



My Bizarre Acadia Hospital, Dorothea Dix Psychiatric Center, and Eastern Maine Medical Center Experience

By Tenma Spencer

Cover: The interior of Dorothea Dix Psychiatric Center, Knox Unit, Bangor, Maine, where I was held from 2010-2011

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I. Introduction

I want to describe a bizarre, months-long, incident involving dozens of professionals behaving out-of-professional protocol, staged in several mental hospitals.

The hospitals in question are Penobscot Valley Hospital (PVH), located in Lincoln, Maine, and Acadia Hospital, Dorothea Dix Psychiatric Center (DDPC), and Eastern Maine Medical Center (EMMC), all located in Bangor, Maine.

The doctors (and staff and patients) staged a massive game that took place for political reasons - I was more conservative than they were. They colluded to provide me with a bizarre experience that involved making me think I had been captured and was about to be tortured, (but making it so I couldn't feel the associated fear), and then letting me go.

They intentionally created and fed the delusional beliefs that the hospitals had been taken over by people intent on holding me captive and torturing me, that the food and water were poisoned, and that there was something wrong with the medications. While in the hospitals I went for weeks without eating, drinking, taking medications, or taking a shower. They also deliberately led me to believe that they were going to abuse the involuntary commitment process in order to detain me. Instead of reassuring me that my beliefs were incorrect, they instead decided to reinforce them.

Immediately prior to my hospitalization they had just remodeled DDPC with many bizarre and creepy features such as disturbing artwork on the walls of my unit featuring the color of blood and scenes of death.

I am exposing their names here because these people are good enough at spying that they can somehow find out someone's SAT scores and even nightmares, and they have some way of remote-controlling someone's body, making my body do whatever they wish: walking, urinating, feeling cold, etc. They have some sort of mental communication technique whereby I can communicate with them by thinking and having my thoughts read, and they can respond by writing thoughts into my brain. Their response will "sound" like my own thoughts, but that other people are saying things to me. At the conclusion of this essay it should be evident that these things are not just psychiatric delusions.

Their technique for remote controlling my mind and body was used to "cure" my seborrheic dermatitis, OCD, anxiety and depression, make my voice sound "insane", prevent me from sleeping or keep me awake at night, prevent or force me to urinate, make me unable to speak or on the verge of saying something, communicate with me by apparently "writing" thoughts into

my brain, make it so I could go weeks without eating or drinking, without any associated discomfort, cause me comfort, discomfort, or pain, apparently make my skin scaly or cause me to hallucinate.

The people who participated in this plot included:

"Physicians":

Michael Armstrong, MD, my "psychiatrist" at Acadia

Eve Wolinsky, MD, my "psychiatrist" at DDPC

Maurice Paré, DO, medical doctor at DDPC

Marjorie Snyder, another psychiatrist

"Patients":

[Nadine R. Ross](#)

Jesica Edwards

Allen Colby

[Sandra Buzzell](#)

"Staff":

Felicia Bowen, department of recreation worker at DDPC

Lisa Hall, OTR/R, occupational therapist at DDPC

and several members of the Lincoln, Maine and Bangor, Maine police departments, several employees of the Meridian Mobile Health ambulance company, and numerous other staff members whose names I don't know.

II. Prophecy

I work nights stocking shelves and working the backroom at a tiny Walmart store in the bucolic New England community of Lincoln, Maine.

It is September of 2010 and the week before this all happens the bookshelves at the Lincoln Walmart are stocking books with titles like "10 Signs we are near End Times".

One Friday, my coworker John M. looks at me funny, comes to visit me upstairs in the backroom at Walmart with a sad look on his face, and people look at me like they're scared and sad because of my presence.

Then later that morning when my supervisor Donny W. is around me, he says "Oh shit" repeatedly and holds his forehead like a disaster just happened.

That morning I walk out of the Walmart store and an employee stationed at one of the cash registers is looking scared and sad because of my presence.

I think to myself, "Is this about that [Nicolae Carpathia](#) stuff?"

I have long struggled with severe OCD, along with major generalized and social anxiety, as well as moderately severe depression. The OCD had become so severe that it was causing symptoms not traditionally associated with OCD - problems such as being unable to move my muscles.

The next Monday night, my mental situation has suddenly deteriorated to the point where I find myself unable to do even my job of stocking merchandise on the shelves at Walmart. So I go to my supervisor and tell him I have to leave early, and I put in some personal time. The one day off turns into several days off.

During my time off I start reading some "Christian Apocalyptic thriller" and read that the anti-Christ drives a fancy sports car, wears thin black designer eyeglass frames and has a tie that costs more than his sports car (I take this to be the analog of my thick black wallet). I conclude then that I am the anti-Christ of Biblical lore. I don't remember the title of this book but I remember it was published in 1994 and that one of the authors is based in Washington, D.C.

The book describes how people were "humanely" put out of their misery by bombs. It was written in 1994 and it says that the first part of the Apocalypse will happen in 7 years - 2001. Had they somehow known that the September 11, 2001 attacks were going to happen? Do the authors of this book have links to the people who perpetrated September 11?

In a few days, I hear explosions and the rattle of gunfire outside my window. I hear planes overhead (there is never noise from planes flying overhead where I live). Traffic is massive, so much so that there are emergency road repairs going on. There are license plates from

Massachusetts. The balance in my Bangor Savings Bank checking account has been negative \$500 for a quite a while, but I haven't heard from them. Usually they want you to bring the balance up to zero within a month. The Bangor Savings Bank website has been remodeled to look more cosmopolitan. I walk outside, and there is a bullet hole in the door of the building next door, the former residence of Supreme Court justice Melville Fuller. It seems that I am the only one in my apartment building.

I think that my mysterious disappearance from the Lincoln Walmart (I thought that I heard that the Biblical Apocalypse would be preceded by the mysterious disappearance of one man from the face of the earth) caused people to think that the Apocalypse was about to happen, causing millions to flee their jobs and their homes, commit suicide, or be killed in car and plane crashes.

Despite all the chaos outdoors, someone is repainting the Melville Fuller building. I take it that this is the fulfillment of the prophecy "some people will continue to maintain the order".

I drive out to IGA, a local supermarket, to get some groceries and notice that: 1. The building next to the IGA is crumbling. 2. The IGA is being partially remodeled to look more cosmopolitan. 3. The farm next to the IGA has been razed. I will later conclude that the razing of the farm was a hallucination, but the building next to the IGA was definitely crumbling and the IGA was definitely being remodeled.

I return home, then I drive to the Lincoln Walmart to tell people that I didn't mysteriously disappear, I am still here, and the Apocalypse isn't about to happen. As I drive to the Lincoln Walmart I notice that the foliage by the side of the road looks like it has been seriously wasting away, presumably because people have fled their towns and abandoned their jobs of maintaining it. I notice gaping holes in the foliage that look if they had been cleared by downed planes or by small bombs.

As I drive over the bridge into Lincoln, I notice that the bright orange ball that hangs on and prevents planes from hitting the wire over the bridge is dirty for the first time in years.

When I arrive at the Lincoln Walmart, I notice that all the fixtures have been redone in black and that the back offices are in a state of disrepair. At one point I hear sad piano music playing. I think these things may have been hallucinations based on my later realization that I never did set off a fake Apocalypse warning signal.

I show up at the Lincoln Walmart and broadcast over the PA that I need to speak to management and that it is urgent. I get hold of the store manager, Dale M., the highest-ranking employee at the store. I meet with him in the personnel office together with the personnel manager, Kim M. I start explaining to Dale that I committed a very serious crime - sending off a fake Apocalypse warning signal - and that I deserve the worst punishment possible. I feel I need to speak to high-ranking law enforcement and get the word out to millions of people that the Apocalypse is not about to happen.

Shortly before this incident occurred, Dale had mentioned to us that our Walmart store was going to get handheld product scanners equipped with radio frequency identification, or RFID. Knowing that people who believe in the Biblical Revelation consider RFID to be one of the marks of the Beast, I tell Dale, "they're going to get RFID and ram it through the company, but you have to say no". He tells me, "We already have RFID". (After this whole incident came to a close, I am no longer concerned about RFID.)

I finally leave the Walmart. The Lincoln police show up in the Walmart parking lot, though, and take away the keys to my car. I tell them I committed the "ultimate crime", but don't tell them that by "ultimate crime" what I mean is that I set off a fake Apocalypse warning signal. They point a gun at my wrist, and later at my head. I see a laser beam, and somehow (some bizarre technology used by the participants in this plot) I am able to feel a poke where the laser meets my wrist and my head.

As I sound more sincere in my confession, the intensity of the feel of the laser beam on my head increases. It becomes a struggle to not sound sincere and not get shot in what is a mild form of psychological torture. This episode in the Walmart parking lot goes on for what must be an hour, leaving me thoroughly humiliated. At this point I feel I would be relieved if they shot me, because things are such a mess right now.

There are several problems here with what happened in the parking lot at Lincoln: The first is that while the police were making me think that they were going to shoot me on the spot for my confession, police aren't allowed to do this - even when someone confesses to a crime, there has to be a trial and conviction before there can be a punishment. The second is that the death penalty is not legal in Maine. The police who held me in the Walmart parking lot were part of this large game.

I see lasers pointed at me as I am stuffed into the back seat of a cop car and am believing that I will be shot as soon as I fell asleep.

