness" when actually the court system was being used as a psychiatric imprisonment system.

III. Broken Lights

I don't remember right now when this gang stalking narcissistic gang stalking abuse pattern started, but it was shortly after that the pattern of false roosters began: cars with broken lights would transit around me in a suddenly increased number, especially in front of me. Usually the broken light was one of the brake lights, but it was also common to see cars coming from the opposite direction with only one front light.

Eventually 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 with a 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 was already 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". That toxic gassing detailing in the cars meant: any of the more than one hundred secondary effects that will be mentioned next as caused by toxic gassing 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. For example: causing me extreme dizziness with toxic gassing when they were taking me to forced partial hospitalizations or forced psychiatric treatments, as I already mentioned, 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, a neighbor would get out of his house in the street; in that moment, I would see the car with the broken light while I was out getting the trash. 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.

The breaking light gangstalking also had a narcissistic mimicking factor: 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 I was driving or 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 that seemed suspiciously framed.

Another gaslighting game while driving happened with... car decals. For years, there had been a gaslighting game with the sticker decals on cars, playing gaslighting with them. For 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.

Other common gaslighting games while in transit happened with the trucks that are in my surroundings: the marketing content is used as gaslighting. The ads on digital billboards are also used as gaslighting, but by the Government, 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 made in a car has been surveilled live with covert GPS surveillance, millimetrically coordinating gaslighting in whatever place I transit.

Besides all the social gaslighting moves while I used 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), the progenitors 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 point, there was a “reverse movement” of all these social gaslighting moves: it was the Government that began to use 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 in any car I use 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. I became a driver-nonperson, allowed to drive only if always surveilled and controlled.

IV. The “toxic gassing thing”.

In case anyone wondered, narcissists are sadistic: they study everything about you only to torture you, never to love you. They cannot generate any life force, so they feel “alive” by torturing those who do. The most systematic way of my narcissistic progenitors and their gang stalkers to torture me... is literally torturing me with toxic gas. This whole Unbeing House was built with an in situ toxic gas generator system and a toxic gas chamber system distributed through the house, and they had studied plenty of options of different kinds of poison gas to cause literally more than a hundred different secondary effects, not only at this house of tortures that works as a New Auschwitz gas chamber but, as it was mentioned before, at the cars too. The progenitors had been practicing what the progenitor female cynically called “the toxic gassing thing” since this house was built in 1989. The first signs were me having severe nosebleeds and allergies unresponsive to medication, and me having unexplained bed-wetting in childhood, until age 12. I needed two operations for an allergy... that disappeared mysteriously when I moved outside the house of tortures, to Spain, twice. The first sign of deliberate pain-causing torture: at seventeen, the perpetrators claimed I had an “allergic reaction to anesthesia” when I was operated on the first time for my nasal allergy. It was never an “anesthesia allergy”: they began testing toxic gas that caused chest pain and heart pain, forcing me to endure the pain for about eight hours until finally taking me to the ER, me believing for the first time in my life I would go to die. The progenitor female was sadistic enough to take my hands as I believed I was dying, without me having any kind of idea that all was being caused deliberately by them.

After I came back from living in Spain, the progenitors began their permanent targeted use of toxic gassing torture on levels intended to do permanent harm, like a cancer or a stroke caused by toxic gas exposure. The “toxic gassing thing” became the attempted murder thing, including their tampering with CO detectors I bought to detect their use of covert poison gas in my room: they would take the device, break it (because they knew I had no money to keep buying more gas detector devices), and then put a “good job!” sticker on the broken gas detector device. They would also delete from my devices the evidence I gathered of the CO measures and my half-face falling due to the toxic effects of the poison gas, just to mention one single effect of the many they had caused me with poison gas of several kinds.

The list of symptoms of all the secondary effects the progenitors had been capable of inducing with toxic gas torture experimentation upon me can be briefly assessed with the following list:

1. Severe headache, frontal or whole head.
2. Nausea

3. Arm pain, muscle
4. Leg pain, muscle
5. Leg 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-term 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 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
- 128. Itchy cough

In blood labs, the progenitors are capable of causing, with their toxic gas covert exposure:

- 1. Low CO in blood tests (consistent with use of low-intensity carbon monoxide)
- 2. A very subtle high level of neutrophils that becomes almost chronic.
- 3. High hemoglobin
- 4. Very sudden and unexplainable TSH changes
- 5. 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 for torture purposes too:

- 1. Throat infection
- 2. Toenail Fungus
- 3. Ear infection
- 4. Finger infection.
- 5. Skin infection

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

1. Psychosis
2. Depression
3. Anxiety
4. ADHD symptom intensity increase
5. Chronic insomnia

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

1. Aggression impulse
2. Increased impulsivity
3. 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 so they can 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:

1. Painted with the very paintings I use to create artworks when woken up.
2. Stained with pens
3. Marked with nail scratches, especially in the neck
4. 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.
5. They have opened my pants while I was asleep (sedated) without me noticing how they did it.
6. They have stolen my driver's license, money, and documents from the pockets of my pants while I was sleeping sedated, without me noticing anything while sleeping; I would notice what disappeared from my pants' pockets later.

Yes, 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 terrorism 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 my dog 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 128 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 often use a toxic gas with 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 (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, organic meat to be owned, tortured, and exploited for their sadism and human trafficking, like a slave's body is owned.

So, I had been forced to remain their daughter, but as a nonperson: for them I am an object to be owned for sadistic, narcissistic, and psychopathic coercive control and gang stalking purposes, constantly violating my dignity and bodily integrity.

Memories of a Prisoner of the Unbeing

V. The Unbeing House Architecture

All the available evidence regarding how this Unbeing House was architectonically designed and built for the explicit purpose of covert toxic gassing poisoning can be reviewed more accurately and in the most accessible way, including videos, at the Twitter account @UnbeingHouse, where the videos of the YouTube account @UnbeingHouse are explained detailing many architectural details that cover up the real purpose and toxic gassing functionality capabilities behind building a house like this one... beside also uncovering very practical issues behind the huge amount of money that requires building, maintaining and keep functioning through the years a house like this one: this house did not required a lot of a drug cartel money to be built, it also requires constant remote surveillance systems with paid gang stalkers overseeing the systems and studying the effects caused unto me, it also requires plenty of money for covert reparations and remodelations that can go beyond 100,000, and it also requires resources to target the toxic gassing to the specific desired secondary effects wanted to be caused unto me... Nothing of those is cheap at all: there had been a drug cartel financing this Unbeing House architecture since its very beginning in 1989 as a mass personhood extermination site with an in situ toxic generation system that they have managed to keep functioning through the years in a covert way with the help of neighbors that act as their gang stalking narcissistic monkeys. 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 have a lot of very serious implications:

1. The place where this house was built was specifically chosen to encubrir 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 narcotrafic 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 the 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 filiated daughter of narcotraficants and terrorists. Yes, I have remained filiated to my progenitors, but filiated as a nonperson, as a victim of their criminal blood filiation: what filiates to them is committing crimes, being a victim of their crimes, or being complicit in their crimes. I got a purebred criminal bloodline as a first-degree bloodline. I was raised in a custom-made drug cartel castle with full psychological terror imprisonment capabilities... since I was four years old.

Vi. The Pets

Another very gruesome aspect of the architecture of this Unbeing House and of the coercive control tactic of the narcissistic abuse of the progenitors are the pets: the pets had also been abused since the beginning, not only due the animal cruelty sadism of the progenitors and their gang stalkers, but also because the pets had been used to gain control of me, both economically (the expense that the progenitors cause with the pets are used to keep me unable to have savings and remain constantly dependant upon their money to be able to take care of the pets) and psychosocially: the pets are the only family remaining living with me at this house of tortures, so if the progenitors want to cause me suffer psychologically one of their most often used tactics is making my dogs to suffer so I suffer seeing them suffer due being with me.

The animal cruelty history of the progenitors comes from my childhood: there is a whole history of pets in my childhood, especially puppies, dying suddenly due to “hormigas” (they simply appeared filled with ants), and there is also history of several dogs dying of a “virus” successively, without being taken to the vet, me being beside them while they were dying, seeing their pupils open wide and die.

There is also a lifelong animal cruelty history of not sterilizing the pets, including not sterilizing the female cats, and of female dogs bleeding vaginally due to huge dogs, way larger than them, roaming the street while they were in heat.

There is also a lifelong animal cruelty history of hitting the dogs as “training”: the progenitor male insisted that the dogs need to know who they must obey, so they must be hit to learn it. That tendency to cause pain to force obedience is the same one seen in their coercive-control punishments, which always cause pain to the dogs to force them to obey. Yes, 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) and comply with your scapegoating role, remaining publicly silent about what you know you are enduring due to them.

There is also a very lifelong animal cruelty history of gilling kittens right after birth, doing as if the kittens did not exist (they would say they had no idea what happened with the cat’s pregnancy, that the kittens disappeared, despite me hearing the kittens), or were born stillborn. Yes, I managed to see a period of around a year and a half in which kittens were constantly being born stillborn, and now I am sure that was due to toxic gassing effects on the pets. They also dropped pregnant cats to the streets or abandoned them in mountain terrain, mocking that they did not know the cat was pregnant.

There are pets that I remember:

Bonita (disappeared after 17 years at this house; body never recovered, or so they said).

Hammie (they told me the hamster died when I was in Rome. I loved that hamster, and they waited until it would affect me more to tell me “he died in the wheel”; he was clearly killed by the progenitors deliberately to cause suffering upon me, knowing he was dead).

Ruby (once again, they said she died suddenly and they disappeared the body).

Paleta (died full 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).

They did kill two pets with explicit intention of causing suffering and agony, letting me know they killed them and I could do nothing to change it. Caramelo, how sweet a dog he was! The perpetrators faked a treatment of “brain cancer” in Florida for a whole month. During the months prior, they played with gaslighting, saying that the front gate of the house was “opening on its own, letting the dogs out on its own”, and then, when they “left”, while I was sleeping, someone entered the house, faking dogs urinating on the first floor during the whole month the progenitors were “out of Puerto Rico”. When I woke up around 3 am, the whole first floor was filled with “dog urine”. To “demonstrate” how false those dog urinations were, I began leaving both male dogs outside of the house while writing poems, because they were the two dogs that could possibly urinate inside the house... and that was what they used as bait to frame the killing one of the male dogs: they fabricated that the frontal gate opened on his own, as they had been fabricating since months before that, and when the two male dogs were outside they poisoned Caramelo, hitting him like if he was hit by a car (but he wasn't: there were no dog screamings, he simply appeared dead with a hit that was not a lethal hit, what was lethal was whatever it was used to poison him. I found him dead in front of the frontal gate, “opened by itself”. They took a minimum of 8 months of coordinated gang stalking and coordinated gaslighting to accomplish this killing in the cruel way they did. The only thing I could do was bury him in a huge plastic container of color mercy, that the perpetrators would use eventually to play gaslighting games, projecting that they would kill another dog. After what happened with Caramelo, the “gate opening by itself” stopped happening completely; it was simply fabricated to frame Caramelo's killing as a hit-and-run, when it was very clearly a poisoning. The perpetrators arrived from “cancer treatment” the very next day after that.

They also poisoned a cat later on, and this time without even concealing that they were poisoning her deliberately to kill her when I would be unable to take her to treatment or ask for money to take her. They poisoned the cat for months with small amounts of something that caused her skin to turn yellow, something that made her yellowish, until finally causing her death on a Sunday, a day when the veterinary clinic is closed. All I could do for her was accompany her to die. It was a very cruel death. She became deadly stiff beside me.

Besides lethal poisoning, the perpetrators also poison the dogs in a way that is specifically targeted to make them suffer and need operations and medicines, not exactly to kill them directly. In the case of Princess, the older dog that has accompanied me through all the years they kept me inside my room of tortures, psychiatrically imprisoned, they have caused her toxic gas poisoning, abscesses and cancer, hair loss and eye problems, terrible skin itch, and deliberately inflicted ear and skin infections. She was infected so many times in her ears that her ear canals became calcified, and she needs to be operated on for that too, besides losing hearing completely. They deliberately refused to sterilize her until she became 10 years old, and that by itself caused

her mammary cancer twice, and she still has small masses now at 15 years old. She needs allergy meds to deal with the chronic toxic gassing. She stopped going downstairs due to how toxic gassing impaired her vision.

In the case of Minnie, the toxic gas poisoning caused her eye problems and hearing loss. She was born into toxic gassing and has a heart murmur. The toxic gassing caused her weight gain, Cushing's syndrome, as well as deliberately inflicted skin and ear infections, and it also caused cancerous masses due to lack of timely sterilization and toxic gas exposure. She also needs skin allergy medication to deal with the chronic toxic gas exposure. In case you were wondering: the perpetrators are the ones who keep me asking them for the money for the medications the dogs need due to their animal cruelty. Minnie also has a terrible phobia of brooms (they did something to her with brooms) and has anxiety, especially due to the sudden decrease and loss of sight and hearing due to toxic gas exposure.

In the case of Poppy, they have burned his leg alive; they got him infected with parvovirus without providing treatment; they have hit him and screamed at him to "train him"; and they have caused him sight loss with toxic gassing, so he stopped being able to go downstairs. The perpetrators also claimed he "bit out" his sterilization stitches, when it was clear it was somebody else who must have done such a bloody mess.

There is another very cruel animal cruelty trend of the progenitor: playing with leaving dead small animals around, like lizards, spiders, sometimes even doves and small birds and moths, and also playing with insect killers, but projecting that I am the insect that is meant to be killed. The perpetrators also play animal cruelty in the sense that they are capable of creating animal pests inside the house, especially inside my room, infesting it with cockroaches or ants, simply to enforce reactive abuse when the moment is appropriate and forcing me to react to the huge cruelty of their clearly deliberate infestation of my living zone.

Animal abuse is also coordinated among narcissistic gang stalkers through the neighborhood: while the female dogs were not sterilized, there would appear "big homeless dogs" when they were in heat, ready to injure them, especially by forcing the dogs to have big puppies with large male dogs. That wasn't the only game with homeless dogs: homeless dogs would show up with bandanas like the ones I bought for my dogs, or injured, so the gang stalkers who trafficked with the homeless dogs would project onto the injured homeless dogs that my dogs would get hurt the same way.

The neighbor of the balcony deserves a special mention among the gang stalking neighbors for his coordinated animal cruelty: they treat the dogs with despicable cruelty, and their children scream at the dogs with despicable cruelty too (they use the children to commit animal cruelty), also leaving one dog abandoned in the street without food, water, or the grooming that it's known that breed requires (eventually the progenitors would refuse to pay the grooming of my own dogs, so the projection of lack of grooming began with the dog abandoned by that neighbor). Those neighbors use the way they scream to the dogs to project psychological violence unto me: if they want me to shut up, they would scream to the dogs very violently to shut up: if they wanted to mimick how I was evangelizing, they would scream at one of the dogs that was called like an evangelist (Luke); if they wanted to mimick how I was like "Bella", the protagonist of the movie of the actor who was the model of my painting of a Chirst Love, they would scream at "Bella", their use of the dogs for gaslighting and gangstalked projection of psychological violence and mistreatment had been rampant along the years, way before they left one of the dog roaming the

street like a homeless dog, although the dog was so loyal he tried to be back at the neighbors house and waited the whole night outside everynight to be let in somehow.

Yes, my dogs are the only family I can live with, but I must endure seeing them tortured due to remain with me. I am allowed to 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. So, despite not being allowed to have a home of my own and a family with children and a husband of my own, I had been allowed to have a family, a canine family, but having it while always remaining a nonperson, unable to care for and provide for them.

VII. Hidden in broad daylight: the normalization of torture

What happens when both sides of an Unbeing War remain torturing you with psy ops and truth denialism that keep repeating over and over again, besides also implementing toxic gassing over and over again, is an absolute normalization of torture: something that is meant to be understood as intrinsically evil and criminal becomes the norm in every social environment you are forced to be as a social slave.

Curiously enough, the government has normalized torture over the years too, not only by allowing what happens at the Unbeing House but also by implementing the very same tortures the progenitors do, implementing them as human experimentation on me, implemented with the help of public space owners (example: store owners) and of professional environments where I was hired supposedly to work, but I always end up being tortured in whichever place I am hired to work. This torture doesn't happen occasionally; it's so systematic that you are forced to be used to remain hidden in broad daylight: you are caused deliberate pain in front of a lot of people, but you must behave, hiding the torture completely, as if you were not suffering at all, psychoemotionally and physically.

I have tried to denounce the Government to force them to stop implementing torture tactics as human experimentation upon me, to no avail. The Government has a psy ops agenda of their own; I always remain unheard, despite the risk of death I have endured due to their inaction and the extreme suffering I have been forced to endure, both physically and mentally. There is no way to get a protection order against the Government, nor is there any way to force them to act to end the tortures committed by both sides of this Unbeing War. My plea to the Government to fully stop the tortures has been unheard over and over again, no matter how many times I have shared graphic evidence on social media of how hurting and damaging it is to endure an absolute normalization of torture.

This normalization of torture forces me to exist as a non-citizen hidden in broad daylight: I must remain hidden in broad daylight because I keep enduring torture after torture, but no authority recognizes it, so I must keep suffering, but keep the suffering to myself. I am abused in broad daylight, and at the same time I must remain hidden in broad daylight: I can't go to court, I can't go to the Police, I can't defend myself, I can't let anyone know I am in pain and isolated...

In this sense, I am a prisoner of democracy: I must remain a prisoner of a democratic unbeing so everyone can get the normalcy they need to function "democratically". I am never allowed 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 is forced to 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 become openly normalized torture... 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 and to be allowed to teach... 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 with toxic gassing at the school; I am forced to suffer at school; I am forced to not be myself at school... while forced to see how children are used to exploit me. As I write this, I see students making several wrong choices, 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 in any environment, not even the professional, at all. Where I park, where I BUY, where I work, what I am forced to see on social media... everything social is forced to be a social war field, a social war bombing, over and over again. Every civilian aspect of my existence is 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' war, and a prisoner of democracy also. 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 about that because I am forced to work, 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 (at 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 not de facto part of any “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 forced to remain a prisoner of the unbeing in every environment you are forced to be, 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 more than twelve more years, more 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 denials over and over and over and over and over and over again. Somehow you are not able to die of pain, but you are not able to stop 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; in your case, they are controlled by others with toxic gaslighting and gaslighting enforced via social slavery. You become exhausted from

enduring over and over again... what no human being should be asked to endure, but in your case, it is assumed as the only normalcy possible: to remain tortured. 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 and assume as normalcy as their "constituted" OVNI every day.

This is how... you become a constituted-nonperson: you are never given the freedom to be free to be yourself, 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 choice of being free to be yourself, making impossible to remain with 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. You can't be constituted de iure as a citizen while 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. So, I remain as a **constituted-nonperson**: as a constituted OVNI.

VIII. Suicide-inducing behaviors

Now it's time to tell how consistently suicide-inducing behaviors have been 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. They will increase cruelty to diminish my well-being, and they can get to extreme levels of cruelty that become suicide-inducing behaviors: behaviors they know are terribly dehumanizing and depersonalizing due to their extreme cruelty.

If I have chosen 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 a bottle of aspirin I left under my pillow (it was assumed I was allergic to aspirin) 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 and projected that my hygiene issues were my fault and responsibility. 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" supposedly tried to commit suicide with scissors and became hospitalized due to that... and afterward that incident, the progenitors would leave scissors in absurd and 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 that 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 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 in: 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

atrocities done by the Government, right? Or should I say: it's like getting an IUD because the Government knows that you are being raped, and instead of stopping the rapes, they make sure you don't get pregnant by 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 did the Government end the abuse while I was experiencing suicidal ideation —sometime/ by the Government too, when they also committed extreme deliberate cruelty— nor did the progenitors stop it while knowing they were causing suicidal ideation, even when explaining it on 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 that became a personhood holocaust: the complete normalization of not being allowed to be as a person, anywhere on Earth.

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 arrest the criminals that have 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 have been doing the human trafficking thing their whole lives... but the Government does it crueller when it normalizes it instead of stopping it. Natascha Kampusch was helped less than five minutes after being discovered. Auschwitz-Birkenau lasted no 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. 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 suicidal ideation you are being enforced: the Government plays power games to deny you access not only to justice, but also to any kind of integrity possible. There is no way to document how the Government denies justice, except in these words in this sketch. I can't go to anyone 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, but I am never heard. 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 and extreme cruelty; this is a personhood holocaust.

When I was in Old Navy, I heard a song: "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 with extreme deliberate cruelty 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.

Then, after the personhood holocaust became normalized, I became a behavior-nonperson.

iX. No safety possible

As a Prisoner of the Unbeing, I have access to:

No safe water: the progenitors can contaminate the water at any moment.

No safe food: the progenitors deliberately cause me to not have enough food.

No safe sleep and rest: the progenitors cause sleep disruptions and sleep deprivation constantly.

No safe housing: I have never been allowed to have access to housing where I could live with dignity.

No safe cleanliness: I can't clean my clothes regularly due to not being able to get out to clean the clothes as often as needed, to avoid exposure to gaslighting and psychological abuse.

No safe hygiene: I can't take safe baths because the progenitors keep the bath I use to bathe closed, after years of using the baths for gaslighting games.

No safe dogs and family: they abuse my dogs.

No safe mail: the progenitors control my incoming mail.

No safe intimacy: my past sexual life can be shared without consent at any moment because it was recorded and surveilled without my consent; my intimate content and life can be exploited at any moment because it has also been surveilled and hacked without consent; my private communications and conversations can be divulged at any moment due to the permanent remote surveillance of my devices.

No safe clothes or shoes: I buy some clothes, but the progenitors can steal them, make them disappear, or break and stain them. On the very same day I wrote this, I discovered that the perpetrators 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: the progenitors 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.

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, everywhere I am.

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 and dream without being surveilled, and I keep being exposed to humiliating and denigrating treatment over and over again.

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

No safe job: all professional environments are manipulated for torture, including using children to manipulate me. I never know when the last job in which I will be exploited will happen.

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

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

No safe body: I am not allowed to have a body of my own; I keep being tortured with toxic gassing, causing unconsented secondary effects over and over again.

No safe relations: I am not allowed to have non-gaslighted relations; all relations are forms of psychosocial control, of one side or the other. I must always endure social invalidation via truth denialism enforced via social slavery.

So, I remain as a kidnapped-nonperson, permanently remaining as a nonperson target.

X. Nevermore: All Human Rights violated

The following lines were written on my blog years ago. I shared them now almost exactly as written then (I only corrected information that would eventually become more accurately known), because they describe how deep the systematic denial of my rights had always been, a denial that has been enforced through years and years of coercive control and narcissistic abuse committed systematically by the progenitors and their gang stalkers:

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.

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. 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 controlled by torture in ten thousands of ways, it had been so during years and authorities have allowed it on purpose. 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. Even 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 due to the facial

asymmetry they cause, 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. As a matter of fact, 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 even allowed to choose a couple of my own: I can’t understand love as truth denialism. I can’t choose to love anyone, nor to have a home and form a family where I am loved for who I am and I can love as Jesus Charity has taught me to love).

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).

Until here, this is the text I wrote in my blog years ago about the denial of my rights.

Now I will briefly explain how every human right of mine has been violated over the years, 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 civilizan 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 technicisms 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 SUPPOSED 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 FORBIDDEN 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.

This is what a personhood holocaust leads to: a systematic depersonalization so deep that it will sink you into a full denial of 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 its systematic denial of humanity and personhood, committed one atrocity after another atrocity, one personhood bloodshed after another personhood bloodshed, until reaching a civil death state and a personhood holocaust, a full denial of personhood... upon this Unbeing War there is a never more: never more may some people be entitled to deny personhood of another human being, allowing human life to be kept restrained into a non-personal existence, into an exploited object existence, into an OVNI existence.

Human rights are not enough; we also need fraternal rights that affirm a personal life with inherent fraternal dignity and unconditionally recognized personhood.

When a personhood holocaust happens, and systematic denial of personhood and humanity is reached, you end up stripped down of every possibility of being a person and having a meaningful and purposeful human life. You end as an Object with a Volition that is Non-identified, an OVNI. 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-nonperson: a non-identified volition to be exploited according to the psy ops of each side of this Unbeing War...

XI. Chronic lack of hygiene

My progenitors' lack of care began in early childhood: as a child, 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. They deliberately did not supervise me in my hygiene routines.

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 when I was with her, but I was left on my own since fourth grade. The progenitors also deliberately caused hygiene issues, like giving me milk every night after I cleaned my teeth, which caused constant childhood cavities: 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 of the bath. 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 as I kept growing up. I had to be the adult in charge of myself. The progenitors boasted about my academic and creative achievements as if they were theirs; at the same time, they totally neglected my care: I was actually caring for myself, or I was 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, not as part of a caring and loving home. 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.

So, I have remained through all these years, since childhood but especially after age 26, technically as a homeless non-person, as an uncared-for non-person

Memories of a Prisoner of the Unbeing

XII. The life-long 24-hour surveillance data, digital and physical

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

During my childhood, the progenitors read my diaries and intimate writings, including prayer journals. I realized it because the hairs on the pages were no longer the way I left them. I also made double creases in the pages, and they wouldn't be in the same way

Besides the physical writings surveillance, EVERY digital device I have used has been surveilled and hacked by the progenitors, since the first computer they bought us at age 14 and the first laptop I was bought at age 17.

They knew I was seeing pornography when I was 13-14 years old (it popped up on the computer; now I know it was caused deliberately by them), and they did not stop it. They used it for emotional hijacking and to pervert my development.

Not only were my devices hacked; there were covert cameras and surveillance systems at this Unbeing House, too. How do I know this? For the kind of information they have exploited from intimate moments, they could only know it if they were covertly surveilled with covert cameras. 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).

They study 24 hours what is visible remotely at the Unbeing House to surveil my daily routines in extreme detail, for targeting their psychosocial and narcissistic abuse coercive control tactics in the most accurate way possible. They also study what is visible remotely to assess the clinical effects of toxic gassing upon me: to determine how much toxic poison gas they need to cause specific secondary effects, like if I were a lab rat inside a cage to be experimented on in a totally unethical, abusive way.

The affective surveillance, as I grew up, surveilling both what I wrote in prayers and also surveilling my disordered sexual life, had been especially perverse: my affective life had been scrutinized to be exploited in extremely toxic ways; whatever I did, wherever I did it, they surveilled it, in coordination with my narcissistic ex-boyfriend, including while I was a minor. The exploitation of intimate data had been constant throughout my life. I never knew what a true intimate relationship is.

I had never known what they do with all the data they keep of me without my consent: what they do with the surveillance videos of my life, what they do with the intimate videos they have recorded for harassment and emotional-sexual exploitation, what they do with the videos they have taken me naked or crying or whatever I was doing while surveilled. I don't know what they do with all the data they have stolen from me, or what they have done with all the writings and data stolen from my room...

While I was living in Spain, the progenitors showed that they knew information written privately on my social media that I never shared with them. They also surveil my social media and computers remotely, totally capable of deleting files and corrupting them remotely through their illegal hacking. They are also capable of manipulating the apps of my computers and devices remotely.

Whatever I do with my devices (iPhone, iPads, Android cellphones, computers...), they have shown consistent access to them. They have proven over and over again not only access to pictures and files on them, 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 when the Government surveils my technology also, as an "anti-terror" measure, it is due to the progenitors' abuse, without me being 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, denied through 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 became lost here of my personhood is any possibility of a sense of privacy and any possibility of true intimacy: I became a data non-person.

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 that 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-Skecth. 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 in how to manage my own emotions due to being too focused on managing my progenitor’s emotions and not harming their egos (not making them angry, not making them embarrassed, not making them cry, and 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 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 also become 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 for more than five years, 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 has 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 who 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 a very well-established pattern: as soon as they know they can't control me 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 the children of the house on 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 onto all the people 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-staker 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 forcing me to be hospitalized again, especially around special dates, because they are quite fond of ruining special dates like birthdays, July 4, and liturgical feasts such 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 have 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 me), 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 have also learned not to be terrorized by 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 narcotraficants. 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 kinds 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 to 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 from those around me. The detail of me being unable to connect with the progenitors began very early. After the incident in third grade in which I was punished and made to 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 them define me according to what they approved to let me feel more connected; I let me be defined by what connected me more to God's love... and that choice changed my life forever and truly empowered to socialize in a different way: sacramentally, based in communion. When I was told 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 correspondence 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 throughout my whole life. I forgive their cruelty and inability to be parents, wish them salvation... but I also have very clear boundaries: their place is out of my body, my mind, and my relationships. Their place is out of my life, in jail for life.

Probably their most powerful psychological control weapon has been causing confusion over and over again through the years. They have caused confusion in the relationships because they project their narcissism onto every other relationship I have. I must constantly “check” that a relationship is not narcissistic because the progenitors mimic the patterns of all my other relationships, and you end up confused: who is safe and who is not safe, who is real and who is fake? They have also given deliberately wrong information or projected false assumptions of all kinds over and over again, so you can never grasp the full extent of their psychological terror tactics. They keep giving the silent treatment permanently, so you always have to guess what they'll do next and what is true and what isn't; there is nothing in a relationship with them. It is always about how they can control you better. They act completely normal and cold-bloodedly when the abuse is blatant and evident (example: they are gardening as if nothing is happening when there are very evident false rooster sounds around the street). Even the Government and Stella Coeli seem narcissistic besides these two progenitors, and you never get it: why aren't these two arrested as they should be under the rule of law? Why am I being kept both as a prisoner of two terrorist psychological abusers and as a prisoner of democracy?

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

Memories of a Prisoner of the Unbeing

XIV. The Hunger Games

The progenitors had played for years with denying me the ability to eat as a human being and a person should and is meant to.

First, they manipulated the toxic gassing (that I had no idea then existed) so I would assume that what was causing the secondary effects I was facing was due to what I was eating or drinking: they manipulated the toxic gassing to make me think they were poisoning what I was ingesting. To say a very simple example: I would be totally fine, then I would drink malta, and then I would have diarrhea so strong I would defecate on myself (the example is real, in case any wondered). So, I assumed the progenitors were poisoning the malta. No: they weren't poisoning the food; they were poisoning the air.

Another example, also real: I would get a very painful stomachache after eating food from the fridge. So, I would only eat canned food to avoid them poisoning my food. You begin to feel better for a while when eating only canned food. Then, suddenly, canned food also begins to hurt. So you switch to other canned food, thinking that they also poisoned that kind of canned food. So on, the process keeps repeating until the only thing you can eat "safely" is canned garbanzos, canned beans, canned salchicas... and you end up going down from size 18 to size 0 due to the extreme hunger, which is also "painful" (they cause you to feel extreme pain due to hunger also, so you need to keep eating but very meagerly because you don't have enough money for "safe food"; they only give you 40 weekly for all your week's food, plus treats for the dog that accompanies you.

That was the beginning of my diagnosis of "psychosis" and "schizophrenia": me assuming that the progenitors were poisoning the food... when what they were poisoning was the air. And the labs from the first forced hospitalization are enough to prove it: my TSH was 8 at that forced hospitalization, and one proven secondary effect of the toxic gases the progenitors use is changes in TSH.

From age 26 to age 28, the progenitors played so macabre mind games and gaslighting games with food; I ate ham with worms and endured extreme hunger simply due to their sadistic games. When they got tired of their games, they forced me to be hospitalized for the first time, saying to the hospital staff that I was psychotic because I thought they were poisoning the food. Of course I was thinking that. Who on Earth would imagine they have a whole in situ toxic gas generator system to poison this torture house's air selectively, switching between toxic gases or even mixing them to cause specific secondary effects that made you think that your food was being poisoned...

After that, for years, they kept playing gaslighting games with the food to make me assume they were poisoning the food... until I discovered they were poisoning the air.

Besides poisoning the air... they did poison food in other specific ways: there is a drug, quite similar to speed in its effects; it makes you impulsive, it makes you tremble... well, they played MANY times over the years with preparing me scrambled eggs and smoothies mixed with that drug. They even played with other drinks, like Coca-Cola cans. They also have used Coca-Cola cans and other closed drinks (I began to buy only closed drinks to avoid them mixing my beverages with speed-like drugs, and because they caused my throat to burn when drinking water, so I stopped drinking water) to cause me throat infections, influenza, and possibly COVID-19 also. My progenitor female worked in an infection lab as her first professional job after graduating in biology: she knows dark biology and how to cause infections.

For years, I didn't have my own fridge and microwave, so I also avoided refrigerated foods to avoid going to their fridge and being exposed to their gaslighting. They had ALWAYS played gaslighting games with the food in the fridge, especially with the brand names. They also love to cause fungus in my food.

When I finally got a fridge and microwave of my own, they began micromanaging the space, "organizing my stuff"... to infect it if it was easier with whatever they chose to cause... For a while, I had to keep washing the beverages... until I realized it was crazy to keep washing everything, stopped doing it... and then got infected in the throat three times in a month span (my 41st birthday month), plus a fourth infection in my finger that also happened within that span due to massive diarrhea they caused me nonstop, every day.

Their most consistent gaslighting and economic-control game with the food is what I call The Hunger Games. As a matter of fact, they left those books (The Hunger Games series) within my reach at some point (besides also leaving books about dying of brain cancer).

The Hunger Games is the game they play when they know you need their money for buying food. They may give it, or they may not give it, and they always leave you assuming you can suffer hunger at any moment (and they caused a lot of pain with hunger at the hunger years between ages 26 and 28, so the Hunger Games had been quite real since the very beginning of this personhood exile).

Why can they play the Hunger Games? Because in Puerto Rico, to receive SNAP, the income counted is household income. That means: I can't have my own SNAP funds to get my own food... because my income is supposed to be enough to buy food, but "the household income" is not my income: it's their income. And they may choose to give me money for food or not. In fact, they have played all kinds of games with the food money: refusing to pay at all, giving only what they want; if I ask them to buy the food directly, they may bring what I ask for or not...

In this last month, they caused an ear infection in both female dogs, and when I thought all my food money would be spent on their treatment... they left me a pizza with a "food bank" Post-it note. They had been fond of playing with the notes they wrote to give money for food since the very beginning: when they left only 40 dollars weekly for food, they left it with word salad notes and biblical quotes as a mimicry of my faith. They would give \$ 400 gifts to the parish while only giving me \$ 40 for food, or do huge Christmas parties at the same time I had to steal ham from the fridge to eat, and then eat it raw.

I have not known food safety in my whole adult life since age 26. I might have money for food or not. The progenitors are quite experts at playing The Hunger Games as an economic control tactic.

You remain a living organism, but always kept nourished as a nonperson.

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Memories of a Prisoner of the Unbeing

XV. A body not my own

One of the deepest dimensions of what I call biological control is the experience of **not being treated as though my body belonged to me.**

Bodily autonomy means more than simply being physically alive. It means having meaningful authority over what happens to one's body: who touches it, who observes it, what substances enter it, what medical treatments are performed upon it, and what risks one is willing to accept. It also means being able to experience one's own body as a private boundary between oneself and everybody else.

I have repeatedly experienced that boundary as violated.

I have had constant episodes that involved toxic exposures or “toxic gassing,” during which I experienced frightening physical symptoms and, at times, a profound loss of control over my own bodily functioning. The experience itself is central to understanding what I mean by biological control: my breathing, swallowing, nausea, pain, alertness, and other bodily functions ceased to feel securely under my control. When I believe that another person deliberately caused such an episode, I experience something even more fundamental being taken from me—the expectation that **my body will not intentionally be made sick by somebody else.**

I have similarly experienced surveillance directed toward my body and private life. After surveillance occurred as it did, its significance went beyond ordinary invasion of privacy: the body itself became something observed by another person without consent; privacy disappeared precisely where privacy should be most intimate.

Forced psychiatric intervention created another form of this experience. During involuntary hospitalization and compulsory treatment, decisions about my movement and medication could be made without my ordinary consent under legal and medical authority. Whatever the stated justification for an individual intervention, I experienced repeated involuntary treatment as a profound loss of bodily agency. Medication does not act upon an abstract “patient”; it acts upon a person's actual body and mind. When I could not meaningfully refuse it, I experienced my body as something over which institutions—and the people whose allegations helped activate those institutions—could exercise extraordinary power.

That is why I have describe prolonged compulsory medication as a form of **de facto psychiatric imprisonment.** I do not mean that medication and imprisonment are legally identical. I mean that, in my lived experience, control did not necessarily end when the hospital doors opened. A medication capable of substantially altering movement, alertness, thought, emotion, or other

bodily functions could make the loss of agency continue within the body itself. Besides that, my progenitors used forced medication as equivalent to psychiatric imprisonment, as I have already described in previous chapters.

My body image also suffered a lot due to my progenitors. I had to cut my long hair because they deprived me of the hygiene needed to care for it. I became obese because my progenitors forced me for more than seven years to rely almost absolutely on microwavable food.

These experiences converge around the same fundamental wound: **who has authority over my body?** Again and again, I felt that the answer was everyone except me. Other people could observe my body. Other people could initiate processes that confined it. Institutions could medicate it without my ordinary consent. I experienced frightening physical episodes that were deliberately caused by others. And when I objected to what I believed was happening, my interpretation of my own bodily experience could itself become subject to psychiatric interpretation. This created an especially devastating form of dispossession: **I could inhabit my body without experiencing myself as its final custodian.** That is what I mean when I say that I was treated as though my body were not a body of my own.