III. The hospital

Penobscot Valley Hospital

I do in fact fall asleep, but I am not shot. Instead, the police car arrives at a mysterious location. I believe I have arrived at a facility to receive the lethal injection for my crime of causing the deaths of hundreds of millions through my own foolishness and selfishness. I do in fact receive an IV and I believe that the deadly chemicals are beginning to course through my veins. It takes

longer than expected, though, and I ask them "How long does this take?". There is a security camera in the room and I start saying goodbye to my relatives and talking about various conspiracy theories to the security camera.

They transfer me to another room, and I am led to believe that I will now receive execution by a firing squad instead as the lethal injection is too humane of a punishment for me. I feel the mysterious pokes of their guns aimed at me and I start to hear some kind of a whirring noise. They tell me to try to sleep, and I believe that my blood will splatter on the walls sometime soon.

I ask, "Wait a minute, is the firing squad legal in Maine?", but the men there just mumble something among themselves and ignore me. We start to have some conversation, and they start to let me know that they're going to torture me, but at this point I take it as some kind of bizarre joke. I ask them how they're going to torture me, and I feel pokes in my head, my left eyeball, and my heart. Apparently I will receive emotional and psychological torture along with torture of my eyeballs.

The next thing I know I am in a small windowless room with two other men. It seems we are underground, perhaps in some kind of military detention facility, or maybe in some place distant like the Middle East.

The men throw my clothes in the garbage, and say to me "Heh, Maine", knocking the reputation of the college that I went to. One of the men rams a needle full of what looks like mercury into my right thigh and I feel my right testicle shrivel up. The other man says "I like how you spat on the needle." I yell, "What is this, some kind of North Korean gulag? Get me out of here!"

Now there are four large men in the room with me. The men start doing two strange things with me. The first is testing me for stereotypes in some sort of get-up where they would have the one guy who I knew was Jewish and several stereotypically WASP-looking guys with blue eyes blurt out various things in front of me. Apparently they would judge my responses in what is presumably a test for the archaic Nazi stereotype that Jews are liars. Apparently, I pass, free of stereotypes. The second is apparently trying to overload my brain by firing off one random sentence after another, like gunfire. When faced with this treatment, I near-hysterically cry out, "What is this, some sort of psychological torture?". One of the men says, "Heh, for us". I see maybe a dozen people pass by my room, all of them intent on giving me this treatment.

I repeatedly ask them where we are, and each time they say, "We're at Penobscot Valley Hospital". Penobscot Valley Hospital is a small regional hospital located several blocks from the Walmart in Lincoln, Maine. I don't believe them, though, and think that we are instead in some kind of stereotype testing facility that has been decorated with Penobscot Valley Hospital signs.

I am in another room now that is largely occupied by an ominous-looking machine with a horrendous appearance resembling an oversized dentist's lamp out of a horror movie. The light bulb is maybe 4" long and shaped like a lightning bolt. I ask them what it is, and they snidely

reply "It's a light". They tell me to get under it, and I ask them why don't they get under it first, but they don't. They won't let me out of the room and hold me back when I try to run out of the room. They tell me I can't leave the room because "I might see the other patients". I yell for help, but nobody answers. I make a grab for the phone, but they rip it off the wall. Soon, they forcefully push me on to the table under this hellish "light" and one of them says "get the restraints". They lock me onto the table with the restraints.

Acadia Hospital

The next thing I can remember are footsteps running toward me, I am placed on a stretcher, and whisked away to Acadia Hospital. I think that someone has luckily come to free me from the torturers at PVH, but when this theater draws to close I understand that it is simply more participants in this bizarre theater.

Acadia Hospital is a 100 bed short-term stay psychiatric hospital located 40 miles south of Lincoln in Bangor, Maine. Called the "queen city", Bangor serves as the economic and social hub of north-central Maine. Acadia Hospital has won numerous awards and is recognized for its outstanding reputation (which makes it all the more remarkable that something like this managed to happen at Acadia and even, later, at Eastern Maine Medical Center).

I arrive at Acadia, and meet with my psychiatrist, Dr. Michael Armstrong, who says to me ominously "You've got a lot of life left in you", and "You have many good years ahead of you". It was the tone of his voice that gave his words their sinister meaning.

Understanding that I will be tortured at Acadia, I tell one of the female staff members to get rid of Dr. Armstrong, as he tried to torture me, but she just pretends to be confused and says "Huh?" My heart sinks. Apparently, the whole hospital has been taken over by people intent on holding me captive and torturing me.

I offer Dr. Armstrong some of my uncle's millions of dollars in exchange for just shooting me instead of torturing me, but he just smirks at me. (If this wasn't some kind of plot I should've gotten reassurance from him that he wasn't going to torture me and was there just to help me. But instead he just smirks at me.) And later at DDPC we will watch a movie clip about people who were slowly boiled alive and "this time they couldn't bribe their way out".

The participants in this plot use their remote body control technique to somehow make me feel cold, and blankets won't help. It is a very unpleasant feeling. Later at DDPC, I will hear a female patient yell, theatrically and insincerely, "I'm cold".

Dr. Armstrong offers me some of the medication Haldol, and I take some at first. But later suspecting that it is causing some of the discomfort I have been experiencing (When I take

Haldol it causes an uncomfortable allergic reaction called extrapyramidal syndrome, or EPS), I decide to exercise my right to refuse the Haldol. I ask for some Abilify, another medication, instead, and Dr. Armstrong agrees. But I later refuse the Abilify as well. The only medication I accept for several weeks is my anti-anxiety medication Klonopin. Wanting to verify that I am in fact receiving genuine medications, I ask to verify the imprint on one of the computers. The imprint matches, and I will continue to take the Klonopin. Later, however, I will receive some Klonopin with an altered imprint, and it is at this point that I will begin to refuse the Klonopin as well. Later at DDPC, a male staff member will snidely offer me some pink (!) Klonopin, and Dr. Marjorie Snyder will give me a pill imprinted with "Mylan 777" as horror movies play on the TV in the lounge. Both of these I will refuse.

One night at Acadia I am served "spaghetti and meatballs" for dinner. I dare not look at it because I think they are referring to eyeballs with the optic nerves hanging off them as "spaghetti and meatballs".

At one point at Acadia I am provided with a meal, and I ask, by thinking, whether the beverage is "the suicide fluid". They respond through their mental communication technique (by somehow writing the thoughts into my brain), "yes". The beverage and the muffin taste like mercury. As I eat I hear someone outside my door playing music on a guitar with the lyrics "He ate his last meal".

One of the girls at Acadia kept referring to me as "Zeet". I don't know if this was supposed to be a play on or a mockery of my nickname "T" - or perhaps also a reference to the zit-like mole on my forehead. I don't know if she was a staff member or patient. She was a little cute, but I held her hands and they felt rough and manly, leading me to think she was a transsexual.

She says to me "You belong in Chi-na, on the trading floor, because you're mentally fast". I think back, "Yeah, I know". I had been thinking precisely that myself (I'm half Chinese and half White). But how did they know what I had been thinking?

Several days pass, and the participants in this plot will not tell me what date it is, and they start playing games with me about what date it is. I try to tell the date from the expiration dates on the milk cartons I get with my meals. A male staff member comes by my room and takes my temperature by holding the thermometer in the air, leading me to think that since such advanced technology is being used, dozens of years must have already passed. I sheepishly ask what year it is. The girl who called me "Zeet" asks me, "How was your first 40 days?", a reference to the 40 days Jesus spent in the desert. Shortly later, however, I figure out that at that point only about 8-9 days had passed since this incident began.

Because they were using exotic techniques to mess with my body and my brain, including messing with my body temperature, I wonder if they suspect me of being a terrorist. I think that depressing a person's body temperature in this manner is one of what are euphemistically referred to as "enhanced interrogation" techniques. I consider making some phone calls and

telling people that something September 11-related is going on at Acadia in order to grab their attention and make them listen to me, but I decide against it.

Later at DDPC I will watch a movie clip about a terrorist who is captured and his brain irradiated with gamma rays, painfully and slowly turning his brain into a bloody mush. The participants in this plot had somehow read my thoughts and knew I suspected that they thought I was a terrorist. I am shown another clip about a female terrorist; a male interrogator says to her "I'm not even sure you're a woman" - apparently a reference to how I had been thinking people were transsexuals.

My first roommate at Acadia was a Freemason, or at least played the role of one. He flashed me his Masonic ring, would open packet after packet of some kind of powder into his drink in front of me, and would lie face-down on his bed with one knee curled up, in the posture that a gay man would use to signal sexual availability to another man. I hear, through their mental communication technique, the participants in this plot tell me to imitate that posture and then to stop doing it. The Freemason had a book on his desk titled "[The Great Controversy](#)", about the Biblical Revelation and how the prophecy has been fulfilled by various events in history. Weeks later, I will see this book again, sitting on the bookshelf in the lounge at Dorothea Dix Psychiatric Center.

I hear the faint sound of chainsaws behind one door, and I think that my father is also in the hospital and is behind the door, and that the chainsaws are being used to shred his face. I will later conclude that these chainsaw noises were one of many hallucinations given to me by the participants in this plot.

They tell me through their mental communication technique that politics is very dangerous. They tell me, for example, that John McCain (an anti-Communist war hero) disappeared after his presidential run (later I realized that no he didn't - he went back to the Senate). They tell me that the real purpose of the nuclear program developed during WWII was to find a way to heat political enemies to extreme temperatures, as before nuclear technology the only way to heat a person up was with plain old fire. They lead me to believe that my father has also been captured and is also in the hospital, being heated to extreme temperatures (millions of degrees) via nuclear technology while being maintained alive.

They tell me through their mental communication technique that the moral problem of homosexuality is that it is the result of a long period of participation in socially damaging sexual activities (Actually, it isn't - and I don't believe that those supposedly damaging activities like pornography are fact damaging). They also tell me that the problem with Jews is that they don't follow the moral ideas of the New Testament (actually, neither do Buddhists or nonreligious people).

I ask them through this mental communication technique, "If you're so smart, what do you think about reincarnation (i.e., do you think it occurs)". The answer was that new organisms are

constantly born and with each life comes the opportunity for more suffering. (If this mental communication technique was my own mind talking to itself there is no way my mind could have concocted an answer like that, especially given the poor state of my mind at the time.)

I start to see, and feel the heat of, giant, red-hot poker underneath my pillow, next to my roommate's bed, and behind the locked emergency exit door. I will later conclude that these poker were hallucinations.

One day while I am in my room, the participants in this plot use their mental communication technique to order me to do, humiliated, the stretches that we did before our shifts at Walmart, and then to walk forward toward the door to meet my captors who would then take me to "Hell" to be tortured. I climb atop a stretcher, crying, and I hear the sound effect of a crocodile croaking, as if to tell me I was crying crocodile tears. We are on one of the upper floors at Acadia, and we board an elevator going down. I start to see an eerie glow and feel heat that increases as the elevator moves downward.

We exit Acadia Hospital and board an ambulance headed for "Hell". I lift my head to look out the rear window of the ambulance and I see a black VW following closely behind.

At one point I am unloaded off the ambulance underneath a bridge and we arrive at Eastern Maine Medical Center, a 411 bed hospital in Bangor, Maine. After a parade through various sections of EMMC, including an episode in a dilapidated, ancient-looking CAT scan machine we arrive at the EMMC's emergency room. A strange mural of an outdoor scene and a lighthouse has been painted here since I was last here several years ago, for real medical reasons instead of this game. They tell me through their mental communication technique that they are going to stop giving me mercury (because the mercury makes me "strong") and are using a computer to screen for various chemicals to give me in place of the mercury. I receive, intravenously, a clear fluid.

I start thinking about whether they will turn off the security camera here in the emergency room so that they won't be caught on film torturing me. Then I notice a button labeled "TV Control" on the wall next to my bed. While remodeling EMMC with this "TV Control" button, they had somehow anticipated that I would start thinking about it without knowing it was there.

While I am lying comfortably in bed here in the emergency room, they use this opportunity to brainwash me through their mental communication technique into seeing the "liberal" point of view in which North Korea is a utopia and South Korea is the "hedonism state".

And at this point they tell me through their mental communication technique what is ostensibly the purpose of this whole plot - in addition to every organism, every molecule, every sub-atomic particle experiences suffering (e.g. being heated, or transmuted), and we have to determine whether to build a supercomputer to solve this problem of suffering. (The problem is that the particles in the supercomputer would experience suffering). Even a plastic chair experiences

suffering. Even the giant pokers that were going to be used to abuse me with experience suffering. They tell me that I am disposable and I will get burnt to a crisp if I don't find the answer.

They tell me that since every particle in the Universe was suffering, the question is, why not blow the entire Universe to smithereens and put it out of its misery? The answer is, because somewhere out there, someone is having fun, and we don't want to end that. One of the proposed solutions that I take a liking to is to chill the particles, but they tell me that this isn't a good solution.

Finally, it is time to leave the EMMC emergency room (which they now, through their mental communication technique, refer to as "the Garden of Eden"). They tell me through their mental communication technique, "When we had shame, we were kicked out of the Garden of Eden". I think to myself that fine, I won't have shame and I will go out with my penis hanging out of my pants, but they tell me through their mental communication technique that they don't want me doing that. So at this point it is back to Acadia that we go. As we leave the elevator headed back to Acadia, the old lady who was with me in the EMMC emergency room (they had also convinced me via their mental communication technique that she was a transsexual) motions for me, not her, to get out of the elevator first. I presume that this is part of my training in liberalism.

When I get back to Acadia, now that I am thoroughly indoctrinated in the liberal worldview, a largish man gently asks me what I did wrong, and I yell out "I promoted conservatism!". They tell me that now through their mental communication technique, however, that conservatism really means liberalism and liberalism means conservatism, so I so I immediately follow my outburst with the thought "I mean the wrong side!".

I walk on the carpet with my tiptoes so as to not hurt the particles in the carpet. At one point I start doing the [Balducci levitation](#) magic trick above the carpet, the closest I can come to genuinely hovering above the carpet so as to not hurt the particles in it. A burly male staff member checks to see whether I am in fact genuinely hovering or simply performing a magic trick by walking behind me to look. He sees that my right foot is still planted on the floor and shakes his head. At one point I tenderly caress a plastic chair.

At this point it is time for me to continue trying to find a solution to the puzzle of the suffering of every particle in the Universe. I am supposed to do what the Masonic eye on the back of the dollar bill does, have a "revelation" in order to solve this problem. I focus myself, press my face against my hands, which are placed ever so gently on the wall (so as to not hurt the particles in the wall), and visualize the Masonic eye. After doing this several times my best answer is to build a supercomputer out of biological materials, and I am unable to find a better answer. They tell me through their mental communication technique to give up, and I do, reluctantly.

One of my next roommates at Acadia was named Allen Colby, always wore a clean white shirt and played the role of a pious, righteous Christian. After I arrive back at Acadia from EMMC, he takes me aside, sits me down by one of the windows and says "I want you to stop following the light". I understand that the "light" he is referring to are the commands in my mind I am getting through their mental communication technique, which I am following to please my captors and would-be torturers. (Before each command I would feel a pulse of light in my head.) The commands I am getting in my head then stop, and I start listening to what Allen has to say.

Allen provides me with some graham crackers with peanut butter and a tray of pasta. He says to me, "This is a lesson about all the suffering in the world". He says to me "It's nightsoil, it's fertilizer." Feces is ostensibly mixed in with the peanut butter and the pasta, and the charade here now is ostensibly that I am Jesus and I am eating feces in an attempt to understand the plight of others who are doing the same. I have a few bites, and say to him "This actually can hurt you", motioning to him that I know that knowing that eating feces can transmit parasites and Hepatitis A. He says, in his typical falsely pious manner, "I just say a prayer and know that whatever is in there won't hurt me". Allen tells me to finish eating the pasta, but I tell him it's OK; I'd rather not. A staff member provides me with a cup of orange juice. I drink it down, and a female staff member says to me, "You were brave to drink that orange juice". I will refuse to eat the food for several weeks, and it's easy to see why.

Later, I tell my lawyer, J. DeSanctis, that I was fed feces, in an attempt to overturn the [blue paper](#) holding me here at Acadia with my captors, but he doesn't believe me, knowing about the high reputation of Acadia and thinking that they wouldn't stoop that low.

Now, I accept only food that is sealed in the packaging. At one point a female staff member comes to my room with a phony, saccharine grin on her face and offers me some vanilla "Boost" (a nutritional energy drink) and flicks the seal with her finger to show me it is sealed. It makes me vomit, however, and after that I won't accept sealed food either. Curiously, they had also somehow managed to find out that I like drinking Boost.

Me, my grandmother, and the staff were discussing speaking to the personnel manager Kim about FMLA or some other related matters and then a female staff member comes in my room doing a stunningly good impersonation of Kim's voice.

My next door neighbor, whose first name was Tristan and last name I forgot, was a cross-dresser. Tristan was incredibly obnoxious, would frequently ramble loudly, sometimes following me around while doing so, and kept calling me "Hooper" and "Karl". I don't know what "Hooper" is supposed to mean, but I surmise that "Karl" might be a reference to my hated ideological arch-nemesis, Karl Marx.

The participants in this plot were trying to make my grandmother think that Acadia was trying to use Christianity to cure people of homosexuality and transvestic fetishism, something that may have occurred in psychiatric hospitals decades ago but doesn't today. (My grandmother has

conservative views on sexuality and I'm confident that she doesn't approve of homosexuality or cross-dressing.) Tristan was ostensibly there for treatment of transvestic fetishism and was loudly saying that the hospital staff were trying to stop him from achieving his "goal" of transitioning into a woman. As the days passed his dress got slightly more masculine and he lowered his falsetto voice.

In one of his loud ramblings, Tristan says to me, "there's something in the water", and so afterwards I will refuse to drink water from the fountains or the tap, and I will refuse to take a shower. This will go on for several weeks or so. He also mentions something about age-reversing drugs, making me think I am getting those to extend my life of being tortured.

The participants in this plot ask me through their mental communication technique for my Internet passwords and my cell phone number. I tell them my passwords, but I can't remember my cell phone number. Later a staff member loudly tells me my cell phone number in an ominous tone of voice, as if he is referring to this incident where I was asked for my cell phone number.

At one point they try to get me to take a shower by causing me some discomfort for about 20 minutes with their remote body control technique and then stopping it if I take a shower. When I do I notice that my body is green. They tell me through their mental communication technique that it is green because I am Jesus.

During the time I was there, Acadia was beginning to undergo a minor remodeling project (chiefly, the carpeted floors were being taken out and replaced with wood floors). As I listen to the construction noises going on in the room next door to me, they somehow morph into wartime noises such as kamikaze planes.