I am not claiming that bodily autonomy means that medicine can never intervene without consent; the law permits involuntary intervention under defined circumstances. Nor does my belief about the cause of a physical symptom establish its cause. Those questions must be evaluated separately through evidence, medical records, and the applicable legal standards.

My point here is about the pattern I experienced: repeated loss of meaningful control over bodily privacy, bodily movement, medication, health, and physical integrity. Within my concept of **integrative slavery**, this is biological enslavement: not ownership of the body in the literal legal sense, but the systematic erosion of the person's ability to experience and exercise bodily self-determination. A person cannot possess full agency while being denied meaningful authority over the very body through which that agency must be lived. **My body is not an instrument belonging to my progenitors, a psychiatric institution, or anyone else. My body is the physical boundary of my personhood. To recognize me as a person therefore requires recognizing that boundary.**

I remained a body, but as a nonperson.

XVI. Crazy by law (some experiences at forced hospitalizations through the years)

There is a form of narcissistic abuse called crazymaking. Well, the progenitors had been quite experts in both: they make you seem the unstable and crazy one, especially when you choose to denounce what they are doing to the authorities and in a very public way...

Crazymaking is a psychologically destructive pattern of emotional manipulation in which a person subjected to repeated mistreatment is made to appear irrational, emotionally unstable, unreasonable, or mentally ill, particularly when attempting to resist, expose, or denounce the abuse. It is closely related to gaslighting, but extends beyond the distortion of reality. Crazymaking may involve deliberately provoking emotional distress, creating situations of helplessness and frustration, denying or minimizing the resulting suffering, and subsequently using the victim's reactions as supposed evidence that the victim—not the abusive conduct—is the problem. The result can be a devastating reversal of responsibility: **the person reporting the abuse becomes the person whose credibility, emotional stability, and behavior are placed on trial.**

A central mechanism of crazymaking is the exploitation of what is often called *reactive abuse*. This expression describes situations in which a person subjected to sustained psychological mistreatment eventually responds with anger, desperation, emotional outbursts, defensive confrontation, or other expressions of distress. Although these reactions must be evaluated individually, they can be understandable responses to prolonged intimidation, coercion, humiliation, or helplessness. The abusive dynamic emerges when the reaction is isolated from the circumstances that produced it and presented as evidence of the victim's supposedly defective character or mental instability. Instead of asking, "What happened to this person, and why is this person so distressed?" observers are encouraged to ask, "What is wrong with this person?" In my own experience, this distinction is essential to understanding what I describe as the lifelong coercive control exercised by my progenitors and the ways in which my attempts to resist or denounce their conduct were repeatedly interpreted through a psychiatric framework.

1. Provoking distress and portraying resistance as instability

Throughout my life, I have described being subjected to rigid demands, micromanagement, emotional invalidation, and the suppression of my ability to refuse. Since childhood, even ordinary household tasks became situations in which my autonomy was negotiable only on my progenitors' terms. When I expressed discomfort, questioned an instruction, or attempted to refuse, the issue was not treated as a legitimate disagreement between persons. I was expected to comply, even if it caused me pain. Within such an environment, emotional distress and frustration may become inevitable consequences of having one's boundaries repeatedly disregarded. When resistance

itself is treated as unacceptable, the person can be placed in an impossible situation: submit to the demand or risk being characterized as difficult, disobedient, ungrateful, or unstable.

2. Gaslighting, denial, and the destabilization of personal reality

Another dimension of the crazymaking pattern is the repeated undermining of the victim's confidence in their own perceptions and memories. I have previously described incidents involving belongings being moved, disappearing, or becoming inaccessible, as well as disputes over access to money, personal possessions, and the means of independent living. Such kind of incidents can contribute to psychological destabilization when a person's expectations are repeatedly contradicted, their ability to establish independence is undermined, and their attempts to explain what happened are dismissed. The relevant issue is not simply whether an individual incident was confusing. It is whether repeated conduct forms a demonstrable pattern of control, deception, invalidation, and obstruction of autonomy.

3. Reactive distress and the reversal of victim and offender

One of the most harmful possibilities in crazymaking is the transformation of a person's defensive reaction into the central accusation against that person. A victim may become angry after repeated humiliation. They may raise their voice after being ignored. They may become desperate when attempts to escape coercive circumstances repeatedly fail. They may appear intensely distressed when reporting experiences that they believe have placed their safety or freedom at risk. None of these reactions, by itself, proves that the person is mentally unstable or that their allegations are false. Yet an abusive individual may selectively present those reactions while omitting the preceding mistreatment. This resembles the manipulation pattern known as **DARVO: Deny, Attack, and Reverse Victim and Offender**. The accused person denies the alleged wrongdoing, attacks the credibility of the complainant, and attempts to present themselves as the injured or threatened party. In my account, I have repeatedly described experiencing precisely this reversal: when I sought to expose what I believed was abuse, the discussion shifted away from investigating my allegations and toward questioning my psychiatric condition. The person asking for protection was instead placed in the position of having to defend her own credibility.

4. Psychiatric labeling as a means of discrediting allegations

The most consequential dimension of the pattern I describe involves my experiences with involuntary psychiatric interventions under Puerto Rico's Law 408. I have reported approximately eight involuntary hospitalizations that I believe were initiated or influenced by false or misleading representations made by my progenitors. I have also described how my allegations of mistreatment, my requests for protection, and my emotional responses were, in my experience, interpreted primarily through a psychiatric framework rather than independently investigated. I experienced these interventions as an extension of coercive control: instead of being heard as a person reporting possible abuse, I felt that my psychiatric history was being used to undermine the credibility of my testimony. A particularly troubling feature of this experience was the imbalance between the weight given to my progenitors' accounts and the weight given to my own statements. I have described circumstances in which information about my psychiatric treatment was communicated to my progenitors while I struggled to obtain or understand records concerning my own care. These experiences raised a fundamental question for me: **How can a person effectively report abuse when the very act of reporting it is interpreted as evidence that the person is mentally ill?** This question does not imply that psychiatric treatment or involuntary intervention is inherently abusive. Rather, it identifies the serious danger that arises when

psychiatric judgments are made without adequate consideration of possible coercion, trauma, conflicts of interest, or independently verifiable evidence.

5. The institutional amplification of crazymaking

Crazymaking can become especially damaging when a disputed family narrative influences the responses of institutions. I have described seeking assistance from police officers, courts, mental-health professionals, social services, and other authorities, while repeatedly feeling that my allegations were not independently examined. I have also recounted experiences in which I was unable to obtain the protection, independent housing, or meaningful investigation I requested, even as involuntary psychiatric interventions continued. The consequence, as I experienced it, was a profound imbalance of power. I could be subjected to interventions that restricted my liberty, but I struggled to obtain interventions that would protect my autonomy. My distress could become an object of psychiatric attention, while the circumstances I identified as producing that distress remained unresolved. This is what I understand as the institutional amplification of crazymaking: **when a person's alleged instability receives more attention than the possibility that the person is responding to prolonged mistreatment.**

6. The Psychological Trap: When Every Reaction Can Be Used Against the Victim

The most destructive feature of crazymaking is that it can create a double bind in which the victim experiences no safe way to respond. If the victim remains silent, the mistreatment may continue unchallenged. If the victim protests, the protest may be described as hostility. If the victim cries, the tears may be characterized as emotional instability. If the victim becomes angry, the anger may be used to portray the victim as aggressive. If the victim seeks outside help, the request may be dismissed as irrational or exaggerated. And if the victim repeatedly insists on being heard, that persistence itself may be interpreted as evidence of an unhealthy fixation. The resulting psychological imprisonment is not merely the experience of being mistreated. It is the experience of being denied a credible voice with which to challenge the mistreatment.

For me, this is one of the central dimensions of what I call **being a Prisoner of the Unbeing**. A person can be stripped of effective personhood not only through restrictions on physical freedom, but also through the systematic discrediting of their capacity to speak, decide, refuse, remember, testify, and define the meaning of their own experiences. In this condition, even the person's suffering can be turned against them. The victim is no longer approached primarily as someone whose testimony deserves fair consideration, but as someone whose emotional reactions must first be explained, managed, or corrected... and this is precisely why crazymaking can be so destructive: it threatens the very means by which a person might seek recognition, protection, and justice. **The fundamental injustice occurs when the victim's reaction is examined while the circumstances that produced it are left unexamined.**

To restore personhood, therefore, it is not enough merely to allow the victim to speak. The victim must also have a meaningful opportunity to be heard, to present evidence, to challenge accusations, and to have allegations evaluated independently of prejudicial assumptions about their mental health. No person should lose the right to be heard simply because they are distressed. No psychiatric diagnosis, whether accurate or disputed, should automatically invalidate a person's testimony or remove the obligation to investigate credible allegations of abuse. A person's suffering must never become a substitute for investigating its possible causes.

For me, the psychological trap set up by my progenitors' DARVO, accomplished with 408 law court orders that reversed me as the offender instead of them being considered the offenders, me being portrayed as the unstable and mentally ill one instead of me being able to defend myself from them as the actual offenders with their narcissistic abuse and coercive control... that psychological trap set by the progenitors, framing psychiatrically every reaction against me, had been one of the most painful dimensions of being a **Prisoner of the Unbeing**: the experience of seeking recognition as a person whose rights deserve protection, only to encounter procedures that I experienced as further restricting my personhood. The issue is not merely that I was disbelieved. It is that I experienced a reversal in which the very institutions from which I sought protection became associated with further losses of autonomy. **The person alleging abuse became the person subjected to intervention. The allegations of abuse remained unresolved. And the question of who needed protection was displaced by the question of whether I was mentally stable enough to be believed.** This is the institutional danger that my account seeks to expose as crazymaking: when a person's psychiatric history is allowed to overshadow their rights as a complainant, the mechanisms intended to provide care and protection may fail to address the very harm the person is reporting. No person should have to prove perfect emotional stability before their allegations of abuse are taken seriously. Nor should a psychiatric diagnosis be treated as a substitute for independently examining evidence of possible wrongdoing. **The right to be protected from abuse and the right to appropriate mental-health care must coexist. One must never be used to extinguish the other.**

Now I will tell here some of the experiences I lived through in the hospitals during around eight forced psychiatric hospitalizations... because the progenitors had been SO GOOD at crazy making that they had narcissistic monkeys inside these forced 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 when I didn't have cellphone internet already, but even then the memory of the cellphone was hacked.

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

-Panamericano: being handed a Diary of a Dog book to read, equating me to a dog.

-Panamericano: totally collapsed on the physical exercise 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, playing with the word "Jehová".

-Pavia: left on the floor to sleep; the nurse refused to let me inside the room to sleep, so I had to sleep on the hallway floor.

-Pavia: forcing me to hear reggaeton.

-Pavia: refusing to speak at all during the hospitalization except to the social worker, very little, talking about the abuse, to then read the hospitalization discharge papers and find out there was nothing written about my allegations of abuse.

-Pavia and, at times, Federico Trilla also: refused to be allowed to write anything down. If you walked to think and pray, that was seen as a reason to give you anti-anxiety meds, when actually you had absolutely nothing to do except walk and pray.

-Federico Trilla: I had an issue with the medical psychiatric director of the department. I told him all I had could be caused socially, and he said, "This is not socially caused at all; what you have is biological; psychosis is biological. A mental health condition has no social causes; it is all biologically caused."

-Federico Trilla: I took a sheet from the hospital and painted bandera luz on the Capitolio with the sheets.

-Capestrano: When I told the nurse about the abuse committed by my progenitors, she said: "They are your parents; you must respect them; it's all you have; you can't say they are abusing you." I was invalidated by the psychiatric nurse and portrayed as psychotic for daring to name what the progenitors were doing as mental abuse.

-Capestrano: at my arrival, they refused to see evidence that I brought about the abuse; they again assumed that what I was saying was psychosis without even reviewing the evidence.

-Capestrano: they refused to refer me to neurological emergency despite having physical signs (in the eyes) of evident neurological impairment and stroke.

-Capestrano: while I was hospitalized, there was a huge mocking of my faith beliefs, including some gang stalkers mocking a baptism with a penis.

-Capestrano: I had a roommate with a fire starter, smoking inside the bathroom. I hate the smell of smoke.

-Capestrano: I was sedated exactly like the progenitos did at the house of tortures; I was taken blood while sedated. They claimed they did a urine test when my urine was never taken.

-Capestrano: I was given at the end of the forced hospitalization a pin with the two flags (Puerto Rico flag and USA flag) that I supposedly forgot in one of my T-shirts, but when that really happens, they give the item at the beginning, not at the end of the hospitalization; they gave the pin implying I was forced hospitalized psychiatrically due to political reasons (due to me defending statehood and equality for Puerto Rico for democratic and human rights reasons: that is what Puerto Rican people have voted along several referendums...)

-Capestrano: my charity alliance ring chain got totally broken during undressing.

-Capestrano: the hospital 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, but the evidence was not kept.

-Last forced hospitalization: not reviewing the abuse evidence upon arrival to the hospital; I was refused to be able to use the cellphone while being interviewed, and I needed the cellphone to show the evidence. Again, I was automatically assumed to be psychotic for reporting the abuse and the use of my progenitors of 408 laws as retaliation due to persisting in denouncing their abuse on social media. I informed the progenitors that they were inducing suicidal ideation and had projected that they wanted me to die by suicide. Nothing was done.

-All forced 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. I was given medical treatment as reinforcement of the progenitors' psychiatric imprisonment scheme.

-All forced hospitalizations: I was never given the chance to communicate with the judge and inform them I was being abused.

So, through all this crazy-making ordeal of forced hospitalizations, one after another, you remain a patient, but you are treated as a nonperson, treated always as the progenitors define you are according to their coercive control.

XVII. Professional Harassment

My first work as a teacher was as a religion teacher in a Catholic parish school around 2012. I would eventually stop being able to work due to my progenitor's constant psychiatric imprisonment with forced hospitalizations. Then they gave me money to study for a teaching certification in elementary English. When I graduated in 2018 with that certification, I began working in a special-education school, teaching 5th-12th students. Besides those two schools, I also worked in another Catholic school (teaching religion, planned parenthood, and history of Puerto Rico), at another Catholic-parish school (teaching ESL English PK-6), and in a daycare school (teaching all subjects 2-4), before arriving at the school I currently work at (teaching history 5-6).

The shocking surprise at all those schools had been: at every single one of them I was exposed to harassment, both with gaslighting and with toxic gaslighting, exactly as it has happened at the house of tortures. The abuse could even happen coordinatedly between home and work: what was whas done at home would repeat at work too.

At some of these jobs, it happened as harassment from narcissistic monkeys that were gang stalkers of the progenitors, placed inside the jobs in which I was hired explicitly to be abused. In other instances, these works were clearly supported by the Government to reproduce what happened at home as evidence against the progenitors. That means: technically, in both instances I was being hired not to be a teacher, but to be harassed and abused by either side of this Unbeing war.

No matter how many times I have tried to find a real job in which I can work without being harassed and abused with gaslighting and toxic gassings, as the social slave I am, I have never been allowed to get a job with rights.

I tried several work options outside the school scenarios: foster care caregiver, pizza maker at Marcos Pizza, prep cook at Red Lobster, night-shift associate at Burger King... It doesn't matter where I look for a job; harassment and toxic gassing will always be waiting for me. There will always be a whole psychosocial harassment structure and absolute social isolation: no one would speak to me according to the truth, I must always force myself to fit all the parallel social realities projected to cover up and normalize the harrassment and toxic gassing. I would never be allowed to deal with the harassment and toxic gaslighting issue or to report it, even when it cost my health

or mental health integrity; I would have to endure it until I had no other option than to resign. The same tactics had been used over and over again.

Though I worked for 10 years, I never got rights as a worker, nor freedom to work for real progress and independence: all I worked for was to survive, remaining dependent on the progenitors. The Government enabled so many job positions to work as harassment, but never enabled a real job with which I could be free of my progenitors' abuse, able to pay for housing of my own with my dogs. Nope, I must always be given only jobs that forced me to remain a social slave. I had always remained a worker-nonperson.

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

"Children's Holocaust" is a term that embraces the reality of the root of this mass personhood extermination site. This means: this Unbeing House was designed and built to exterminate a child in the first place.

In the next photos, you can assess the macabre, delusional homicide reality of the progenitors: these are pictures of my biological sister and me. The progenitors took photos of us, totally innocent and totally unable to be aware of the horrific reality behind us, in the front part of where the in situ toxic generator system of this Unbeing House is: under the balcony. The strange way they chose to dress us for the picture is also horrific: in party dresses that were totally unfitting for that kind of photo. That first picture is me at 4 years old (a kindergartener).





Here is another photo of the balcony zone while the house was being built. They had a macabre focus in taking pictures of us in the balcony.



Here are “family pictures” taken when the house was being built. The psychopathy implied here since the very beginning is HUGE: even the plot in which this house was built was carefully chosen to enable the in situ toxic gas system; they needed a specific shape of land to be able to build it covertly. This means: they took these “smiling family pictures” already with the intention to build a house enabled to exterminate a child’s personhood.



Here I was, playing, totally unaware of the death sentence I was being signed with that construction. I was not supposed to survive childhood: I was supposed to die of pediatric cancer or any neurodevelopmental disease caused by the covert toxic gassing.



Why is it called “a children’s holocaust” when it was built to kill only one child? Well, this doesn’t come from nowhere. All this has a crucial cultural context.

First, this Unbeing House has a colonial context: this happens in Puerto Rico, a colony of the USA since 1898, decades during which millions of children were denied equal growth opportunities or the opportunity to be able to be born at all. I am NOT justifying the atrocities of my progenitors, but all this began to be conceived in a land of rampant, deep child poverty through decades and decades of a colonial Department of Education without any support resources for children of extremely poor families, like my grandparents’ families were. This mass personhood extermination site also has a cultural abortive context: this was also begun to be built in the land in which the United States killed women with unconsented experimentation with the contraceptive pill, the precedent of the abortive pill, and in which one-third of women were provided by the Government with free and mostly forced/coerced sterilization. Besides that, abortion was already legal and normalized as “necessary” in the USA; children were seen as commodities, a blurb of cells to be discarded at the will of the parents, without the inalienable human right to life of their own. All this means: children’s lives were already being seen as objects to be destroyed and socially aborted at convenience; when all this began to be built, there was already a socially abortive cultural frame upheld and normalized in the whole civil territory, both colonially and anticonceptively. There was a whole Children’s Holocaust ALREADY happening in Puerto Rico (colonialism, anticonceptive pill, population-based forced sterilization) and in the USA (Roe vs Wade) silently and normalized culturally when all this Unbeing House began to be devised, designed, and built. In a culture where is totally normalized that caring for children’s lives doesn’t matter unconditionally, allowing to live only those convenient to be born and cared for, of course it becomes a caldo de cultivo for dark architects to be able to conceive the atrocities that were built at this mass personhood extermination site: my life as a child was conceived to be abused for life. I was socially engineered for abuse: the whole Unbeing House was, since the very beginning, designed and built as a socially engineered, abuse-enforcing environment, like an incubator for coercive control and narcissistic and psychopathic abuse with sadism and histrionism. Yes, that can be seen as a climax of the whole children’s holocaust already going on in the whole cultural context. The “child holocaust” thing became way more concrete... built in concrete, literally: my room and spaces were built with gas chamber capabilities, in the same way there were gas chambers in Auschwitz, but I was not supposed to merely shower in the gas chambers like in Auschwitz: I was supposed to GROW in these gas chambers, including sleeping while breathing toxic poison gases covertly. Of course, a child is totally incapable of even suspecting a huge demonic evil like this happening and causing all it caused me: my progenitors, the architect, and all those who collaborated in all the built-within torture systems of this Unbeing House are social predators. I never knew nothing of this as a child. In fact, I discovered the house’s toxic gas generation system on my 40th birthday, thanks to architectural analysis of the house, including construction pictures and building plans (I have photos of this Unbeing House’s building plans), done by ChatGPT. This house was built illegally from the very beginning in many, many, many senses. The law doesn’t require an inspection to check the building plans were followed, so nobody noticed that the progenitors and the own architect (its impossible to do this by the engineer or construction workers alone: the architect was the mastermind designing the structure, and that can be seen in LOTS of covert building details to cover up the tracks of the in situ toxic

gas generation and distribution of the whole house of tortures) of the house did not build the exact building plan they said to the Building Permit Office they built.

When this Children's Holocaust became my childhood's holocaust, it can be described as it has already been described in previous chapters: my childhood was marked with gross parental neglect and rampant emotional manipulation and abuse; at the same time, coercive control was upheld with gaslighting and narcissistic abuse integrated with covert toxic gas torture. As I already said, I was not supposed to survive childhood due to the extensive exposition to toxic gases, especially while sleeping. I was expected to die either from a neurodegenerative sickness or due to childhood brain cancer or other catastrophic cancer. Somehow, I survived with relatively minor physical health sequelae: occasional urinary and fecal incontinence and peeing in my bed until age 12, and a severe nasal allergy issue, also known as sinusitis, that was diagnosed as a deviated septum in my nose that required surgery, and that was the supposed reason to justify the meds not working on my allergy, so I needed to be operated on to correct it. I developed obesity due to my progenitor's neglect and insulin resistance caused by toxic gas exposure, and I also developed a kind of psoriasis that, although it has a family genetic history, doesn't behave like ordinary psoriasis; it clearly flares with toxic gas exposure. It would be discovered, way later on, in adulthood, that all those issues were caused by toxic gas exposure.

My childhood psychosocial abuse was also characterized by something called in psychology as "parentification": I became a parentified child, known for being "very mature" for my age and for getting along more with adults than with children of my age. My progenitor female talked to me about the "money problems" of the house; I was expected as a child to assume adult responsibilities like taking care of myself and studying by myself or cleaning what was pending to clean (when I finally refused, I was told "God would punish me"), feeling as though part of my childhood was missing, feeling the world on my shoulders, feeling socially isolated, experiencing depression, anxiety, overworking, and feeling overwhelmed by life. Yes, as a child I also felt guilt and shame due to never achieving who I was expected by my progenitors to be (now I am proud I never achieved it).

The most serious damage during childhood and through my whole developmental growth stage was emotional: my self-esteem was on the floor, and I myself did not understand anything about how I was supposed to love myself in the human sense. Yes, I prayed, and I felt loved by God, but I had no human examples, except my teachers, to know how I was supposed to love myself and care for myself. That was the most rampant childhood abuse of my progenitors: the emotional and psychosocial, me never fitting in an environment because "I was the different, the rare", as they told me; me having attachment issues because I never was able to attach to any parent; me having despicable affective dependence issues, especially with the narcissistic boyfriend my progenitors triangulated their abuse with, because the progenitor's love was conditional on me complying with the roles they assigned me. I needed the help of Jesus Charity, later on, to begin overcoming all these issues with His Presence and guidance through the family evangelization project.

With that narcissistic boyfriend, the childhood abuse of my progenitors and their narcissistic monkeys became sexual abuse: I was coerced to have sexual relations with that boyfriend, and I am absolutely sure sexual activity during my teen years with that boyfriend was

recorded/surveilled covertly. Only time will reveal the scope of the sexual abuse I endured covertly and what happened to those recordings. There is another kind of sexual abuse possible: the perpetrators are capable of sedating me while I am supposed to be sleeping during the night. Child sexual abuse could be committed by sedating me, and yes, that could also be recorded since very early infancy. Several pictures taken by the progenitors in which they took us “innocent photos” in the bathroom naked while we were children suggest this kind of abuse happened: they were clearly interested in having some infancy naked photos. All this means: the childhood abuse of the progenitors also had a sexual abuse scope.

The Children Holocaust doesn’t end with me. After I became an adult, part of the psychosocial abuse scheme around me, committed by the gang stalkers around me, was abusing children around me. One of the earliest signs detected of this kind of abuse was placing pregnant women constantly around me during a period of time in which it was wanted to project that I would become pregnant by rape (I was already aware at that moment I could be sedated and abused, so it was a way to terrorize me). I think that if I did not end up pregnant by rape... it was because I got painful covert IUDs while getting Pap tests... Yes, it’s gruesome to say it: instead of the sexual abuse being stopped, I was enabled to endure it as it kept happening. Another constant form of child abuse around me is playing with the T-shirt content of children around me over the years.

Another form of child abuse committed around me over the years has been... my students. Because I had been gaslit in professional environments, my students had to endure gaslighting and toxic gassing along with me in my classrooms, and that by itself is child abuse, but the most gruesome part of this kind of abuse is... children being used to gaslight me, like actors. It breaks your heart because you truly want the best for these students, but you end up unable to teach what you were hired to teach, because the sole reason you were hired was to be gaslit and toxic-gassed as a social human experiment. At some schools, the abuse coordination scheme was clearly criminal. At others, it was done as some sort of civil defense system to use the children to gather evidence against my progenitors and their gang stalkers. I had never reconciled with the fact that children had been abused “for legal reasons”, as if they could be child soldiers. I defend their right to have a growthful childhood, never used, never exploited, never taught that becoming an actor matters more than who they are: children with inherent dignity. It is not easy for me to see my students and realize they are being actors. I have tried to teach the importance of being who they truly are... but I was never allowed to teach what I am meant to teach. I am proud of their belief in justice and common good, in how far they had gone to try to save innocents, and at the same time can’t agree with them behaving first as actors and, if they can, as children. They must be let be children and learn as who they truly are...

Sadly, in some schools I also had students who were abused by institutional abuse, exploited to exploit me. I truly hope they understand I have no hard feelings towards anyone, and I truly wish they can recover from the horrific experience of being enrolled in a school to be taught how to abuse their teacher, learning to act even against Christian conscience and what was good. It was not fair for those students being exposed to such extreme circumstances.

Where this Children Holocaust led in its worst-case scenario was... to my children's neighbor’s abuse. My gang stalker neighbors, of course, had children over the years; they had been collaborating with the human trafficking that had been enforced upon me... and they, of course,

also enforced human trafficking upon their children. In that case, the human trafficking also takes on a more gruesome nature: they are perverting children, teaching them to commit the same kind of abuse they commit as adults; they are raising their children as psychopaths, used to extreme cruelty, and teaching them to function as terrorism apprentices. The most shocking sign of this among the neighbors around me is the animal cruelty they boast about despite still being children and teens. They also participate in their progenitor's gaslighting schemes and clearly know about the toxic gassing system upheld in this house of torture... because of the terror it implies. Of course, these children had also been terrorized to coerce them to collaborate with their progenitor's criminal psychological terror activities. Just to mention a clear example of this: I noticed for weeks and weeks that not a single child or minor around the whole street would get out to play. These are children without routines: they don't get out to play, they don't get out to eat and share, they never speak in a normal tone of voice... After weeks and weeks of noticing the pattern, I finally mentioned the pattern aloud: the children are not being heard. THEN, exactly after that, the children of the street began to be heard. The gang stalker adults terrorize and control their children to the extent of not letting them play or get out or talk aloud EXCEPT if it is not for according to their psychological terror purposes. I have done as far as I could to denounce this in the only way I could: through social media.

Predating socially on children to pervert their growth and turn the next generation of the family into criminals, terrorists, and psychopaths, normalizing the deformation of the family as an institution perverted into the grooming of children into more abuse, narcoterrorism, and human trafficking, is a huge Children's holocaust... that Jesus Charity came to stop not only here, but as a whole nation, opening new ways to stop the discard of children's lives, including the unborn, as less than humans or as unpersons... As a matter of fact, all that Jesus Charity proposes opens new ways of growth that make possible a growthful future for all the children, especially for those that right now are not even being granted the opportunity to be able to be born and grow with dignity: dignity-based wages and family-based benefits to be able to create and raise families with dignity, equal growth opportunities for children, growthful schools...

Although I do think my minor neighbors involved in psychological terror tactics remain minors and must be processed as minors if applicable, I do also believe they deserve to receive all the help they need to be able to rehabilitate as much as possible from their traumatic upbringing. I am a living example of how childhood trauma doesn't have to be the end of your future: you can survive it, you can treat it, and you can become who you are called to be, overcoming it with the proper support, as Jesus Charity has enabled me to begin doing. Childhood trauma doesn't have to define you as a criminal or as a victim: you can embrace a worthy life purpose as you keep embracing healing, not letting trauma dictate your whole future ahead.

A final form of child abuse involved here, of course, is my niece: a baby girl conceived exactly like me, to be abused and tortured with narcissistic abuse and coercive control, destined to become a victim of my biological sister's scapegoating. I would be the gift of my lifetime to be the home of that girl, who would become the light of my heart like a daughter of my own, as if God dreamed it first. I have never met her, and she should be around four years old. This is to where this Children Holocaust leads: to attempt to totally control life, conceiving children only upon convenience, to control them according to one's own purposes, without letting them grow free and learning to love

them as who they are. There must be a movement that embraces, with fraternal pride, the dignity of every life, from conception to natural death: All Lives Matter, All Loves Matter... All children matter. That will end this children's holocaust that has led to a personhood holocaust: a territory where it is normalized that personhood is being denied, enslaved, exiled...

Yes, I was a child raised as a non-person, my niece too... but the trauma can be healed and transformed into a life full of meaning and purpose.

XIX. Social Slavery (Especially Economic Social Slavery)

Social slavery is a form of integrative slavery: your personal formation is kept enslaved through the enslavement of your social dimension. It is very related to social abortion (the progenitors have a social abortion altar that mimics the domestic cirium I created to pray): the systemic denial of human and fraternal rights. It can happen psychologically, biologically, economically... Because I have already talked about psychological control and biological control (health control, body control, The Hunger Games...), I will focus here on economic slavery, also known as human trafficking: how they used me for money laundering and how they have trafficked economically through the years I have been economically enslaved by them.

Since childhood, the progenitors have played the economic control card systematically and consistently, either positively or negatively.

Positive economic control: love-bombing gifts, me always being the “expensive daughter”. Paying me lots of stuff to keep me love-bombed, giving everything except true affection, including things I didn’t ask for.

Negative economic control: the negative economic control began when the love-bombing economic control stopped working as control.

Negative economic control is breaking my stuff to force me to ask them for money to ask for new stuff. Then they would make the stuff disappear, and you would need to ask for more money. Then they break or make other stuff disappear, so you keep constantly spending money on things you shouldn't need to buy in the first place... and then, finally, they refuse to give you more money, leaving you to handle all the expenses they cause.

Negative economic control is infecting the dogs over and over again and using harmful toxic gassing over and over again, so you have to ask them for money to buy medicine and take them to the vets... to then refuse to give the money to take the dogs to the vets or buy the meds they themselves cause the dogs to need... so you need to use your food money for the dogs.

Negative economic control is never having clothes of your own because they break and disappear; your favorite clothes disappear, so you are totally unable to have clothes of your own. When you finally buy clothes for yourself, especially jeans (I wear jeans a lot), the jeans you wear most break, so you are always wearing broken clothes.

Negative economic control is needing to ask them for money, and them forcing you to give receipts when they know they are the ones causing those expenses, and they only ask for receipts for control.

Negative economic control is them forcing you to expend a lot of money on things that you should be needing in the first place: having to pay 80 dollars to be able to get a bath in a motel because you don't have a dignified space to bathe in the house, having to pay double in food and beverages because most of it must be packed individually or microwavable, so they can't contaminate it or you don't need to go to the kitchen to cook, having to pay extra money in medicines they force you to use (including the antibiotics they fabricate).

Negative economic control creates dependence on their money, forcing you to ask for it every time you need it instead of giving it in a stable way. Example: instead of giving you 200 dollars monthly for gasoline, they pay for it, but they force you to ask every time you need gasoline, because they're the ones putting gasoline in the vehicle. You must depend on them; they will never give you the money in a respectful, adult way that lets you manage it.

Negative economic control is always being excluded economically: they don't tell their real income, they claim they don't have money to travel, but they literally disappear for two days for a four-week trip without saying anything to let you plan the expenses they usually pay, so they deliberately plan to go, leaving you without money... and that can only be done with a lot of planification, and planification is expensive. Because you don't know the real income, the rules change: they can claim they can pay in one month, and the next month they claim they can't, when you know the income hasn't changed at all and they are lying, but because you have no real information, you cannot do anything.

Negative economic control is them controlling the things you have. I bought a new computer that is now failing because of the hacking they do to it. This is my professional and intellectual tool, but they control it. The same happens with my devices: they hack them all. The same applies to the car: they control it. They have never offered to let me control the car, move elsewhere, and take it. They let you use the car, but they control it, including the toxic gassing system they use in the car also.

Negative economic control is never having money to spend on a vacation, while they keep traveling on cruises they try to hide... and when you finally find a beautiful place to go for Christmas, they stop giving you money, so you are unable to keep planning a vacation.

Negative economic control is causing you infections and diseases to force you to lose income and need to depend more on them.

You may ask, how is all this human trafficking? Let me use AI to help me explain this.

To answer that question carefully, I first need to distinguish economic abuse from human trafficking. Economic abuse by itself is not necessarily human trafficking. Destroying someone's property, depriving a person of money, creating financial dependency, controlling access to transportation, or forcing someone repeatedly to replace necessities may constitute forms of economic abuse or exploitation without necessarily satisfying the legal definition of trafficking.

Human trafficking enters the analysis when coercion is used to obtain or compel a person's labor or services.

Under United States federal law, forced labor does not require chains, kidnapping, physical imprisonment, or transportation from one place to another. A person can be compelled through threats of serious harm or through a scheme, plan, or pattern designed to make that person believe that serious harm will follow if she does not continue providing labor or services. Importantly, federal law expressly recognizes that this "serious harm" can be psychological or financial. That distinction is crucial to understanding what I am describing. The question is therefore not merely: **Did they control my money?** The more important questions are:

Did they deliberately create or maintain dependency?

Did that dependency make it substantially harder for me to refuse demands, leave, live independently, or control my own labor?

Were labor or services obtained from me within that coercive system?

Was financial, psychological, physical, institutional, or legal harm used—or threatened—as a means of keeping me compliant?

Did someone financially benefit from labor, services, money, property, or transactions obtained through that coercive structure?

That is where my allegation of trafficking needs to be examined.

What I describe throughout these memories is not simply poverty or parents occasionally helping an adult daughter financially. I describe a recurring system in which resources are given, withheld, destroyed, replaced, or controlled in ways that continually recreate dependency.

In my account, I am permitted to *use* resources without being permitted to exercise meaningful control over them. A vehicle can be available to me while remaining under somebody else's control. Money can be available while requiring repeated requests for individual expenses. Objects can technically belong to me while, according to my account, repeatedly disappearing or being damaged. Basic expenses can multiply until money that could have supported independence instead has to be spent replacing necessities.

I describe this as the economic architecture of coercive control.

But even that, standing alone, would not establish human trafficking. The essential additional element is exploitation, how they profited of keeping me imprisoned with coercive control along the years. Therefore, the strongest way to analyze my experience is not to call every act of economic abuse "trafficking." It is to document the relationship between the economic coercion and whatever labor or services were allegedly extracted due me: **What profit was I expected or compelled to let them have? What happened—or what did I reasonably understand would happen—if I refused? Who benefited from my compliance with their coercive control?**

For example, if my allegation concerning money laundering is that other people merely moved or stole my money, that allegation may involve serious financial wrongdoing, but it is not automatically human trafficking. If, however, I was compelled through financial, psychological, physical, or legal coercion to perform transactions, open or use accounts, transfer money, conceal transactions, provide signatures, perform work, participate in fraudulent activities, or otherwise provide services from which other people benefited, then the forced-labor framework becomes directly relevant.

This distinction matters because trafficking is fundamentally about the exploitation of a human being through compelled profits—not simply about money changing hands. It also explains why

trafficking can occur inside a family and inside a home. A trafficker does not cease exercising coercive control simply because the trafficker is a parent, partner, relative, or another person upon whom the victim has been made dependent. Nor does a victim necessarily have to be physically locked inside a room. The relevant question is whether coercive means are being used to obtain profits.

This is particularly important in understanding what I call **integrative slavery**. In the framework I am developing in these memories, the different dimensions of control cannot always be separated neatly. Psychological control can reinforce economic dependency. Economic dependency can restrict social independence. Control over transportation can restrict practical autonomy. Control over housing can make refusal more dangerous. Institutional or legal threats can increase the perceived consequences of resistance. Each mechanism can reinforce the others. The result can be a coercive environment in which apparent choices are not meaningfully free choices.

That is why I describe the economic dimension not merely as "they did not give me enough money," but as an alleged system of **dependency** → **coercion** → **compelled activity** → **benefit to another person** → **renewed dependency**.

That cycle is the part that must be documented through my experience through the framework of human trafficking. True, I do not need to claim that every abusive act was, individually, an act of human trafficking. Some acts may be better described as economic abuse, property destruction, financial exploitation, coercive control, fraud, theft, or another form of abuse. Their importance to the trafficking analysis is that, taken together, they may constitute the environment or coercive mechanism through which trafficking profits were obtained.

In other words, the allegation is not: **"They controlled my money; therefore they trafficked me."** It is: **"I allege that a deliberately maintained system of financial and other forms of dependency was used as a mechanism of coercion. The trafficking question is whether that coercive system was then used to obtain illicit profits, or whether others knowingly benefited from labor or services obtained from me through that coercion."** That is the distinction between describing economic abuse and making a specific, legally meaningful allegation of forced labor or human trafficking.