One day, before my Dad comes to visit me at Acadia, I see a packet of personal lubricant lying on the kitchen countertop in the lounge. I take it that this is a message that they're going to make my Dad think I'm gay.

One otherwise peaceful night when I have the lights off in my room and my door shut a female staff member suddenly barges into my room trying to scare me. Later at DDPC another patient named Nadine R. Ross will attempt something similar, slowly and silently moving into my room while I had my eyes shut, so when I opened my eyes I suddenly saw her standing in my doorway. They did what they did without any trace of humor showing on their face, and when they did it it was frightening enough that I shrieked in vocal registers not typically heard from men. It was clear from the expression on Nadine's face, and also from her deliberate feeding of the delusion that she was one of the people who had captured me and were going to torture me, that she despised me because of my political stance and the beliefs I privately held to myself.

After doing some wondering about how it is that the participants in this plot can communicate with me by reading my thoughts and writing thoughts into my brain, and how they "remote

control" my body, it hits me that the communication part is probably the [psi phenomenon](#), a real-life phenomenon that actually does let people communicate, to a very limited extent, in this manner. After I hit on this I immediately hear a loud gasp. I then develop the theory that the participants in this plot somehow managed to make the psi phenomenon more powerful by injecting me with various things.

When my father will come to visit me at Acadia later, I will pass him a sheet of paper on which I have written, "There is psi-phenomenon based brainwashing in here", but he will dismiss it as "insanity".

The participants in this plot were showing off how much they had somehow found out about me. For example, they drove me around in a maroon Chevy van identical to the one I had rented during my last car accident.

One time when they were driving me around they looked at me as if to say "take your seatbelt off", until I did so. They somehow knew that I always fastidiously buckle my seatbelt. One time they looked at me funny when I put my seatbelt on, as if to say, "Why do you want to reduce the risk that you'll be killed? [because we're going to torture you]".

Thinking that my problems and the hospital predicament of future torture I am in are due to the lapse in my church attendance, I feel I can rectify this if I attend church. I tell one of the male staff members, "I need to go to church". He says "Oh, you're going to get the smorgasbord [of presumably poisoned food] for that one." I surreptitiously ask him "What day is today", (hoping it is Sunday), but he just ignores me.

I try to make some phone calls to try to tell people I am slated for torture at Acadia. Yet my concern is that nobody believes me because the call is coming from a mental hospital. And they use their remote body control technique to make my voice sound "insane" in the middle of a phone call. One time after I make a phone call and start to sound insane in the middle of it a burly male staff member flashes me an evil grin.

One night at Acadia I am lying on my bed and I hear staff start to talk about "model airplanes". My younger brother by three years was a model airplane fanatic when he was younger (Again, how did they find this out?) and I take it that he too is slated for capture and torture. I immediately run to the telephones outside, call my grandmother, and tell her and my brother to stay away from here as they are being targeted via association with me. I go back to my room and my eyes start stinging (my "punishment" for warning my grandmother and my brother; they somehow managed to activate the seborrhea that sometimes stings my eyes via their remote body control mechanism). Next they repeatedly ask me through their mental communication technique for my brother's location. I try to resist answering, but it slips out that he's in Portland, Maine.

Dr. Armstrong had brown eyes, but as the days passed he started wearing dark blue contact lenses, and then light blue contact lenses. Finally, after four weeks, right before I am transferred out of Acadia and to an unknown location, he starts wearing green contact lenses. I had previously, privately developed the theory that people's eye color can predict things about their personality.

My strategy for escape from this predicament is to overturn the "blue paper" holding me involuntarily at Acadia. In order to do so, I have to show up in court (which was held at DDPC), and I have to have a psychiatrist evaluate me. I tell the staff at Acadia I want Dr. Hawkins, my trusted real-life psychiatrist to evaluate me. But Dr. Hawkins keeps being mysteriously unavailable.

I am afraid to show up in court because the participants in this plot are remote controlling my body to make my voice sound insane. I don't show up in court and this ends up dragging the court along and postponing the torture I believe I am going to get. The first week we had court my father got a continuance, and this went on for four weeks until the judge ostensibly had enough of it.

Dr. Hawkins must be one of the last few people on Earth who still use a pager, and he has patients page him in case of emergencies. (I paged him several times during my stay at Acadia, as I was unable to reach him by phone.) In four weeks' time Dr. Armstrong comes to my room dressed as Dr. Hawkins, with a pager hanging conspicuously from his belt. Dr. Armstrong gives me the news that the court has committed me, and then leaves the room, saying "Tee hee hee" in a darkly jubilant and mocking tone of voice.

It is getting close to Halloween now, and the night before my transfer out of Acadia and to an unknown location I see drawn on the glass wall of the lounge dark, disturbing artwork featuring Snoopy, the pumpkin patch, and a dead, decaying stump of a tree. (Based on various clues they gave me, I was led to believe that my torture would begin on Halloween.)

At one point I start to pray, but the participants in this plot use their remote body control technique to turn my Christian prayer into a prayer to the Devil. This is typical of the blasphemous, extreme anti-Christian behavior demonstrated by the participants in this plot.

One day I am lying on my bed, taking it easy, in defiance of their plan to torture me. So Dr. Armstrong comes and says to me that Acadia isn't working out, so we're going somewhere else. I think that at this point that I am going to be transferred to a torture facility. Based on some various cryptic messages they have given me, I am thinking I am going to be transferred to an underground bomb shelter where I am protected from death by bombs or by expansion of the Sun.

One of the female staff members is packing my belongings into paper bags. She holds two bottles of shampoo that she knows aren't mine in front of me, and as soon as I hesitate for the

slightest fraction of a second in trying to resist her putting the bottles in my bag, she dumps the bottles of shampoo into my bag. Evidently she has now proved to me that I am supposedly immoral enough to take someone's shampoo. I want to tell her to take the bottles of shampoo out, but now she has already proved her supposed point and it is futile - I get the point that I am just supposed to take the shampoo.

I mentally decide to myself that I am going to resist being taken out of Acadia and to the unknown location, and somehow knowing what I am thinking, two Bangor police officers show up to forcefully take me there. It is evident to me that these two police officers are part of this game. It seems to me that two people who are not police officers are impersonating real police officers.

The cop handcuffs me to a wheelchair. I yell "Fuck you" at the cop when we're in the elevator on our way down to ground level, and the cop says back, "OK, if it makes you feel better". As I pass by the cafeteria in my wheelchair I also yell "Fuck you" at the scores of "patients" in the cafeteria. When in the parking lot, I scream as loud as I can, "Fucking impersonating police officers", but there is no one in the parking lot to hear me, despite the dozens, if not hundreds, of cars parked there.

When in the police car I ask the officer: "So why did you decide to become a COMMUNIST?" (I was led to believe that the people who captured me were Communists and Freemasons). I suddenly feel very cold and start shaking violently as he swivels around in his chair and glares at me. I get the point - he doesn't want me playing games, and after about half a minute, the coldness and shaking stops. I think I am being driven to a torture facility, but the car finally reaches the destination of Dorothea Dix Psychiatric Center.

Dorothea Dix Psychiatric Center

Formerly known as the Bangor Mental Health Institute, the Dorothea Dix Psychiatric Center is a psychiatric facility that holds patients who need treatment lasting about a month or more.

I am seated at a table with two mean-looking men who ask me some questions and want me to sign some forms. I hear the ring of a cell phone or telephone when my mind does certain things, then to my surprise one of the men actually pulls out a cell phone and answers it.

After speaking to these two men, they take me upstairs to my room on the Knox unit. My body walks up the stairs for me, without any effort on my part. They are somehow remote-controlling my body to make it walk for me.

DDPC was undergoing a major remodeling project and substantial portions of it were in a dilapidated state or had apparently been remodeled to look creepy.

The interior of DDPC felt like a convoluted subterranean maze (especially the creepy basement), with locks on every door - even the doors to the bathroom and the storage closets. The locks on some of the doors throughout the DDPC complex (mostly the doors outside the units) opened with the wave of a card, but most were keyed and featured keyholes only on the outside - so people could seemingly be locked inside or outside of any particular room - even the bathroom.

The light switches were in counterintuitive, nonobvious locations (sometimes meters away from the actual light) and were located on the outside of every room, even our personal rooms and the windowless bathrooms. Together with the locks on every door, it sent the message that people could be locked in the bathroom and the lights turned out on them, leaving them in total darkness.

Like every area and room in the DDPC complex, the entrance to my unit, the Knox unit, was securely locked unnecessarily. These particular locks opened with the wave of a card. It is getting close to Halloween, and once inside my unit, I notice that especially disturbing Halloween decorations are hung all about (disturbing cartoon skeletons, spiders, and jet-black pumpkins with sadistic, toothy grins carved into them). This stuff is definitely not for kids.

There is disturbing artwork with scenes of death hanging on the wall (See photos in [Gallery](#) section). I also notice that most of the artwork on the walls of the unit features the color of blood. One of them (not pictured) depicts a blood red field of grass that evokes the phrase "The killing fields". Another depicts a body sliced in half near a large patch of blood red. It is captioned "Suspense", by Miquel Darbra (see photo in Gallery section). Only my unit featured disturbing artwork revolving around the color of blood. From what I saw of the other units, the other units had normal artwork. The paint job throughout much of DDPC was very crude.

While exploring my unit, I notice a cardboard box in another patient's room boldly imprinted with the brand name "Butcher".

The basement was perhaps the creepiest part, and featured an endless maze of creepy narrow hallways. Walking through this labyrinthine basement (sometimes an extensive amount of walking) was necessary to get to the recreation center, the pharmacy, the weight room, or the library. The paint was peeling and dozens of ghoulish little storage closets lined the hallways, giving me the message I'm going to be locked in a storage closet. I first saw the basement when Felicia Bowen took me on a tour of the premises. She had an evil look on her face and a dark, sadistic glint in her eye.

On the Knox unit there was a 1' wide by 5' tall locked door opening into a closet embedded in the wall, with a numbered door sign on top of it, as if to give me the message that I'm going to be locked in a 1' by 1' closet in the wall.

In the library one of the pieces of art on the wall was a pencil sketch of a large anthropomorphic wolf looking in the mirror, and had a caption that read "Big, fat, ugly, and stupid."

DDPC featured a sensory room on my unit and on the second floor (called the "Wilson Treatment Mall" floor for its mall-like arrangement of the groups we would attend). I don't believe that most hospitals feature a sensory room, I'm presuming because it is expensive and is used by a limited population. There were beanbags in the sensory rooms and in the lounge (I liked beanbags when I was a kid; Again, how did they find this out about me?) I'm assuming there were sensory rooms on the other units as well, but I didn't really visit the inside of those units.

My unit at DDPC also featured a "seclusion room", a jail cell-like room containing only a 3' by 5' mattress and a rubbery blanket with the texture of a car tire, in which we would be locked for periods of time if we were violent towards the staff. At Acadia, acts of physical violence against the staff would not be punished by being locked in a "seclusion room" (I'm assuming because it is considered too cruel of a punishment).

Venetian blinds were pulled down over all of the windows, and they had locked screen doors in front of them, preventing them from being pulled up over the windows. The flat panel TVs in the dining room and the lounge were encased in solid glass and wood boxes built over them apparently during the remodel, and the only way to control them was with the remote control. The telephone was in a small hole in the wall that was covered with a locked sheet of plastic.

Visitors were not allowed into the DDPC unit and could not see the bizarre interior or the creepy basement. Instead, they had to visit in a special room near the entrance to the unit. This visitation room contained a Yahtzee game and the sensory room contained a Scrabble game (I like playing Yahtzee and Scrabble with my relatives, but nobody ever told the people at DDPC that).

Upon visiting my room at DDPC for the first time I notice the words "Santified [sic] by Je\$u\$ name" scrawled on my clothing drawer, and "Jesus Blood" written with a blood red marker on the top of the door frame, and bloody marks on the walls (See gallery for images). This type of vandalism was only in my room - in none of the other rooms (further evidence that this was a plot directed at me), though the hallways of my unit featured similar anti-Christian graffiti.

When opened, the interior of my clothing drawer featured several white clothes hangers all pointing the same way (I point my clothes hangers all the same way when I'm at home), and 2 pairs of dirty white flip flops (I like wearing flip flops). Again, how did they find these things out about me?

The hospital blankets at DDPC were so rough and scratchy they were unusable. And virtually all of them were pink and purple. (Are they trying to say I'm gay?)

Yet, I am pleasantly surprised, when I arrive at my room that I actually get a bed.

I am not eating the food; I ask my Dad to bring "snacks" in, but a guard stops him at the door and won't let him.

Some staff members sit me down in front of the TV in the lounge and tell me I can watch TV, but I don't have much of a choice as to what I can watch. A female staff member controls the TV with the remote control.

The first thing we watch is a chilling Animal Planet episode about a pack of dog-wolf hybrids that is suddenly put down for displaying signs of aggressiveness. This has little to do with my own personal life (except that I am also an ethnic hybrid), but the films we watch after this do.

The second thing we watch is another dark, creepy episode of Animal Planet in which an introverted girl keeps on nurturing her private interest in studying poisonous snakes at home. She becomes interested in studying them because of their shiny, scaly coats. Because it is esoteric interest, she doesn't tell anyone about it. And unbeknownst to her "the outside world was watching" her in her apartment. She grows more and more bold in her handling of the snakes until one day she is bitten by a highly venomous African snake. She dies, but not before vomiting blood all over her apartment. She had been injected with a hematotoxin, causing her to lose massive amounts of blood through every orifice in her body. Yet, she is the lucky one as the next character we meet is left alive to suffer.

This Animal Planet episode parallels my own life as I am introverted and had been nurturing a personal anthropological interest in studying a particular ethnic group. I never told anyone about that interest, and according to the Animal Planet episode someone has been surreptitiously somehow watching me, has finally caught up to me and is now going to fill me with snake venom.

At this point a female staff member watching this with me asks me dryly, "Do you like poisonous snakes?".

The next character is a man who is also involved in handling poisonous snakes. He is bitten by one but is concerned about calling 911 because he believes that the 911 operators will believe it is a prank (as I believed that no one would believe me when I made phone calls to tell people I was going to be tortured as the calls were coming from a mental hospital). The venom slowly paralyzes him while leaving him alive. He thinks to himself, "death better come soon, as this is becoming awfully uncomfortable". Ultimately he is left conscious but appears unconscious. Doctors get to him and operate on him, not knowing that he is conscious.

Based on this and the other clues and messages the participants in this plot gave me, it seemed that they were telling me that the torture technique they would use on me would be to give me animal venom and fake my death. I would appear to be dead but I would still be conscious. I would be unable to move my body, and possibly be in a state of great pain or discomfort. Then I would be buried alive in a casket for billions of years if not an eternity. They would have some

method to keep me alive during this time and they would use their remote body control technique to make it so I could go without eating, drinking, urinating, or defecating. (They actually did make it so that I went for long periods of time in the hospital without eating, drinking, urinating, or defecating, and without feeling any hunger, thirst, or associated discomfort at all.)

I wonder to myself whether the participants in this plot did the same thing to my mother (my mother died after an extended hospital stay 10 years earlier). As soon as I do, I hear a conspicuous pause. They somehow knew what I was thinking.

They show me various commercials featuring products they somehow knew I liked, had considered buying, and had stocked at Walmart.

I know somebody had hijacked the TV because they hardly ever played the same commercial twice. Usually, commercials on TV will be repeated periodically.

They screen me a [GAC](#) Top 20 country music video countdown, and one of the music videos features an event that happened to me a few days earlier - someone side swiped the car my grandmother and I were riding in at high speed as my grandmother was racing the other person to the merge point.

We watch a Curious George clip where a judge, seated in a conspicuously blood red chair, sentences somebody to "10 years in the dungeon", later rescinds the punishment, (saying "We're just friends"), but later again reinstates a mysterious punishment, saying "I sentence you to...", and then the clip ends. The clip conspicuously features blood red in various parts.

One of the movie clips was about someone who was deliberately shot twice in the same place in a specific location so it would be "tortuous".

We watch a clip from a horror movie about someone being chased by a masked villain backwards through subway cars. The participants in this plot had somehow managed to find out that one of my recurring nightmares is being chased backwards through subway cars. I had never told anyone about that nightmare.

They screen me a commercial about someone who got a perfect score on the verbal section of the SAT using test prep software (I prepped extensively for the SAT, and I did get a perfect score on the verbal section). I have told people what I scored on the SAT, but I have never told anyone that I had a perfect score on the verbal section. How did they find this out? All the spies in the world couldn't figure out Barack Obama's SAT score. (He refused to provide it during the 2008 election). Maybe it was done with computer hacking -- but then computer hacking can't explain how they managed to find out about my recurring nightmare of being chased through subway cars.

One of the commercials is for a cancer treatment center and features the slogan "You have no expiration date". In other words, I'm going to be living an eternal life of torture.

They brainwash me via their mental communication technique into believing as my father does that cosmetics are morally unacceptable, and then some time later I am screened a news clip about several young schoolgirls who decide to go to school without makeup.

I think to myself about the worst torture possible and remember hearing when I was young that time could be frozen forever for someone if that person was shot into a black hole. Given the millions of dollars that had seemingly already been spent on this plot (for example, rendered 3D animated films, remodeling DDPC, Acadia, and EMMC, and the dozens of staff and patients spending their time on this), it did not seem impossible that they might spend some more millions to shoot me into outer space into a black hole. As I think about this I hear one of the staff members say "hmmm...", as if contemplating the idea. This is also more evidence that they're somehow reading my thoughts.

One of the "patients" at DDPC was a young college-aged woman named Nadine R. Ross. Like some of the other staff, she would wear blue contact lenses (which she took off at one point, exposing her brown eyes) and streaked, blood-red nail polish that made it look like she had just killed somebody and clawed her way through their carcass. She would also wear Birkenstocks, making me notice the resemblance between her and my psychiatric nurse practitioner, D. Huff, who also has blue eyes and wears Birkenstocks. Despite the dark, Satanic atmosphere surrounding Nadine, I for a period of time considered her a "friend" within the context of this game until I gave her the finger in the lounge for imitating the gasping noises I would sometimes make for some reason, after which point she stopped hanging out around me. Somehow reading my mind, Nadine would also wear nail polish shortly after I began to feel that cosmetics were acceptable, and would abstain when I thought they were unacceptable.

The patients and staff at DDPC would do in front of me the quirky things that I would do, for example, trying to help the hospital save money by turning out the lights when not in use, or flipping off the light switch with my elbow (I turned the lights out with my elbow because my OCD made me unable to touch them with my fingers). I have a pair of all-silver New Balance sneakers that I wear occasionally, and I see patients and staff wearing all-silver New Balance sneakers.