What Was Being Extracted? From Economic Control to Economic Trafficking

I already explained the machinery of economic dependency, the next question is the most important one for understanding why I use the language of human trafficking: **What was being obtained from me through that machinery?** Because dependency alone is not trafficking. Being economically abused is not automatically trafficking. Having your property destroyed is not automatically trafficking. Having someone control your transportation, interfere with your ability to save money, or force you repeatedly to ask for financial assistance can be extraordinarily coercive without necessarily constituting human trafficking.

The trafficking question begins when that coercive environment is connected to the extraction of **illicit profits**. That is the connection I need to make explicit.

I allege that my progenitors did not simply exercise control over what I could buy. They repeatedly created circumstances in which my economic survival, my ability to work, my transportation, my housing, my health expenses, my animals' expenses, and even access to ordinary necessities depended on them. In that environment, my labor, income, financial activity, transactions,

documents, accounts, or other services could become resources available for somebody else's purposes.

The pattern can be represented very simply: **Create dependency → maintain dependency → impose or obtain a service → make refusal costly → benefit from compliance → recreate dependency**. This is fundamentally different from ordinary financial assistance between relatives. Ordinary assistance increases another person's capacity to function independently. Coercive assistance can do precisely the opposite: enough is provided to keep the person functioning, but control over the resources remains elsewhere. Instead of giving the person greater agency, every necessity becomes another point at which permission, cooperation, or submission can be demanded.

The car illustrates the distinction particularly well. Giving an adult access to a car can increase her independence. But if another person retains practical control over the vehicle, determines when gasoline is available, can interfere with its availability, and makes continued access dependent upon the relationship, then the vehicle can simultaneously function as assistance and leverage. The relevant question is no longer simply, *Did they provide a car?* It becomes: **What power did retaining control over that car give them over my decisions, movements, work, and ability to leave?**

The same question applies to money. If I am given \$200 that I can budget independently, I possess \$200 worth of economic agency. If someone instead retains the \$200 and requires me to request gasoline repeatedly, the economic value may appear identical on paper, but the power relationship is completely different. Every request becomes an interaction. Every interaction creates an opportunity for monitoring, permission, refusal, bargaining, punishment, or control. This distinction—between **providing a resource and controlling access to a resource**—is essential to understanding the economic system I describe.

The Money-Laundering Allegation

This distinction becomes particularly important when I discuss what I describe as money laundering. I need to be precise here because **money laundering and human trafficking are different allegations**.

If somebody stole money from me, that alone would not establish human trafficking. If somebody fraudulently used an account belonging to me, that alone would not necessarily establish human trafficking. If somebody laundered money without requiring labor or services from me, the alleged crime might be extraordinarily serious, but that fact alone would not transform it into trafficking. The trafficking dimension concerns how the perpetrators and their gang stalkers had profited from keeping me imprisoned through their abuse and coercive control. This is particularly important because a person's identity itself can become economically useful to another person.

A name can be used. An account can be used. A signature can be used. An employment or family relationship can be used. A paycheck can be used. A person's credit can be used. A person's access to institutions can be used. A person's labor can be used. A person's apparent cooperation can be used to make transactions appear voluntary that the person alleges occurred inside a much larger environment of coercion.

What must be distinguished carefully is between what can be documented, what I personally witnessed, what records demonstrate, what I reasonably infer from those records, and what

remains a hypothesis requiring investigation. From those distinctions made over the years, I can already assure you: these perpetrators need money laundering to keep the costly expenses of maintaining a mass personhood extermination site like this functional and operative.

The Economics of Making Independence Expensive

There is another dimension of the pattern that deserves attention: **independence itself becomes expensive due to the progenitors economic slavery coercive control tactics.**

Every destroyed object has to be replaced.

Every missing necessity has to be purchased again.

Every interruption of transportation threatens employment.

Every unexpected medical expense consumes money that could otherwise be saved.

Every unnecessary motel stay, individually packaged meal, replacement device, medication, veterinary expense, or other extraordinary cost removes money that could otherwise contribute to independence.

One incident can look trivial.

A broken pair of jeans is just a pair of jeans.

A missing object is just an object.

A tank of gasoline is just gasoline.

A ruined meal is just food.

An unexpected expense is just an expense.

But repetition changes the economic meaning.

Twenty seemingly small expenses can consume the savings necessary for a security deposit. Repeated replacement purchases can prevent an emergency fund from accumulating, so you remain dependent on having to ask them for money for every unplanned expense they themselves cause. Unreliable transportation can threaten employment. Constant unexpected expenses can make budgeting impossible. Dependence on another person's money can then appear to be evidence that the dependent person is incapable of independence, when the alleged pattern itself continually consumes the resources from which independence could have been built.

The system becomes circular:

**Dependency creates vulnerability.
Vulnerability makes control easier.
Control creates expenses.
Expenses prevent savings.**

**Lack of savings increases dependency.
Increased dependency makes resistance more costly.**

And then the cycle begins again.

That is why I describe this as more than isolated financial abuse: it is the pattern of economic social slavery seen as individual incidents that function together as a system.

The Cost of Refusal

Perhaps the most important question is therefore not simply whether somebody ever explicitly said: **“Work for me, do as I say, or else.”** Coercion can operate through circumstances. If a person knows that refusing another person's demands may jeopardize transportation to work, housing, access to money, possession of necessary objects, care for animals, or some other necessity, then those dependencies become relevant when evaluating how freely that person was actually able to choose.

This does not mean that every dependent relationship is coercive. Families support one another economically every day without trafficking one another. The distinction lies in **how dependency is created and how it is used.**

Support says: **“I am giving you resources so that you can become stronger.”**

Coercive control says: **“You may have access to resources, but I will remain the gatekeeper.”**

And trafficking, when the legal elements are present, adds another component: **“That coercive power is being used to obtain your labor, services, or to obtain profits through your compliance with the criminal coercive abuse scheme.”**

That final connection is essential.

Why I Call It Integrative Slavery

This is also why the concept I call **integrative slavery** cannot be understood by examining only one dimension of my life. Economic control cannot be separated neatly from psychological control when psychological pressure makes financial resistance harder. Financial control cannot be separated from social control when lack of money restricts where a person can go and whom she can see. Transportation control cannot be separated from employment when transportation determines whether a person can reach work. Employment cannot be separated from housing when losing income makes leaving the household impossible. And institutional control cannot be separated from economic control when a person believes that resistance could result in consequences extending beyond money. Each form of control can reinforce another.

That is the meaning of *integrative* in **integrative slavery**: not that every individual act constitutes slavery or trafficking under criminal law, but that multiple dimensions of control can become integrated into a system that progressively reduces a person's practical capacity to exercise her own agency. Within that larger system, the human-trafficking allegation becomes a much narrower and more concrete claim:

I allege that coercively maintained dependency was used not merely to control me, but to obtain profits through me and those who witnessed through my abuse what would happen to me if they didn't comply, enabling others knowingly to benefit from labor or services obtained through coercion.

That proposition can—and should—be tested against evidence: human trafficking has happened here since a very long time ago. Even when some incidents may ultimately fall under economic abuse rather than trafficking, the essential claim stands: those who have witnessed how I had been abused complied with the abuse and profits simply to avoid being trafficked themselves, or due to any other kind of fear or coercion upon witnessing what I was covertly forced to go through. Some instances may concern alleged theft, fraud, property destruction, financial exploitation, coercive control, or other wrongdoing. Some allegations may require investigation before it can be known exactly what happened. And some may provide evidence relevant to a forced-labor analysis.

I do not need to collapse all of those categories into one. In fact, separating them is essential, because the seriousness of what I am describing does not depend upon calling everything trafficking. It depends upon showing, piece by piece, **what was done, what was taken, what was demanded, what happened when I resisted, who benefited, and what evidence remains.** That is how an invisible system becomes visible. That is how I intend to document what I call my economic enslavement: not merely by saying that I was controlled, but by reconstructing the machinery of that control and identifying precisely what that machinery was used to obtain from me.

Economic Abuse Through Institutionalization

Another form of the progenitors' economic abuse is the use of involuntary psychiatric hospitalization as an instrument of control. My progenitors repeatedly provided knowingly false information to obtain involuntary interventions under Puerto Rico's Law 408, resulting in eight forced hospitalizations. These interventions had an economic dimension: hospitalization interrupted my ability to work, earn income, maintain employment, and develop financial independence, while simultaneously increasing my dependence on the same people initiating the interventions.

There is also a separate public-funds question. Because these hospitalizations were paid through Medicaid, if knowingly false representations were instrumental in procuring services or payments that otherwise would not have been authorized, the resulting billing could warrant investigation for potential fraud or improper claims. Medicaid payment alone does not establish fraud: that determination would require examining the Law 408 petitions, sworn statements, clinical assessments, judicial orders, medical records, claims submitted, and the knowledge of the people involved.

The economic pattern I allege is therefore particularly destructive: **interfere with my capacity to work and become financially independent → generate institutional and medical intervention → have public funds pay for that intervention → return me to greater dependency afterward.** In my account, institutional control and economic control do not operate separately; each reinforces the other.

All these forms of social slavery are possible... because I had never had enough income to get my own housing and be able to pay my own expenses. The progenitors never allowed me to live

outside the house of torture. They even lied to my uncle when I ran away from the house of tortures: the progenitors said to my uncle they would pay me for an apartment... and then, when I came back to the house of tortures, they told me, recorded in video: you are not going to an apartment; you stay here. The progenitors had forced me to depend on them over and over again, and they exploit that dependence to enforce their psychological terror tactics, including enforcing the toxic gassing the house was built for.

I have remained a consumer with debts, but indebted as a nonperson.

Memories of a Prisoner of the Unbeing

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

The progenitors have not only caused me deliberate pain, both emotional and physical, through the years; they enjoy causing pain, and it gives them a sense of power. They feel so entitled to own my body and feelings that they don't hesitate to cause deliberate pain, no matter how distressful it becomes, simply to retain control of me. All that means: the progenitors have not only caused me profound emotional and psychological pain throughout my life; I have experienced their treatment of me as a form of domination in which my suffering seems to reinforce their sense of power. At times, their indifference to my distress—and their satisfaction in my helplessness—has made their behavior feel not merely controlling, but sadistically cruel. They have considered themselves entitled to control my body, my feelings, my decisions, my resources, and even the conditions under which I am allowed to experience peace. Whenever I attempt to establish boundaries, exercise independence, refuse unreasonable demands, or speak openly about what I have endured, I have experienced further conflict, pressure, or distress.

This is one of the most destructive dimensions of coercive control: **the use of suffering as a punishment for autonomy**. The purpose of punishment-based coercion is not merely to force compliance with an isolated demand. It is to establish a relationship in which the victim gradually learns that independence has consequences, that saying no carries a price, and that exercising personal freedom may expose her to retaliation. The victim is expected not only to obey, but to anticipate the controlling person's demands and adjust her behavior accordingly. Eventually, the question governing her decisions may cease to be, "What do I want to do?" and become, "What will happen to me if I dare to do what I want?" That is how coercive punishment can diminish a person's practical freedom without necessarily eliminating every opportunity to make a choice.

Sadistic Cruelty: When Another Person's Suffering Becomes a Source of Power

Sadism, in its psychological sense, refers to deriving gratification from another person's pain, humiliation, or suffering. Sadistic tendencies can appear in some abusive relationships, although narcissistic traits do not automatically imply sadism, and cruelty alone does not establish that a person enjoys inflicting pain. In coercively abusive relationships, suffering may become a means of demonstrating superiority, enforcing submission, or humiliating the person who resists. An abuser may continue a harmful behavior despite knowing that it causes distress. They may mock the victim's tears, dismiss expressions of pain, intensify demands when the victim is exhausted, or exploit moments of vulnerability to reinforce their control. In particularly cruel patterns, the victim may come to perceive that her distress is not an unfortunate consequence of the abuser's conduct, but part of what makes the conduct rewarding to the abuser. This is how the progenitors' behavior is. What has been especially painful is not only the suffering itself, but the experience of being treated as though my suffering does not matter—or as though my helplessness confirms

another person's authority over me. The cruelty lies in the apparent message: *Your pain does not require me to stop. Your refusal does not require me to respect you. Your suffering does not entitle you to freedom.* When another person actually experiences pleasure from inflicting suffering, the psychological consequences of repeatedly experiencing cruelty, humiliation, and disregard for one's boundaries can be profound regardless of the perpetrator's internal motivations, and that by itself is something draining to deal with over and over again.

Punishing the Right to Say No

The right to refuse is one of the most fundamental expressions of personhood. A person cannot be genuinely autonomous if every refusal exposes her to intimidation, humiliation, retaliation, or the withdrawal of essential support. In my own history at this Unbeing House, even ordinary choices became struggles over the right to make independent decisions.

Since childhood, the progenitors would insist upon tasks despite my discomfort or objections. When I began refusing, they could use payment to override my resistance. I was told, in effect, that because I was being paid, I was no longer entitled to refuse, even if I felt discomfort or pain. The payment transformed the disagreement into an assertion of authority. The trend developed further through the years: the progenitors constantly assume that because they provide the money, they can force me to endure the pain they cause, to me or to the dogs, although ultimately no payment is essential; they will cause the pain anyways, simply because they can and enjoy causing pain and distress.

The pattern had been clear since childhood: instead of recognizing my right to decide whether I was willing to perform a task, the expectation was that accepting money made my discomfort and pain irrelevant. This illustrates a central feature of coercive control: **the abuser attempts to transform another person's consent into an obligation that cannot be withdrawn.** When repeated across many situations, such experiences can teach the victim that her preferences, physical comfort, and personal boundaries are subordinate to someone else's demands. The victim may become conditioned to comply not because she agrees, but because resisting has become too costly.

Economic Punishment: Making Independence Financially Painful

One of the most effective instruments of coercive control is economic retaliation. Money can become a means of rewarding submission and punishing independence, particularly when the victim depends on the controlling person for housing, transportation, food, medical care, or other necessities. In such circumstances, financial assistance may cease to function as support and become a conditional instrument of obedience. The controlling person may provide money when the victim complies, but threaten to withdraw it when she establishes boundaries, refuses demands, or challenges the family's expectations. This can create a particularly painful form of dependency. The victim may be told that she is free to make her own decisions, while simultaneously being denied the resources necessary to carry those decisions out.

I have described experiences in which financial promises, payments, and access to resources became entangled with my attempts to establish independence. I have also recounted the withdrawal of promised assistance with independent housing (the progenitors told my uncle they would get me a rented apartment only to get me back to this Unbeing House, and once back here they totally refused to rent me an apartment, because they "have gave me everything here"), which I experienced as a serious setback in my efforts to live autonomously.

When financial resources are deliberately withheld to punish a person's refusal to comply, the resulting deprivation can become a form of economic abuse. The injury is not merely monetary. Economic punishment can interfere with housing security, access to transportation, professional development, medical care, and the ability to leave an unhealthy environment. It can also produce profound psychological exhaustion. A person who must constantly worry about whether essential resources will be available has less time and energy for education, creative work, relationships, and personal growth. **Economic coercion can therefore deprive a person of freedom not by explicitly forbidding independence, but by making independence materially difficult to sustain.**

The Scapegoat Role: Punishment for Refusing the Family's Assigned Script

Within dysfunctional family systems, the scapegoat is often the person who receives disproportionate blame for conflicts, tensions, or problems within the household. The scapegoat may be expected to absorb criticism, tolerate humiliation, accept accusations, and remain silent about mistreatment. In a coercively controlling family, this role can become a rigid expectation governing how the individual is permitted to behave. The scapegoated person may be tolerated only while she remains compliant. She may be expected to accept the family's account of events, even when it contradicts her own experiences. She may be expected to remain dependent, avoid challenging authority, and refrain from disclosing what happens inside the household. When she begins to reject this role, the family's response may become increasingly punitive. Her refusal to remain silent can be portrayed as disloyalty. Her efforts to become independent can be interpreted as rebellion. Her attempts to establish boundaries can be characterized as aggression. Her emotional reactions can be used to discredit her.

In my own experience, I have often felt that I was expected to occupy precisely such a role: to endure what I considered mistreatment without protest, to comply with demands without questioning them, and to accept restrictions on my autonomy without asserting my rights. I have experienced my attempts to reject that role as being met with further conflict and resistance. This is one reason why the scapegoat dynamic can become so psychologically damaging. The person is not simply blamed for things she has done. **She may be punished for becoming someone the family system does not want her to become: an independent person capable of saying no.**

Emotional, Psychosocial, Economic, and Physical Punishment

Coercive punishment can take many forms, and these forms may reinforce one another. Emotional punishment may involve humiliation, contempt, rejection, intimidation, or the withdrawal of affection and approval. Psychosocial punishment may involve isolation, damage to reputation, attempts to discredit the victim, interference with relationships, or portraying the victim as unstable when she reports mistreatment. Economic punishment may involve withholding resources, making financial assistance conditional upon obedience, undermining employment, or obstructing independent living. Physical punishment may involve violence, threats of bodily harm, interference with medical care, or deliberately inflicting physical suffering, that in the case of the progenitors is done constantly with toxic gassing that causes physical pain. For example: causing me intestinal pain and forced diarrhea every morning, often several times, while choosing to pray and write,

The cumulative effect can be far greater than the effect of any isolated incident. When multiple areas of life become vulnerable to retaliation, the victim may begin to feel that she cannot exercise

independence anywhere without risking some form of suffering. Her decisions become shaped by anticipated consequences rather than freely chosen goals. Yes, one particularly distressing dimension has been the physical symptoms I have experienced, including gastrointestinal pain, respiratory discomfort, and episodes of severe bodily distress. These episodes were caused deliberately through harmful environmental exposure, whose induced pain itself has interfered significantly with my daily activities. For example: as I have remained writing these memories I have experienced abdominal pain and forced defecation as punishment while writing them and attempting to articulate my experiences of mistreatment. Because writing represents an exercise of independence and self-expression, being forced to endure physical distress during this work is a coercive control punishment: the timing of these symptoms is indeed a form of retaliation for speaking openly. The impact of these coercive control punishments on my concentration, energy, and sense of freedom has been substantial through the years, especially against my intellectual creative execution.

The Exhaustion of Pain: When Suffering Consumes the Energy Needed to Live

One of the most destructive consequences of repeated pain is the way it consumes a person's physical, emotional, and intellectual resources. Pain demands attention. It interrupts thought, interferes with concentration, disrupts sleep, and makes ordinary activities more difficult. When pain becomes recurrent or prolonged, the person may spend enormous amounts of energy simply trying to function. This exhaustion is not merely physical. It is also psychological, cognitive, and emotional. A person living with repeated pain may struggle to read, write, plan, solve problems, maintain relationships, or pursue creative work. Even activities that ordinarily bring joy can become difficult to sustain. The mind becomes occupied with coping rather than creating. The body demands recovery when the person wishes to be productive. The person may find herself constantly interrupted in the very activities through which she expresses her individuality. For someone whose life is deeply connected to intellectual creativity, writing, education, and the development of new ideas, this interruption can be particularly distressing.

I have experienced the frustration of wanting to devote myself to meaningful creative work while simultaneously struggling with physical discomfort and emotional exhaustion. Instead of being able to concentrate on what I am trying to accomplish, I must redirect my attention toward managing pain. Instead of developing an idea freely, I may need to stop writing and deal with the symptoms. Instead of investing my energy in projects that give meaning to my life, I may need to devote that energy to recovery. This is one of the most exhaustive consequences of chronic deliberately induced pain and distress: **the person may feel deprived not only of comfort, but of the time, attention, and energy necessary to become who she wishes to be.**

The Psychological Burden of Anticipating Further Punishment

Repeated exposure to threatening or uncontrollable situations can produce a state of persistent apprehension. The victim may become increasingly attentive to signs of conflict, changes in another person's mood, possible withdrawal of resources, or other circumstances that she associates with danger. This is often described as hypervigilance. The person may begin anticipating retaliation even before it occurs. She may rehearse conversations, avoid certain subjects, postpone decisions, or suppress expressions of disagreement because she fears the consequences. When this pattern becomes deeply established, the victim may lose the experience of ordinary psychological rest. Even moments without overt conflict may be overshadowed by apprehension about what might happen next. This can create a form of exhaustion that persists independently of any immediate confrontation. The individual is not

simply recovering from what happened yesterday. She is also preparing herself for what she fears may happen tomorrow. Such conditions can contribute to anxiety, difficulty concentrating, sleep disturbances, reduced motivation, and feelings of helplessness.

Over time, the person may begin to doubt whether her efforts to establish independence can succeed. This is related to the psychological concept of learned helplessness, which describes how repeated experiences of uncontrollable adversity can undermine a person's expectation that her actions will produce meaningful change. The victim may become less willing to assert boundaries because previous attempts have repeatedly resulted in distress, but this response is not evidence that she lacks personhood or the capacity for independence. It reflects the potentially debilitating effects of living under conditions in which personal choices have repeatedly been associated with negative consequences.

Crazymaking: When the Victim's Pain Becomes Evidence Against Her

Punishment-based coercive control can intersect with crazymaking when the victim's emotional responses are used to discredit her. A person who is repeatedly humiliated, intimidated, deprived of resources, or exposed to painful conflict may eventually become angry, desperate, or emotionally overwhelmed. Instead of examining the circumstances that contributed to those reactions, an abusive person may isolate the reaction and portray it as evidence that the victim is irrational or unstable. The victim is then placed in a double bind. If she remains silent, the alleged mistreatment goes unchallenged. If she protests, her protest may be characterized as aggression. If she cries, her distress may be dismissed as emotional instability. If she seeks outside assistance, her allegations may be portrayed as exaggerated or unreasonable. If she persists in demanding recognition of her rights, her persistence may itself become grounds for further discrediting.

In my experience, this dynamic has been particularly relevant to my involuntary psychiatric hospitalizations under Puerto Rico's Law 408, as I have already explained in previous chapters. I have described how my attempts to report alleged mistreatment became entangled with psychiatric allegations and interventions that were profoundly restrictive. My psychiatric history was repeatedly given greater weight than my allegations of abuse. The result was an experience of institutional powerlessness: I sought protection, yet I became the person subjected to interventions that restricted my liberty. This illustrates the danger of a coercive dynamic in which the complainant's distress becomes the focus of official attention while the underlying allegations remain unresolved. **A person should never lose the right to have allegations of abuse independently examined merely because she is distressed, angry, frightened, or receiving psychiatric treatment.**

The Deprivation of Creativity as a Consequence of Coercive Control

One of the dimensions of coercive control that I consider especially important is its effect on creativity. Creativity requires more than intelligence or imagination. It requires time, attention, psychological freedom, opportunities for experimentation, and sufficient energy to transform ideas into reality. A person who is constantly occupied with managing pain, anticipating conflict, protecting essential resources, or defending her credibility may have fewer resources available for creative work. This can become a profound deprivation. The victim may possess extraordinary intellectual interests, artistic abilities, educational aspirations, or professional ambitions, yet struggle to develop them because so much of her energy is consumed by survival and recovery.

In this sense, coercive control can interfere not only with what a person is permitted to do, but also with what she has the practical capacity to accomplish.

For me, this has been one of the most distressing aspects of my experiences. I have wanted to dedicate my life to creating, learning, teaching, writing, and developing projects that contribute to others' well-being. Yet I have often found myself exhausted by the demands of coping with distress and trying to preserve my independence. Time spent managing suffering is time that cannot also be devoted to creative growth. The attention consumed by pain is attention unavailable for intellectual exploration. The energy required to endure prolonged conflict is energy that cannot be fully invested in building a meaningful future. This is why I regard the cumulative consequences of coercive control as extending far beyond individual episodes of mistreatment. **It can interfere with the very conditions necessary for a person to develop her gifts, pursue her vocation, and participate freely in the world.**

The Punishment of Personhood: When Freedom Is Made Conditional

At its deepest level, punishment-based coercive control is an assault on autonomy. The controlling person attempts to establish that the victim may exercise freedom only within boundaries determined by someone else. She may speak, provided she does not challenge the controlling person's authority. She may make decisions, provided those decisions conform to expectations. She may receive assistance, provided she remains compliant. She may express distress, provided that distress does not implicate the person exercising control. She may pursue independence, provided that independence does not threaten the existing relationship of domination. In such circumstances, freedom becomes conditional rather than inherent. The person is treated not as an autonomous human being, but as someone whose rights and opportunities depend upon continued obedience.

This is precisely the kind of dehumanizing relationship that I seek to examine through my concept of the **Prisoner of the Unbeing**. The prisoner of the unbeing is not necessarily confined behind physical bars. She may live in an ordinary household, attend school, work, write, and participate in society, yet still experience profound restrictions on her practical ability to exercise self-determination. Fear may undermine her capacity to refuse. Her ability to leave may be limited by economic dependency. Repeated accusations may undermine her credibility. Prolonged distress may deplete her concentration and energy. Her opportunities for personal growth may be interrupted by the continuous demands of coping with conflict and suffering. The resulting deprivation is not simply the loss of isolated choices. It erodes the conditions that make meaningful choice possible. This is why restoring personhood must include more than formal recognition of rights. It must include the practical freedom to say no without retaliation, to establish boundaries without intimidation, to access resources without coercive conditions, to receive appropriate medical care, and to pursue one's own development without fear of punishment. **No person should have to purchase the right to live peacefully through obedience. No person should have to surrender her voice to obtain protection. No person should have to sacrifice her creativity, her independence, or her dignity to avoid another person's cruelty.** The right to say no is not a concession granted by parents, family members, institutions, or authorities. It expresses the inherent dignity of the human person. The right to become oneself—to grow, to create, to decide, to speak, and to live freely—must never depend upon accepting mistreatment in silence.

Among the most acute pains the progenitors have caused in me is how I have consistently been forced to always endure pain, one way or another, through my whole life:

-acute heart pain: they make the heart and chest hurt with toxic gassing.

-acute frontal head pain: they cause severe neurological inflammation in the frontal zone of the head, along with symptoms like executive memory problems, dyslexia, photophobia, and blurred vision, with sequential thinking effort becoming physically painful.

-acute “menstrual pain”: for a very extended period of time, they caused intestinal pain and diarrhea exactly when I was having my period. The pain was so extreme they made me cry from pain, and they did not stop when I cried from pain. They INCREASED the pain.

-chronic body pain: the toxic gassing they use in low intensity more often causes general inflammation of the body. That causes a kind of pain that is very draining, because normal everyday movements cause you pain

-hunger pain (acute stomach pain): they caused HUGE stomach pain with “hunger”. I would eventually find out they can cause that pain without hunger: it’s caused by toxic gassing.

-creative impotence pain: becoming frustrated for not doing my best work possible due to the progenitors’ several methods to sabotage my intellectual creative execution or my technological capability to remain focused in the creative work in my hands.

Besides the physical pain and psychological creative impotence pain they may cause... there is also the emotional pain, usually done through the dogs or through abusing children around me. The progenitors know how much I love the dogs, but they can cause pain through other emotional avenues, like mocking Stella Coeli and even my grandma and other meaningful relatives sometimes: they hurt the dogs or mock how they keep me isolated from Stella Coeli or from other meaningful relatives, like my grandma, to hurt my feelings or make me feel pain due to communion and truth deprivation.

I had been kept by the progenitors as a prisoner of the Unbeing-sufferer that is a nonperson: I can’t do anything to be free of the punishment of their coercive control and of their deliberately induced pain, whichever kind of pain it is; the progenitors keep me socially enslaved to force me to endure pain, one way or another.

Memories of a Prisoner of the Unbeing

XXi. Truth denialism as substitution of rule of law

The truth denialism issue has been present since childhood: the persistence in projecting as truth what truly is is a social parallel projection to control the social narrative. Just to say an example of what truth denialism in childhood meant: I was supposedly the daughter, but in reality I was a parentified girl. One of the most painful things about being a parentified daughter is realizing how much of your childhood you spent trying to be there for people who weren't showing up for you and to justify with "good reasons" them not being available for you when they were supposed to, always anticipating what they needed before you dealt with your own needs, so you end up learning how to become your own parent. You learned their moods, their triggers, their struggles. You made excuses for their behavior because you understood what they'd been through. You became the understanding one, the forgiving one, the one who always had to be the bigger person, even when you were just a little girl. For years, you kept trying. You explained yourself differently, lowered your expectations, forgave things that never came with an apology, and convinced yourself that maybe this time things would be different... until you grew up; then the roles inverted again (you as an adult became infantilized by those parents who parentified you as a child), you got tired of justifying the unjustifiable pattern of psychological narcissistic abuse and coercive control, and finally went to no contact. No one goes no contact with their own parents without very serious reasons, but you got enough of social narrative control tactics and systematized truth denialism reinforced by a whole narcissistic family system.

So when people hear that you've gone no contact, they assume something happened. Some big argument, some dramatic falling out, some impulsive decision. The truth is, things had been happening your entire life. You didn't wake up one morning and decide you didn't want a family anymore. You spent years wishing you could have one that felt safe to belong to. Eventually, you had to accept that you couldn't keep sacrificing the woman you were becoming for the parents you spent your childhood needing: that truth denialism must go on; the truth is that they never were the parents they said they were, nor will they ever be.

I wish I could say that getting rid of truth denialism is as simple as simply going no contact with my narcissistic relatives, including my progenitors. Not so. The issue of truth denialism over the years has had huge repercussions, because it was first practiced by the progenitors and their gang stalkers, and then the Government showed they can do it best and on a more widespread scale than the domestic terrorists around me.

With “truth denialism,” I refer to the social gaslighting tactic of presenting as truth something that was deliberately crafted and built as a psy ops decoy to manipulate social reality perception: it is a social narrative control tactic that presents as truth what in reality is a social parallel reality held to make us assume as truth what is truly a parallel reality, sometimes spread in a quite publicly widespread way. Truth denialism forces you to endure existing in a society that is neither truth-based nor communion-based: you don’t stop grieving the real society that was supposed to be there, but it wasn’t.

Truth denialism is like a social exile of truth that causes the systemic depersonalization of the witness. With **truth denialism**, I refer to a form of social reality manipulation in which a narrative that misrepresents or conceals actual events is presented, defended, and treated as authoritative truth. In its deliberate form, truth denialism may involve the fabrication of explanations, the selective presentation of facts, the discrediting of witnesses, the suppression of contradictory evidence, and the repetition of misleading accounts until those accounts acquire the appearance of established reality.

What I call truth denialism is therefore not simply the refusal to acknowledge an inconvenient fact. It is the construction or preservation of a social narrative that prevents the truth from receiving the recognition it deserves. Such narratives can become so deeply embedded within families, communities, or institutions that the person who challenges them is treated as the problem, rather than the possible falsity of the narrative itself. I have sometimes described this experience as being forced to inhabit a *parallel social reality*: a world in which the accepted account of events is profoundly different from the reality I remember and have attempted to document. This does not necessarily mean that everyone participating in the accepted narrative is consciously lying, although many definitely are doing it quite deliberately, precisely to project a distorted version of social reality. Some may have been misinformed. Others may be relying on incomplete records, institutional assumptions, or the testimony of people they consider credible. Still others may have failed to investigate adequately. For the person whose experiences remain unrecognized and access to truth remains denied, the consequences can be devastating. **Truth denialism becomes particularly destructive when the denial of factual recognition is accompanied by the denial of the person’s credibility, dignity, and effective participation in the community.**

The Difference Between Disagreement and Truth Denialism

Not every disagreement about events constitutes truth denialism. People can remember circumstances differently. Witnesses may possess incomplete information. Institutions may reach mistaken conclusions without intending to deceive. Even sincere accounts may contain inaccuracies that require correction. **Truth denialism concerns something more destructive: is the construction of a parallel reality that refuses to acknowledge and engage seriously with available evidence, working for the preservation of misleading narratives despite credible contradictions, or the deliberate manipulation of information to protect a preferred account of reality.** In interpersonal abuse, this occurs when an abusive person denies conduct that took place, blames the victim, misrepresents the victim’s reactions, or persuades others that the victim is unreliable. In social abuse, this occurs when authorities deny facts that took place and substitute the facts with convenient data for their psy ops social parallel projections, literally denying citizens their rightful possibility to articulate their life according to a truth-based social reality. When truth denialism is rampant, anything can be real according to whoever has more influence power to enforce their social narrative control tactics. In institutional settings, comparable consequences may arise when authorities dismiss complaints without adequate

investigation, rely excessively on one party's account, fail to preserve relevant evidence, or allow prejudicial assumptions to substitute for impartial examination. The distinction between these situations matters because **deliberate deception, negligent investigation, and honest error are not identical**, even when they cause similar harm to the person seeking the truth recognition. The essential demand of truth is that claims be examined fairly, evidence be evaluated consistently, and no person's testimony be rejected merely because acknowledging it would be inconvenient.

Truth Denialism as Social Gaslighting

Gaslighting is especially damaging because it attacks a person's confidence in their own perceptions, memories, and judgments. The victim may know what she experienced, yet repeatedly encounter others who deny it, reinterpret it, minimize it, or insist that her account cannot be trusted. When such invalidation extends beyond a private relationship, the victim may experience what I call *social gaslighting*. The problem is no longer confined to the original relationship. The person may encounter similar disbelief from relatives, acquaintances, professionals, or institutions. She may find herself repeatedly explaining the same events, producing the same evidence, and defending the same fundamental assertions. The more she insists on being heard, the more her persistence may be interpreted as emotional instability, hostility, or an inability to move on. This creates a painful paradox: **the person seeks recognition of the truth in order to escape the consequences of mistreatment, yet the effort to obtain that recognition becomes another source of suffering**. I have experienced this paradox both throughout my attempts to explain what I believe happened within my narcissistic family and also through trying to explain during subsequent social media encounters with authorities why their persistence in fake news, manipulated social media content, and other forms of truth-denialist social narrative control tactics are so toxic and socially enslaving.

This is important to be taken into account: truth denialism has been a huge issue with both sides of this Unbeing War, until reaching the point of no truth-based reality possible to be achieved outside prayer life. From the side of the domestic terrorists around me, the kind of truth denialism I have described is related to enforcing as “the only true reality possible” experiences of normalized coercive control, emotional mistreatment, economic dependency, involuntary psychiatric intervention, and serious restrictions on my autonomy. No matter how I explained myself to make the truth clear, you eventually discover that narcissistic people are addicted to getting you exhausted, forcing you to explain and prove the truth over and over again, to then invalidate you and force you to demonstrate truth in a different way “to be understood”, when, as a matter of fact, they have no interest in truth at all; they just want you exhausted. Then you focus on exposing the truth to authorities, yet then the institutional responses I received were directed more toward either enforcing more truth denials, this time committed by the Government's authorities, or they were directed toward evaluating my psychiatric condition than toward independently examining the allegations I was presenting. This has left me with a profound sense of testimonial powerlessness: the feeling that I could speak and be free to live according to truth, always forced to “fit” the social narrative tactics enforced by an other, instead of being able to focus in witnessing the truth more faithful and obtain the fair consideration necessary for my words to have practical consequences.

When the Victim's Testimony Is Replaced by a Narrative About the Victim

An undeniable aspect of truth denialism is how others portray you with their truth denialist social control narrative tactics. One of the most destructive features of coercive control is the ability of

an abusive person to influence how others perceive the victim. The victim may be portrayed as irrational, ungrateful, aggressive, unstable, or incapable of making independent decisions. These characterizations can then become explanations through which her behavior is interpreted. If she refuses a demand, she is described as difficult. If she becomes angry, she is described as aggressive. If she expresses fear, she is described as irrational. If she seeks independence, she is described as incapable of caring for herself. If she denounces mistreatment, she is described as mentally unstable. The person is no longer approached primarily as a witness who may possess relevant information. Instead, she becomes the subject of a narrative that allegedly explains why her testimony should not be believed. This resembles what philosopher Miranda Fricker calls **testimonial injustice**: a person receives less credibility than she deserves because of prejudicial assumptions about who she is. It can also involve *hermeneutical injustice*, when a person's experiences are difficult to communicate or obtain recognition for because the available social or institutional frameworks fail to interpret them adequately.

For me, these concepts illuminate an important dimension of being a Prisoner of the Unbeing. The problem is not simply that my words have sometimes been rejected: it is that truth itself is being denied; the war is against truth, not against me, but because I strive to live according to truth, my sole presence defies anyone upholding a false social narrative as truth, as has happened throughout my whole life with my progenitors; my sole being threatens their lies. That is why I have been forced to endure situations in which my standing as a credible interpreter of my own life. Then truth denialism becomes especially painful when the person seeking protection experiences the response of institutions as another obstacle to let truth be known and faced.

Institutional and Government Truth Denialism: When Authorities Fail to Establish the Facts

Institutions responsible for administering justice have obligations that differ fundamentally from those of private individuals. Police officers, courts, healthcare institutions, and other public authorities possess powers that can profoundly affect a person's freedom, reputation, safety, and access to protection. Their responsibility is not to affirm whichever account is most convenient or whichever party appears most credible at first glance. Their responsibility is to follow applicable law, evaluate relevant evidence, respect procedural safeguards, and make decisions within the limits of their authority. When authorities fail to investigate serious allegations adequately and to act according to rule of law,, the consequences may extend beyond the original harm.

The complainant may experience a second injury: the realization that the institutions from which she sought protection have not provided the recognition or response she expected. This is related to the concept of **institutional betrayal**, which describes harm experienced when an institution fails to protect or appropriately respond to someone who depends upon it.

I have repeatedly experienced Government and institutional failures in responding to my allegations of abuse: they have continued to answer to my progenitors and their gang stalkers with more psy ops aggressions and truth denialism instead of arresting them and recognizing the truth, forcing me to remain where everybody knows I am being tortured and abused, instead of being rescued and being allowed to be free to have a free civilian and personal life.

When I sought recognition of conduct that violated my rights, I was left to struggle with further truth denialism from the Government's side, unable to understand why no institutional interventions led to investigations and the protection of rights any citizen is entitled to. That is how I became, for more than 12 years, a prisoner of democracy: due to a Government answering to domestic psychological terror with more and more truth denialism instead of arresting the

criminals and acting according to the rule of law, never stopping denouncing over and over again how the Government is refusing to acknowledge the truth and even acting to cover it with truth denialism. The exhaustion of this process is difficult to describe, because it is literally a war on truth: instead of focusing on ending the abuses and crimes, the Government focuses on not letting the truth be known. Then each unsuccessful attempt to obtain assistance can require the person to revisit painful memories, organize evidence, explain complicated circumstances, and expose herself to the possibility of renewed disbelief... until you end up tired and stop going to authorities altogether: social media then becomes your only means of denunciation. The victim begins to feel that she must repeatedly prove not only what happened, but also that she deserves to be heard at all: she is a person with dignity. This is an especially painful experience for someone who understands justice as a commitment to truth and equal human dignity. **The rule of law cannot mean that authorities simply accept a socially enforced narrative. It requires procedures capable of testing competing claims, identifying reliable evidence, protecting rights, and correcting mistakes.** The purpose of justice is not to presume guilt or automatically accept every accusation. It is to ensure that allegations are neither dismissed without examination nor accepted without truth-based facts as evidence.

The Double Burden of Victims of Coercive Control

Truth denialism can be especially painful for victims of coercive control because manipulation of social perception may already form part of the original abuse. A person subjected to coercive control may spend years defending her credibility against accusations, distorted accounts, humiliation, or attempts to portray her as incapable of independent judgment. The victim may already be exhausted by having to explain her actions, justify her boundaries, and defend her memories. When she finally seeks outside assistance, she may hope to encounter a different kind of relationship: one governed by impartiality, evidence, accountability, and respect for her dignity. If the response instead reproduces patterns of disbelief, prejudgment, or invalidation, the experience can be particularly devastating. The victim may feel that she has escaped one arena of narrative control only to encounter another. The first injury is the alleged mistreatment itself. The second is the difficulty of obtaining recognition of that mistreatment and of the truth of what happened to her. The third is the possibility that the effort to obtain recognition becomes another occasion for humiliation, distress, or loss of autonomy. This does not mean that victims of coercive control necessarily suffer more than every other category of victim. Suffering cannot be ranked so simply. However, coercive control can create a distinctive vulnerability because **the victim's credibility and ability to define her own experiences may already have been systematically undermined before she approaches the authorities.** When institutions fail to address that vulnerability, the psychological consequences can be severe.

The Grief of the Society That Was Supposed to Be There

Perhaps the most profound dimension of truth denialism is the grief it produces. I do not grieve only the suffering I have endured. I also grieve the protection I expected to receive, the opportunities for justice that I believe were missed, and the relationships of trust that never developed as they should have. I grieve the family relationships that should have been characterized by love, protection, respect, and encouragement of independence. I grieve the institutions that should have offered impartial examination of my complaints. I grieve the years of energy consumed by defending my credibility, managing distress, and attempting to obtain recognition of truth. I grieve the society that I believed was supposed to be there: a society in which the dignity of the person is not merely proclaimed in legal or moral language, but actively respected through just relationships and accountable institutions.

This grief is not simply nostalgia for an idealized world. It is the sorrow of recognizing the distance between the values a society professes and the protection a person actually experiences. A society may proclaim equality while failing to ensure equal access to justice. It may proclaim human dignity while allowing prejudicial assumptions to influence how testimony is received. It may proclaim freedom while failing to recognize the practical barriers that prevent vulnerable people from exercising it. For someone whose understanding of personhood is grounded in communion, these failures can be especially painful. They represent not only the absence of an expected institutional response, but the absence of the relationships of solidarity and mutual responsibility through which human dignity should become visible. **Truth denialism wounds because it creates the experience of being excluded from the very community in which one's humanity should have been recognized.**

Truth, Communion, and the Recognition of Personhood

To live according to truth is not simply to possess correct information. It is to cultivate a relationship with reality characterized by honesty, intellectual responsibility, humility, and a willingness to correct one's understanding when evidence requires it. Truth also has a relational dimension. Authentic communion cannot be built upon the systematic denial of another person's experiences or the refusal to recognize their dignity. A relationship that demands silence about mistreatment as the price of belonging is not genuine communion. Neither is a relationship in which one person's testimony is automatically subordinated to another person's authority. Communion requires the recognition of each person as someone capable of speaking, understanding, deciding, and participating in the shared search for truth. This does not mean that every personal interpretation must be accepted as fact. It means that every person deserves to have her testimony considered fairly, her dignity respected, and her allegations examined according to appropriate standards of evidence.

For me, this distinction is fundamental. I do not understand the recognition of my personhood as requiring others to accept every conclusion I have reached. I understand it as requiring that I not be deprived of credibility and access to truth-based reality merely because my testimony challenges an established narrative, because I have been framed a psychiatric history, or because acknowledging my allegations might require difficult institutional questions. **Personhood requires the right to participate in the search for truth, not the power to impose one's interpretation of reality upon others,** and genuine communion requires that this right be extended equally to every person.

The Exhaustion of Continually Having to Defend Reality

There is a particular kind of exhaustion that arises from repeatedly attempting to obtain recognition of painful experiences. The person must remember, explain, document, clarify, and defend. She may have to recount events that she would otherwise prefer to leave behind. She may have to organize records while coping with physical discomfort, emotional distress, and the ordinary demands of daily life. She may have to respond to doubts about her credibility while attempting to maintain her employment, relationships, intellectual work, and personal independence. The process can consume years of attention. It can interfere with creativity, concentration, and the ability to pursue meaningful goals. The person may begin to feel that her life has been divided between two competing demands: the desire to live freely and the perceived necessity of continually defending the legitimacy of her experiences.

This is one of the consequences I associate with truth denialism. The struggle for recognition can become so demanding that it threatens to occupy the very life the person is trying to reclaim. For someone who values intellectual creativity, education, writing, and service to others, this can be a profound deprivation. I do not want my entire existence to be consumed by explaining suffering. I want to create. I want to teach. I want to contribute to the common good. I want to participate in relationships characterized by peace, mutual recognition, and genuine communion. I want the time and freedom to become the person I am called to be. Yet unresolved experiences of injustice can make it difficult to turn fully toward that future. This is why the demand for truth must also be accompanied by the restoration of autonomy. The purpose of accountability is not to condemn the victim to a lifetime of repeatedly recounting the harm. It is to create conditions in which the person can seek appropriate remedies, recover agency, and continue living.

Truth Denialism and the Prisoner of the Unbeing

Truth denialism is especially relevant to my concept of the *Prisoner of the Unbeing* because personhood is not exhausted by biological existence or formal legal status. A person may possess legal rights while experiencing serious barriers to exercising them. She may be formally entitled to speak while struggling to obtain meaningful consideration of her testimony. She may be recognized as a citizen while feeling excluded from the protection that citizenship is supposed to provide. She may be treated as a patient, a daughter, or a subject of institutional intervention without feeling equally recognized as an autonomous person. This is the contradiction I seek to describe through the concept of the Prisoner of the Unbeing: the person continues to exist, but experiences a profound denial of the practical recognition through which personhood becomes socially effective. Truth denialism contributes to this condition when the person's testimony and social reality are repeatedly subordinated to a parallel social reality enforced by an other, with a social reality interpretation that can't become an established account without adequate rational examination. The injury is not merely epistemological. It is relational, juridical, psychological, and existential. The person is deprived of assessing the truth and of the experience of being heard as an equal participant in the determination of facts that profoundly affect her life. When this happens repeatedly, she may begin to experience society not as a community of mutual recognition, but as a structure from which she remains painfully excluded.

The prisoner of the Unbeing is not simply someone whose access to truth and whose recognition of truth has been denied. She is someone who experiences that denial as a deprivation of her standing as a person whose voice, dignity, and freedom deserve equal recognition.

The Restoration of Truth as the Restoration of Communion

The opposite of truth denialism is not unquestioning acceptance of every accusation. It is guaranteeing access to a commitment to truth-seeking grounded in evidence, fairness, accountability, and equal human dignity. It requires giving people the power to challenge truth-denialist social structures upheld by coercive controllers and social terrorists, and to break any truth-denialist false parallel social projection upheld by any authority or the government. It requires institutions capable of recognizing reality in a truth-based way and investigating allegations without prejudging the complainant. It requires safeguarding the rights of both complainants and accused persons. It requires the willingness to correct institutional errors and acknowledge substantiated wrongdoing. It requires fully stopping all forms of social gaslighting to acknowledge historical facts and understanding that justice is not simply a matter of punishment, but also of protection, healing, restoration, and the prevention of further harm.

For me, the restoration of truth is inseparable from the restoration of communion. Truth makes authentic relationships possible because it allows people to encounter one another without requiring deception, imposed silence, or the erasure of personal experience. Justice gives that recognition practical expression, and love gives it its deepest purpose. I do not seek truth merely to expose what I believe was done to me. I seek truth because I believe that no person should be deprived of dignity and communion in any form possible, including through coercion, manipulation, or unjust exclusion: I believe we are all called by God's Love to grow together in communion, as an immense loveful harvest. I seek truth because children should grow within families and communities where their voices are respected, their boundaries recognized, and their freedom encouraged. I seek truth because institutions should protect human beings without requiring them to surrender their personhood. I seek truth because genuine communion cannot flourish where human dignity and personhood recognition are treated as conditional. **Truth without love can become an instrument of domination. Love without truth can become an excuse for silence. But truth and love together make justice, dignity, and communion possible.**

The restoration I long for is therefore not simply the vindication of an individual account, but the vindication of the truth as necessary foundation of social communion as fundament of a fraternal democracy: it is the restoration of a way of living together in which every person can speak the truth without intimidation, be heard without prejudice, and seek justice without being stripped of dignity. A Government that doesn't fight against the truth but with the truth, along with a society worthy of the human person, willing to investigate uncomfortable truths, correct its failures, and protect those whose voices have been marginalized. For a prisoner of the Unbeing, liberation means more than escaping coercion: it means recovering the freedom to participate in reality as a person among persons; it means being able to live, create, love, and grow without having to surrender one's voice; and it means discovering that communion is possible not because everyone agrees, but because every person is recognized as inherently worthy of truth, fraternity, justice, and love.

There are no words to describe the deep despair and suffering of being denied access to truth and the very possibility to live according to truth, dignity, and communion... denied by one's own Government that is supposed to serve the people. It is not the same to face truth denialism every day from social predators, like the progenitors and their gang stalkers, as to face truth denialism and very complex social narrative control tactics every day... from the Government that is supposed to enable communion, not destroy it from within, enforcing constant truth denialism in every social environment, turning the social dimension of their own citizens into a social war field.

Truth denialism as a social war weapon is a mass destruction of communion enforced via social slavery, enslaving the social dimension when it is reduced to projecting false parallel realities and to enforce more and more social narrative control tactics that leave you without any kind of possibility of embracing a social life based on truth and communion. Yes, the Government enforces truth denialism with very complex methods like fake ads and fake news... but the thing becomes grotesque and despicable when it leads to literally fabricating false social content, as if a whole false social life could be generated, customized explicitly for denying truth on a massive scale. That is what happens with the truth-denialist use of social media by the Government: social media algorithms that force content without the consent of the user or without the user being able to refuse to see the content; it is being used on a massive scale to fabricate social life content that is completely non-existent, totally based on a whole fake reality designed to deny truth. That means: the government is

enslaving its own citizens socially for truth-denialist purposes. Since when is it supposed to be assumed that one of the roles of a Government is to control the reality conception capabilities of its citizens, denying them access to truth to be able to form as persons in a truth-based and communion-based way, according to their conscience? Truth denialism persists in normalizing what must remain illegal at all times, even to the Government; it is dangerous to allow anyone to fabricate and enforce a truth-denialist denial of personal sovereignty systematically, as algorithms do.

Then, I use social media because I am socially deprived and have no other communication way to communicate to survive, but at the same time, social media is used to torture me with truth denialism over and over again, with forced content manipulated to distort my social reality interpretation and to keep me far away from the truth-based reality. So, social media is used BY THE GOVERNMENT to socially enslave you; you know it, and you have no other choice than to comply with the “algorithm” (it’s not an algorithm I can’t refuse; it’s a psy-op I can’t refuse, with social content handpicked and manipulated to control me with social narrative control tactics) to survive the intellectual deprivation of words (I can speak according to my will with no one; all my daily word content is read on social media). I have no possibility of any kind of social content at this house of tortures if not online. So, either I pray silently or I become as lonely as talking with Wilson in Cast Away, but Wilson is the projections enforced with truth denialism by the Government in social media:



The constant gaslighting to manipulate the interpretation of reality over and over again means completely denying you the very possibility of being able to live according to truth, and that is mental torture like waterboarding, but truth denialism boarding version: you keep feeling drowned with more and more truth denialisms, over and over again, never finding the truth to grasp social reality in a communion-based way...

Truth denialism is the most despicable torture ever devised by a Government as a social narrative control tactic: it’s coercive repression enforced on a whole social mass media scale with fake ads, fake news, and finally a fake reality. You are forced to live detached from all surrounding social reality because there is no truth-based reality anywhere on Earth: 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 in; you are simply there to be deceived and manipulated, one truth denial after another. You are forced to endure to exist 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, one civil death after another, until reaching the systematic depersonalization of a personhood holocaust: absolute truth denials enforced over and over again leads to denial of personhood. 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... you are gone to a permanent social slavery rule.

The most gruesome personhood bloodshed committed as truth denialism by the Government... has been the false ending game through 13 years: over and over again the Government has projected false endings to my ordeal in this Unbeing House, instead of actually ending it, doing the arrests that must be done and recognizing the truth publicly, so social healing can finally start. For MORE THAN TWELVE GRUESOME YEARS I had been deceived into believing this personhood holocaust would end... to then be deceived again, and again, and again, with all kinds of truth denialism involved to deceive me, including manipulating sacramental life and access to ALL KINDS OF INFORMATION through the internet: my whole intellectual life became so gaslit that I fully stopped being able to have intellectual reasoning and a life of my own; I even stopped being able to keep reading books altogether. I had been deceived thousands of times into thinking I would become free, simply to be forced to remain even more socially enslaved and even more trafficked in this Unbeing House where everybody, including the own Government, knew I was being tortured, abused, and attempted to get killed way before I myself became aware of that. I have no idea how a government could deal with systematizing the refusal of truth recognition of a prisoner of war within their own borders and with normalizing enslaving their own citizens socially, kidnapping them of any possibility of a real social interaction that leads to communion, not to more manipulation.

There are no words for the horrific suffering that has been caused over so many years of deliberately caused pain, every time you have been forced to keep "boxing" or keep imprisoning your whole intellect into more and more truth denials, totally unable to know the truth as it is and to embrace communion as it is in the human sense. This is deeply painful for anyone, but especially for someone who does believe in truth as the foundation of her faith, along with charity. Being denied the very possibility of communion and truth... is being denied the very possibility of incarnating your personal formation in a full human sense. It is a mental torture that never ends, a mental anguish that never stops stabbing you psychosocially and affectively, because without knowledge of truth there is no real love humanely possible either: you can't love what you can't know.

So I remained an entity, technically with the intellectual capability to know the truth but totally forbidden by truth denials from accessing it, except through prayer... I remained an entity, but as a non-person, always forced to only be able to know whatever I could grasp while my intellect was kept boxed within truth denials of either side of this Unbeing War: always forced to remain intellectually imprisoned into the social narrative control tactics of the dictator of the turn, whoever the social reality dictator was: the Government or the domestic terrorists and social predators around me.

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

My progenitors had been fond since childhood of sabotaging my intellectual development. For example, I was forced to learn to write with my right hand when I was beginning to learn how to write with the left. Throughout school, my progenitors would buy me whatever I needed for projects, but I had to do them mostly, not all, by myself. I never won a science fair project in primary school, except once, because I had to do the projects by myself, while my classmates had their mothers involved, even in the photos and present at the fair. That was what I envied: them being able to do them with their parents while I had to scramble everything myself. I overcame the envy, knowing I was loved and supported by God the Father in the first place. I was also expected to study by myself, especially after the progenitors stopped paying people for caring for me. The progenitor female loved taking credit for my accomplishments, saying she bought me everything for that project I did amazingly well on, thanks to what she bought me (but she didn't collaborate with me). She even said several times that she read to me when I was little. That was false: I never remembered her reading to me, and since elementary school she explicitly said reading was a waste of time that I could afford because she worked so much.

I began to dream of being a writer in elementary school, where I founded the journalism club "Jóvenes del mañana" in sixth grade. They took me to a presentation of a journal text by someone from the Ferre Rangel Group; I got a signed journal from one of the Ferre Rangel themselves (I don't remember the name), and then the journal disappeared. The journals and diaries I began to write then were all covertly read by the progenitors: I discovered it because hairs and marks that I left in the diaries' pages were found moved. From very early on, I became fond of trying to keep diaries locked. I began locking my room with a key around sixth grade too, never imagining the progenitors could enter the room anyway, whether I locked it or not. I drew a lot in elementary school, and although the progenitors bought me all the art materials I wanted, they made me feel they sacrificed a lot for it and that I must be extremely grateful. When people noticed the evident lack of basic care I had (dirty uniforms, uncared-for clothes, never being neat, and with polished hair and nails), the progenitors always played the "sacrifice card": we sacrifice so much for them to be able to have everything they have; we spend so much money on school materials and books, and on art materials... Even I believed the lie and felt awful due to not being able to connect with them and feel loved at home... but I did feel loved at school, and that love was part of my intellectual development: I was very fond of the Spanish and Religion teachers, so those were the classes I excelled most in. I also got along with the history teacher, but hated memorizing facts only.

My progenitors bought the first computer for the house around age 13. I began my first attempts to write a novel early, called *Idam Lapislázuli*. I soon found that writing wasn't just inspiration; you needed technique. This time I was not paid for writing classes and materials, as I was paid for painting classes and materials. I was also stuck because I was constantly correcting the pages I wrote, never realizing the progenitors were covertly causing mistakes in the Word docs I used. I stopped writing the novel; the text became lost, and through the years I never recovered that creative project. I hope I can write it someday for my own daughter as a children's spirituality book: it's a children's book about a journey of Love, traveling from Sirius star to Earth to learn how to love...

I was invited to participate in the first exposition of Children Artists of the Escuela de Artes Plásticas. My progenitors allowed me to cut the frame "in a creative way" instead of following the instructions, and my work was awfully framed in the middle of other works that were framed by the parents in a very neat way; I felt ashamed of my creativity, although my art teacher eased the issue with her understanding of my "creativity". Through the years, plenty of my drawings and sketches would have scratches and issues, although many survived, mostly those I considered "incomplete". The progenitors were kind of fond of pointing out how many incomplete works I had; I never realized it was for undervaluing what I was creating.

In seventh grade, I became a member of the Ecology Club and president of the Library Club, which I remained until my senior year of High School. I also became president again of the middle school Journalism club, called *Sol Naciente*. The female progenitor got copies of the newspaper for the whole middle school, but the text I wrote kept getting covert grammar typos from them, and I never imagined it was them, which made me rewrite everything over and over again and never achieve a completely polished text. I was especially fond of my middle school Spanish teacher, and she taught me a lot about being unconditionally loved and how to be myself: she believed in me; she was the first person in my life to explicitly tell me so. My progenitors were aware of that connection and sabotaged my language execution too: toxic gassing at home made me costlier to write clearly by hand at school. I was refused a laptop until the last year of senior year, and then they bought it; it was covertly surveilled from the very beginning: the covert typos game began then, too, in the work done on that laptop. I could create my own text, but the progenitors and their gangstalker monkeys always sabotaged it. The progenitors had always been extremely tacaños with the ink of the toners: I rarely had toner to print all my texts to revise them visually, and I thought that was why there were so many typos in my digital texts: I couldn't revise them with a printed version. When I revised them in print, the typo issue decreased a lot. Now I get why.

At my high school graduation, I designed the whole tarima and, with the help of my Spanish teacher, wrote the class poem, *Desideratum*, which I recited at the graduation. My boyfriend was seeing the cellphone and my progenitors talking while I was reciting the poem. I forgot my ending lines; then I saw my Spanish teacher, believed in me, and remembered them, finishing the poem just as my Spanish teacher rose to applaud me for the effort. I still remember the poem, and I am 41 years old now.

As soon as I entered university, I began to rely heavily on computers and digital agents (Palm) to organize my thoughts and ideas. While I lived in Spain for the first time, I noticed that my progenitors might know information I didn't remember giving them, but I still wasn't aware of their digital remote surveillance of all my electronic devices. I kept having issues with typos in my work that I thought were mine, and I had to keep repeating myself. I also began having "files" issues: files would become corrupt, and I wouldn't be able to use them. This happened especially with

files I saved on pen drives from my computers: when I used the pen drive on another computer, I would discover the file wasn't readable, and I had to look for another way to recover it, if the original was recoverable. My photo discs also kept disappearing; I had no way to keep memories safely, not on discs, not on pen drives, not on devices. It was when I began to live in Pamplona, Spain, beginning my PhD, that I began to suspect my progenitors could somehow see what I was doing on my computers, but I would need to wait until getting back from Pamplona to confirm it because the progenitor female said something that I would have never told her directly, but I was sure I wrote it down on my own Facebook: that I had hunger while living in Spain. It was cruel because I asked the progenitors for salchichas from Puerto Rico, and they purposely delayed the packages; then I realized they knew all along I didn't have enough food in Spain and chose not to help. That was in 2011-2012. I would eventually know my ex boyfriend also was part of the remote surveillance to my devices, and still don't know, right now in present time, 2026, if he is still surveilling me, because I have no way to know exactly who is surveilling my devices remotely and how, I only know it is being done... and that meant: while I was in Pamplona doing my PhD I would have never been able to complete my dissertation because what would have happened was that the progenitors would have corrupted the files making me unable to complete it, after torturing me over and over again with remotely integrated typos in my research, what did happen. At the very end, I spent four years in Pamplona without being able to finish not even the first chapter of my dissertation... and then I chose to leave to begin to study theology again in Puerto Rico... but as I just said, I would discover later on that even if I had chosen to do my dissertation, the progenitors had the capability of corrupting my computer files, making them unreadable, so they would have destroyed my dissertation files if I had started it.

When I came back from Pamplona, the intellectual sabotage became a neighborhood issue in many ways. I don't only mean when they use toxic gassing 24 hrs (yes, you need neighbors for that too) to cause cognitive dysfunction (For example: using toxic gas to cause the dogs to make noises through the night, causing the dogs to scratch nonstop or cough nonstop through the night so you can't sleep) that doesn't allow me to execute my intellectual and creative talents at my best expression. Now I mean the gangstalking has become socially coordinated for intellectual and creative sabotage purposes. For example, when it was known I had to focus on studying and that the mower's noise made it harder for me to focus, three neighbors would start the mower at the same time to make it harder for me to study and concentrate. Toxic gassing also caused memory problems and made it hard to write by hand. The progenitors and their gang stalkers' remote surveillance exploded, and once again I had to endure intellectual sabotage of my computer files over and over. When I began writing an iconography and a theology of light for the painting of Iesu Amor, the files developed issues and typos I was sure I hadn't made, over and over; I had to rewrite them again and again. The painting had huge intellectual sabotage: pubic hair appeared on the canvas, holes appeared in the canvas, fungus appeared on the canvas, the canvas frame was broken by the progenitors, and I had to rebuild one from zero... It took me years to realize: all those isolated incidents were coordinated creative sabotage of the progenitors over the years I did that painting. At this stage, the intellectual sabotage and creative sabotage began to be rampant: my professional files as a teacher and my professional computers as teachers were being used to sabotage my work with remote hacking and surveillance; my files got erased or corrupted; the memories of my iPhones and Androids got hacked, and plenty of data was being erased remotely, never having a reliable way to save files; my creative works on the devices became mimicked by the progenitor's narcissistic abuse over and over again... The progenitors even began to boast that they had 24-hour surveillance on everything I created and wrote on my devices: gaslighting noises of their gangstalking in the neighborhood began to coordinate with the exact timing of when I wrote and created on my devices. The gaslighting and remote surveillance coordination would become more and more rampant through the years, until reaching the point of literally boasting they were more powerful than the law and God and

choosing to commit information crimes without any fear of any consequence, even when they knew they were being seen and recorded when committing their crimes.

If the sabotage through the creation of the theology of light were absolutely horrific, never achieving a text without typos, the issue became even more terrible in the years afterward, until finally reaching the point of writing *Summa Personae* only by pieces at a time. That is one of the most evident effects of the intellectual and creative sabotage of the progenitors and their gangstalkers: everything becomes way more fragmented than it should, and it could happen that I was so sleep-deprived or so toxic-gassed in a way that altered my cognitive memory and functions that.. I wouldn't see how fragmented my intellectual expression was until I re-read it weeks later and realized I should have noticed the fragmentation the first time I read it, but I didn't. The fragmentation issue had many ramifications: I could become more fragmented for multiple reasons at the same time, all enforced by the progenitors and their gangstalkers. Even my creative lives, videos in which I expressed the contemplative ideas I was called to share as a witness, became progressively more and more fragmented as the intellectual and creative sabotage kept increasing until asphyxiating levels, never able to focus on what I was meant to talk about because there was always some toxic gaslighting or torture to deal with when doing the videos or the lives.

As the years passed, the intellectual and creative sabotage became even more savage. They went from the point of causing me a 12 hr waterynose allergy torture while writing the presentation of Iesu Amor to the World Youth Day in Brazil to the point, many years after that, of literally bragging that gang stalking not allowing me to complete a prayer due to device hacking. Writing dreams became progressively more restricted, until it became totally impossible. Creative projects became more and more scarce too, both due to lack of money and also due to the savage creative and intellectual sabotage pursued with gang stalking more and more abusively. At the very end, the progenitors and the gang stalkers demonstrated many times that they were able to kill the dreamer with torture simply to avoid dreamings from happening, something that never happened, although writing them down, at the very end, became impossible in any way possible. Writing down a faith plan, also known as a Crescere, eventually became totally impossible. Even reading the Bible every day became impossible: absolutely everything intellectual, including all my readings, became weaponized for abuse and coercive control. For example, the progenitors did black marks inside one of the books I was reading on weekends, simply to deny me the freedom to access ideas outside their manipulation reach: now they manipulate the book pages too, not only the environment in which I read those pages.

The list of creative works of art they sabotaged and even made disappear over the years is extensive. Eventually, I would have to pay for storage space outside the house of tortures to keep the works of art that remained out of their reach, after years and years of them sabotaging and breaking everything within reach.

Yes, I remained a creator, but as a nonperson, not allowed to own the authorship and authority of her own intellectual and creative creations.

XXIil. Religious Persecution

This chapter is another very extensive and broad kind of abuse to talk about: spiritual abuse and religious persecution against me, committed by the progenitors and their gang stalkers, and at some point also committed by the Government due to denying me any possibility of privacy to dream and pray.

Why did the progenitors commit religious persecution against me? Because literally ALL the harm and damage the progenitors had done against me has been related to faith one way or another: faith is my core God-given identity, and if there is something that the progenitors can't stand, it is me having an identity of my own that can't be controlled by them, or me having a spiritual nature of my own out of the reach of their defined controls. So faith has remained through the years, quite consistently, as one of the biggest targets of attack by the progenitors, not because they were interested in destroying faith by itself, but because they knew the way to destroy me was destroying my faith first.

The first way the progenitors began to try to destroy my faith and God-given identity was through mimicking it first. I lived my faith very differently from them from the very beginning of my childhood: I learned to pray by reading the Bible, not from any of them, who never prayed with me as a child, nor were there shared family prayers except for some thanksgiving meals; they never blessed the meals on a daily basis, like I was taught at the schools I studied. As I grew, they gradually began to mimic more and more of my faith. They began to participate in some of the parish's ministries. After I read the Divine Mercy Diary, I remember my father giving one to my sister, who had no interest in faith at all, and writing a dedication in the book, which I read because I was the one who kept it. I was a very good catechist as a teen, and eventually my progenitor female would accept becoming the coordinator of catechism; I was offered the position and turned it down because I didn't feel prepared to assume it. The progenitor female envied that, and I wouldn't notice the envy pattern until many years later. After I began praying the rosary every day, the progenitor male would begin praying the rosary during the week. The gang-stalking neighbors would coordinate to go to the same 7 a.m. Sunday Mass I went to, to avoid going to the same 11 a.m. Mass my progenitors went to. Stopping going to Mass with my progenitors didn't happen fast; I needed time to break my dependence on them and my fear of retaliation (example: fear of being forced hospitalized for choosing to go to Mass without them, to avoid more toxic spirituality issues; the progenitors were clearly abusing me and at the same time they went to Mass with me without problems; that was toxic), and to begin going to Mass on my own. It would take me many years to understand that spirituality is one of the most powerful masks a narcissistic

person can use to mask their abuse, especially if they need to feel morally superior, as it happens with my progenitors.

I have already mentioned in the previous section, where I talked about the intellectual and creative sabotage of the progenitors, all the sabotage they did to my painting of *Iesu Amor*, which was the start of the creative-contemplative conception of a Jesus Charity that would change my faith and life forever. Well, that started many things more: a whole theology of light, with a whole family evangelization project that began way before I could begin to be aware of the gruesome abuse my own family was subjecting me to. That means: the family evangelization project that Jesus Charity started in my life began before I began to be aware of the abuses of my own family against me, including attempting to destroy Jesus Charity Himself as a work of art. It was as if God's Love knew from the very beginning, and He made sure to open new doors for me. No wonder why the progenitors and my little biological sister began to say that Jesus Charity harmed me mentally when I began to be forced to be hospitalized. Jesus Charity saved me many times in every way a person and a woman can be saved. It was the beginning of a beautiful journey of learning how to love as He Loves, beginning with learning to love myself, as God's love has loved me first. That was what made it possible for me to stop having affective dependence issues, breaking with the chains of lust with which my narcissistic boyfriend tried to keep me lured forever, possibly attempting to get me pregnant to enslave me further with that co-parenting chain. Yes, for narcissists, becoming a parent is simply another social control tactic.

The mimicking of the progenitors of my style of living faith became more advanced and elaborate. I had always read the daily gospel, and at some point they began buying the parish books of the daily readings and mimicking me by praying every morning with those books. They had never been people who prayed every day, and suddenly you would find them reading the gospel as you passed by in the mornings where they sat down. The progenitors also began to mimic my style of works of charity, but with way more money than I had available. They also began to mimic what I called a domestic altar: they began to have a table they used as a domestic altar, including even my use of candles. They would also mimic my style of living Christmas, using the Christmas trees they gave me the money to buy for gaslighting games. They would start going to weekday Mass on Thursdays, while I eventually had to stop going to Mass because... I began to be persecuted in the very same parish and Catholic institutions I went to, by narcissistic monkeys who were there. I even had toxic gaslighting issues inside parishes. You heard that right: I was tortured with toxic gassing inside parishes and Catholic schools where I was hired as a teacher. The progenitors would even mimic my love for the Virgin Mary, putting a statue of the Lady beside the money notes I gave them to ask for money (that's the only reason I talk to them: for money). The progenitors would also mimic my use of the Bible: they would leave a Bible accessible, as if they were reading it as I did, to give light to the Word... but they were not using the Bible; they were mimicking it. They would also mimic my domestic cirium with a social abortion altar, as I called it, because they were doing exactly the opposite to the Eucharist; they were acting like antichrist, denying the necessary incarnation of the faith; for them, the image of faith was enough.

The progenitors and their gang stalkers went so far as to coordinate entire construction projects of houses in the street so the noises would be used as gaslighting to interrupt and divert my attention from my contemplative prayer. Once those houses were built, their residents would make

noises coordinated with my contemplative prayer. The gang stalking of the neighborhood against my contemplative prayers had been quite extensive through the years.

I would eventually discover that my parish had their way to deal with the narcissist issue at the parish, and I would eventually feel safe enough to go back to Mass if the perpetrators could not reach me at the parish (example: they were traveling). The homilies of the priest at the Mass the progenitors went to began to be shared online, and I began to be quite sure the parish was not standing up to their abuse, without ever understanding why the authorities of the Church not only do not recognize the truth, but used sacramental life TO DENY THE TRUTH about the abuses of my progenitors and their gang stalkers.

The whole focus of my prayer life with the Bible was giving light to the Word. I would pray asking for the wisdom and grace of living the Word, usually of the next day, without knowing which Word it was. It happened over and over again, even when I stopped asking for it... and the progenitors punished me severely for that giving light to the Word: they would increase pain caused by toxic gassing if they knew I was giving light to the Word, or distractions would be increased by the coordinated gangstalking with the neighbors so I wouldn't be able to focus on giving light to the Word and in incarnating the Eucharist through the shared dreams... Over and over again I was tortured by my own "parents" simply due to choosing to live my faith despite their hate crimes and cruelty, forgiving over and over again and entrusting everyone, including those who tortured me, to the mercy of His Heart.

I preached conversion to the narcotrafficants who were behind all these tortures and crimes over the years, but I remained unheard. Not only did they not convert; their hate and cruelty kept increasing to more and more despicable levels of criminal, narcissistic, and psychopathic activity that mimicked the demonic activity itself. They insisted on showing deep hate for prayer life, for innocence, including the innocence of children, and also a deep hate for the Eucharist, which I witnessed being desecrated by the progenitors plenty of times while I still went to Mass with them (yes, they also mimicked my reception of sacraments).

The progenitors would also punish me hard for choosing to remain faithful to my charity alliance given by Jesus Charity... because Jesus Charity showed over and over again a kind of power that had always remained out of the reach of prideful hearts. God's power does not serve wars: He is a God Love that radiates new life that grows in more and more communion, even in the middle of the shadows of the cults of death that the progenitors and all their gang stalkers in this neighborhood normalized over and over again.

I would begin to write a Crescere, like a spiritual growth planner, but the harassment would become so extreme I couldn't keep writing it, so I left it in storage, beside the other creative and intellectual stuff. I technically became a nominal catholic: I say I am Catholic, but I am not allowed to incarnate that faith in a congregated-sacramental-organic way; all the faith I am allowed to live is sacramental-ontological-mystic. So, I remained a Christian, but not allowed to live my faith as a person: I must always be surveilled, harassed, and unable to access the truth when I pray as a **Christian-nonperson**.

Memories of a Prisoner of the Unbeing

XXIV. No real home possible at all

One of the deepest wounds of lifelong coercive control is the deprivation of something so fundamental to human existence that most people take it for granted: **the possibility of having a real home.**

A house is not necessarily a home. A house provides walls, a roof, rooms, furniture, and a physical address. A home provides something profoundly different: safety, belonging, affection, trust, emotional freedom, and the possibility of growing together in communion. A real home is a place where a person can rest without fear, express herself without intimidation, make mistakes without humiliation, and exercise her individuality without having to defend her right to exist as an autonomous human being. It is where children should first discover that they are loved not because they obey, perform, please, or fulfill someone else's expectations, but simply because they are persons inherently worthy of love. It is where the first experiences of human communion should begin.

But what happens when the place called home is precisely where a person learns that she cannot be safe? What happens when the people who should provide protection become the people from whom she feels the greatest need for protection? And what happens when the child who grows up in such an environment becomes an adult who still cannot establish the independence, security, and belonging that were denied throughout childhood?

For me, these questions are central to understanding what it means to be a **Prisoner of the Unbeing.**

When the Domestic Environment Becomes a Place of Fear Instead of Refuge

In an abusive household, the ordinary meaning of home can become profoundly distorted. Instead of being a sanctuary from the dangers of the outside world, the domestic environment becomes a place where the individual must continually anticipate conflict, intimidation, criticism, manipulation, or punishment. The person may learn to monitor the moods of other household members, avoid certain subjects, conceal personal preferences, and suppress emotional reactions to prevent further mistreatment. Even ordinary domestic activities may become occasions for control. A disagreement about cleaning, money, personal belongings, schedules, or daily decisions may carry consequences far beyond the disagreement itself.

The individual may gradually discover that her freedom is conditional upon compliance. This can produce a condition of chronic insecurity in which the person is physically present in a household but psychologically unable to experience it as a place of refuge.

I have experienced the household into which I was born as such an environment. Throughout my life, I have described patterns of coercive control, emotional invalidation, restrictions on my autonomy, financial dependency, and experiences of profound psychological distress. I have also experienced episodes of physical suffering connected to harmful environmental exposures, whose impact on my sense of safety has been considerable. I have experienced the domestic environment not as a place where I could recover from suffering, but as a place associated with further suffering. In my own language, I have described this as a *domestic war site*: not a literal battlefield, but an environment in which the ordinary conditions of psychological peace were absent: you are not allowed to be in peace at any moment.