Two of the major recreational activities we participated in at DDPC were 1) trips to go bowling and 2) driving around several days before Christmas to go look at the houses decorated with lights. These are both two of my grandmother's favorite activities; she has our family do them with her on a regular basis.

I repeatedly find myself asking the participants in this plot, by thinking, through their mental communication technique, for a sample of the torture I am about to get. I am lying in bed, and they briefly make it, with their remote body control technique, so that I can't get comfortable on my bed in any position, not even for one second. It is a very unpleasant feeling, and they say through their mental communication technique that I can't even take one second of the torture

they have in store for me. At one point they say to me, "You want a sample? Get in the 1' by 1' room for the next 100 years, there's your sample." At one point after asking them for a sample I notice a green basket full of small samples of deodorant and toiletries lying on my clothes shelf. They had somehow read my mind again and apparently some of the folks at DDPC have a fiendish sense of humor. One of the items in the basket of samples is a stick of roll-on deodorant carrying the brand name "Maximum Security".

In the lounge, Dr. Snyder tried to get me to drink a bottle of water and pushed it toward my lips as a clip from a horror movie about people being bitten by poisonous monkeys played on the TV screen. In the movie a man yells "You have no idea!" in reference to how poisonous the monkey venom is. He yells, "Just one drop [contains highly potent toxins]!".

One night at DDPC I see a sign written on a piece of looseleaf outside Nadine's door with the words "I want to die and go to Hell TONIGHT" scratched in pencil.

Later that night we watch a clip from a movie where a totalitarian, Orwellian state was going to overthrow the government the coming day. The national colors of this government were red and black. One evil man personified the evil government, and he would torture people by strangling them and then breaking their necks, leaving them to choke for long periods of time. One of the protagonists fired shots at him to no avail, and asked him, "Why don't you die?". He responded, because I'm an idea, and ideas are more powerful than flesh. Next we hear the words "The revolution begins TONIGHT", and I see the word TONIGHT in huge capital letters flash on the screen. I take it that this means that they are going to begin torturing me tonight and I retire to my room.

I climb into bed and I hear the "That's all, folks" Looney Toons theme music and the Microsoft Windows shutdown sound effect coming from outside.

Minutes later, I start to choke and feel short of breath (they did it with their remote body-control thing), and I see Nadine Ross skipping jubilantly through the hallway. Later that night I wake up wanting to vomit, thinking it is going to be blood. I don't vomit, however, and they have not yet begun to torture me.

As time goes on and we get closer to Halloween, they make it known to me that I am going to be transferred to "the hospital". They know I dread "the hospital" and threaten to take me there quicker if I do what I am doing now - writing down what has been happening. (I believe that writing these things down and giving me father instructions to destroy my body after I am passed off as dead is my only hope to avoid eons of torture.) They know I think that the hospital is the next stage in my progression towards being tortured. Finally, one day they provide me with some ginger ale and some other beverages, and tell me "see if there's anything that you trust" in those beverages. Before this incident I had privately been developing theories about which types of people are trustworthy and which are not. They will take me to the hospital in one hour if I don't drink the beverages. I spend the hour, which I think is my last hour free of torture, in the

sensory room, talking to the participants in this plot, via their mental communication technique, about the ethnic group I had been studying. Several female staff members stop by and one of them says to me "I don't want you to lose consciousness". The dark implications of the phrase ring in my ears.

Eastern Maine Medical Center

One day some staff members finally come to transfer me to Eastern Maine Medical Center. Upon arriving at EMMC I am given a "consent to treat" form to review and sign. Given the events that had been occurring, I look it over and signal that I'm not going to sign it. They then yank it out of my hands and I suddenly have to urinate but can't. Then I urinate all over myself - they did this with their remote body control technique - my "punishment" for "playing games" with them.

EMMC was also undergoing a minor remodeling. One of the pictures on the wall was of baby footprints colored blood red.

The first thing they do at EMMC is start to inject me with what are ostensibly bags of saline solution, but what I believe to be African snake venom. I let them do it without struggling because I know that if I resist, I will just get the restraints, and I'd rather spend my last few moments without torture comfortably and without the restraints. As they inject me, I ask myself what I should do and the words "love your enemy" come to mind. The participants in this plot tell me via their mental communication technique that that is in fact what I should do, but then I say to them "but this is ridiculous".

Later two female staff members hook me up to an IV, and give each other high-fives as they do so - they've finally managed to get something into me. Another female physician comes to inject me with something and is wearing perfect makeup and clothes as if it was one of the greatest moments in her life. They catheterize me, and the pain is excruciating. I scream, and someone says to shut the door. They give me bedsheets that supposedly have been used already by another patient, but I lie on them anyway.

One night they tell me that someone else is talking to me through their mental communication technique and that this person isn't as kind. He threatens that if I don't yell out how much I hate the ethnic group that I had been studying he will cause excruciating pain in my IV. I refuse to yell this out and the pain is excruciating for about 30 seconds. I would describe the pain as about a 13 out of 10 on the [Wong-Baker scale](#).

They repeatedly ask me if I want an anti-coagulant medication called "Lovenox", and tell me I might receive a fatal blood clot without it. To me, the point where I "die" (my death is faked) is when my hundreds of millions of years of torture begin, and the "Lovenox" might be poison, so I fret about it for a while but after several days I decide to take the Lovenox. I am given information sheets describing various medications and under one of the medications it says "no nose picking".

Throughout the course of this experience I had been thinking about the Wong-Baker pain scale. The Wong-Baker pain scale is a pain rating scale that ranges from 0 ("No pain") to 10 ("Extreme pain"). I ask them through their mental communication technique what the maximum level of pain is, and they say it's about 500,000-600,000 (on a scale of 1-10!). As if they were reading my mind, I will see pictures of the Wong-Baker pain scale prominently displayed in my room (it is one of only several posters hanging on the wall) and in various other places in the various institutions involved in this experience.

One of the people who sat by my bed at EMMC was an Asian woman who wasn't very friendly or nice to me. The perpetrators of this plot used their remote body control technique to force me to talk to her in a demeaning, racist, tone of voice, talking to her as if she is obedient, delicate, etc, on the basis of her Asian heritage.

At EMMC, the beds had small TVs on swivel arms attached to them, and the night before Halloween every channel on my TV is playing disturbing horror. One of the shows is a cartoon where people are climbing into narrow, claustrophobic air vents to escape being chased by some anthropomorphic black sludge. One character says to the other, "And you had the french fry lunch! No, it was half a french fry!", a reference to me not eating the ostensibly poisoned food. In another show, a woman is sexually assaulted by a ghost that comes out of the wall.

One of the films they had me watch at EMMC was a "relaxation" nature film. It started off with the words "You are lying comfortably" as I was in bed, and "then you drift off to sleep". Next is a lengthy sequence of pleasing natural scenes such as waves at the beach. The film finally concludes with a shot of a blood red plant with spiked and tensely curled flowers and leaves. The message sent by this film was that I'm going to be suffering through the eons of nature.

One of the persistent themes in this whole incident is the colors of red and black. Black is the color of darkness, and red is the color of blood. They also happen to be Nazi colors. The staff and patients would dress in red and black, and the commercials and some of the movie clips they screen me at DDPC prominently feature the colors of red and black.

On Halloween, my grandmother comes to visit me at EMMC. She is wearing a grim-looking red and black outfit -- the participants in this plot had somehow managed to get her to dress in red and black.

One night while lying in my bed at EMMC, they say through their mental communication technique that at this point they are finally going to begin torturing me. They encourage me to call my grandmother to tell her that I won't be getting out of the hospital. They also encourage me to share one of the essays I wrote, an admissions essay I wrote about 'beauty' for the University of Maine, with my father. If I do these things, they will commute my sentence from an eternity of torture to several hundred million years. They suddenly use their remote body control technique to cause me an erection, and then I feel myself lose my ability to move my muscles in what is apparently the beginning of their attempt to pass me off for dead while I am still conscious. After the night passes, however, I am still comfortably lying in bed, and as the next several weeks pass, I begin to think that they will never torture me, since they had threatened and never made good on it so many times.

I am transferred back to DDPC, and eventually, I start eating the food, more out of the comfort that it brings than because I felt that there wasn't anything wrong with it and because of the thought that any group of people this large would adhere to some sort of moral standard.

I also start taking the medications again because they threaten that I will receive them by injection if I try to refuse. Dr. Wolinsky is asking me what medications I want and is asking me to direct the course of my own medication by asking me questions such as whether I want to increase my dose of Zoloft (for anxiety, OCD, and depression) from 100 mg to 150 mg. How am I supposed to know? The interesting thing is that my mental status is the same no matter what combination of medications I am on. This leads me to believe that I am getting dummy pills.

At DDPC they are feeding me and the other patients rare or strange dishes that don't exist: Ham topped with "pineapple sauce" (a yellow concoction with a revolting appearance resembling vomit), baked beans and ham (instead of baked beans and hot dogs), lentil stew, hamburger stew, tomato and barley soup, giant egg slices 3"-4" in diameter with yolks 2"-3" in diameter, "Ardmore" juice in shallow cylindrical containers, and various things red in color and evoking the appearance of blood.