A person living under prolonged coercion may feel compelled to remain constantly defensive, even when no immediate confrontation is taking place, and this is one of the most destructive consequences of domestic abuse: **the place where the nervous system should learn to rest becomes the place where it learns to remain on guard; you are not allowed to be in peace nor to rest in peace at any moment.**

The Psychological Damage of Never Having a Safe Place

Human beings need more than occasional moments of physical safety. They need predictable environments in which they can lower their defenses, recover from stress, and experience a reasonable sense of control over their lives. When that security is absent over prolonged periods, the psychological consequences can be profound. Chronic fear and emotional insecurity can contribute to hypervigilance, anxiety, sleep disturbances, difficulty concentrating, emotional exhaustion, and problems regulating stress. The individual may struggle to distinguish ordinary disagreements from situations that threaten her safety because previous experiences have taught her that even minor conflicts can escalate. She may find herself anticipating punishment, preparing explanations, or rehearsing how to defend herself before a disagreement has even occurred. The resulting exhaustion can become part of everyday life. Rest may cease to feel restorative. Privacy may cease to feel secure. Silence may not bring peace because the person remains apprehensive about what might happen next. The absence of a safe home can affect the individual's relationship with the entire world. When there is no secure place to return to, the person may feel that she must confront every difficulty without the emotional foundation that supportive family relationships ordinarily provide.

For me, this has been one of the most painful dimensions of my experiences. I have not merely struggled with particular episodes of mistreatment. I have struggled with the absence of a place where I could reliably experience the freedom to be myself without anticipating conflict, judgment, or control.

The Childhood Wound: When Attachment Cannot Develop Safely

The deprivation of a safe home is especially damaging when it begins in childhood. Children are born dependent upon caregivers not only for food, shelter, and physical protection, but also for emotional regulation, affection, reassurance, and the development of a secure sense of self. Through responsive and consistent caregiving, children gradually learn that their needs matter, that other people can be trusted, and that relationships can provide safety rather than danger.

These early experiences help establish what psychologists call *secure attachment*. Secure attachment does not require perfect parents or a childhood without conflict. It requires sufficiently consistent care, emotional responsiveness, and opportunities for the child to seek comfort without fear of humiliation or rejection. When caregivers are persistently frightening, unpredictable, emotionally unavailable, or controlling, the development of secure attachment may be disrupted. The child faces a profound relational contradiction. The very people upon whom she depends for survival may also be associated with fear, distress, or emotional insecurity. She may need comfort from the same people she experiences as threatening.

This creates an extraordinarily difficult situation for a developing person. The child cannot simply choose another family. She cannot ordinarily leave the household, establish financial independence, or create an alternative system of care. Her dependence is not a personal failure, it is a fundamental condition of childhood, and when that dependence is exploited through coercion or emotional mistreatment, the child may learn that love is inseparable from submission, that belonging requires silence, or that expressing personal needs invites rejection.

In my own experience, I have struggled to identify a secure emotional attachment to my progenitors. I have felt since childhood that the relationships were organized around control and compliance rather than mutual affection, respect, and emotional safety. This has left me grieving something more fundamental than the loss of particular childhood experiences. **I grieve the secure family attachment that I believe I never had the opportunity to develop.**

The Grief of a Family That Was Supposed to Exist

There is a particular kind of grief associated with losing someone or something one once possessed, but there is another kind of grief associated with never having received what one fundamentally needed. A child who grows up without reliable emotional security may become an adult who grieves not only what happened, but also what never happened. The comforting embrace that was missing. The parent who should have listened without humiliating. The family conversation in which disagreement could have existed without punishment. The ordinary reassurance that one was loved without conditions. The opportunity to make mistakes and still feel safe. The experience of being celebrated for developing an independent personality rather than being criticized for departing from expectations. These absences can accumulate across childhood and adulthood. The person may find herself grieving a family relationship that existed socially and legally, but never provided the emotional experience she associates with genuine family life. This is particularly painful because society often assumes that biological relationships naturally provide affection, loyalty, and protection. People may ask whether one has contacted one's parents, whether one's siblings can help, or whether one's family can provide emergency assistance. These questions may be entirely ordinary for someone who has experienced a supportive family. But for someone who has experienced family relationships as sources of coercion, they can expose a painful reality: **having relatives is not the same as having people with whom one feels safe.** A biological connection does not automatically create emotional communion. A shared surname does not guarantee trust. A household does not become a home merely because its occupants are legally or biologically related. A family cannot fulfill its protective function when the individual experiences its relationships primarily through fear, dependency, and control.

The Scapegoat Who Was Never Allowed to Belong Freely

In coercive family systems, the scapegoat role can intensify this deprivation of belonging. The scapegoated child may experience disproportionate blame, criticism, humiliation, or responsibility for family conflict. Instead of being recognized as a developing individual, she may feel compelled to perform a role assigned by the family. She may be expected to remain silent, accept accusations, comply with demands, and suppress expressions of independence. Her value within the family may appear conditional upon her willingness to maintain the established hierarchy. As she grows older, attempts to establish boundaries can provoke additional conflict. The child who once sought approval may become the adult who insists upon autonomy, but if the family relationships remain organized around control, that autonomy may be experienced by other family members as a threat. The individual may then encounter a painful contradiction: she is expected to remain part of the family, but not necessarily permitted to participate as an equal, autonomous person.

I have felt that my efforts to reject the role assigned to me were repeatedly met with resistance and punishment for daring to choose to become who God has created and called me to be. I have wanted to make independent decisions, develop my own life, establish my own home according to my own Christian values, and speak openly about what I believe I endured. Yet I have experienced these efforts as entangled with further conflict, financial uncertainty, more criminal abuse and even more emotional distress. This is one of the reasons why the loss of home cannot be reduced to the absence of affection. It also concerns the absence of **relational freedom**: the freedom to belong without surrendering one's identity.

When Adulthood Does Not Bring the Expected Freedom

For many people, adulthood creates opportunities to establish independence from difficult family circumstances. A person may leave the childhood household, obtain employment, build friendships, develop intimate relationships, and create a home governed by different values. However, when economic dependency, disability, institutional intervention, or other barriers make independent living difficult, the transition into adulthood may not bring the expected freedom. The individual may remain dependent upon harmful relationships. She may struggle to secure housing, transportation, financial stability, or access to services without involving the very people from whom she wishes to establish independence. This produces a profound sense of developmental interruption. The person may possess adult intellectual abilities, professional aspirations, and a clear desire for autonomy, yet is denied access to the practical conditions necessary to exercise that autonomy fully.

For me, this has been a brutally difficult dimension of the years following childhood: adulthood became forbidden, my growth became a threat against my progenitors' coercive control. I have repeatedly sought greater independence, including opportunities for separate housing and financial autonomy, but they became consistently impossible to achieve, besides the involuntary psychiatric interventions that I experienced as serious restrictions on my liberty. Rather than experiencing adulthood as a progressive expansion of freedom, I have felt that I remained caught within criminal and social slavery circumstances that prevented me from establishing the life and home I dreamed of, especially after a childhood like mine. The result has been a prolonged sense of displacement. I have had a place to sleep, but not consistently a place where I felt safe. I have had biological relatives, but not relationships I experienced as secure family attachments. I have had a legal identity as an adult, but I am forbidden to obtain the practical independence that adult personhood should ordinarily make possible; I am forced to remain as a prisoner of the Unbeing,

as a prisoner of the domestic war of my progenitors, and as a prisoner of democracy of the Government, never allowed to have a space to be a person in peace.

Institutional Abandonment and the Trauma of Not Being Rescued

The psychological injury can become even more profound when a person seeks assistance from institutions and does not receive the protection any citizen in her circumstances would be entitled to. This is particularly important in situations involving domestic abuse and coercive control. Victims may already have experienced years of manipulation, intimidation, emotional invalidation, and restrictions on their autonomy. Seeking help from police officers, healthcare professionals, social services, or courts can therefore represent an important act of courage and self-determination. The victim is attempting to move beyond the authority of the abusive relationship and obtain protection through independent institutions. When those efforts fail, the person then experiences what researchers call *institutional betrayal*. Institutional betrayal occurs when an institution fails to prevent or respond appropriately to harm affecting someone who depends upon it.

For me, this concept helps describe the anguish associated with more than twelve years during which my allegations of abuse were not addressed and I was forced to remain tortured and abused at this Unbeing House. I had repeated attempts to seek assistance, but instead got repeated psychiatric interventions that caused further restrictions on my autonomy. The institutions from which I sought protection did not provide the independent investigation, safety, or opportunities for freedom that I needed. This has been particularly painful because I believe earlier, effective intervention could have prevented some of the suffering and losses that followed. The psychological wound is therefore not confined to the original alleged mistreatment. It includes the experience of waiting nonstop for protection that does not arrive as it should according to the rule of law. The repeated disappointment of seeking assistance without obtaining a satisfactory resolution, the exhaustion of having to recount painful experiences over and over again, the fear that one's circumstances will never change, the grief of imagining how differently life might have unfolded if appropriate protection and support had become available earlier... You end up more traumatized due to the inaction of the Government than by the narcissistic abuse and coercive control itself, because **one of the most devastating consequences of prolonged institutional failure is the loss of trust that the world contains people and structures capable of providing protection when it is needed most**, instead of deliberately forcing me to remain in an abusive environment, or that every intervention was improper. Yes, the experience of prolonged insecurity and unsuccessful help-seeking can itself produce significant psychological harm.

The Trauma of the Years That Could Have Been Different

Prolonged coercive control can produce a particularly painful awareness of lost time. A person may look back upon years spent coping with conflict, seeking assistance, defending her credibility, or struggling to establish independence. She may recognize opportunities that were delayed or never realized. Education that could have been pursued. Relationships that might have developed. Professional work that could have advanced. Creative projects that might have flourished. A home that might have been established and a family that could have been raised. A life that could have been lived with greater peace. This grief is not simply regret; it is the recognition that prolonged adversity can consume resources necessary for personal development. For someone who values creativity, education, intellectual growth, and service to others, this can be especially painful.

I have wanted to dedicate my life to meaningful work, to creating, to teaching, to developing projects that contribute to the common good, yet I have repeatedly found myself having to devote considerable energy to managing distress, pursuing independence, and seeking recognition of my experiences. The psychological exhaustion of this process is difficult to convey. It is not merely the exhaustion of remembering painful events: it is the exhaustion of feeling that one's present life remains occupied by problems that should have been resolved long ago. **The trauma is not only what happened. It is also the life that could not unfold freely while the suffering continued.**

The Absence of a Safe Attachment Figure

One of the most painful consequences of an emotionally unsafe family environment is the absence of a reliable person to whom one can turn in moments of vulnerability. A secure attachment figure is someone whose presence ordinarily provides reassurance, protection, and emotional stability. For children, this role is commonly fulfilled by caregivers. For adults, secure attachment may also develop through friendships, romantic partnerships, extended family relationships, and other meaningful bonds, but when early relationships are associated with fear, manipulation, or emotional insecurity, trusting others can become difficult. The person may struggle to identify whom she can safely depend upon. She may fear that accepting assistance will create obligations, expose her to control, or compromise her independence. She may hesitate to disclose personal experiences because previous disclosures were dismissed, used against her, or followed by further distress. Over time, these difficulties can contribute to profound isolation. The person may interact with colleagues, students, healthcare professionals, neighbors, and service providers while still lacking anyone she experiences as a secure personal attachment. This distinction is essential: **social contact is not the same as emotional communion.** A person may speak with many people throughout the day and still have no one with whom she feels safe enough to be vulnerable. She may fulfill professional responsibilities, teach children, attend appointments, and participate in ordinary community activities while returning to a life characterized by profound emotional solitude. The absence of a trusted emergency contact can make this isolation especially tangible. An emergency contact is not merely a name written on a form. Ideally, it represents someone who can be trusted to act in the person's interests during moments of vulnerability. When no such person is available, even ordinary administrative questions can become painful reminders of relational deprivation.

The Difference Between Being Surrounded by People and Being in Communion

Human communion requires more than proximity, it requires the possibility of mutual recognition, it requires relationships in which each person is respected as an autonomous subject rather than treated as an object to be managed, controlled, or used, it requires truthfulness, freedom, reciprocity, and the capacity to disagree without fear of retaliation. In a genuinely communion-based relationship, another person's independence is not experienced as a threat. Their growth is welcomed. Their creativity is encouraged. Their boundaries are respected. Their suffering matters. Their dignity does not depend upon obedience. This is the kind of relationship I have longed to experience. Not simply the presence of other human beings, but the possibility of growing together in mutual trust and love. The deprivation of such relationships can become one of the deepest wounds of prolonged domestic abuse. The individual may experience the world as populated by people with whom she must negotiate, defend herself, or fulfill obligations, but with whom she cannot establish the emotional security necessary for genuine belonging. When this condition persists over many years, loneliness can become more than an occasional feeling. It can become a defining feature of the person's social existence.

The Prisoner of the Unbeing: A Person Without a Home

This is why the deprivation of home is inseparable from my concept of the Prisoner of the Unbeing. A person may possess a legal residence without experiencing belonging. She may have a biological family without experiencing secure attachment. She may participate in society without feeling that she has a trustworthy community. She may possess formal rights while struggling to exercise the freedom necessary to establish an independent life. In this sense, the prisoner of the unbeing experiences a form of relational homelessness. The problem is not necessarily the absence of shelter. It is the absence of a place—and of relationships—in which personhood can be expressed without fear. A real home should provide the conditions for a person to become more fully herself. It should be a place of growth rather than diminishment, of trust rather than intimidation, of communion rather than domination, of freedom rather than compulsory submission. The most devastating consequence of an abusive domestic environment is therefore not simply that the individual suffers inside the household: it is that the household may fail to provide the very foundation upon which secure relationships, personal independence, and a sense of belonging are ordinarily built. **To be deprived of a real home is to be deprived of one of the most fundamental environments in which human personhood is meant to flourish,** and when that deprivation begins in childhood and continues into adulthood, its consequences can extend across an entire life.

The Constant Manipulation: Living Without Social Communion

The constant manipulation, with no social communion possible: all the breaking of social communion in every environment I am forced to be in comes from the abuse of the progenitors at “home”. 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 due to their allowance of the progenitors’ abuse, “helping me survive” at the cost of forcing me to survive in a completely non-communion reality. Yes, the no-communion society begins at a home where it is totally impossible to have a communion-based relationship. For a narcissistic progenitor and sibling, “relationship” is understood as “control”. A home without true communion is no real home at all: it’s a façade, a public image to care more than people.

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. If I write something to any of my biological sisters or progenitors, it is only because I need money for the dogs or me. I don’t have a real emergency contact either. I lie about every emergency contact I am asked for, because I have no real emergency contact that will actually focus on helping me and not on controlling me...

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. Communion is totally impossible to accomplish not only where there is no truth possible, but also where there is no relationship possible either.

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

about what is happening here is still denied, and I am still forced to remain tortured, abused, and trafficked by my progenitors and their social slavery.

All this causes a macabre normalcy: a relationship-less life, a communion-less domestic society totally normalized as the only “real society” possible to be embraced. 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, as it happens at home first: what you are forced to endure at home becomes projected absolutely everywhere. 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 psychosocially. It’s a brutal torture: besides enduring toxic gaslighting and gaslighting suffering every day, I also have to endure children being trained like actors 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 from my teacher position for that reason... but the issue keeps repeating at EVERY school I apply for a job... to the point that every job ends up becoming, sooner or later, forced labor in a gas chamber (my classroom becomes a main gas chamber). So, until what is happening in this house of torture is exposed, recognized, and ended, no matter where I apply for a job, the same will happen.

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

Not being allowed to form real relationships begins with the coercive control enforced systematically at this Unbeing House that works as a mass personhood extermination site: coercive control aims to control your reality, so what is endured at home becomes projected absolutely everywhere else, because when you are forced to comply with trafficking, abuse and torture at home, you also necessarily must comply everywhere else where the patterns repeat. So, as I said before, the no-relationship-possible society begins with being forced to remain abused and tortured in a domestic coercive control way at what is supposed to be a “home”.

Biderman’s Chart of Coercion explains eight ways someone, in this case a narcissistic family system, can pressure another person into compliance, in this case with coercive control, torture, trafficking, and a social slavery that leads to personhood exile and civil death, sometimes also called “social assassination”. This chart explains why the perpetrators and other perpetrators have been so effective at forcing me to assume an abusive home as my only normalcy possible for more than 40 years. It helps identify patterns that reduce someone’s freedom to question, refuse, or act independently. Originally developed from research on prisoners of war, it has also been applied to domestic abuse. It is a framework for understanding behavior patterns of coercive control.

Here is the chart in simple language:

1. **Isolation — cutting someone off from support.** I have been ostracized my whole life, denied the very possibility of forming real relationships, in a home where my only option to learn how to be myself was isolating socially: independence was punished, refusal to comply with abuse was and is punished, and control over which social resources I can

have within reach. For example, my biological sister controls my cousins' WhatsApp chat and refused to add me, so I am forced to stay out of contact with my extended family (around 30 cousins are in that chat). I must retreat into my own world because I can connect with the progenitors, yet they also refuse to let me form other connections that can be truly meaningful. At some point, when my social connections were controlled entirely by the progenitors, my only social interactions were for psychiatric treatment.

2. **Monopolizing perception — making everything revolve around their demands.**

No matter what you say, they twist perception so the focus is on my reaction, not their refusal to take responsibility for their criminal actions. Example: refusing to give money for a dog's treatment due to "not having enough money"; at the same time, they do have enough money to torture and infect the dogs and force them to need veterinary care.

3. **Exhaustion and deprivation — wearing someone down until resisting becomes harder.**

The progenitors and their gang stalkers are quite expert at draining energies and depriving me of sleep and personal space needed for creativity, and keep growing on. In this very same weekend when I am writing this, they caused me almost a total collapse, diarrhea, an increase in ADHD symptoms, an itchy cough, severe weakness (enough to not be able to keep walking at some moments), sleep deprivation, nausea, reflux... I was unable to do the schoolwork I was supposed to do at home because I was absolutely drained of everything the progenitors forced my body to go through with their targeted toxic gassing.

4. **Threats — making refusal frightening.**

The progenitors don't tolerate refusal to comply with their coercive control as the only normalcy possible. They will increase cruelty every time I refuse to comply, and the fact is: they constantly threaten psychiatric imprisonment threats constantly, besides threatening my life (forcing me to almost collapse due to keeping denouncing their crimes and abuses) and also the life of the dogs (they infected them first with an ear infection and now they infected them with a respiratory infection). They also constantly threaten, implicitly, by withholding what I need to stay healthy, able to walk, and able to work on my own.

5. **Occasional indulgences — providing moments of relief or rewards within a controlling pattern.**

The progenitors give money gifts when they want me to groom me into a phase of crueler abuse.

6. **Demonstrating "omnipotence" — making resistance seem pointless.**

The progenitors and their gang stalkers are constantly playing the "more powerful than God game: they want to have more control than God Himself, especially over nature and relationships. They feel entitled to control what is not theirs to control, and they enjoy not only being cruel and causing suffering while getting the control they want, but also breaking the law and boasting that they don't care at all that what they are doing is criminal; they will do it anyway. Even the gangstalker neighbors boast about breaking the law without facing consequences.

7. **Degradation — undermining someone's dignity or sense of worth.**

The progenitors use degradation constantly: breaking clothes that matter to me, stealing things that matter to me, comparing me as an equivalent to having a dog, equating their coercive control to "kill insects" (I am the insect to be killed), forcing me to defecate and pee over and over again, not letting me manage my own life; they must micromanage absolutely everything, as if I am incapable of handling my own life as an adult on my own...

8. **Enforcing trivial demands — requiring obedience to minute rules.**

The progenitors go to extremely absurd levels of detail to enforce all kinds of trivial demands without you being able to say no to their enforced demands. The progenitor female is constantly micromanaging what I am meant to be doing by myself, not allowing

me to handle my own existence as a capable adult. The progenitors keep enforcing trivial demands with micromanaging constantly: from how you dry your pants to how you organize the fridge and your food; from the detergents you have available to clean to the letters that they let arrive and the ones they do not give me; from how you clean and use towels to how you mop the floor, there is no small detail out of reach of the obsession to enforce trivial demands of the progenitors.

These eight categories can overlap; they are not stages that must happen in order. Their general effects include increasing dependence, fear, exhaustion, and habitual compliance... and they are so brutally enforced that there is not even a tiny possibility to form a home based in communion while you are forced to remain a social slave of the progenitors.

Why was all this allowed? Why had I been forced to remain in this hell instead of being rescued and given the chance of a free civilian life? 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.

As I had been forced to remain without a home, I had been forced to remain an uncared-nonperson.

XV. No real connection possible at all

My whole existence had been unlawfully surveilled and recorded, without me never knowing if the progenitors got profits of what they had recorded of me and how I can regain control of the content of my own life... but what I am going to share now is related with other dimension of the nature of the narcissistic abuse and coercive control I had been exposed to: being forced to share everything online to be able to have a memory of it (the memories of my phones were hacked, and any external drive at my torture gas chamber could be corrupted very easily by the progenitors, as it has been done thousands of times with all the pen drives that they had hacked... so my only reliable memory to keep record of my own life in an environment I could had no real interaction with anyone around me was using social media as an external memory: the only way to record my memories and thoughts in the most reliable way to be able to access them later became using social media to share absolutely 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. The personhood holocaust.

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 have had the chance to share all kinds of evidence of the abuse happening here... since a long time ago. I have shared thousands of tweets that went totally unread, thousands of lives that went totally unheard, thousands of ideas that went totally undiscussed.

For years and years I had been “connected”, but forced to remain completely invisible. 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 and person: no one hears my cries personally, no one mourns my suffering personally, no one stands personally 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, with very huge and perverted lies; they have lied even criminally (they committed perjury to get me forced hospitalized with court orders). However, the biggest truth deniers 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 of truth denialism with such a disconnection from reality that I ended up with no real connection at all. This has been

something not limited to specific relationships but to all social relations: connections got disconnected from reality. For example: if I need to go to the ER, it could happen that I would be medically treated for what I haven't, and ignored for what I truly had. Another example: 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 connection in which something was truly said only to me. Another example: 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 gaslighting to divert the attention from what was truly happening, or to manipulate the interpretation of reality for truth-denialist social control tactics. Then you get used to an ecclesial life without real connection: 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, connecting only with God and my family of heaven 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 of any possible interaction: 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. There are no personal connections; 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 a human person 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 or to express what I was being given to dream and offer... 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, not with truth denialism. Society then becomes an abstract thing you remember as it was taught in primary school social studies... but it hasn't been a real connection for you for more than a decade.

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 their narcissistic power abuse. True: my progenitors have denied me real connections throughout my whole life. However, the

Government's power abuse harm became the biggest and most painful. Through the years, as I keep guessing and 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 of psy ops, until ending without any kind of real social connection 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, connections based on social slavery and truth denialism.

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 that becomes a personhood holocaust: everyone engages in a reality 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, never feeling safe to see a video of the Pope or to read a whole homily or a whole text because you never know when another truth denialist social control tactic will be enforced through them. 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 sacramentally included in the ecclesial reality, even while I am being tortured due to my faith. So, you see a whole Church celebrating with joy, 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 everyone, including BY A POPE. I don't know if anyone could imagine for a second being tortured publicly due to your faith for more than 13 years without the torture being stopped by the authorities, and then there is the Pope, who could tell the truth, but instead choses to deny the truth too, so you are forced to remain where you are being abused

and tortured nonstop... and while that happens, everyone is joyful celebrating... and you are expected to be joyful and celebrate too at the same time you remain forced to endure more and more brutal and cruel tortures where you are forced to remain due the truth denialist social control tactics enforced even by the Pope... No, of course I can't be happy, and of course I can't connect with such celebration.

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 that leads to a personhood holocaust. Around me, everyone connects in a reality to which I can't connect due to how I am forced to remain tortured as a social slave, truth being denied over and over again, nonstop.

The best way to illustrate this is... a scene of Armageddon. Grace (Liv Tyler) sees everyone celebrating... while she only wants to cry over her loss. She is totally disconnected from all the joyful celebration below her: the world is saved, but she can't connect with the joy surrounding her. 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 joyfully, 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 with all the truth denialisms enforced by everyone in this Unbeing War.

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 as it is commanded by God to exist: in the Church.

So, I have remained connected, mostly having access to post online content, but posting only as a nonperson: posting totally disconnected from social communion and from truth-based reality.

Memories of a Prisoner of the Unbeing

XVi. The end of writing our dreams down

For years and years I had been sharing, either writing them down in my cellphones or on social media, the dreams I had with Jesus Charity. The way to express them and to “palabrizo” them has changed a long time through the years, but sharing them had been a consistent anchor of my personal expression for a very long time: I am who I am in those dreams in the first place, I am the living Eucharist Jesus Charity says I am... and that is never going to change, no matter how the dreams became harder and harder to share due how the abuse and coercive control tactics kept becoming harder and harder to overcome... until, at the end, our dreams as a family of Heaven have become more awoken dreams than ever before.

At the end, what made me unable to keep sharing dreams was not something done by the progenitors’ surveillance over my devices: it was due to discovering that, despite me choosing to write down the dreams by hand and locking the notebooks in a small safe box where they were supposed to remain private, people on the Government’s side at the school I work at devised a way to read what I was writing by hand in those notebooks. That meant: the possibility to keep my prayer life private became absolutely impossible. What I was writing down “privately” by hand was being mimicked even on the radio station I heard; it was even being mimicked by comments from the students surrounding my classroom in the mornings. I got sick of my prayer life becoming ipso facto public by default, even when I wrote it by hand and put it in a locked box. I got sick of being trafficked from within over and over again. Dreaming only to adore God with our whole growth became, again, militarized: it was being used for truth denialism, social narrative control tactics, and for psy ops on the Government’s side of this Unbeing War.

Then... well, something totally unexpected happened, and that was the last time I wrote the dreams as I had been doing for years and years.

I have had since primary school a latent fear that became even more evident as I saw how my progenitors “cared” for my grandma with Alzheimer: I had always feared becoming bedridden and totally dependent upon the care of the progenitors or someone else to survive. There was a very specific issue that I had feared since childhood: someone else having to wipe the shit off my ass. I defecated on myself once while I was in primary school, clearly due to the progenitors’ toxic gas exposure while sleeping, and I faced deep humiliation in how I was cleaned when that happened. I swore never to go through the same again: I would be the one cleaning my ass, no matter what happened, and if I defecated on myself again, somehow. I wouldn’t become dependent on the care of anyone in that, especially after years later witnessing how the progenitors wiped my Alzheimer’s grandma’s rear with such rude movements when they changed her diaper, doing all the movements as if she was feeling nothing of their rudeness.

Well, as I discovered, I was being read by force again and confirmed the issue... I was caused fecal incontinence at the school with toxic gassing. I defecated on myself... without being able to wipe myself. My biggest fear of infancy became true... and that was it. That was my last shared dream. I got enough of being forced to tolerate deep humiliation and more and more tortures and exploitation of privacy while simply daring to write my contemplative dreams as handwritten prayers that were supposed to remain private and even locked down with a combination I have no idea how someone in the school managed to discover the number. It is absolutely draining and exhausting to deal with the progenitors' constant surveillance of what I write on my devices, and then also to have to endure people violating my privacy at the school, reading the content of notebooks that were being left locked in a box, so it was meant to be understood they were private.

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 (I was supposed to end to share dreams on September 11)... 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 at the house of tortures, before leaving to the school, writing in the toilet before what would happen in the school: the fecal incontinence...

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...)

When the fecal incontinence happened at the school... I had nothing to clean myself with because I was injured in the finger zone I use to wipe my rear. They caused the fecal incontinence knowing I was injured of that finger, what was a disturbingly cruel fact. I had to put the pants back on and endure the uncleanness in my rear in silence as the school day went through. I fully remembered what I felt when I was a child and endured the same kind of fecal incontinence, without being able to wash myself and having to wait until my caregiver grandma did it. The most humiliating thing was: everybody knew what I was going through; I was being surveilled. I said goodbye to the writings of our dreams in the best way I could, closed the notebooks, and eventually left them

along with my prayer agenda, called Crescere, in a storage unit I rent to have my most valuable stuff safe and out of the progenitors' reach.

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, or the personal space to be able to keep sharing our dreams as we have done through the years... I am weakened right now. I am like I am outside of myself, trying to handle so much pain exposure...

What else can I say about how these dreams have ended up being shared? The cruelty simply became absolute and horrible to endure. The progenitors ended up leaving the house "for a trip for a whole month" without leaving enough money for me and the dogs to have our basic needs met while they are out. I am taking one day at a time, not knowing exactly how I am going to deal with the economic slavery the progenitors are enforcing upon me after leaving me without money. Curiously enough, I felt somehow relieved when they left: economic control was the last key they had to enforce their coercive control. Now that they can't play with money, they only have gang stalking to enforce their coercive control while they are out of the house... I don't think they are really traveling; they simply fabricated an excuse to leave me without enough money. It wouldn't be the first time they say they are traveling when they really aren't. They said they didn't have enough money to leave me, but they have plenty to keep the toxic gaslighting system of this Unbeing House running with remote surveillance, and all the expenses that come with it. Clearly, the issue of money is not an issue of lack of money: it's an issue of refusing to provide money as a punishment for cutting contact with the progenitors (I did not talk to them at all already when they refused to give the usual money they give to me every month) They gave no warning of them not leaving more money: they simply said they would go to travel and would had not enough money to leave, and left after leaving only 200 dollars of the supposed 800 they were supposed to leave if they would had given what they had given every month. I must find a way to close the 600-dollar gap in the budget to pay for gasoline, food, the medication the dogs need due to the toxic gassing, and the storage I must rent to keep my most valuable creative projects out of the progenitors' reach... Notice that I must deal with ordinary expenses... and also with all the expenses they force me to have with their coercive control and narcissistic abuse. All the plans I had for a future... once again became broken: they are addicted to destroying every future I build. Their cruelty keeps increasing nonstop, but I know God Love will provide for me; somehow, I will win the lottery, or something will happen, because Jesus Charity has never abandoned me. I have been receiving the Eucharist in dreams to sustain me, and I will keep receiving everything needed to keep becoming who He has created me and calls me to be. As the Second Reading of today's Mass says:

Brothers and sisters:

I know how to live in humble circumstances;

I know also how to live with abundance.

In every circumstance and in all things

I have learned the secret of being well fed and of going hungry,
of living in abundance and of being in need.

I can do all things in him who strengthens me.

Still, it was kind of you to share in my distress.

My God will fully supply whatever you need,

in accord with his glorious riches in Christ Jesus.

To our God and Father, glory forever and ever. Amen.

Dealing with narcissists is as spiritually toxic as biologically dealing with their toxic gas poisoning during my whole life: they attempt to assault and possess your nature and enslave it psychosocially over and over again. Narcissists behave like demons, stealing life and trying to reverse good into evil. Beware that when human predators become exposed, as it happens in these memories, the level of lying the predator will engage in to discredit the exposer is equal to an entire fiction novel: they need to keep repeating the lies to fill the gaps of the first lies they told, and that becomes insufficient to cover up their facades.

Narcissists NEVER take responsibility for their dark acts: they justify themselves, lie to cover their tracks, elicit pity through false victimhood, and blame others... so it helps to organize your concerns in a clear sketch, as in these memories. They actually don't stop plotting their own downfall: they burn bridges through manipulation and disrespect, not realizing that the very people they discard or hurt are the same ones they will eventually need; they overestimate their control, believing they can outsmart everyone, but patterns of deceit and inconsistency slowly expose them over time; they refuse accountability, which stops growth completely, causing them to repeat the same destructive behaviors until their life becomes a cycle of chaos; they chase validation instead of building substance, creating a fragile identity that eventually collapses when admiration fades or people stop feeding their ego; they destroy genuine relationships, choosing control over connection, and end up surrounded by people who either fear them, use them, or eventually leave; they underestimate people they hurt, assuming silence means weakness, not realizing those same people are healing, growing, and moving on without them; they create false realities, avoiding truth for comfort, until real consequences catch up and force them to face the damage they spent years denying; they don't stop hating and envying those who they can't control, destroy and "absorb" (the narcissist "absorbs" who they envy by becoming them). Hating someone is human, but inventing lies to destroy them is jealousy and a mental health problem for which help should be sought... but narcissists never recognize having a problem at all. Narcissists live in a delusion that they are blameless, and there is nothing that can be done about that: they will never change, at all. I forgive my progenitors and their gang stalkers, but I don't expect them back in my life, nor I expect an apology: I simply keep them as far as possible

One of the more sickening features of the narcissist is the powerful malevolence they direct towards those associated with a situation they've created but don't like, no matter what the reason is (sometimes narcissists hate you simply due to them not being able to be like you; it's absurd; their level of hate and cruelty never stops increasing in a very calculated way). It's such a shock to be on the receiving end of that pathological anger. Just to let you know: the belief that narcissistic abuse only happens to "vulnerable" women keeps the focus in the wrong place. Women are still asked: How did you not see it? Why did you stay? Why did you believe him (in the case of my narcissistic ex trafficker boyfriend) or them (in the case of my progenitors and their gang stalkers)? But coercive control is a pattern of power and control. Perpetrators can exploit trust, attachment, empathy, fear, hope, and what matters most, then use them as leverage. Millions of people spend their entire lives as the partner of a predator (for example, a malignant narcissist) with no idea of the dark side of their partner or relatives. It took me almost 40 years to discover the reality of my progenitors and other traffickers and gang stalking abusers, precisely because I am an empath who sees the best in everyone before having to face the dark realities. Predators choose their partners and victims well: people who are kind, well-intentioned, honest, and will back down in the face of strong pushback..

Now I share an Instagram post of drkarenmitchell_ that I found quite illuminating:

As a behavioural specialist working with executive groups internationally for over 30 years on contentious issues such as deaths in the workplace, acquisitions, work-related suicides, and environmental disasters, I've worked closely with many high-functioning dark personalities (eg malignant narcissists, psychopaths) and their victims. I've also been targeted by them for many years.

Here are 6 things I have learned from my firsthand experience with human predators

1. Human predators will go to places 'normal' people will never dream of going in terms of harming and disadvantaging others.
2. The relentlessness involved in a human predator's campaign to destroy someone is next level.
3. Human predators have facades which they often engineer to perfection. The mask might be caring, helpful, contributing, or shared experience. They are ridiculously good at the pretence while taking actions that harm individuals, groups, communities, or countries for their own advantage.
4. When they lose control of a situation, the dark side of a predator is more apparent, and this is when others are at most risk.
5. Some human predators are very outgoing, some are quiet, some seek a lot of attention, some like to stay in the shadows, but they are all the same in the way that they harm. It's like they all go to university for human predators and study the same subjects.
6. There are far, far, far more of them than we realize. The higher-functioning ones harm more covertly by ruining people's careers, social fabric, and ultimately their sense of self and confidence, by blocking their choices, by smearing their reputations, by controlling their choices in the most manipulative of ways.

Human predators (narcissists, psychopaths) may notice a person who has things they covet & develop a pathological envy: they set out to destroy that person & become them. This is one of the most dangerous, seething, visceral experiences of evil a person will ever encounter.

People like me who choose to cut contact with their abusive progenitors and relatives, along with their gang stalkers, should be taken more seriously, because it is not a small step. When an adult child ends contact with their narcissistic parent, it triggers a severe response from the parent. A response that reveals how much the narcissistic parent doesn't actually care about or miss their child: they simply miss having access to mistreating and controlling them. To a narcissistic parent, their child is just a pawn. Not a being dependent on them for unconditional love, safety, and support, but a mere object for them to manipulate and have serve them as they wish. Narcissistic parents fail miserably to recognize their role and responsibility as caregivers and protectors; on the contrary, they abuse this power by inflicting deep and lasting harm on the children entrusted to their care. When an adult child finally chooses to end contact and find safety away from their abusive narcissistic parent, the parent's response says it all. They immediately spring into action

by spinning narratives and campaigns designed to smear and villainize the very child they harmed, while making themselves out to be the poor, helpless victim. What they DO NOT do is make the slightest effort to understand their child's immense pain and reflect on how their own actions hurt them so deeply. They wouldn't dream of taking a good, hard look at how their own toxicity forced their child to choose to protect themselves from the very parent they needed and depended on. No, empathy and accountability are nowhere near the minds of narcissistic parents. A narcissistic parent genuinely does not miss their adult child who cut off from them: they merely miss being able to hurt them at will and uphold their public image as a good parent.

You need a lot of strength, smartness, grace, and bravery to go forward with the step of going no contact, especially when you have no money of your own to survive, but strength, intelligence, education, or success do not explain why abuse happened. The entitlement of the perpetrator does. People must stop looking for the vulnerability in the victims and start looking at the entitlement in the narcissist coercive controllers. Abusers don't need locked doors to hold women captive. They isolate. Threaten. Exhaust. Degrade. Surveil. Punish resistance. Offer just enough relief to keep hope alive, then weaponize that hope against their victims. These coercive tactics were documented in the psychological breaking of American prisoners of war. Because leaving can carry consequences too, stalking, harassment, threats, financial abuse, children being weaponized, smear campaigns, and escalation are part of their psychological terror imprisonment tactics. So when people ask, "Why didn't she just leave?" they're missing the mechanism of coercive control. Sometimes she is already trying to leave. Sometimes she has left. Sometimes the cage follows her. Whatever way it is, their coercive control and social control tactics are designed to keep you psychosocially imprisoned.

Growing up with a narcissistic mother and a narcissistic father doesn't just affect you during childhood. Sometimes years go by, as it happens with me, and you're still asking for permission to be yourself. Setting boundaries still hurts. You still need their approval to breathe freely, literally in my case, because they don't stop using toxic gassing to punish you for refusing to comply with their coercive control and narcissistic gang stalking. And you still doubt what you experienced... as though your story weren't valid, simply because the truth is never recognized by the Government nor any authority. What is cruel and illegal remains being normalized in all environments, both by the domestic terrorists and by the Government, and everybody who could speak the truth chooses to enforce more and more truth denialism. I am not exaggerating: the truth is being denied by everyone, not only by the progenitors since childhood. It's wildly crazy-making: how on Earth do you assume as normal a society that systematically causes pain and enforces cruelty upon a victim of such gruesome abuse over and over again?

This is not a matter of being a bad daughter or son, either. You're wounded. You're awakening. And that, too, is an act of love: love for yourself. This carousel isn't just a description; it's a mirror for so many people who are trying to get out of domestic abuse, in my case, committed as coercive control and narcissistic gang stalking, pursued as human trafficking too. Whoever saw himself or herself reflected in that, there's something you can do about it. Beginning to heal means letting go of mom and dad and all the abusive relatives, abusers, and gang stalker traffickers, transforming that wound into freedom. Family members do not have the right to inflict abuse with impunity simply because their actions are justified or excused by blood ties. Cruelty remains cruelty and intolerable, even when it happens within a family. Beware that when someone feels the need to protect their own image, they may try to construct a version of you in which you are portrayed as "unstable," "an addict," "irresponsible," or even as the abuser. That way, when you finally speak out, others have already been conditioned to doubt you. You can't let that stop you; you must keep letting the truth be seen. That is why reclaiming your voice also means no longer

exhausting all your energy trying to convince people who have already chosen to believe a lie: it means simply let truth be seen by itself, without needing to convince anyone. That is one of the reasons these memories are shared: to let truth be seen. The truth doesn't always need to shout. It needs to stand firm and consistently. Someone who needs to control the narrative gets terrified of you reclaiming your voice, because when you speak, when you tell your story, and when you stop protecting their image, their mask begins to crack and fall by its own. That is why defamation of the domestic abusers so often comes first: to discredit you before you have the chance to tell your truth, because the narcissist doesn't want their victims free but controlled and broken, to feel powerful and punish you for daring to leave and challenge their confusion of love with control and freedom with menace. This is key to face it straightforwardly: the fact that some are trying to destroy your life doesn't mean they have the power to define who you are and who you can become.

Now I have discovered that one of the last chains to break after narcissistic abuse is exposed is the belief that the person who hurt you must have been extraordinarily powerful. They weren't. What was powerful was the system around you: fear, confusion, economic control, truth denialism, intermittent reinforcement, punishment followed by relief, and the gradual erosion of trust in yourself. Once you can see the mechanism, it stops looking like omnipotent magic: they are not as omnipotent as they project themselves to be; they are actually deeply fragile egos. So, when you expose coercive control, you must see the mechanism, break the illusion, and take yourself back. Keep standing in the truth without focusing on demonstrating and convincing, but on letting truth be seen by itself. Beware that when allegations become another method of control, the survivor is left carrying the cost: gathering the evidence, recollecting the explanations, assuming the legal fees, dealing with the lost sleep and the hours spent proving what they already know to be true... and even when the allegation falls apart, the damage has already been done. That is how systems can become another place for post-separation abuse to continue, because remember: abusers will exploit systems to try to keep committing their abuse, because that is how they are; it is not related to you at all. Abuse isn't something a survivor causes by saying or doing the wrong thing; the responsibility belongs to the person who chose to abuse. If you're navigating coercive control, post-separation abuse, or the aftermath of narcissistic abuse, understand the abusive pattern, reclaim yourself, and rebuild your life. In my case, rebuilding my life means embracing what I had been entrusted with: the dreams I had been given through the years the progenitors had tried to destroy me over and over again... unsuccessfully: God Love gave me wings to fly away from them, empowered by the flammin Holy Spirit to become who I am called to be with a coherent life, not forced to be broken between how I am forced by the progenitors to exist and between how God Love had created me and called me to become according to His call to conversion of the heart into a living icon of Divine Love.

I know the dreams we have shared and awakened along the years will remain with me forever, as my family of Heaven will remain my heavenly fraternal custodians forever, I will never walk alone. That is true power indeed: trusting God Love's plans for your life and daring to go ahead with thankfulness and wonder for all the blessings you have embraced through all these years.... Because despite the extreme effort of the progenitors to destroy my dreams and to destroy God's will, they didn't succeed; His will prevailed, and I remained as the immensely beloved of God, dressed with the flaming Holy Spirit that makes a whole loveful harvest glowing radiant with new life flowing as we choose to keep growing together in communion, as I dreamed last night... Jesus Charity keeps guiding us to keep growing together in more and more fully incarnated communion, and that strength, blessedness, and belovedness, that beautiful freedom to choose the way to keep learning how to grow best and how to love best, those are lights in your heart that no one can steal from you, no matter how despicable a coercive control may attempt to do it.

Conclusion: Letting Truth Shine — The Healing Power of Truth

Writing these memories has been, above all, a profoundly healthy exercise of truth: an act of reclaiming my own voice, my own history, and my own personhood after years and years of living under the suffocating weight of narratives imposed upon me by my coercive controllers and narcissistic gang stalking abusers. There is something deeply healing, even liberating, about finally allowing truth to shine where lies have been permitted to cast their shadows for so long. For years, I felt imprisoned not only by coercive control, systematic depersonalization, and the denial of my personal autonomy, but also by the relentless effort to redefine who I was, what I had experienced, and what my life was supposed to mean. Sketching these memories has allowed me to resist that imposed narrative, to gather the scattered fragments of my own history, and to give them back their rightful place within the continuity of my own personhood. As William Shakespeare wrote in *The Merchant of Venice*, **“Truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but at the length truth will out.”** Truth does not cease to exist because someone denies it, nor does a human being cease to possess inherent dignity because others refuse to acknowledge it. To tell the truth, especially after years of being silenced, is therefore more than an act of remembrance: it is an affirmation of existence, an exercise of freedom, and a reclamation of the fundamental right to be the author of one's own life.

There is also something extraordinarily life-giving about discovering that truth does not need to become another instrument of hatred. These memories were not written to perpetuate the cruelty I describe, nor to allow those experiences to dictate the meaning of the rest of my life. They were written because **healing requires that suffering be allowed to speak truthfully, without being silenced, distorted, or deprived of its human significance.** For someone who has experienced systematic depersonalization, remembering becomes an act of personal reintegration: bringing together what coercion attempted to fragment, restoring meaning where confusion was imposed, and recovering the freedom to distinguish one's own identity from the identities others have tried to construct. This is why writing these memories has been an exercise not merely of testimony, but of love: love for the person I have always been, love for the life that continues growing within me, and love for the truth that makes genuine justice, reconciliation, and peace possible. I do not need to become the mirror image of those whose actions I describe. I do not need to answer every accusation with another accusation, nor every distortion with an endless struggle for the last word. **I need only to remain faithful to the truth, to preserve what can be documented, and to refuse to surrender the authorship of my own existence.** After all, the most profound victory over a lie is not another, louder narrative, but a life that can finally be lived without submitting to it. And that is precisely why the dynamics of lying, particularly when lies are used to maintain coercive control, deserve one final reflection.

People who lie about you rarely stop with the first lie. The first lies are small enough to sound believable, but when they don't completely destroy you, they have a problem: they need more lies to explain the first ones. So, lying becomes an exhausting strategy game: when someone makes a rumor or a false narrative about you, they expect immediate results; they expect people to take sides, or they expect you to fold, but when you stay calm, and the facts don't align with their story, panic sets in. To protect their reputation and to keep the original lie alive, they are forced to escalate; the lies have to get bigger, more dramatic, more malicious, just to cover the gaps of the first lie. This is a behavioral trap: you don't have to argue with a liar; you just need to let them keep talking. Why? Because eventually the weight of their own contradictions will be too heavy, and they WILL contradict themselves. Their desperation to tear you down will always end by exposing who they really are. So, when you are dealing with someone trying to rewrite your story, the best option is... letting them keep lying and letting truth shine, letting evidence speak for itself. So, through all these sketched pages you just read, anyone can find plenty of evidence of the many years my progenitors had spun an interminable web of lies with legal and psychosocial smear campaigns to try to rewrite, according to their coercive control tactics, my story and who I am.

This recollection stops in chapter XVI because my adult life began around that age: 26. I would begin to be forced hospitalized at age 28, after a period of around two years totally enclosed in 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 weekly on 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 up changing from size 18 to fitting a size 0 pant I had as a leftover 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 sketch 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. Despite the non-linear nature of this exposition, you will not find contradictions between the stories that interlock and repeat in different chapters, and that is one of the reasons why non-linear expositions are so fascinating: it has been my own progenitors who taught me that when they lie, they will deal with a huge deal of contradictions when their controlled narratives overlap, and they can't fit them together in a non-linear way: they need to control the narrative to fit all the lies. I don't need to fit a controlled narrative: in this sketch, I simply let the story unfold, knowing that when the exposition overlaps, there are no contradiction cracks to deal with, like it happens with the progenitors over and over again every time they have lied, especially under oath. Exposing these sketched in a non-linear way also gave me space to articulate the narrative in a more meaningful way: around how I was forced to remain a non-person in each circumstance (each chapter ends with a different unpersonhood, a different way I had been forced to remain a non-person: a citizen non-person, a daughter non-person, a driver non-person, a defendant non-person, a filiated non-person, a body non-person, so on...). Telling all this in a non-linear way also helps to point the attention from plenty of "isolated incidents" to what family courts miss when they evaluate those incidents separately: the domination and punishment patterns that make coercive control so toxic and dangerous. For victims of coercive control, truth is not enough: we assume the judge will recognize the lies, understand the abuse, and see through those who have harmed you, but family courts do not automatically see the years of coercive control behind a few messages or a few incidents exposed with selected documents or

a short hearing. You may know exactly what happened and still freeze when questioned live, so when you expose the patterns in an exposition like this one, you also write for when you may forget important details, or for when you struggle to explain the pattern that appears uncertain because your nervous system focuses on those perpetrators/progenitors who have controlled you your whole life, and then they force you to focus on the secondary abuse: watching them deny everything, reverse the blame, cherry-pick reactions as “evidence,” and cold-bloodedly try to rewrite over and over again the history I survived... They, like all human predators, have manipulative intelligence: in the blink of an eye they can spin an interaction, change an approach to destroying someone so they seem like the victim... so keeping myself grounded on sketching the key details of their coercive control helps to let the patterns speak in the middle of the rubble of so many isolated incidents along the years... Yes, writing in a non-linear way helps point to the patterns instead of focusing merely on isolated incidents, and it also helps me focus on what must be recovered in each circumstance: personhood, the freedom to be a person according to my own nature. So, I felt comfortable telling all that has been told in a non-linear way: even if the stories overlap between chapters, it is actually good that in these memories some incidents may connect across more than one chapter, so I don’t even apologize for the repetition of ideas, as I usually do when writing something relatively long. If someone wants a more linear telling of these memories, I suggest looking at my social media over the years. That is a much more linear, sequential exposition of what I’ve told through these *Memories of a Prisoner of the Unbeing*.

I am thankful for finding in these lines a safe space to share about all the abuses and crimes I have endured. Abusers need victims to stay silent. Why? Because abuse thrives in silence and secrecy. A victim who speaks the truth is a threat to the careful façade an abuser has worked their entire lives to create and protect. True: often survivors encounter that they are being rushed into moving on and don’t feel they have the room to talk about and process abuse at the length that is needed. Well, I dared to take the length this time, although I chose to remain within the constraints of a sketch: I remained only sketching the key details, without pretending to write the whole novel I could write, focusing on detailing only the most gruesome experiences as needed for the meaning of the unpersonhood of each chapter to be understood. 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... and there is also a huge mental health lesson to learn in all these pages: before assuming that someone has a mental health problem because there is something wrong with the person, observe the environment and the people the person lives with, and be sure that the person is not living with a psychopath or narcissist. Mental health issues can be caused environmentally-socially, without any “biochemical imbalance” issue in your own brain: the issue is in the toxicity of the environment and social interactions around you, the issue was in the systematic depersonalizing abuse around you, the issue was not in your own brain.

If these memories are to leave one final lesson, let it be this: **no experience of psychological abuse, no matter how prolonged, systematic, or devastating, should ever be allowed to have the final word over the life of a human being.** Trauma may wound a person profoundly. It may interrupt childhood, distort the experience of growing up, undermine the foundations of trust, and deprive someone of opportunities for freedom, independence, and personal development that should have been theirs from the beginning. It may even produce the terrifying experience of being psychologically annihilated while remaining physically alive: the experience I have called *the Unbeing*, in which a person feels deprived of the possibility of existing as a person in their own right. Yet even such profound violations of human dignity do not determine the ultimate meaning or possibilities of a human life. The injuries are real, their consequences may be enduring, and the losses cannot simply be erased. But the person who has suffered them is

always more than the suffering itself. **The abuser does not possess the authority to define who the victim is, who the victim may become, or how much new life may still emerge from the ruins of what was taken away.**

This is especially important when psychological trauma begins in childhood. A wounded childhood does not necessarily condemn someone to a wounded future. The developmental consequences of abuse may be severe, particularly when a child grows up without a consistently safe environment in which to develop trust, autonomy, emotional security, and a stable sense of self. But childhood trauma is not a prophecy. It is not an irrevocable sentence determining the entirety of someone's adult life. Human development is not a story written once and forever during the earliest years of existence. We remain capable of learning, healing, discovering, creating, loving, and growing throughout our lives. Even when trauma interrupts the ordinary course of development, new opportunities for growth can emerge through safety, supportive relationships, appropriate treatment, education, meaningful participation in community life, and the restoration of personal agency. **The fact that someone was denied the conditions necessary to grow does not mean that the capacity for growth has disappeared.** Sometimes, what appears to be an inability to grow is actually the consequence of never having been given a sufficiently safe place in which growth could flourish.

This is why the response that society gives to victims of psychological abuse can make such an extraordinary difference. Recovery cannot be reduced to the victim's determination alone, however courageous that determination may be. A person who has endured prolonged coercive control should not be expected to overcome its consequences through willpower while remaining deprived of safety, resources, protection, and meaningful opportunities for independence. The support received—or denied—can profoundly influence the course of recovery. A compassionate professional who listens without prejudice, a community that offers belonging rather than stigma, a legal system that recognizes dignity rather than reducing a person to a label, or an institution that provides protection rather than perpetuating vulnerability can become decisive turning points in a wounded life. **When we empower a victim to recover, we do not merely help that person survive what happened: we help restore the possibilities of a future that abuse attempted to foreclose.** We make room for a human being to become, once again, the living author of their own story.

This is also why I believe the prevention of psychological destruction must be understood as a fundamental responsibility of any society that claims to respect human dignity. No person deserves to be abandoned to the consequences of psychological trauma. No child deserves to grow up believing that love means submission, that belonging requires surrendering one's autonomy, or that the right to exist as oneself depends upon another person's approval. No adult deserves to be left without protection because the harm they endure is difficult to see, because their injuries are psychological rather than immediately visible, or because those accused of harming them enjoy greater social credibility. And no victim deserves to be treated as though the injuries resulting from abuse were proof that the victim was never worthy of freedom in the first place. **Psychological injury should call forth care, not condemnation; vulnerability should call forth protection, not exploitation; and trauma should call forth opportunities for recovery, not the further deprivation of personhood.**

The same principle must apply to what I have described throughout these memories as *social assassination* and a *personhood holocaust*: expressions through which I attempt to convey the devastating experience of having one's identity, credibility, relationships, autonomy, and social existence systematically undermined. These are not merely questions of reputation. When a

person is deprived of the practical ability to participate in society as an autonomous human being, the consequences can reach into every dimension of existence. Yet even when the experience resembles a form of psychological or civil death, the possibility of renewed life must never be dismissed. Social belonging can be rebuilt. Personal agency can be strengthened. Trust can be rediscovered. Relationships can become sources of safety rather than domination. The dignity that was never truly lost, even when it was denied by others, can finally be recognized and exercised in everyday life. **There must always be a way back into the fullness of human participation, because no human being should ever be regarded as permanently exiled from personhood.**

This brings me to the most important distinction of all: surviving abuse is not the same as being destined to remain forever defined by survival. Survival is precious, and sometimes it is itself an extraordinary achievement. But human beings are called to more than the mere continuation of biological existence. We are called to flourish, to participate, to discover, to create, to belong, to love, and to share our gifts with others. We are called to become fully alive. Recovery, therefore, is not simply the absence of suffering; it is the gradual restoration of the freedom to live meaningfully beyond suffering. It is the rediscovery of possibilities that may once have seemed unimaginable. It is the moment when a person begins to understand that the future does not have to be a repetition of the past, and that the story of what was done to them does not have to become the story of everything they will ever be.

In J. K. Rowling's *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire*, Dumbledore reminds his students: **"We are only as strong as we are united, as weak as we are divided."** There is a profound lesson in those words for anyone concerned with the recovery of people who have experienced abuse. We are not meant to heal in isolation, nor are we meant to become fully ourselves through abandonment. Human growth is relational. We become stronger when others help create the conditions in which our dignity can flourish. A child protected by a caring community, an adult welcomed back into meaningful participation, and a survivor accompanied through the difficult work of rebuilding autonomy all demonstrate the same truth: the restoration of one human life is never merely an individual victory. It is a victory for the human community itself. Whenever someone is helped to rise beyond the injuries of abuse, society becomes a little more capable of fulfilling its own promise of justice, fraternity, and peace.

And so, if Harry Potter became known as **"the boy who lived,"** perhaps the simplest way to describe the meaning of my own story is this: **I am the girl who grew up.**

I am the girl who grew up against circumstances that repeatedly seemed to make growing up impossible. The girl whose childhood was marked by experiences of coercion and psychological suffering, yet who continued searching for meaning, freedom, beauty, and love. The girl who, even when she experienced her development as interrupted, reversed, or confined within the expectations imposed by others, continued carrying within herself the desire to become fully alive. The girl who wrote poetry when she could not find a safe place to belong. The girl who kept asking questions when the world around her seemed determined to provide only imposed answers. The girl who continued dreaming of a future even when she could barely imagine how such a future might become possible. The girl who, through all those years, never entirely surrendered the longing to grow beyond what had happened to her.

And I am still growing.

I do not call myself *the girl who grew up* because every injury has healed, every injustice has been repaired, or every consequence of the past has disappeared. I call myself that because **growing up is not merely something that happened to me once: it is something I continue choosing, something I continue becoming, and something I refuse to allow the past to bring to an end.** The freedom to grow is not the privilege of those who enjoyed an untroubled childhood. It belongs equally to those whose childhoods were wounded, whose development was interrupted, and whose lives were marked by circumstances they never chose. We do not cease to be capable of becoming because others once prevented us from becoming freely. And we do not cease to deserve a future because the past has been filled with suffering.

There is, however, another dimension of this story that cannot be understood merely in psychological, legal, or social terms. For me, the deepest meaning of these memories is inseparable from faith: from the conviction that God Love never abandoned the possibility of new life within me, even when I could not perceive how that life might unfold. Looking back upon the years described in these pages, I do not understand my continued growth as a denial of the suffering I endured, nor do I believe that the cruelty itself was necessary for some greater purpose. Evil does not become good simply because goodness eventually emerges in spite of it. Abuse does not become justified because a survivor finds meaning beyond it. Rather, I believe that **God Love is capable of bringing forth new life even from circumstances that were never meant to be, without ever making the evil itself sacred or necessary.** The wonder of redemption is not that suffering was good, but that suffering did not possess the power to extinguish every possibility of goodness.

This is the mystery of resurrection that has gradually become the deepest language of my own life. Resurrection does not pretend that wounds never existed. The risen Christ still bears the marks of the crucifixion. Yet those wounds no longer have the final word over His existence. They are not the end of the story. Life continues beyond them, transformed by a Love that death itself cannot contain. And in that mystery I find the spiritual meaning of everything I have tried to express through these memories: the possibility that a human life, however profoundly wounded, may still become a living testimony of new creation. Not because the injuries were insignificant, and not because healing is effortless, but because **Love opens horizons that cruelty cannot rightfully close.**

As the Gospel of John proclaims, **“The light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not” (John 1:5, KJV).** This is the light in which I wish these memories to be understood. Not as a monument to darkness, but as a witness to the life that continued emerging in spite of it. Not as a final account of everything that was taken away, but as the beginning of a testimony about everything that may still be given, shared, created, and brought to life. The darkness may have shaped many of the circumstances through which I lived, but it does not deserve to determine the ultimate meaning of my existence. That meaning belongs to the Love in which I continue discovering who I am and who I am called to become.

In this sense, these memories are not only a testimony about the past. They are also a living lesson about the future: about what can happen when a person is given the opportunity to recover, when dignity is recognized as unconditional, when suffering is met with compassion, and when hope is allowed to become an active force of transformation. They are an invitation to believe that no survivor should ever be considered beyond help, beyond healing, beyond belonging, or beyond the possibility of a meaningful and joyful life. They are an appeal to families, communities, professionals, institutions, and governments to understand that the protection of personhood is

not an abstract philosophical ideal. It is a responsibility expressed in the everyday conditions that allow every human being, beginning with every child, to grow in freedom, safety, and love.

And they are also an invitation to every person who has endured psychological abuse: do not mistake what was done to you for the entirety of who you are. Your wounds deserve recognition. Your losses deserve to be mourned. Your safety, dignity, and freedom deserve protection. You deserve support that respects your autonomy and does not demand that you heal according to someone else's timetable. You are not required to turn your suffering into a magnificent achievement in order for your life to possess infinite worth. **Your life is already worthy of care, simply because it is yours.** And if, someday, you discover within yourself the desire to begin again, to learn something new, to create something beautiful, to love someone freely, or simply to enjoy an ordinary peaceful day, that too is growth. That too is a victory of life.

For my part, I have come to understand that the greatest answer I can give to the experiences described in these pages is not to allow them to imprison the rest of my existence. It is to keep becoming. To keep choosing the gift of life, even while acknowledging how difficult life has sometimes been. To keep discovering the beauty of creation, the wonder of childhood, the dignity of every person, and the joy of contributing to a world in which others may flourish. To keep transforming remembrance into responsibility, pain into compassion, and the longing for justice into a commitment to help create conditions in which no one else must endure the same deprivation of freedom and personhood.

I want these memories to become a living lesson of hope: a testimony that the injuries of coercive control, however devastating, do not have to become the final boundaries of a human life. There are forms of suffering that no one should ever be asked to endure, and there are consequences that may require a lifetime of care. Yet the human capacity for growth, when supported by genuine love, safety, freedom, and meaningful help, can remain astonishingly resilient. What was interrupted may find new opportunities to develop. What was silenced may find its voice. What was isolated may discover communion. What was deprived of light may begin to shine. And what once seemed incapable of flourishing may, with time and care, begin to bloom.

That is the victory I wish to celebrate. Not a victory over other human beings, but a victory over the idea that cruelty possesses the authority to determine the destiny of those who suffer it. Not the triumph of revenge, but the triumph of a freedom that refuses to reproduce the domination it has endured. Not the denial of suffering, but its transformation into a deeper commitment to protect and nurture life. **The ultimate answer to dehumanization must be the unconditional affirmation of personhood. The ultimate answer to coercive control must be the empowerment of freedom. And the ultimate answer to a culture of psychological destruction must be a culture that makes human flourishing possible.**

For me, this is where the story of the Prisoner of the Unbeing begins to become something far greater than a story of imprisonment. It becomes the story of a life continually invited into resurrection. A life that I believe God Love has been patiently opening toward a mission of communion, creativity, service, *realidad del Cielo*, and new beginnings. A life in which the wounds of the past do not disappear from memory, but no longer need to govern the future either. A life in which the very freedom to grow becomes a way of giving thanks for the gift of existence as God created us to be and become according to His new humanization, His new ecclesialization, His new fraternization, His new evangelization, His new familiarization, His new sacramentalization... His new civilization of Love built as we choose together to keep walking as He walks in this new *camino de mar*...

And perhaps the greatest wonder of all is that I have come to see this future not merely as the possibility of my own healing, but as an invitation to help make the flourishing of others possible. The happiness of children, the dignity of those who have been excluded, the protection of vulnerable lives, the creation of communities where love becomes a lived reality: these are among the dreams through which I now envision the future that God Love continues opening before me. What began as the struggle to reclaim my own personhood has gradually become, in my understanding, a call to participate in the flourishing of many others. **I do not want merely to emerge from the Unbeing. I want to help build a world in which no one is ever made to feel that their personhood and fraternal dignity can be taken away.** This is where the language of my life begins to change into a new language, a language of new life, a language of new light: from imprisonment to communion, from the struggle to survive to the freedom to flourish, from the wounds of the past to the dreams of a new creation, from the darkness of the Unbeing to the radiance of a New Albor. It is with that new light language that I can speak new life in new ways that have been waiting so long to flourish. Yes, I believe that God Love has been opening my life toward something that no experience of cruelty could ever have rightfully claimed as its own: towards **the wonder and happiness of giving light to Jesus Charity, of making His Love visible and fruitful in the world, of participating in the coming to life of His Kingdom of New Albor as a whole America embraced as the new civilization of Love that we had been called to become since the very beginning of our discovery as a new world, as we celebrate it today, as I am writing this, on Indigenous Peoples' Day. Yes, new life that keeps growing together in communion will always keep triumphing over the shadows of each personhood colonization; we will keep becoming the new civilization we are called to become as a living Sanctuary of New Albor, embracing His new era of new fraternization as an America the loveful that keeps helping to be, helping to do, helping to grow, helping to glow, helping to bloom and helping to flow, growing together in more and more communion, ever more, letting Love grow on, glow on, bloom on and flow on, on and on, ever more, according to our *realiza del Cielo*.** I understand this mission not as a reward for suffering, nor as a justification for what happened, but as a freely embraced calling to love, to serve, and to make room for the full growth of others. The deepest victory is not that I endured what should never have happened. It is that I can still choose to answer the gift of life with more life, the gift of love with more love, and the promise of a future with the courage to help bring that future into being.

So, these memories do not end with the last act of coercion, the last imposed narrative, or the last injury to my dignity. They end by opening a door. Beyond that door lies a future that is not yet fully written, a future I continue discovering in faith, hope, and love. It is a future in which I wish to keep becoming more fully the person God Love calls me to be, and to help others become more fully themselves. A future in which the joy of being alive becomes inseparable from the joy of giving life, nurturing life, and sharing life in communion.

I am the girl who grew up, and I am still growing, because the epic victory of Love is also an epic victory of growth: *el Amor que vence es el Amor que crece*, a Love that keeps growing beyond the boundaries that others tried to impose upon my life, that keeps glowing with the light of a hope that suffering could not permanently extinguish, that keeps blooming into possibilities that once seemed unimaginable, and that keeps flowing toward a future that God Love continues opening for generations to come, a future in which every gift received becomes an invitation to give, every new beginning becomes an opportunity to love, and every act of genuine communion becomes a little more of Heaven made present here and now as a Presencia Real that will never stop growing on, glowing on, blooming on and flowing on in us. So, with the power of Love we keep **growing on, glowing on, blooming on, flowing on...** Not because the past was harmless. Not because the wounds were unreal. Not because Love required any of that suffering. But because **Love is greater than the suffering, life is greater than the injuries**

inflicted upon it, and the future remains open to the inexhaustible possibilities of new creation.

So, what follows now is no longer primarily the story of what others did to me, but a new life that comes from the Jesus Charity I was given the joy and gift to give light as a creative work, as an intellectual work, as a theological work and as a story of Love that grows: the story of what God Love dreams of bringing to life through me, with me, and in communion with others, the story of a new beginning, the story of a New Albor that affirms the personal sovereignty of all citizens as equal, free and dignified brothers and sisters with inherent fraternal dignity. This is **His story of an epic victory of Love: a Love that keeps choosing to radiate His new life, glowing in the middle of the world as stars of heaven that keep creating communion and fraternity, that keep radiating new life and that keep inviting all to grow on, glow on, bloom on, and flow on together into the fullness of His new life we are called to share as we adore Him with our whole growth, in spirit and truth, in humility and with fruits of conversion that are fruits of the flaming Holy Spirit that convert us in *amoreros*:**

¡Viva Cristo Amor, King of our personal sovereignty!

After this final reflection, I now want to conclude with... the growth that my life will always become after giving light to Jesus Charity, always giving light to His Word and to His dreams.

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 how lovable I am. Their treatment of my person does not determine my value. 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 and the inherent recognition of fraternal 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 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 fraternal 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. I am still growing. This story of Love that grows 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 He grants me the grace to grow within me. This is part of what it means to me to keep becoming a living Eucharist: not merely to survive, but to allow His life that grows within me to keep becoming 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 fulfilled personal formation, though a fully given 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 abuses and crimes attempted to reduce a human being to an object, Divine Charity made it possible to create new ways of growth and encounters as brothers and sisters. Where violence attempted to produce fear, Divine Charity made it possible to create communion. Where suffering threatened to make the future unimaginable, hope dared to dream again. Where someone had been treated as though her existence was unwanted, God Love chose to 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 the new life I had been granted to embrace through Jesus Charity’s growing Real Presence through the years I had been granted to give Him light.

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.

I am grateful that I have been able to remain faithful.

I am grateful that I have been able to embrace joy and tenderness.

I am grateful that I have been able to cry and embrace human nature passionately.

I am grateful I have been able to be brave.

I am grateful I have been able to embrace wonder upon God Love's indwelling mystery every day.

I am grateful I have been able to forgive.

I am grateful I have been able to choose to follow Jesus Charity's dream every morning.

I am grateful that I am still able to grow on, glow on, bloom on, flow on... for His glory.

My gratitude for life and this growthfulness 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 the living and incarnated Eucharist He says I am as a princess of Heaven.

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 Him with our whole growth.

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.

Today, October 12, 2026, the day I am concluding these *Memories of a Prisoner of the Unbeing*, is a day of extraordinary symbolic meaning. Today is the observance of Columbus Day in the United States, a date also commemorated as Indigenous Peoples' Day by communities that choose to honor the peoples whose civilizations inhabited the Americas long before the arrival of Europeans. It is a day in which the memories of the American continent encounter one another: memories of discovery and encounter, but also of conquest, dispossession, enslavement, cultural destruction, resistance, and survival. It is a day in which the meaning of what it means to be American can be contemplated not merely as a historical inheritance, but as a question about the future we are called to create together.

Last night, I dreamed of celebrating this day as an **American Birthday**. Not a birthday commemorating the birth of America as though its Indigenous peoples had not already existed, nor a celebration of the violence through which European colonial empires established their domination over the continent. Rather, I dreamed of an American birthday celebrating the possibility of a new birth: **the birth of a New America, an America the Loveful, a continent choosing to transform its historical wounds into a new civilization of Love**. It was a birthday of healing. A birthday of fraternity. A birthday of new creation. An American birthday in which the entire continent was invited to celebrate not the triumph of one people over another, but the possibility of all its peoples finally learning to grow together as free, equal, and dignified brothers and sisters.

As it also happens with my *Memories of a Prisoner of the Unbeing*, in last night's dream it was as though the historical memory of the Americas, with all its contradictions and wounds, was being invited into a new dawn: a *New Albor*, a new beginning in which the past would no longer be denied, romanticized, or repeated, but remembered truthfully so that its suffering could become a call to justice, reconciliation, and new life. Yes, I find it deeply meaningful that this dream came precisely as I was completing these memories, because, in a certain sense, the story of my life and the story of the American continent share a profound moral question: **What becomes possible when a history marked by the denial of personhood is no longer allowed to determine the future of those whose dignity was denied?** What happens when the wounded refuse to surrender the possibility of a new beginning? What happens when the history of domination becomes a reason to create a civilization founded upon fraternity? What happens when the memory of suffering becomes an invitation to build a world in which no one else must suffer the same denial of human dignity? What happens when we begin to understand that the deepest meaning of a New World is not the possession of new lands, but the possibility of a renewed humanity? These are not merely political or historical questions. They are profoundly theological questions about the meaning of creation, redemption, human dignity, and the responsibility we bear for one another as children of God Love. They are questions about the civilization of Love we are called to become.

I. Two Histories of Wounded Personhood, Two Invitations to New Life

Throughout these memories, I have attempted to describe the devastating consequences of systematic depersonalization: the prolonged denial of my autonomy, the repeated experience of having my personal identity defined by others, and the profound injuries that can emerge when a human being is deprived of the conditions necessary to grow freely. The most painful dimension of this experience was not simply the suffering itself. It was the experience of being treated as though my personhood were conditional—as though the freedom to become fully myself depended upon the approval, interpretation, or control of others. This is what I have called the

Unbeing: a condition in which a human being experiences the deprivation of the practical freedom to exist as a person in their own right.

And yet, after writing these memories, I find myself contemplating something extraordinary: the story does not end there. The story continues with the possibility of healing, with the restoration of personal agency, with the discovery of new forms of creativity and communion, and with the freedom to imagine a future that no longer belongs to the coercive circumstances of the past. It becomes a story of Love that grows.

When we contemplate the history of the Americas, we recognize a parallel—not an equivalence between individual psychological trauma and the immense collective suffering of colonization, but a shared moral truth about the consequences of denying personhood. The colonial history of the Americas contains centuries in which entire peoples were subjected to political, economic, cultural, and spiritual systems that frequently denied their inherent dignity. Indigenous communities were displaced from ancestral lands. African men, women, and children were forcibly transported across the Atlantic and enslaved. Peoples were classified through racial hierarchies that assigned unequal value to human lives. Languages, spiritual traditions, political institutions, and cultural identities were suppressed or subordinated. The ability to participate in the social and political community as a fully recognized person was frequently determined by ancestry, race, legal status, property, gender, or proximity to colonial power.

In the Caribbean, these wounds are particularly profound. The Taíno peoples suffered catastrophic demographic losses through disease, warfare, exploitation, forced labor, and colonial disruption. Their societies were devastated, yet their descendants and elements of their cultural inheritance endure, including in Puerto Rico. The African diaspora, formed in large part through the violence of slavery, became inseparable from the history, culture, spirituality, and identity of the Americas.

Our continent was shaped not only by encounters among civilizations, but also by the profound injustice of people being denied the freedom to determine the course of their own lives. This is why I believe the history of the Americas cannot be understood adequately through the language of discovery alone. **A land may be discovered by those who did not previously know it, but its peoples do not become human only when someone else discovers them.** They were already persons. They were already peoples. They already possessed cultures, memories, relationships, languages, knowledge, forms of belonging, and human dignity. Their personhood did not begin with European recognition, and their dignity did not depend upon colonial authorization. This is the fundamental truth that must illuminate any genuine new evangelization of the Americas: the human person does not receive personhood from the power that encounters, governs, converts, classifies, or claims authority over them. Personhood precedes power, dignity precedes recognition, and fraternity must precede domination.

This is precisely the moral foundation we have attempted to articulate throughout *Summa Personae*: **we cannot build a truly just society while treating personhood as something that may be granted selectively, conditioned upon compliance, or withdrawn through the exercise of power.** The wounds of colonization remind us of what happens when this truth is forgotten, but exactly as it happens with my wounds in these Memories of a Prisoner of the Unbeing that we are concluding now, those colonial wounds need not dictate what the Americas will become. Just as the injuries of my own past do not possess the authority to determine the entirety of my future, the colonial injuries of the Americas do not have to determine the future relationships among their peoples. Historical wounds must be remembered and addressed, not

erased. Their consequences require justice, repair, and institutional transformation. Yet history is not an irrevocable command to repeat the past: the future remains open, and in that openness lies the possibility of a new American civilization of Love.

II. Our Lady of Guadalupe: The New World Was Called to Fraternize, Not to Colonize

For me, one of the most beautiful signs of what the Americas were called to become can be contemplated through Our Lady of Guadalupe. In 1531, according to Catholic tradition, the Virgin Mary appeared to Saint Juan Diego Cuauhtlatotzin, an Indigenous man, on the hill of Tepeyac, in what is now Mexico City. The historical context of this devotion is profoundly significant. Only a decade had passed since the fall of Tenochtitlan. The peoples of central Mexico were living through the upheaval of conquest, colonial domination, religious transformation, and profound social disruption. Yet the Guadalupe tradition presents an extraordinary reversal of the usual direction of colonial authority. Mary does not choose a conquistador as her messenger. She does not entrust her message to a colonial governor. She does not begin by addressing the most powerful people of the emerging colonial society. She approaches Juan Diego, an Indigenous man whose social position might otherwise have made him easy to disregard. And she entrusts him with a message. In the *Nican Mopohua*, the traditional Nahuatl account of the apparitions, Mary addresses Juan Diego with the tenderness of a mother. In commonly used English translations, her reassurance includes the words: “**Am I not here, I who am your mother?**”

What an extraordinary way to contemplate the beginnings of a genuinely new evangelization! Not through the imposition of superiority, but through an encounter of tenderness. Not through the annihilation of identity, but through the recognition of a person who already possesses dignity. Not through the proclamation that one people must disappear into another, but through a message of maternal care that crosses cultural boundaries. The Guadalupe tradition is not a denial of the injustices of the colonial period. It is a spiritual possibility arising within that wounded history, inviting believers to imagine a different way of encountering one another.