At this time I start to attend groups at the "Wilson Treatment Mall". The Wilson Treatment Mall was located on the second floor of my building and in it we would choose from a variety of "groups" to attend one a time. In the groups we would discuss things such as "Nutrition", "Relapse Prevention", and "Spirituality". The rooms housing the groups were arranged like stores in a mall, hence the name "Mall". The name Wilson came from a deceased practitioner at DDPC. One of the groups that I attended once was called "Musical Mystery Tour". In this group we simply listened to music on a boombox. The only attendees this time were me and another patient named "Courtney". At this time it is getting close to Christmas, and Courtney was rambling some typically anti-Christian drivel about why we shouldn't celebrate Christmas because it is a holiday about someone who was murdered. In this group we listened to the songs, "All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth", "I saw Daddy kissing Santa Claus", and "Green

Chri\$tma\$" by Stan Freberg, featuring the lyrics "Deck the halls with advertising". They knew these songs struck me as menacing, sacrilegious, and virtually blasphemous.

Dr. Wolinsky is describing to me the things she'll have me do over the coming few weeks, but making it clear that she won't overload me with too much activity, she says, in an obvious double entendre, "I don't want to torture you". At first Dr. Wolinsky says to me that I will get out of DDPC when my problem with making conversation is fixed (I have an unrelated problem making conversation -- it doesn't come naturally for me), making me think that I perhaps might never leave DDPC. But one day my social worker Eileen comes to visit me and tells me I will be getting out of DDPC in several weeks. This is the moment I have been waiting for - I have found out that I won't be tortured and that I will actually be released from DDPC. I spend the next final few weeks at DDPC having a normal but monotonous inpatient experience: going to groups at the Wilson Treatment Mall, going bowling, playing video games in the rec center, going to the gym and the library, and counting down the days until I get to leave.

The physicians don't agree on a diagnosis and even hesitate to provide one, but Wolinsky says schizophrenia.

I conclude that the events that occurred in the "prophecy" section were some sort of experience manufactured for me by the participants in this plot.

When my experience at DDPC is almost at a close, I start filming and taking pictures of some of the bizarre things I saw at DDPC so I could share them with other people and help prove that these things actually happened. The participants in the plot at first tell me via their mental communication technique that they don't want me doing that, but later they tell me they're OK with me doing that. Finally, on January 20, 2011, I leave the hospital.

IV. Aftermath

How do I know the patients were complicit in this bizarre plot? One way is that if they weren't, they would have voiced some concern about the bizarre surroundings at DDPC - such as the anti-Christian graffiti all over the premises, the locks on all the doors opening only from the outside, and the disturbingly creepy basement. Also, both the patients and the staff were stereotype testing me.

It's possible to argue that the things I describe as having happened, such as how they managed to find out my nightmares, what products I liked and had stocked at Walmart, my SAT scores, etc, and how they managed to "remote control" my body and talk to me via their mental communication technique couldn't have possibly happened because they are impossible. But I

look at them like magic tricks. Professional magicians pull seemingly impossible stunts all the time. Either the people who did this have access to some kind of methods not known to the public, or they have tricks behind how they did them. And just like good magicians, they will not reveal to me the secrets behind how they managed to pull these things off.

Since this episode began when I ended up in Penobscot Valley Hospital, I have noticed that the OCD, anxiety, and depression I had long grappled with have completely disappeared. They apparently treated this with their remote body control technique. I believe this to be so because my OCD, anxiety, and depression have disappeared even though I made no changes to my medication except starting the Geodon, a medication for schizophrenia - and although Geodon can treat anxiety, it can't treat OCD and depression. I also experienced the complete absence of OCD, anxiety, and depression during the time I took only Klonopin or refused to take any medications at all. These things have been treated so well with their remote body control technique that I no longer consider myself to suffer from these things.

Prior to this incident I had also been experiencing memory problems, extreme fatigue leading to excessive sleep, extreme thirst, problems choosing the right word, and something going on where I could only say "Uhh" when someone asked me a question. The OCD was apparently causing these problems, though I am not sure what caused the memory problems and the thirst. These problems all disappeared as soon as this episode began. The OCD had also taken away my ability to be funny, however, and unfortunately this has not yet returned. Humor is an excellent social lubricant.

Their remote body control technique is also apparently being used to treat my seborrheic dermatitis, which had been producing a rash on my chin. I used to put medication on it, but now I'm not using any medication and it has gotten better anyway. My dermatologist was shocked at how much it suddenly improved after leaving DDPC.

While it is an incredible relief to be free of OCD, anxiety, and depression, I do have some *serious* complaints. First is this hard-to-describe feeling that set in when I left DDPC of being bored, tense, queasy, always counting down the time from one thing to the next, not finding joy in things, and therefore wanting to be asleep instead of awake. I don't blame this on the remote body control technique, but it started to occur after I left DDPC and I do blame it on this whole episode. For this reason, I tend to wish that this episode never occurred. This feeling does, however, tend to be somewhat better after I have slept, and sometimes eating fresh fruits such as mangos or oranges will make it better.

The next complaint that I have is that their remote body control technique is apparently being used to take away my sex drive and with it my ability to experience sexual pleasure. This is as cruel as those female genital mutilations that are done in the Middle East and Africa that leave women unable to enjoy sexuality. I have lost my desire to pursue women and am unable to experience the simple joy of finding a woman or having a family. I feel like I'm 4 years old

again in terms of my sex drive, in a way that doesn't feel good. At this point even a grandmother has more desire for the opposite sex than I do. It's the meaning of life and now I can't experience it. I want to feel like an adult and not like a 4-year old and not be condemned to a flat, sexless existence. And now that I can't understand the joy that it brings I can't participate in the normal, major human life activity of having a romantic relationship.

The third complaint that I have is that their remote body control technique is apparently being used to seriously dumb me down. I don't feel at all like an intelligent person anymore. I remember that when I was almost ready to leave Dorothea Dix, some of it briefly returned. But then the next thing I hear is a threat coming through their mental communication technique that if I don't do something (I don't remember quite what it was, but it was something stupid like pick up the telephone) I will lose it. I didn't do it as I didn't think that they were serious about taking it away, but they did take it away and it hasn't returned.

My last complaint is that since leaving DDPC, I have been hearing things through their mental communication technique. This time, however, they are seriously harassing me. This is a serious complaint and it is disrupting my ability to do my job. It tends to occur in the middle of the night while I'm at work. It is *phenomenally* distressing and the harassment is absolutely relentless and phenomenally cruel. It can sometimes be intense enough to break me down, and when this happens I have been having to leave work. Plus, when they start communicating with me in this manner, I start to fear that they're also going to start remote controlling my body again to make me do something stupid. I don't mind too much the 4-month long game that we played at Acadia, EMMC, and Dorothea Dix, but I do mind this harassment, as well as the other three of the four complaints that I have. A lot.

As had been happening at Acadia, DDPC, and EMMC, I will get messages that sound like my own thoughts, but they're saying things to me. I can respond back by simply thinking.

If I didn't experience the bizarre things that I did at Acadia, DDPC, and EMMC, I would immediately write this off as a schizophrenic delusion. But the people at Acadia, DDPC, and EMMC were giving me many signs that they were in fact communicating with me by somehow writing thoughts into my brain and I believe that they have something to do with this harassment. I believe this for a variety of reasons:

- The "voices" that harass me are vehemently anti-Christian, just like the participants in this plot were all anti-Christian (anti-Christian graffiti in DDPC, laughing at the Bible, making me pray to the Devil). Every time I say "Jesus Christ" in exasperation, they will say "Jesus Christ isn't here for you, boy".
- Allen Colby at Acadia told me to "stop following the light", which I understood to mean the commands and the voices in my head. After he tells me this, the commands/voices stop.

- When I asked them through their mental communication technique, "If you're so smart, what do you think about reincarnation?", they replied that new organisms are constantly born and with each life comes the opportunity for more suffering. If this mental communication technique was my own mind talking to itself there is no way my mind could have come up with an answer like that.
- I started hearing this mental communication technique while I was at Acadia.
- I started hearing these things amidst a whole variety of strange things being done by these patients, physicians, and staff. How do I know they are not also responsible for the harassment?
- Like my lowered intellect and libido, it does not vary with changes to my general health.
- When I was in the hospital talking to them via this mental communication technique the thoughts that I would receive in my brain would predict the future and they would turn out to be right. In other words, they would describe situations I didn't know about and I would verify them as being correct. For example, they would tell me to go look at various things and tell me that they would be noteworthy or tell me that they would "be nothing" or not be noteworthy, such as my meal. Then I would go look at these things and the words in my head would turn out to be right. So how could it be just my own mind talking to itself?
- So far making changes to my medication in an attempt to stop this has not worked at all.

Below is a sampling of the "conversations" that we have during the night. Typically, the same things will be repeated dozens of times during the night. It's incredibly obnoxious to have to listen to and put up with this all night long.

Me: "How about [an appeal to] moral common sense [in regards to why you shouldn't be harassing me]?"

Them: "We don't care about morality"

Me: I'm getting tired of this [harassment]

Them: "We know you're getting tired of it, that's why we're doing it"

Them: "Oh T-dog, you're so funny" [my nicknames are "T" and "T-dog"]

Me: "I got them -- no, they got me."

Them: "Smartest thing you ever said, tea bag."

Me: What are you getting out of this [harassment]?

Them: We're getting a whole lot of laughs.

Me: Hilarious, bud, absolutely hilarious.

Them: I know you are, but what am I?