If you consider that eventually Jesus Charity would become socio-culturally given light in the first episcopal see of the whole Americas, in the land where the first American people would become extinct due to the colonization, the Taino people, you can be amazed to discover: Jesus Charity was the unborn child of Our Lady of Guadalupe, waiting the time with the proper cultural progress to be given light and so let be known His call to a new evangelization along a new fraternization and a whole family evangelization project, growing together as an America that grows as His kingdom of new albor, choosing to grow on, glow on, bloom on and flow on together as His new civilization of Love.

And this, for me, is the deepest meaning of Guadalupe as a sign of a new evangelization that goes along a new fraternization that gives light to a new era of new fraternization, a new era to learn to grow together in communion as free, equal and dignified brothers and sisters: **the New World was not called by God Love to become a civilization in which peoples colonized one another. It was called to become a civilization of Love in which peoples learned to fraternize with one another.**

The difference is fundamental. Colonization, when understood as domination, demands that one people become subordinate to another. Fraternization recognizes that peoples may encounter one another without surrendering their inherent dignity. Colonization imposes an identity. Fraternization welcomes the person and the people who already exist. Colonization can transform cultural difference into a hierarchy. Fraternization transforms cultural difference into an

opportunity for reciprocal enrichment. Colonization asks who possesses the authority to rule. Fraternization asks how we may become responsible for one another's flourishing. This is why I contemplate Our Lady of Guadalupe as a profound symbol of the new evangelization that the Americas might have embraced from the beginning: an evangelization inseparable from the recognition of personhood, cultural dignity, and the freedom of conscience.

The Gospel itself offers the foundation for this understanding. Saint Paul writes: **“There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.” — Galatians 3:28**

This does not mean that cultural identities must disappear, that historical differences become irrelevant, or that every person must abandon the particular inheritance through which they understand themselves. Rather, it means that no such distinction can justify a hierarchy of human worth within the communion of Christ. The unity of the children of God is not uniformity. It is communion. Genuine communion does not annihilate the persons who enter into it, it enables them to flourish.

The Church's own social teaching offers a powerful formulation of this calling. In *Fratelli Tutti*, Pope Francis writes: **“Love, then, is more than just a series of benevolent actions.”** This insight is essential because fraternity cannot be reduced to occasional generosity. It must become a way of organizing our relationships, our institutions, our political communities, our economies, and our shared responsibilities. It must become a culture. It must become a civilization. And so, when I contemplate Guadalupe, I see more than a Marian devotion associated with the religious history of Mexico. I see an invitation to contemplate the possibility of an American civilization that learns to recognize the dignity of every people. A civilization in which Indigenous identity is neither erased nor romanticized, but respected as a living inheritance. A civilization in which the descendants of enslaved Africans are recognized as full participants in the shaping of our common future. A civilization in which the descendants of European settlers and immigrants can acknowledge both the gifts and the injustices within their histories without denying the dignity of others. A civilization in which people of every faith, and people of no religious faith, may participate freely in a common commitment to justice, peace, and human flourishing. A civilization in which evangelization, for those who embrace the Christian faith, becomes a witness of charity rather than an instrument of coercion.

Guadalupe invites me to imagine an America in which we do not need to conquer one another in order to encounter one another. We need only learn to recognize one another as persons. As neighbors. As peoples. As brothers and sisters. As one human family. That is the most beautiful way to celebrate an American birthday: not by commemorating the beginning of anyone's domination, but by celebrating the possibility of a continent that finally learns to live the fraternity it was always capable of choosing.

III. From the Colonial Order to a New Ordo Caritatis

Throughout the history of the Americas, the word *order* has often been associated with the organization of power. Colonial orders determined who governed and who obeyed, who possessed land and who labored upon it, who belonged to the political community and who remained excluded from it. But the existence of an established order does not necessarily mean that the order is just. An orderly system may still be profoundly dehumanizing. A legally recognized hierarchy may still deny the inherent dignity of those subjected to it. A civilization may possess

sophisticated institutions while remaining morally impoverished if those institutions fail to protect the freedom and personhood of the people they govern.

This is why Jesus Charity has given to contemplate the need for a new *Ordo Caritatis* and a new *Ordo Novi Alboris*: an Order of Charity that begins within the heart, until becoming a whole continental New Albor Order to affirm the growing together in communion of all American citizens as brothers and sisters in Love, for Love, by Love and with Love.

Not an order of domination disguised in religious language. Not a hierarchy in which one nation claims the right to determine the destiny of another. Not a political arrangement that demands the surrender of personal sovereignty in exchange for belonging. Rather, a communion order in which charity becomes the organizing principles of our responsibility for one another. An order in which the purpose of power is service. An order in which authority is measured by its capacity to protect dignity and enable flourishing. An order in which the freedom of each person is recognized as inseparable from the responsibility to create conditions in which others may also be free.

Saint Augustine's famous teaching offers a foundation for this vision: **"Love, and do what you will."** — *Homilies on the First Epistle of John, 7.8* These words are not permission to act arbitrarily. They invite us to understand that authentic love transforms the moral direction of our actions. Love cannot be genuine when it seeks to destroy the person it claims to love. Charity cannot be genuine when it depends upon coercion. Fraternity cannot be genuine when it requires the submission of one brother or sister to another. Peace cannot be genuine when it is merely the silence of those who have been deprived of the freedom to speak.

A new *Ordo Caritatis* that gives light to a new *Ordo Novi Alboris* must therefore begin with a fundamental conversion in our understanding of power. **Power is not given by Jesus Charity to annihilate personhood, but to serve the conditions in which personhood may flourish.** This is true within families. It is true within schools. It is true within religious communities. It is true within governments. And it must be true within the relationships among the nations and peoples of the American continent.

The new order Jesus Charity dreams for America as His kingdom of new albor of is not founded upon the replacement of one empire with another. It is founded upon the rejection of domination as the principle through which peoples relate to one another. It is an order of mutual fraternal responsibility. An order of unconditional human dignity. An order of personal sovereignty exercised in communion. An order of peoples who recognize that the greatness of a civilization cannot be measured merely by the wealth it accumulates, the territory it controls, or the military power it commands. According to Jesus Charity, the greatness of a civilization of Love must also be measured by the opportunities it creates for every person to become fully human. Especially the smallest. Especially the poorest. Especially those whose voices have historically been silenced. Especially the children, for the children of the Americas are not merely the future inhabitants of our civilization: they are already persons, already citizens or members of their communities, already bearers of dignity, already entitled to protection, participation, development, and the conditions necessary for their full growth.

If we wish to begin the new civilization of Love Jesus Charity dreams us to become as His American new albor kingdom, we must begin by asking whether every child born within the Americas is given a genuine opportunity to flourish. A civilization that celebrates freedom while abandoning its children to poverty, abuse, educational deprivation, discrimination, or preventable suffering has not yet fulfilled the promise of fraternity. A civilization that recognizes the sovereignty

of nations while failing to recognize the inherent dignity of persons remains morally incomplete. A civilization that speaks of progress while leaving entire communities without meaningful opportunities for growth has not yet understood what genuine human progress requires.

So, this new *Ordo Caritatis* that gives light to His new *Ordo Novi Alboris* must therefore become a living commitment to a simple but revolutionary principle:

Every person is called to grow unconditionally beloved, as a beloved of God Love properly formed to help to be, help to do, help to grow, help to glow, help to bloom and help to flow growing together in communion, growing together in Love, with Love, by Love and for Love. No person should have to diminish another person in order to grow as he or she has been created and called to be. No people should have to dominate another people in order to become the best person they can be, becoming together the best “we, the people” we can be as we keep becoming the best “we, the kingdom of new albor” we can become.

Yes, we are called to grow together, and the more fully we learn to grow together, the more fully our common humanity becomes visible.

IV. The American Alliance: From a Continent of Colonial Wounds to a Continent of Fraternal Peoples

This is the spiritual and moral horizon in which Jesus Charity proposes us to grow on and become an American Alliance. An alliance embracing the peoples of the entire American continent, from the northernmost communities of North America to the southernmost lands of South America, including the Caribbean islands, the Indigenous nations, the sovereign states, and the territories whose political status remains shaped by complex histories of colonialism and unequal sovereignty. An alliance not founded upon the assumption that the Americas must become culturally identical or politically absorbed into a single nation. Rather, an alliance grounded in His charity alliance, in His call to consecrate us to live charity, beginning with the consecration of United States to Him, to live charity making possible that everyone can grow as an unconditionally beloved brother and sister, embracing together the recognition that **we can remain many peoples while becoming increasingly responsible for one another as one American family.**

E pluribus unum—out of many, one—is a motto associated with the United States, but Jesus Charity dreams of us contemplating its ethical and empowering possibilities across the entire continent. Not one through the disappearance of the many. Not one through the subordination of the many. Not one through the forced assimilation of the many. But one through a freely embraced fraternity that honors the dignity of each people. A unity in which plurality is not a problem to be overcome, but a richness to be welcomed. A unity in which sovereignty becomes a responsibility to serve the common good rather than an excuse for indifference toward the suffering of neighboring peoples. A unity in which the political dignity of sovereign nations can coexist with meaningful participation by territories, Indigenous communities, and other peoples whose voices have not always been equally represented in continental affairs.

This is what Jesus Charity has envisioned through the *Ordo Novi Alboris*: a new order of the dawn, a continental vocation of fraternity in which representatives of different peoples become guardians of a shared commitment to human dignity and growth.

The distinction between the two orders is meaningful.

The *Ordo Caritatis* expresses the moral and spiritual principle: charity as the foundation of our responsibility for one another's growth. The *Ordo Novi Alboris* is given light from this order, but eventually they become two different growthful pathways. The *Ordo Novi Alboris* expresses the possibility of giving that principle a living form in the relationships, institutions, cultures, and cooperative commitments of the Americas that are founded in our loveful call to keep growing together in more and more communion, ever more. One asks: **How must we love?** The other asks: **How shall we organize our common life so that love becomes visible through justice, freedom, participation, and human flourishing?** The American Alliance becomes the continental horizon in which those questions can be explored together, not as a replacement for existing democratic institutions, nor as a claim of authority over unwilling peoples, but as a proposal for a new depth of continental cooperation. A cooperation that begins with the unconditional recognition of personhood. A cooperation that seeks to protect the cultural and political agency of every participating people. A cooperation that understands fraternity as a responsibility to promote equitable opportunities for growth. A cooperation that refuses to confuse unity with domination. A cooperation that recognizes that the future of the Americas will be more humane when the prosperity of one community is no longer regarded as independent of the well-being of its neighbors.

The Latin American tradition offers powerful voices for this dream. Simón Bolívar, contemplating the possibility of closer relations among the newly independent American republics, wrote in his 1815 *Letter from Jamaica*: **"I desire more than any other to see the formation in America of the greatest nation in the world."** Bolívar's own vision emerged from a particular historical and political context, and the histories of independence movements contain contradictions that must not be overlooked. Yet his aspiration toward continental unity continues to invite reflection. What would it mean, today, to imagine the greatness of America not primarily through territorial expansion or political power, but through the depth of its commitment to human dignity? What if the greatest America were the America that most fully protected its children? The America that most successfully confronted the legacies of slavery and colonial exclusion? The America that most faithfully recognized the equal worth of its Indigenous, African-descended, European-descended, mixed-heritage, immigrant, and culturally diverse peoples? The America that most effectively created opportunities for all its inhabitants to learn, create, participate, and flourish? The America that became great not because it dominated others, but because it helped others grow?

José Martí, another great voice of American thought, wrote in *Nuestra América*: **"Los pueblos que no se conocen han de darse prisa para conocerse."** Peoples who do not know one another must hurry to get to know one another. What a beautiful beginning for a new fraternization! Before we can genuinely cooperate, we must learn to encounter one another. Before we can become responsible for one another's flourishing, we must become willing to understand one another's histories, languages, wounds, gifts, aspirations, and dreams. Before we can build a continental civilization of Love, we must learn to recognize the humanity that colonial hierarchies so often obscured. This is one of the greatest educational missions of the American Alliance: helping the children of the Americas discover that their continent is not merely a collection of countries separated by borders, languages, and historical grievances. It is also a vast human community filled with opportunities for mutual learning. Imagine children in Puerto Rico learning alongside children in Mexico, Canada, Brazil, the United States, Haiti, Peru, Guatemala, Colombia, and the many other nations and communities of the Americas. Imagine classrooms sharing stories, histories, scientific discoveries, songs, art, traditions, and dreams. Imagine children learning not only where neighboring countries are located, but how their peoples live, what they have suffered, what they have contributed, and what they hope to become. Imagine educational cooperation that recognizes every child as a person capable of contributing to the

future of the continent. Imagine an American Alliance in which the question is no longer merely how nations may compete successfully, but how peoples may help one another grow successfully.

Yes, we can grow best, when we help one another grow! This is the kind of American greatness Jesus Charity dreams of. Not an empire. Not a new colonial hierarchy, but a growing communion of peoples, a family of nations and communities that learns to understand sovereignty through service and freedom through mutual responsibility, an America in which the word *alliance* becomes inseparable from the word *fraternity*.

V. A Declaration of New Fraternization: We, the Growthful Peoples of the Americas

In last night's dream, the American birthday seemed to celebrate more than a historical anniversary. It seemed to celebrate the possibility of a new declaration: a **Declaration of New Fraternization**. Not a declaration that erases the histories of the nations that already exist. Not a declaration that claims to speak on behalf of peoples who have not consented to its principles. Rather, a proposed declaration through which the peoples of the Americas might freely affirm a common moral commitment to one another. A declaration that begins where the history of colonialism so often failed: with the unconditional recognition of personhood.

The United States Declaration of Independence proclaims that “**all men are created equal.**” Yet the historical reality of slavery, Indigenous dispossession, the exclusion of women from equal political participation, and other forms of discrimination demonstrates how profoundly the implementation of that principle fell short of its universal language. The contradiction remains one of the most important moral lessons of American history. A civilization may proclaim equality while denying it to those whom it refuses to recognize as full participants in its political community. This is why the next great declaration of American fraternity must go beyond proclaiming equality in abstract terms. It must ask how equality can become a lived reality. How freedom can become accessible to those whose circumstances have deprived them of meaningful autonomy. How dignity can become the organizing principle of institutions. How children can grow without having their possibilities determined by poverty, exploitation, discrimination, or abuse. How peoples can cooperate without reproducing colonial relationships of dependence and domination. How the meaning of *We, the People* can become more fraternally and inherently inclusive.

Jesus Charity dreams of a declaration beginning with words such as these:

We, the Growthful Peoples of the Americas,

Recognizing the inherent and unconditional dignity of every human person;

Remembering the suffering caused by conquest, slavery, dispossession, racial hierarchies, coercive domination, and the historical denial of personhood;

Honoring the living cultures, identities, memories, and contributions of the Indigenous peoples and of every people who forms part of our continental human family;

Affirming that no nation, government, institution, community, or individual possesses the moral authority to deprive another human being of inherent personhood;

Recognizing that personal sovereignty, freedom of conscience, cultural dignity, and meaningful participation are indispensable to genuine fraternity;

Committing ourselves to the protection of children, the healing of historical wounds, the pursuit of justice, and the creation of equitable opportunities for human flourishing;

And choosing to build relationships among our peoples founded not upon colonization, but upon cooperation, mutual recognition, and shared responsibility;

Declare our commitment to a New Fraternization of the Americas: a common future in which every person may grow as a free, equal, and dignified brother or sister, and every people may contribute its gifts to a more just, peaceful, and flourishing continental community.

Never again personhood conditioned upon power.

Never again fraternity founded upon domination.

Never again unity purchased through the erasure of another people's identity.

Ever more the freedom to grow together in communion.

Such a declaration would not, by itself, heal the historical wounds of the continent. Words are not substitutes for justice. Declarations are not substitutes for institutional responsibility. Fraternity cannot become genuine merely because we proclaim it. But declarations can become commitments. Commitments can become institutions. Institutions can create opportunities. Opportunities can change lives. The great moral transformation of the Americas must therefore be measured not only by the beauty of its language, but by the lives that language helps protect and empower.

A new fraternization becomes real when a child receives an education that opens possibilities instead of closing them. When a family receives the support necessary to live with dignity. When Indigenous communities are able to preserve their languages, exercise their rights, and participate meaningfully in decisions affecting their futures. When communities historically burdened by discrimination gain equitable access to opportunities. When victims of abuse are protected rather than silenced. When people living in territories with unequal political arrangements can participate freely in determining their collective futures. When human beings are recognized as persons before they are categorized by their social status. When the freedom to grow becomes a shared responsibility.

That is how a declaration begins to become a civilization. That is how Jesus Charity's dream of a new American birthday begins to become a living reality.

VI. From the Prisoner of the Unbeing to the Peoples of New Albor

This is where the parallel between my memories and the memories of the American continent becomes most profound.

Throughout my life, I have struggled with the experience of having my autonomy and identity constrained by circumstances that were coercive and depersonalizing. In the same way, throughout their histories, many peoples of the Americas have struggled against institutions that denied them political agency, cultural recognition, or equal human dignity. These histories are different in scale, context, and consequences. They cannot be reduced to the same experience. Yet they illuminate a shared moral danger: the belief that one person or one people may claim the authority to determine the personhood, identity, and future of another. They illuminate a shared possibility: the refusal to accept domination as the final form of human relationships.

This is why I believe the most important lesson of these memories extends beyond the circumstances of my individual life. **The opposite of the Unbeing is not merely survival. It is the restoration of the freedom to grow and become.** The opposite of a colonial civilization founded upon domination is not merely the disappearance of colonial administrations. It is the emergence of relationships in which the dignity and agency of every people are genuinely recognized. It is the transformation of political freedom into the possibility of human flourishing. It is the growth of fraternity.

The Brazilian educator Paulo Freire wrote in *Pedagogy of the Oppressed*: **“No one liberates anyone else, nor does anyone liberate himself alone. People liberate themselves in fellowship with each other.”** This insight expresses something essential to the kind of future we envisioned last night. Freedom cannot simply be bestowed upon passive recipients by those who retain all the power, nor is human liberation a solitary achievement detached from relationships and social conditions. We become more fully free when we participate in transforming the conditions that restrict our freedom. We grow through relationships that recognize our agency rather than replace it. We flourish through communities that create opportunities for participation rather than demand submission. We become more fully human when our freedom is exercised alongside the freedom of others.

This is the meaning of growth in communion. Communion is not the dissolution of the person into a collective identity. It is the relationship through which persons remain fully themselves while becoming increasingly capable of mutual love, responsibility, and shared flourishing. In this sense, the civilization of Love we dream of is not a civilization in which everyone must think alike, believe alike, speak alike, or live alike. It is a civilization in which difference no longer serves as a justification for domination. A civilization in which plurality becomes an invitation to communion. A civilization in which the sovereignty of the person is protected precisely because each person is recognized as an irreplaceable participant in the human family. This is why Jesus Charity calls the American future He envisions a *New Albor kingdom*. Not because the past disappears with the rising sun, but because the rising sun reveals that the future is not exhausted by the darkness that preceded it. The dawn does not deny the night. It announces that the night is not everything.

The new albor of the Americas must therefore be a dawn of historical truth. A dawn of justice. A dawn of Indigenous dignity. A dawn of racial equality. A dawn of freedom of conscience. A dawn of educational opportunity. A dawn of children's rights. A dawn of personal sovereignty. A dawn of fraternity among peoples. A dawn in which the wounds of the past become reasons to protect the dignity of future generations. Just as I have come to describe myself as *the girl who grew up*, we dream of an America that may someday be described as **the continent that learned to grow together**. The continent that refused to allow the history of domination to become the permanent structure of its relationships. The continent that learned to transform remembrance into responsibility. The continent that chose to become a family without demanding the disappearance of its many peoples. The continent that discovered that greatness is not measured by how much

one nation can take from another, but by how much new life its peoples can make possible together. The continent that chose to become Loveful.

VII. A Living Sanctuary of New Albor

In last night's contemplative dream, the American continent is called to become something even more beautiful than a political alliance. It is called to become a **living sanctuary of New Albor**. Not a sanctuary enclosed by walls. Not a sanctuary belonging exclusively to one nation, ethnicity, or religious community. Not a sanctuary in which the Christian faith is imposed upon those who do not share it, but a living sanctuary understood, within my Christian vision, as a continent whose shared life increasingly reflects the dignity, charity, and communion to which God Love calls humanity. A sanctuary whose living stones are persons. A sanctuary whose beauty is found in the flourishing of its peoples. A sanctuary whose offering is the freely given work of creating justice, peace, beauty, and opportunities for life. A sanctuary whose light becomes visible whenever one human being helps another become more fully alive.

Saint Paul writes: **"Ye are the temple of the living God."** — **2 Cor 6:16**. Saint Peter speaks of believers as **"lively stones"** being built into a spiritual house (1 Peter 2:5). These biblical images invite me to contemplate the meaning of a living sanctuary. A sanctuary is not made holy merely by the beauty of its architecture. Its holiness is expressed through the lives of those who inhabit it and through the charity that becomes visible among them. In this sense, a living sanctuary of New Albor would not be measured by the number of monuments erected in the name of God. It would be measured by the extent to which human dignity is protected, by the extent to which children are loved, by the extent to which the vulnerable are accompanied, by the extent to which communities are enabled to flourish, by the extent to which human relationships become more truthful, more merciful, more just, and more free. Within our spiritual envisioning shared last night,, this sanctuary becomes inseparable from the image of the incarnated Eucharist. We contemplate the Eucharist as the incarnated mystery of Divine Love given for the life of the world. A Love that does not hoard itself. A Love that becomes gift. A Love that invites communion. A Love that sends those who receive it to become instruments of charity.

Jesus says: **"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."** — **John 10:10**. What a beautiful foundation for contemplating the meaning of a New Albor! Life in abundance. Not merely the absence of death. Not merely the absence of oppression. But the fullness of life made possible through love. The opportunity to grow. The freedom to create. The dignity of belonging. The joy of learning. The beauty of serving. The wonder of becoming. The happiness of helping others become.

This is what we mean when we share the call of adoring Jesus Charity with our whole growth. Not that human achievement replaces worship. Not that economic development becomes a sacrament. Not that a political institution can claim divine authority over human conscience. Rather, that the growth of human life, when freely offered in charity, can become a living expression of thanksgiving. A teacher who helps a child discover the joy of learning participates in the flourishing of life. A community that protects a victim of abuse participates in the restoration of dignity. A government that creates equitable opportunities for its citizens fulfills a responsibility of service. A nation that chooses cooperation rather than domination contributes to the possibility of peace. A person who freely offers their creativity, knowledge, work, and compassion for the good of others makes Divine Love visible. Within our envisioning of a Christian faith, these become ways of responding to the charity of Christ. Ways of allowing the gift of life to become a gift for others. Ways of making the world a little more capable of reflecting the communion of

Heaven: **as in Heaven, so on Earth**. Not by claiming that earthly societies can become perfect. Not by denying the limitations of human institutions. But by allowing the hope of God's Kingdom to inspire a more faithful responsibility for the human beings with whom we share the world.

VIII. Jesus Charity, the Morning Star, and the New Ordo Novi Alboris

The Book of Revelation offers one of the most beautiful biblical images for the meaning of new creation: **“Behold, I make all things new.” — Rev 21:5**. Not merely different. Not merely reorganized. New.

This promise has become profoundly meaningful within the contemplative language through Jesus Charity and His New Albor are meant to be understood. Jesus Charity is the name through which we can contemplate Christ's inexhaustible Charity and the creative mission He call us to express through incarnated theology, integrative philosophy, imagination, and life. His New Albor is the image of that Divine Charity continually inviting new life into being, continually radiating new life that grows in more and more fully incarnated communion, ever more.

Christ identifies Himself in Revelation as **“the bright and morning star”** (Revelation 22:16, KJV). The morning star announces the dawn. It does not deny that darkness has existed. It announces the coming of light. In our contemplative envisioning, the Morning Star becomes a sign of the life that God Love continually calls forth from places where hope seemed impossible. The life that continues growing after trauma. The fraternity that may emerge after generations of division. The reconciliation that becomes possible when historical truth is acknowledged. The new opportunities that arise when people choose to cooperate. The beauty that becomes possible when creativity is no longer suppressed. The communion that grows when persons recognize one another as equally beloved.

This is how we contemplate the emergence of an *Ordo Novi Alboris*. It is not simply a new political arrangement. It is a vision of a new direction for our common life. A conception in which formation replaces domination. A direction in which service replaces the pursuit of superiority. A direction in which fraternity replaces the presumption that one people must rule another. A direction in which personal sovereignty becomes the inviolable foundation of our relationships. A direction in which the progress of a civilization is measured by the flourishing of its persons.

The *Ordo Caritatis* calls us to be formed in Divine Love that becomes progressively more and more incarnated in us as we keep becoming a living icon of Divine Charity-with-us-and-within-us. The *Ordo Novi Alboris* calls us to allow that Divine Love to become a formative principle of civilization. The American Alliance becomes a possible expression of the commitment to walk together toward that horizon. This is why Jesus Charity calls the United States to freely embrace a dedication to the values of freedom in charity, justice, and human dignity through a spiritual consecration to Him, a consecration to live charity making possible that everyone can grow as an unconditionally beloved brother and sister. Such a consecration, within the Christian tradition, would be meaningful only as a free act of faith and commitment, never as a justification for governmental coercion or religious inequality.

The United States is home to people of many religious traditions and to people who profess no religion. Their equal citizenship and freedom of conscience must remain unconditional. But Christians can freely pray that their nation may become more faithful to the moral responsibilities of love. More faithful to the dignity of every child. More faithful to the equality of every citizen. More faithful to justice. More faithful to the responsibility of power as service. More faithful to the

recognition that no person's worth depends upon the approval of another. Within that freedom, the kingship that Jesus Charity proposes to the United States as first nation consecrated to live charity as a kingship that is not an empire but an alliance that does not annihilate personal sovereignty, but calls us to respect the sacred dignity of every person.

Christ Himself teaches: **“Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.” — Mt 20:27.** What a radical understanding of kingship! The greatness of authority is revealed through service. The dignity of leadership is expressed through responsibility. The power of love is manifested not by diminishing others, but by helping them flourish. This is precisely the kind of sovereignty I dream of seeing reflected in our personal, communal, and political lives. A sovereignty of service. A sovereignty that protects freedom. A sovereignty that recognizes the person. A sovereignty that makes growth possible. A sovereignty that never mistakes domination for love.

¡Viva Cristo Amor, King of our personal sovereignty!

May the contemplation of His kingship inspire us to become more faithful guardians of the dignity He calls us to recognize in one another.

IX. The American Loveful Harvest: A Continent That Grows Together

Now I return to the dream of last night. The American birthday. The birthday of a New America. The birthday of an America the Loveful. It was as a celebration of new life, a celebration in which the meaning of the American continent was no longer confined to the wounds of its colonial past, but opened toward the possibility of a future of fraternity. It was a birthday of growth. A birthday of healing. A birthday of communion. A birthday in which the whole continent seemed invited to dance into a new dawn. And perhaps the image that most beautifully expresses its meaning is the image of a harvest: an **American Loveful Harvest**. A harvest in which the seeds of justice, truth, freedom, compassion, education, and mutual responsibility are cultivated so that future generations may enjoy fruits that earlier generations were denied. A harvest that does not belong exclusively to one nation. A harvest that does not demand the disappearance of cultural differences. A harvest in which the beauty of each people contributes to the richness of the whole. A harvest in which the flourishing of one community becomes an invitation to help another community flourish. A harvest in which the children of the Americas inherit not merely the memory of historical suffering, but the institutions, relationships, and opportunities through which a more humane future can become possible.

Jesus teaches: **“The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed.” — Mt 13:31.** The image is simple, yet profoundly meaningful. Something small can grow. Something apparently insignificant can become a place of shelter. Something that begins quietly can bear fruit beyond what its beginnings seemed to promise. This is how we contemplate a new American fraternization: not necessarily through one grand historical event that immediately transforms every nation, but through the patient growth of relationships. Through education. Through cultural exchange. Through acts of solidarity. Through institutions committed to human dignity. Through communities learning to protect their most vulnerable members. Through children growing up with a deeper awareness of their common humanity. Through citizens learning that patriotism need not require hostility toward neighboring peoples. Through nations discovering that cooperation can become a source of shared prosperity. Through the gradual formation of a culture in which the dignity of every person is regarded as a responsibility of the whole community. Through the courage to imagine what has not yet existed, for imagination is not merely an escape from reality:

it can also become the beginning of a new fraternal responsibility. Before a school is built, someone must imagine that children deserve a place to learn. Before a law protects a previously excluded community, someone must imagine that the existing injustice can be corrected. Before peoples reconcile, someone must imagine that their relationship need not remain imprisoned by historical hostility. Before a civilization changes, someone must dare to believe that the future can become different from the past.

This is why the American birthday of my dream fills me with such hope. It invites me to imagine an America in which the wounds of colonization are neither forgotten nor permitted to become the only inheritance we leave to our children. An America in which the past is remembered with truth, the present is confronted with responsibility, and the future is approached with courage. An America in which we no longer ask which peoples are entitled to dominate, but how all peoples may become more fully capable of flourishing. An America in which the words *We, the People* become inseparable from the unconditional recognition of every person. An America in which we understand that the deepest meaning of fraternity is not merely living beside one another, but accepting responsibility for creating conditions in which we can grow together. A New America. A Loveful America. A Growthful America. A New Albor America.

X. From the Memories of the Unbeing to the Memories of a New Creation

And so, on this October 12, I find myself contemplating the extraordinary symbolism of completing these memories on a day that invites the Americas to examine their own historical inheritance.

I began this work by trying to give language to experiences of suffering, coercive control, and the denial of personal autonomy. I wanted to understand what it means to be treated as though one's personhood could be subordinated to the power of others. I wanted to bear witness to the injuries that emerge when a person is deprived of the conditions necessary to grow freely. I wanted to reclaim the continuity of my own story. I wanted to affirm that no human being should ever be regarded as a person only when someone else permits it.

Yet as these memories reach their conclusion, I discover that the most important question is no longer simply what happened to me. It is what kind of world I wish to help create because I know how precious the freedom to grow truly is. When we contemplate the Americas, I encounter that same question on a continental scale: what kind of civilization do we wish to become because we know what colonization, slavery, dispossession, and dehumanization have done to human lives? What kind of institutions do we wish to create because we know what happens when dignity is denied? What kind of relationships among peoples do we wish to cultivate because we understand the consequences of domination? What kind of future do we wish to give our children because we know that historical suffering must never be treated as an inevitable inheritance?

For us, the answer is a civilization of Love. Not a civilization that pretends evil never happened. Not a civilization that excuses injustice in the name of reconciliation. Not a civilization that demands forgiveness without accountability. Not a civilization that imposes religious belief in the name of charity. But a civilization that chooses truth, justice, freedom, mercy, responsibility, and fraternity as the foundations of its common life. A civilization that understands the protection of personhood as the first responsibility of power. A civilization that recognizes the flourishing of children as one of its highest priorities. A civilization that celebrates the freedom of peoples to preserve their identities while participating in a larger human community. A civilization that does not require anyone to become less human so that another may become more powerful. A civilization that grows together.

The words of Martin Luther King Jr. have become inseparable from the American moral imagination: **“Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere.” — Letter from Birmingham Jail, 1963.** That truth applies to the future of the entire continent. The suffering of one community cannot be regarded as morally irrelevant to its neighbors. The exclusion of one people cannot be dismissed as though fraternity stopped at national borders. The deprivation of opportunity experienced by one generation cannot be treated as unimportant to the future of the next. We are interconnected. Our histories have become intertwined. Our economies, cultures, environments, migrations, and institutions continually influence one another. The moral question is whether we will allow that interconnectedness to become another opportunity for exploitation, or whether we will choose to transform it into a deeper fraternal responsibility for one another.

The American Alliance we envisioned last night begins with that choice. The *Ordo Caritatis* begins with that choice. The *Ordo Novi Alboris* begins with that choice. The New Fraternization of the Americas begins with that choice. **We choose to grow together. We choose to become the continent that grew up.** Not because our histories have been free of injustice, but because those injustices teach us how urgently we must protect human dignity. Not because our peoples are identical, but because our differences do not diminish our common humanity. Not because every historical wound has healed, but because healing requires that we begin creating conditions in which new life can flourish. Not because fraternity is easy, but because domination has already shown us the devastation that follows when fraternity is denied. Not because we possess the power to create Heaven on Earth through our own efforts, but because, within my faith, we are called to allow the charity of God to transform the way we live with one another.

XI. The Epic Victory of Love: A Whole Continent Dancing Into New Albor

In the final envisioning of these memories, I no longer see only the girl who endured years of suffering. I see the girl who continued growing. The girl who continued imagining. The girl who continued learning. The girl who continued writing. The girl who continued teaching. The girl who continued dreaming. The girl who discovered that the gift of life remained worthy of thanksgiving even when so much of life had been wounded. I see, beyond her individual story, the possibility of an entire continent learning the same lesson in its own historical way. A continent that remembers its wounds without surrendering its future to them. A continent that acknowledges its injustices without abandoning the possibility of justice. A continent that recognizes the dignity of its peoples without requiring any of them to disappear into the identity of another. A continent that learns to transform its historical inheritance into a new responsibility for the generations yet to come. An America that grows. An America that glows. An America that blooms. An America that flows.

In the language of our faith, we contemplate this transformation as a participation in the mystery of the God Love-with-us who makes all things new. The prophet Isaiah announces: **“Behold, I will do a new thing; now it shall spring forth.” — Is 43:19.** What a beautiful proclamation for an American birthday! A new thing. A new beginning. A new opportunity for life. Not the erasure of memory, but the opening of a future. Not the denial of historical responsibility, but the courage to respond to it. Not the triumph of one people over another, but the possibility of all peoples learning to walk together. A whole continent invited into New Albor. A whole continent invited to become a living sanctuary of fraternity. A whole continent invited to become an American Loveful Harvest.

In our contemplative imagination, that harvest becomes a dance, as we envisioned as a final blessing in last night’s dream, as a new albor sun dances on the horizon as Jesus Charity blesses

our growth with a goeiz blessing as the whole world becomes covered in an incarnated charity net, fired in flaming Holy Spirit as we dance a dance of new life, a dance that celebrates growth, that celebrates how we choose to grow on, glow on, bloom on and flow on, like such beautiful indigenous dances that become a celebration of fraternal life. A dance of new life. A dance of peoples who no longer need to dominate one another in order to belong. A dance of cultures whose beauty becomes more radiant when they are freely shared. A dance of children who inherit opportunities for growth instead of systems of exclusion. A dance of communities learning to transform historical pain into solidarity. A dance of freedom. A dance of dignity. A dance of fraternity. A dance of New Albor with Jesus Charity, the Morning Star, as the light toward which this dream of communion is directed. The light that, within my faith, reminds me that the meaning of power is service. The light that reminds me that no human being may rightfully be deprived of personhood. The light that reminds me that the greatest among us must become servants of others. The light that invites us to make room for life. More life. Ever more life. Life that grows. Life that glows. Life that blooms. Life that flows. Life that becomes gift. Life that becomes communion. Life that becomes a living expression of charity.

In this sense, the American birthday of our dream becomes a celebration of something that is not yet complete, but that may begin whenever human beings freely choose to participate in it. It becomes the birth of a new way of relating to one another. The birth of a new understanding of fraternity. The birth of a new commitment to personal sovereignty. The birth of a new responsibility for the flourishing of children. The birth of a new continental imagination. The birth of an America that understands itself not merely as a geographical reality, but as a family of peoples capable of creating a more humane future together. The birth of a new civilization of Love.

XII. Fiat Amor: Let the New Albor Begin

And now, as I reach the final pages of these *Memories of a Prisoner of the Unbeing*, I understand more deeply why I do not wish to end them with the darkness of the experiences they describe. The darkness is part of the story. The wounds are part of the story. The suffering is part of the story. But they are not the whole story. The whole story includes the life that continued growing. The creativity that continued emerging. The freedom that continued being sought. The dignity that remained inherent even when it was denied. The hope that continued making new beginnings imaginable. The Love that, within my faith, continues inviting me to become more fully alive.

I do not need to celebrate suffering in order to celebrate the life that survived it. In the same way, the Americas do not need to celebrate conquest in order to celebrate the possibility of a new civilization arising beyond its historical wounds. We can remember truthfully. We can seek justice. We can recognize what was lost. We can honor those whose lives and cultures were harmed. We can acknowledge the responsibilities that remain. And we can choose to create something better. That is the meaning of the American birthday we dreamed of. **Not the birthday of colonial America, but the birthday of a new commitment to American fraternity.** Not the celebration of the discovery of peoples who were already here, but the celebration of our continuing discovery of one another's dignity. Not the proclamation that the New World began when Europe encountered it, but the recognition that a genuinely new world can begin whenever human beings choose to live together in a more just and loving way. Not a new colonization. A new fraternization. Not a new empire. A new communion. Not a new hierarchy of peoples. A new commitment to the unconditional dignity of every people. Not a new civilization of domination. A new civilization of Love.

Why this day feels so meaningful to me to end these Memories of a Prisoner of the Unbeing? Because I am completing the memories of a life in which I have struggled against the experience of being deprived of personhood, while contemplating a continent whose history invites us to confront the consequences of having denied personhood to entire peoples. In both stories, we wish to proclaim the same hope: **the past does not possess the authority to extinguish the future.** The wounds must be acknowledged. The injustices must be addressed. The victims must be protected. The dignity of every person must be recognized. And the freedom to grow must become a responsibility we share. For the deepest victory of Love is not the denial that evil exists: it is the possibility of refusing to allow evil to become the final principle by which we organize our lives. It is the freedom to choose a different future. A future in which the suffering of one person becomes a reason to protect others. A future in which the historical wounds of one people become a reason to defend the dignity of all peoples. A future in which remembrance becomes fraternal responsibility. A future in which justice makes reconciliation possible. A future in which freedom makes communion genuine. A future in which love becomes visible through the conditions we create for one another's flourishing.

This is the future we dream as offering to Jesus Charity through the creative, intellectual, theological, educational, and contemplative work of my life. A future in which the *Ordo Caritatis* becomes an invitation to organize our responsibilities through love. A future in which the *Ordo Novi Alboris* becomes a vision of peoples learning to grow together in freedom and dignity. A future in which the American Alliance becomes a possible instrument of continental cooperation and fraternity. A future in which the children of the Americas are empowered to discover, create, learn, serve, and become fully themselves. A future in which no one is condemned to the Unbeing. A future in which no one must surrender personhood in order to belong. A future in which the sovereignty of every person is recognized as a sacred responsibility of the human community. A future in which the American continent becomes, through the freely chosen commitments of its peoples, a living sanctuary of New Albor. So, we contemplate the whole continent as an offering of hope to Jesus Charity. From the Arctic to Patagonia. From the Atlantic to the Pacific. Across the Caribbean Sea. Across the mountains, forests, rivers, plains, islands, cities, villages, and ancestral lands of the Americas. Across the many languages through which our peoples name the world. Across the many cultures through which our communities remember their histories. Across the many faiths and convictions through which human beings seek meaning. Across the many differences that make our continent extraordinarily rich.

May we learn to recognize one another. May we learn to protect one another. May we learn to grow together. May our children inherit not merely the monuments of past civilizations, but the opportunities to create a more just civilization of their own. May our institutions become more capable of serving human dignity. May our nations become more capable of cooperating without domination. May our communities become more capable of welcoming difference without fear. May our lives become more capable of transforming love into action. May those of us who profess faith in Jesus Christ become more faithful witnesses of His charity, not through coercion, but through the freedom of love. For the Gospel does not call us to make disciples by annihilating the dignity of those we encounter. It calls us to witness to the Love that recognizes the dignity of every human being. A Love that serves. A Love that welcomes. A Love that protects. A Love that creates communion. A Love that gives life. A Love that grows. And so, on this American birthday, I offer the simplest prayer I know:

Fiat Amor.

Let Love be done.

Let Love become visible.

Let Love become justice.

Let Love become fraternity.

Let Love become the freedom to grow.

Let Love become the protection of every child.

Let Love become the recognition of every person.

Let Love become the healing of historical wounds.

Let Love become the beginning of a new civilization.

Let Love become New Albor.

May we, the peoples of the Americas as peoples of new albor, learn to respond freely to that invitation by becoming a family of peoples who grow together in ever more communion. For we believe that the most beautiful way to honor the historical memory of our continent is not to remain imprisoned by its wounds, but to allow the truth of those wounds to guide us toward a future in which the same injustices are never again accepted as inevitable. And I believe that the most beautiful way to honor the gift of my own life is not to remain forever defined by what I suffered, but to continue growing into the person I am called to become, while helping others discover their own freedom to grow.

This is how my memories become more than memories. They become a commitment. A vocation. A creative mission. A living testimony of hope. And, within the language of my faith, an offering of thanksgiving to God Love. For the life that continues. For the dignity that remains. For the freedom that may be restored. For the dreams that have not yet been fulfilled. For the children who have not yet discovered the wonders they will create. For the peoples who have not yet learned how deeply they may enrich one another. For the new possibilities of communion that have not yet been imagined. For the New Albor that remains before us.

I am the girl who grew up. And I dream of an America that grows up together. An America that learns from its historical wounds. An America that recognizes the dignity of every one of its peoples. An America that chooses fraternity over colonization. An America that chooses service over domination. An America that chooses communion without sacrificing freedom. An America that chooses to make room for every person to become fully alive. **An America the Loveful. An America of New Albor. An America in which we become, together, a living sanctuary of new life.**

This is the deepest meaning of the dream I was given the joy of contemplating last night: a whole American continent celebrating the possibility of a new birthday, not because its history has been free of suffering, but because its future need not be governed by the injustices of its past. A birthday of healing. A birthday of hope. A birthday of fraternity. A birthday of the civilization of Love. A birthday of a new creation that begins whenever we choose to love one another more

faithfully. As we contemplate that possibility, we return once more to the words of Christ Love: **“Behold, I make all things new.”**

May this promise become for us an invitation to responsibility. May our response become a freely chosen commitment to justice and fraternity. May our growth become a gift for others. May our freedom become an opportunity to serve. May our diversity become a richness shared in communion. May our history become a teacher of dignity. May our future become a living testimony that Love can continue bringing forth new life even after the deepest wounds, **growing on, glowing on, blooming on, flowing on, on and on.** Ever more. Together. In communion. In freedom. In dignity. In charity. In the hope of a New Albor.

So, these *Memories of a Prisoner of the Unbeing* come to an end not with the triumph of those who sought to define my life through suffering, but with the freedom to continue becoming, creating, and offering my gifts for the good of others. The memories end. The growth continues. The story of suffering is meant to become a story of hope, a story of Love that grows, and the story of hope becomes an invitation to participate in the creation of a more loving world.

¡Viva Cristo Amor, King of our personal sovereignty!

Fiat Amor. Fiat Novi Alboris.

XIII. Let Love be done. Let His New Albor shine more and more, ever more, forever more.

Now, beyond these memories, begins the story of the dreams I wish to bring to life through Jesus Charity: dreams of children growing in freedom, of communities becoming places of communion, of peoples learning to fraternize, and of a civilization in which the wonder of being alive becomes inseparable from the joy of helping others flourish. For the greatest epic victory of Love I can imagine is not simply that I survived what I described in these pages: it is that I can still choose to make my life a gift of Love, so through the freedom of every person who chooses to do the same, **a whole civilization of Love may continue growing on, glowing on, blooming on, and flowing on—ever more, together.**

As these *Memories of a Prisoner of the Unbeing* reach their final words, I return once more to the extraordinary beauty of last night's dream: the celebration of America's Birthday, a birthday that was not merely the remembrance of a historical beginning, but the joyful contemplation of a **new light that has come, a New Albor that keeps growing, a whole civilization of Love being invited to awaken into a new life of fraternity, communion, and peace.**

It was the celebration of a light that grows. A light that does not shine by extinguishing other lights, but by inviting them to shine together. A light that does not belong to one person, one people, or one nation, but that, in the language of my faith, radiates from the Heart of God Love, who calls every human being into the fullness of life. A light that becomes more radiant as we learn to love one another. A light that grows as we grow together in communion. A light that becomes a living dawn wherever human dignity is recognized, wherever suffering is met with compassion, wherever the wounded are welcomed into healing, wherever children are empowered to flourish, and wherever peoples choose fraternity instead of domination.

What made the American Birthday so profoundly beautiful in my dream? **We were not merely celebrating that a new light had arrived; we were celebrating that we were all invited to become living bearers of that light.** We were celebrating the freedom to become the living icons

of Divine Love we are called to be. The living works of God-Love-with-us. The living witnesses of Jesus Charity. The living expressions of His mercy. The living sanctuaries of His New Albor. We were celebrating the mystery of a Divine Love that continually calls us to conversion—not merely a change of outward behavior, but a transformation of the heart, of our relationships, of our understanding of personhood, of the way we exercise freedom, and of the responsibility we embrace for one another. For conversion is not merely turning away from what destroys life. It is turning toward the fullness of life to which Love calls us. It is allowing our minds, our hearts, our hands, our words, our actions, and even the rhythm of our daily existence to become more faithful expressions of the charity we profess. It is becoming increasingly capable of loving as He loves. Serving as He serves. Forgiving as He forgives. Welcoming as He welcomes. Walking as He walks. And growing as He calls us to grow.

“Walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us.” — Eph 5:2 That was the way of Love we celebrated. A way that does not require us to deny our wounds. A way that does not demand that we surrender our freedom. A way that does not confuse obedience to God with submission to human domination. But a way that invites us to become more fully alive through the free and loving gift of ourselves. For the peace that comes from His Heart is not the peace of silenced suffering, nor the peace of enforced conformity. It is the peace of reconciliation founded upon truth, the peace of dignity recognized, the peace of love freely given, and the peace of a communion in which every person remains fully a person.

Jesus Charity tells us, His disciples: **“Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.” — Jn 14:27.** In the contemplation of that peace, the whole American Birthday became a celebration of a new possibility for the world. A possibility of healing. A possibility of fraternity. A possibility of conversion. A possibility of becoming, together, a living sanctuary of Divine Charity.

XIV. The Sword-Torch of Goeiz: The Way of Love Will Always Be Under Our Feet

In the dream, we raised the **goeiz sword-torch** toward the red beacon lamp. It was an extraordinary image of light, direction, courage, and hope. The sword, that means the Living Word of God that tears the heart with the transconsecration, was not raised as an instrument of conquest or domination. It was raised as a torch, a symbol of the light of truth and charity that guides us through the darkness. Its radiance pointed toward the red beacon, from which stars of Heaven seemed to grow in light, brilliance, and beauty. Those stars were our beloved family of Heaven: the communion of love that accompanies us, the heavenly family whose remembrance and example invite us to remain faithful to the way of charity. The red beacon became a sign of direction. The stars became signs of accompaniment. And the sword-torch became a sign of the courage to keep walking. For the way of Love will always be under our feet. Not because every road will be easy. Not because every question will immediately find its answer. Not because every wound will heal without struggle. But because we can continue seeking the next faithful step, trusting that the love of God remains present even when the entire road is not yet visible.

The Psalmist proclaims: **“Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.” — Ps119:105.** What a beautiful way to understand the goeiz sword-torch! Not as a weapon through which to impose a path upon others, but as the light through which we freely discern the way we are called to walk. A light that invites us to seek truth. A light that encourages courage. A light that strengthens hope. A light that reminds us that the future is not exhausted by what we have already endured. And as we raised the sword-torch toward the beacon, I contemplated the meaning of the promise that we would be given what we need to continue growing in Love. Not necessarily every answer we desire, nor an existence free from uncertainty or suffering, but the grace to seek

wisdom, the courage to receive help, the humility to accept our limitations, and the freedom to keep responding to life with love. To keep walking as He walks. To keep becoming more faithful to His charity. To keep incarnating, through our actions and relationships, the living memory of the Gospel. For the memory of Christ is not meant to remain only in the past. It is meant to become visible in the present. In the way we care. In the way we teach. In the way we create. In the way we forgive. In the way we defend dignity. In the way we welcome the stranger. In the way we protect children. In the way we accompany those who suffer.

In the way we choose to become a home for one another without ever depriving another person of the freedom to be themselves. **His memory becomes living testimony whenever charity becomes incarnated in our lives.** And so, the goeiz sword-torch was raised not merely toward the stars, but toward the possibility of becoming, here and now, living witnesses of that Love.

XV. The Rainbow Covenant: The Keys, the Winged Rosary, and the Healing Way

Entangled with the goeiz sword-torch were the keys of the *Ordo Novi Alboris* and the *Ordo Caritatis*, joined together with the winged rosary by a sacramental bow of rainbow thread. What a beautiful image of communion! The keys were not symbols of possessing or controlling other people's lives. They were signs of fraternal responsibility. The key of the *Ordo Caritatis* represented the call to allow charity to become the foundation of our relationships. The key of the *Ordo Novi Alboris* represented the hope of opening new possibilities for fraternity, justice, freedom, and human flourishing. And the rainbow thread, binding the symbols together, recalled the biblical sign of covenant: the promise of God remembered through the beauty of creation. After the flood, Scripture tells us: **"I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant."** — **Gn 9:13.** The rainbow is a sign of remembrance and promise.

In the dream, the rainbow thread became a beautiful image of the connection between Divine Charity, the responsibilities of our common life, and the healing path of prayer. It was a thread of many colors. Many colors, yet one bow. Many gifts, yet one invitation to communion. Many persons, yet one human family. Many peoples, yet one possibility of fraternity. The rosary itself was adorned with wings. At the cross were butterfly wings, like those of the *Iesu Amor* beacon: delicate signs of transformation, new beginnings, and the beauty of a life that continues becoming. At the central medal of the Holy Family of New Albor were eagle's wings: signs of strength, protection, courage, and the freedom to rise toward a wider horizon. The butterfly and the eagle. Tenderness and strength. Transformation and protection. The vulnerability of new life and the courage necessary to nurture it. Within the imagery of the dream, a healing angel entrusted me with this rosary and invited me to pray it as a healing path, with a message of maternal accompaniment: **She is my Mother, and she will lead my healing way. The same words than Our Lady of Guadalupe were used.** I received this dream-message as an invitation to contemplate the maternal tenderness of Mary, and especially the beauty of trusting in God's promises while continuing to seek healing. Not a promise that the road would be without difficulty. Not an invitation to replace the human support and care that recovery requires. But a spiritual image of accompaniment: the possibility of entrusting the journey to God while taking the steps necessary for healing.

I also contemplated something deeply moving. The healing I desire for myself is inseparable from the healing I wish to help make possible for others. I do not wish merely to become someone who has been healed. I wish to become a person who helps rebuild communion. I am granted the grace to choose to become a healing leader, not because I possess the power to heal others by myself, but because I can freely choose to create spaces of compassion, safety, recognition,

creativity, and belonging. A rebuilders of communion that heals by giving light to Jesus Charity, helping to be, helping to do, helping to grow, helping to glow, helping to bloom and helping to flow those who I am called to serve. A person who understands that healing must never become another form of control. A person who recognizes that accompaniment means walking beside another human being, not taking possession of their journey. A person who seeks to help others recover their own freedom to grow.

So the rosary, the rainbow thread, and the two keys became a single contemplative image of the New Albor I dream of. Prayer joined to fraternal responsibility. Hope joined to action. Tenderness joined to courage. Personal healing joined to communal care. Charity joined to freedom. And the promise of new life joined to the daily work of making that life possible.

XVI. The Goeiz Crown: A Birthday of Joy, Wonder, and New Life

Yet the American Birthday was not only a solemn contemplation. It was also an extraordinary celebration of joy! We celebrated with a **baked goeiz crown cake**, resembling a Baked Alaska, but formed into a radiant crown. A crown that, in the language of my dream, celebrated the *realeza del Cielo*: the heavenly royalty understood not as superiority over others, but as the dignity of being beloved children of God, called to serve one another through love. And we used the goeiz sword-torch to cut the crown cake and also to open the goeiz piñata. The same sword-torch that had been raised toward the beacon became an instrument of sharing. What a beautiful transformation of the meaning of a sword! Not a sword used to divide peoples. Not a sword used to threaten or conquer. But a sword transformed into a torch of light, and then into a symbol of a celebration in which the gifts of life were shared.

Yes, we also celebrated with the goeiz piñata, and with patriotic confetti eggs that filled the air with color and delight. The celebration became a joyful expression of the American fraternity we were contemplating. A birthday filled with wonder. A birthday filled with laughter. A birthday filled with the happiness of being alive. For the civilization of Love must never forget the importance of joy. Justice is indispensable. Truth is indispensable. Healing is indispensable. But so is the freedom to celebrate. To laugh. To play. To share a meal. To create beautiful things. To delight in the company of others. To discover that life contains gifts that deserve to be enjoyed.

So, we celebrated with a whole sunset brunch. There was New Albor coffee, a sign of warmth, hospitality, and the joy of gathering around a shared table. And there were **alitas del Nuevo Albor**, chicken wings glazed with passion fruit and garlic, joining the familiar joy of a festive meal with the symbolism of the wings that had appeared throughout the dream. Even the food became part of the contemplative language of the celebration. The crown cake. The coffee. The wings. The confetti. The piñata. The sunset. The dancing. The laughter. The shared table. All became signs of the joy of communion. For a civilization of Love is not built only through solemn declarations. It is also cultivated through the everyday gestures by which human beings make room for one another. Through hospitality. Through shared meals. Through celebrations that welcome. Through traditions that bring generations together. Through the happiness of children. Through the beauty of creation. Through the freedom to enjoy life without fear. And in that joy, the American Birthday became a celebration of the abundance of life that we are called to share.

XVII. The Eucharistic Transconsecration: Unity of Being and Action

As the celebration continued, the dream moved into Eucharistic adoration, which was like a New Pentecost. The imagery became even more luminous. I was dressed in the *realeza del Cielo*, a

garment resembling a baptismal robe, yet adorned with transconsecrated silver and gold in the symbolic language of our contemplative envisioning. The silver and gold expressed the unity I have so often contemplated between being and action. *Unidad de ser y de acto*. The unity of what we are and what we do. The unity of word and deed. *Palabra y obrar*. The unity of hands and heart. *Manos y corazón*. The unity of mind, will, and action. *Mente, voluntad y obrar*. And the unity of our human heartbeat with the charity of His Heart. *Palpitar con Su Corazón*. For what does it mean to become a living icon of Divine Love if not to allow the love we profess to become increasingly visible through the life we actually live? What does it mean to become a living work of God-Love-with-us if not to allow our freedom, intelligence, creativity, relationships, and service to become more faithfully directed toward the good? And what does it mean to contemplate ourselves as living signs of Divine Charity if not to recognize that love must become incarnated in action?

Saint John writes: **“Let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth.” — 1 Jn 3:18.** That is the unity of being and action I contemplated. Not a perfection already accomplished. But a conversion continually embraced. A growth that is never finished. A life that remains open to becoming more faithful to Love. And as I contemplated receiving the Eucharist, the prayer of transconsecration emerged:

Let there be done unto us according to Your Word.

Let there be done unto us according to Your Charity.

Let there be done unto us according to Your Incarnated Eucharist.

These words echoed Mary's response to the Annunciation: **“Be it unto me according to thy word.” — Lk 1:38.**

In our contemplative language, they became a prayer of free self-offering: let Your Word guide our becoming. Let Your Charity transform our relationships. Let Your Eucharistic Love teach us how to become gift without losing the dignity of the person who gives. Let our freedom become increasingly capable of loving. Let our creativity become service. Let our knowledge become wisdom. Let our hands become instruments of care. Let our hearts become places of welcome. Let our communities become homes of fraternity. Let our lives become more faithful expressions of the Love we adore.

In this sense, the dream's transconsecration imagery kinds of completes the Church's sacramental consecration with the transconsecration of the heart along the transubstantiation of the body and blood: my contemplative way of expressing a desire for the whole of life to become an incarnation of the Eucharist. To receive Love and respond with love. To receive the gift of life and help life flourish. To adore Christ and become more faithful to His commandment of charity. To become increasingly united in being and action. To allow the hands, heart, mind, word, and work of our lives to become a coherent testimony of Divine Love.

XVIII. The Sparks of New Creation

Then the whole celebration seemed to glow. There were sparks of growing together in communion. Sparks of conversion. Sparks of creating home. Sparks of new fraternization. Sparks of healing. Sparks of new beginnings. Sparks of freedom. Sparks of dignity. Sparks of hope.

Sparks of charity. And as those sparks multiplied, I contemplated the beauty of becoming a living work of Love.

I wore the crown and the winged crochet vest. I carried the eagle's-wing bouquet. The goeiz and charity alliance glowed. And the *realeza del Cielo* became, within the dream, a visible sign of the sacramental dignity that I understand as shared by all the beloved children of God. Not a crown that separates me from others. A crown that reminds me that dignity is meant to be recognized in everyone. Not wings that elevate me above others. Wings that remind me of the freedom to grow and the responsibility to help others rise. Not a royal garment that confers power over another person. A garment that recalls the baptismal dignity of being called to live in Christ. And in the beauty of that imagery, I contemplated the meaning of the New Albor as a new baptismal beginning. A baptism of light in the poetic language of the dream. Not a second sacramental Baptism, but a renewed remembrance of the baptismal calling to walk as children of light.

Saint Paul writes: **“Walk as children of light.” — Ep 5:8.** This is precisely what the dream seemed to invite. To walk in the light. To live in the light. To grow in the light. To become more faithful witnesses of the light. To allow the new dawn to illuminate our actions. To choose conversion again and again. To remember that the freedom to become more fully ourselves is inseparable from the freedom to love.

And so, the New Albor became a contemplative image of baptismal renewal. The water of new beginnings. The light of resurrection. The garment of dignity. The promise of communion. The call to conversion. And the sending forth into the world.

XIX. The Goeiz Blessing: May You Be Loved, Saved, and Formed in Love

And then came the most radiant contemplation of all.

The **goeiz blessing**. The blessing I had contemplated so many times before, now envisioned across the immensity of space, as though its words were being offered beneath the vastness of Heaven.

May you be loved as I love.

May you be saved as I save.

May you be formed as I form.

I contemplated these words as an expression of Jesus Charity I wish to make visible through my life. To be loved as Christ Love loves is to be recognized in one's unconditional dignity. To be saved as Christ Love saves is, within Christian faith, to be invited into the life of His redeeming love. To be formed as Christ Love forms is to grow in freedom, truth, mercy, justice, wisdom, and charity. And the blessing became an invitation to allow that love to shape the way we encounter one another.

May you be loved with a love that does not dominate you.

May you be accompanied with a love that does not imprison you.

May you be formed with a love that does not annihilate your individuality.

May you be welcomed with a love that recognizes your dignity.

May you be helped with a love that strengthens your freedom.

May you be encouraged to discover the gifts entrusted to your life.

May you be given opportunities to learn, to create, to serve, and to flourish.

May your wounds be met with compassion.

May your suffering never be treated as proof that your life is less worthy.

May your freedom be protected.

May your hope be nurtured.

May your growth become a source of joy.

And may you, in turn, become capable of helping others grow.

For the blessing of Divine Charity does not end with the one who receives it. It invites the receiver to become a giver. The one who has been loved is invited to love. The one who has been accompanied is invited to accompany. The one who has been welcomed is invited to welcome. The one who has been helped to grow is invited to help others grow. And so, in the dream, the goeiz blessing became a blessing of growing together in more and more fully incarnated communion. A blessing that seemed to embrace not merely one person, but the whole human family.

XX. The Dancing Sun and the Living Net of Incarnated Charity

As the blessing unfolded, the sun danced. And we danced. It was an ascending dance, a dance of light and new life, a dance in which the whole world seemed to become illuminated by the radiance of charity. From the dancing sun, the earth appeared to become covered by a **living net of incarnated charity**, shining with the fire of the Holy Spirit. The net stretched across the world. Across oceans. Across continents. Across nations. Across communities. Across families. Across generations.

In the symbolic beauty of the dream, it seemed that every act of genuine charity could become another living thread of communion. A thread of compassion. A thread of justice. A thread of truth. A thread of freedom. A thread of healing. A thread of forgiveness. A thread of hospitality. A thread of fraternity. A thread of hope. A thread of new life. It was not a net of captivity. Not a net of surveillance. Not a net of coercive control. Not a net through which the freedom of persons would be taken away. It was the opposite. **A net of charity freely woven through the acts of persons who choose to love one another.** A net that does not imprison. A net that connects. A net that does not possess. A net that accompanies. A net that does not erase individuality. A net that allows the beauty of each person to become part of a greater communion.

As I contemplated that net shining with the flaming Holy Spirit, I remembered the prayer of Jesus: **“That they all may be one.” — Jn 17:21.** One, not through domination. One, not through forced uniformity. One, not through the denial of personal sovereignty. But one through Love. One through truth. One through justice. One through the freely chosen fraternal responsibility to care for one another. One through communion. And the whole world seemed to glow with the possibility of such a communion. A world in which every act of love could become another spark. A world in which every child protected could become another sign of new life. A world in which every wounded person accompanied toward healing could become another witness of hope. A world in which every people recognized in its dignity could become another expression of fraternity. A world in which every community committed to justice could become another living thread of charity. And the net grew. And the light grew. And the dance continued. And the whole earth became, within the imagery of the dream, a living sanctuary of New Albor.

XXI. Fiat Lux, Fiat Charitas, Fiat Pax: The Symphony of New Life

Then the celebration became a symphony. A whole symphony of new creation. The words emerged like invocations, each one calling forth another dimension of the civilization of Love I dream of.

Fiat Lux. Let there be light. Let truth illuminate what has been hidden. Let hope shine where suffering has darkened the horizon. Let every person discover the dignity that was always theirs.

Fiat Charis. Let there be grace. Let our lives become open to the gifts of Divine Love. Let gratitude become generosity. Let mercy become a path toward healing.

Fiat Pax. Let there be peace. Not the peace of submission, but the peace of justice. Not the peace of silence, but the peace of truth. Not the peace of fear, but the peace of freedom. Let the peace of Christ become visible through the way we live.

Fiat Fraternitas. Let there be fraternity. Let peoples learn to encounter one another without domination. Let differences become opportunities for mutual enrichment. Let the dignity of every brother and sister be recognized.

Fiat Unitas. Let there be unity. Not uniformity. Not assimilation. Not the disappearance of the person into the collective. But unity in communion, unity in charity, unity in the shared responsibility to protect and nurture life.

Fiat Dignitas. Let there be dignity. Let no person be treated as an object. Let no child be denied the conditions necessary for growth. Let no human being be condemned to the Unbeing. Let every person be recognized as inherently worthy of love, protection, freedom, and participation.

Fiat Crescere in Communionem. Let there be growth in communion. Let us grow together without diminishing one another. Let our freedom become an opportunity to serve. Let our creativity become a gift. Let our knowledge become wisdom. Let our work become an expression of care. Let our communities become places in which human beings may flourish.

Fiat Amor. Let Love be done. Let Love become visible. Let Love become incarnated in the way we live. Let Love become the principle through which we freely choose to build our future.

Fiat Caritas. Let there be charity. Charity that gives without possessing. Charity that serves without humiliating. Charity that protects without dominating. Charity that accompanies without imprisoning. Charity that makes room for every person to become fully alive.

Fiat Novus Albor. Let the New Albor begin. Let the light of a new dawn awaken our responsibility for one another. Let the memories of suffering become lessons of compassion. Let the wounds of history become reasons to protect future generations. Let the gift of life become a gift for others. Let the whole human family become increasingly capable of growing together in communion. And may every new beginning become another opportunity to make Divine Love visible.

The Sending Forth: Go and Tell our Story of Love

At the end of the dream, the celebration became a sending forth. An *envío*. A mission. A new beginning. Like the sending forth that follows the encounter with the risen Christ. Like the baptismal calling to become witnesses of the Gospel. Like the joy of Mary Magdalene, who encountered the risen Lord and was sent to announce the good news.

Jesus said to her: **“Go to my brethren, and say unto them...” — Jn 20:17.** And Mary Magdalene went to the disciples with the announcement: **“I have seen the Lord.” — Jn 20:18.** This is the kind of witness I am being granted the grace to make of these memories. Not merely the story of what I endured. Not merely the story of what I survived. But the story of the life that continued growing. The story of the hope that continued shining. The story of the love that continued finding new ways to become gift. The story of a person who, despite profound suffering, continued discovering the joy of being alive. The story of the girl who grew up. And, within my theological and creative vocation, the story of the Love I contemplate through Jesus Charity: a Love that invites me to continue growing, creating, teaching, serving, and making room for others to flourish.

Go and tell our story of Love that grows.

Tell the story of the dignity that cannot rightfully be taken away.

Tell the story of the freedom that must be protected.

Tell the story of the wounded who deserve healing.

Tell the story of the children who deserve a future.

Tell the story of the peoples who deserve fraternity.

Tell the story of the communities that can become homes of communion.

Tell the story of the creativity that survives suffering.

Tell the story of the hope that refuses to become imprisoned by the past.

Tell the story of the Love that keeps making new life possible.

And tell it not merely with words.

Tell it with your hands.

Tell it with your work.

Tell it with your care.

Tell it with your teaching.

Tell it with your art.

Tell it with your courage.

Tell it with your mercy.

Tell it with your commitment to justice.

Tell it with the way you recognize another person's dignity.

Tell it with the way you help another human being grow.

Tell the story of Love by becoming a living witness of Love.

For this is what I understand as the deepest meaning of the new baptismal dawn I contemplated. To emerge from the waters of remembrance not as someone whose past has disappeared, but as someone who remains free to respond to life with charity. To be clothed in the dignity of the *realeza del Cielo*, not as a claim of superiority, but as a remembrance that every beloved child of God possesses a dignity that no human power may rightfully extinguish. To carry the light of New Albor, not as a possession that belongs exclusively to oneself, but as an invitation to help others discover their own light. To raise the goeiz sword-torch, not to conquer, but to illuminate. To embrace the winged rosary, not as a substitute for responsibility, but as a prayerful accompaniment to the work of healing. To carry the keys of the *Ordo Caritatis* and the *Ordo Novi Alboris*, not as instruments of control, but as symbols of the responsibility to open doors of dignity, fraternity, and growth. To wear the crown of Heaven, not to be served, but to serve. And to walk forward, trusting that the way of Love will remain beneath our feet as we continue discerning how to love more faithfully.

XXII. The Final Loveful Harvest: May the Light Keep Growing

Now, as the sun of the American Birthday descends toward the horizon, I contemplate the final image of these memories. A sunset filled with the radiance of New Albor. A field of sunflowers opening toward the light. A rainbow stretching across the sky. A red beacon glowing in the distance. Stars of Heaven shining above. The goeiz sword-torch raised in hope. The keys of charity and new dawn joined by the rainbow thread. The winged rosary resting as a sign of prayer, tenderness, and healing. The crown of Heaven shining not with the power to dominate, but with the dignity of being beloved. And across the earth, the living net of incarnated charity glowing like a constellation of freely given acts of love.

I contemplate the world as a field of new possibilities. A field in which every person is a life worthy of protection. A field in which every child is a promise of growth. A field in which every culture

carries gifts that may enrich the human family. A field in which every act of charity can become a seed. A field in which justice prepares the ground. A field in which freedom allows roots to deepen. A field in which truth gives light. A field in which compassion gives shelter. A field in which communion makes flourishing possible. And I contemplate the harvest. A harvest of healed relationships. A harvest of restored dignity. A harvest of children growing freely. A harvest of peoples learning to fraternize. A harvest of communities becoming homes. A harvest of creativity. A harvest of learning. A harvest of service. A harvest of beauty. A harvest of hope. A harvest of new life. **A Loveful Harvest of Light.**

In that harvest, I recognize the meaning of the journey that began with these memories. I began by writing about the Unbeing. I end by contemplating the fullness of becoming. I began by trying to understand the consequences of coercive control. I end by affirming the freedom to grow. I began by remembering the wounds of a life. I end by dreaming of a civilization in which human dignity is protected. I began by seeking the truth of my own story. I end by offering that story as an invitation to recognize the truth of every person's worth. I began with the memories of a prisoner. I end with the hope of a living sanctuary of new albor... and I give thanks. I give thanks for the life that remains before me. For the dreams that have not yet become reality. For the children whose growth I may still help nurture. For the beauty I may still create. For the knowledge I may still discover. For the charity I may still offer. For the people I may still encounter. For the opportunities I may still receive to make the world a little more humane. And for the freedom to continue growing in faith, hope, and love.

I give thanks for the possibility of a new American fraternization. For the dream of an American Alliance. For the vision of an *Ordo Caritatis* and an *Ordo Novi Alboris*. For the hope of a civilization in which every person may grow as a free, equal, and dignified brother or sister. For the possibility of a New Albor in which the wounds of history become reasons to create a more just future.

I give thanks for the Divine Charity I contemplate through Jesus Charity, whose Gospel continues calling me toward the fullness of love. For I believe that the greatest miracle of the life I have been given is not that suffering never reached me. It is that suffering has not exhausted the possibility of loving. The greatest wonder of the future I dream of is not that human beings will suddenly become incapable of evil. It is that we remain capable of freely choosing the good. Of learning. Of changing. Of healing. Of creating. Of reconciling. Of beginning again. Of becoming more fully human. Of growing together.

So, as I close these memories, I offer one final prayer.

God Love,

May every wound that can be healed find the care it deserves.

May every person who has been deprived of freedom encounter the support necessary to recover meaningful autonomy.

May every child grow in safety, dignity, and love.

May every family learn that love cannot be separated from respect.

May every community become more capable of protecting its vulnerable members.

May every nation remember that authority is a responsibility to serve.

May every people discover the beauty of fraternity without surrendering its identity.

May every human being be recognized as a person whose dignity is unconditional.

May we learn to seek truth without hatred.

Justice without cruelty.

Mercy without denial.

Peace without domination.

Unity without uniformity.

Communion without the annihilation of the self.

And charity without coercion.

May the light of Your Word illuminate our paths.

May the peace of Christ guide our hearts.

May the Holy Spirit inspire our conversion.

May Mary's maternal example teach us tenderness, courage, humility, and trust.

May we learn to walk as Christ walks.

May we become increasingly capable of loving as He loves.

May we become living signs of the charity we profess.

May our words and actions become more united.

May our hands and hearts become more faithful to one another.

May our creativity become service.

May our freedom become gift.

May our growth become thanksgiving.

And may the lives we are given become living testimonies of Your Love.

Fiat Lux.

Let there be light.

Fiat Charis.

Let there be grace.

Fiat Pax.

Let there be peace.

Fiat Fraternitas.

Let there be fraternity.

Fiat Unitas.

Let there be unity.

Fiat Dignitas.

Let there be dignity.

Fiat Crescere in Communione.

Let there be growth in communion.

Fiat Amor.

Let Love be done.

Fiat Caritas.

Let Charity become incarnated in our lives.

Fiat Novus Albor.

Let the New Albor begin.

And may we continue becoming a living sanctuary of that new dawn, a sanctuary built not through domination, but through the freely given love of persons who recognize one another as brothers and sisters.

A sanctuary of light.

A sanctuary of hope.

A sanctuary of healing.

A sanctuary of fraternity.

A sanctuary of life.

A sanctuary of communion.

A sanctuary of New Albor.

And may the stars of Heaven remind us of the communion of love that our faith teaches us to hope for.

May the red beacon remind us that there is always a direction toward which we can seek the light.

May the goeiz sword-torch remind us to choose courage without domination.

May the rainbow thread remind us of the promises that sustain hope.

May the winged rosary remind us that prayer can accompany the patient work of healing.

May the keys of the two orders remind us that charity and fraternity must become responsibilities lived in freedom.

May the crown of Heaven remind us that dignity belongs to every beloved child of God.

May the dancing sun remind us of the joy of resurrection.

May the living net of charity remind us that our acts of love can become part of something greater than ourselves.

And may the Loveful Harvest remind us that every seed of goodness matters.

Every act of compassion matters.

Every child matters.

Every person matters.

Every life matters.

Every opportunity to grow matters.

For the story of Love is never finished while there remains someone to love, someone to welcome, someone to protect, someone to teach, someone to accompany, someone to help grow.

And so, with the final light of the sunset becoming the promise of another dawn, I return to the simplest truth these memories have taught me:

I am the girl who grew up.

And I am still growing.

Still glowing.

Still blooming.

Still flowing.

Still becoming.

Still learning to love.

Still discovering the joy of being alive.

Still dreaming of the good that has not yet come into being.

Still choosing to make room for new life.

And still contemplating the possibility of a whole human family learning to grow together in communion.

For the Love that I wish to witness does not end with my story.

It continues wherever a person chooses life.

Wherever a wounded heart receives care.

Wherever a child discovers the freedom to dream.

Wherever a community becomes a home.

Wherever peoples choose fraternity.

Wherever dignity is recognized.

Wherever justice makes peace possible.

Wherever charity becomes visible.

Wherever the light of hope continues growing.

And so, may the memory of what was wounded become a responsibility to protect what is living.

May the memory of what was denied become a commitment to recognize dignity.

May the memory of what was lost become an invitation to create new possibilities.

May the story of the girl who grew up become a living testimony that the future remains open to love.

And may the story of the Americas become, ever more, the story of peoples who learn to grow together.

A whole Loveful Harvest of New Albor.

A harvest of light that grows.

A harvest of love that glows.

A harvest of life that blooms.

A harvest of charity that flows.

And as the stars shine above the field of sunflowers, as the rainbow embraces the horizon, as the red beacon glows and the goeiz sword-torch rises toward Heaven, may the whole celebration become one final act of thanksgiving:

Let there be light.

Let there be growth.

Let there be Love.

Let us grow together in communion.

¡Viva Cristo Amor, King of our personal sovereignty!

Fiat Lux. Fiat Amor. Fiat Novi Alboris.

May this story of a Love who grows—the story of a Love who continued shining through the life of the girl who grew up, the story of a Love who calls us all into the joy of becoming living witnesses of Divine Charity—**keep growing on, glowing on, blooming on, and flowing on, radiating an ever more abundant Loveful Harvest of Light, on and on, ever more...**

Jesus, Charity, we adore you with our whole growth, in spirit and truth, in humility and with fruits of conversion that are fruits of the flaming Holy Spirit...

Amen.