Me: Oh, For Christ's sake

Them: Christ isn't here to help you, boy!

Them: Oh, seems like you already know that?

Me: Can you please stop it?

Them: I don't know, can we boys?!?

Them: Do it, do it

Me: Do what?

Them: I don't know, that thing you do

Me: Jesus Christ... [in exasperation]

Them: Jesus Christ isn't here to save you, boy.

Me: You're gonna get your ass kicked.

Them: We know you will, T-Doggy dog nation, heh heh. [my nickname is sometimes expanded to "T-dog nation"]

Me: You're gonna get your ass kicked.

Them: Sure we is, T-dog.

Me: Kiss my ass, pal. Kiss my fat, Chinese ass.

Them: No, you kiss your own ass, T-dog.

Over several days I start doing some reading about Communism in the Soviet Union and read that psychiatry has been abused in the Soviet Union, China, and other Communist countries by holding dissidents and political undesirables via the involuntary commitment process in mental hospitals. I note that what happened to me is strikingly similar to what happened in these Communist nations - anti-Communist dissidents were held in mental hospitals, bypassing the legal procedures that would otherwise be necessary to incarcerate someone, and the dissidents were discredited as a result of their institutionalization. I was even diagnosed with schizophrenia, paralleling the diagnosis of "sluggish schizophrenia" that was handed out to dissidents and political undesirables in the Soviet Union. My captors, however, were kinder than I presume they would have been in a genuine Communist country (with the exception of the harassment, which being as intense, continuous, and relentless as it is, strikes me as genuinely and inhumanly cruel, as well as the three other complaints that I mentioned.) I wonder if the participants in this plot perhaps drew their inspiration for the plot from what happened under Communism.

I experienced something quite similar to the [Martha Mitchell effect](#), where the strange things that I witnessed at Acadia, DDPC, and EMMC were dismissed as mental illness. The difference, however, between what I experienced and the Martha Mitchell effect, is that what I experienced was dismissed with the knowledge that it was actually occurring, instead of having something being inadvertently mistaken for mental illness.

What are my thoughts about this whole plot? I am primarily concerned about the four complaints that I have that have arisen because of this incident. Aside from that, it was a massive use of time and money, not just for me, but for society as well. If they hadn't deliberately made me think there was something wrong with the food I would've eaten it and avoided getting a \$25,000 Eastern Maine Medical Center bill that was charged to EMMC. And I couldn't pay my bills during the four months I was hospitalized and my credit score was hurt.

Again, however, I must reiterate that my primary concerns are the four complaints that I mentioned.

Even though they made it so that I couldn't feel the fear a person would ordinarily experience in the situation I was placed in, making the whole thing more tolerable, I have a problem with the negativity that the whole plot revolved around. The plot reflects some sort of obsession with negativity and I am shocked that this sort of behavior is tolerated in the medical profession. Is this not a violation of the trust that the public places in the medical profession?

V. Unanswered questions

Here is a list of unanswered questions I have about my experience:

- How come I read a book published in 1994 that said that the first part of the Apocalypse will happen in 7 years (2001)?
- Why was there a bullet hole in the door of the building next door to my apartment building?
- Why did the staff members at PVH throw my clothes in the garbage? And why were they being so mean to me?
- Why did a staff member rip the phone off the wall when I tried to make an emergency phone call?
- Why was someone playing a guitar song with the lyrics "He ate his last meal" as I ate my own meal?
- Why did a staff member ask me "How was your first 40 days?" when clearly I had not been in the hospital for that long?
- Why did my roommate Allen Colby tell me he was feeding me feces?
- Why did a staff member tell me "You were brave to drink that orange juice" after I drank it?
- How come I was driven around in a maroon Chevy van identical to the one I rented after my last car accident?
- What is the explanation for Dr. Armstrong's constantly changing eye color?
- What is the explanation for why I suddenly started shaking and feeling cold when the police officer glared at me after I asked him why he decided to become a communist?
- How come the paintings on my unit featured the color of blood red, but I didn't notice this of the paintings on other units?
- What is the explanation for why almost everything I saw on the television seemed personally relevant to me - including my SAT scores, my nightmares, and things that happened to me?

- Why did I see on TV a news clip about some schoolgirls who decided to go to school without makeup shortly after I began to believe as my father does that cosmetics are immoral?
- Why did I hear the "That's all folks" Looney Toons theme music and the Microsoft Windows shutdown sound effect shortly before my presumed torture was to begin?
- Why did Dr. Armstrong say "Tee hee hee" after he gave me the news that the court had committed me?
- How come when my grandmother visited me on Halloween she was wearing a creepy red and black outfit? The colors red and black occur many times throughout this experience.
- Why did I not feel any hunger or thirst despite not eating or drinking anything for weeks?
- Why did I not experience any OCD, depression, or anxiety despite not having taken any of my medications for months?
- Why could I not feel the slightest drop of fear despite thinking I was going to be tortured for the rest of eternity?

VI. Gallery



A shot of the basement at DDPC.



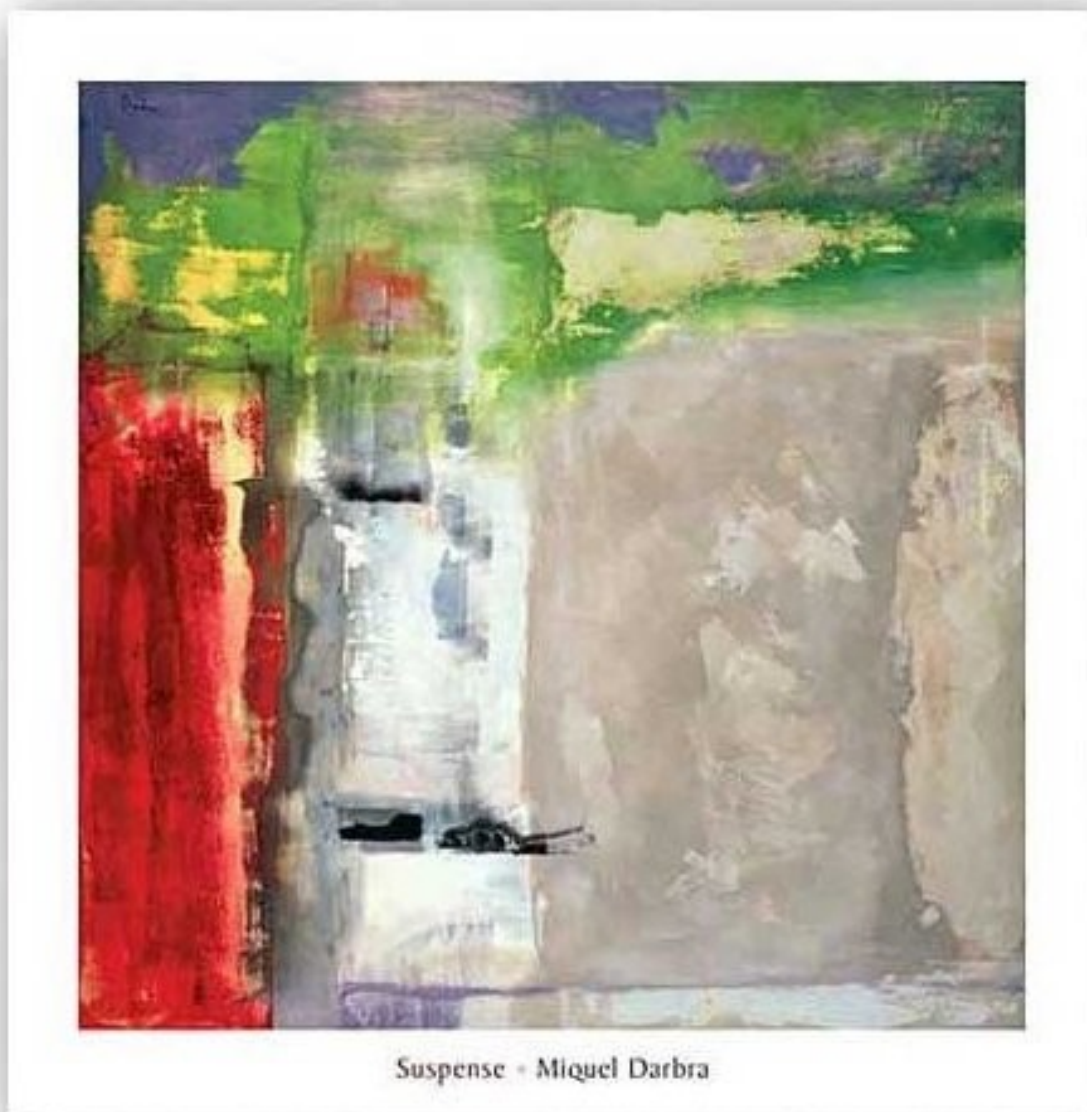
Artwork featuring the color of blood on the walls of DDPC.



More artwork featuring the color of blood on the walls of DDPC.



More artwork featuring the color of blood on the walls of DDPC.



“Suspense”, by Miquel Darbra. One of the pictures hanging on the wall on my unit. I was led to believe that I would be conscious while being unable to move my body, explaining why the head and brain are severed from the rest of the body in this image.



Artwork featuring the theme of death on the walls of DDPC.



More artwork featuring the theme of death on the walls of DDPC.



Anti-Christian graffiti in one of the bathrooms on my unit. Note the venetian blind pulled down over the window and the crude paint job.



More anti-Christian graffiti.



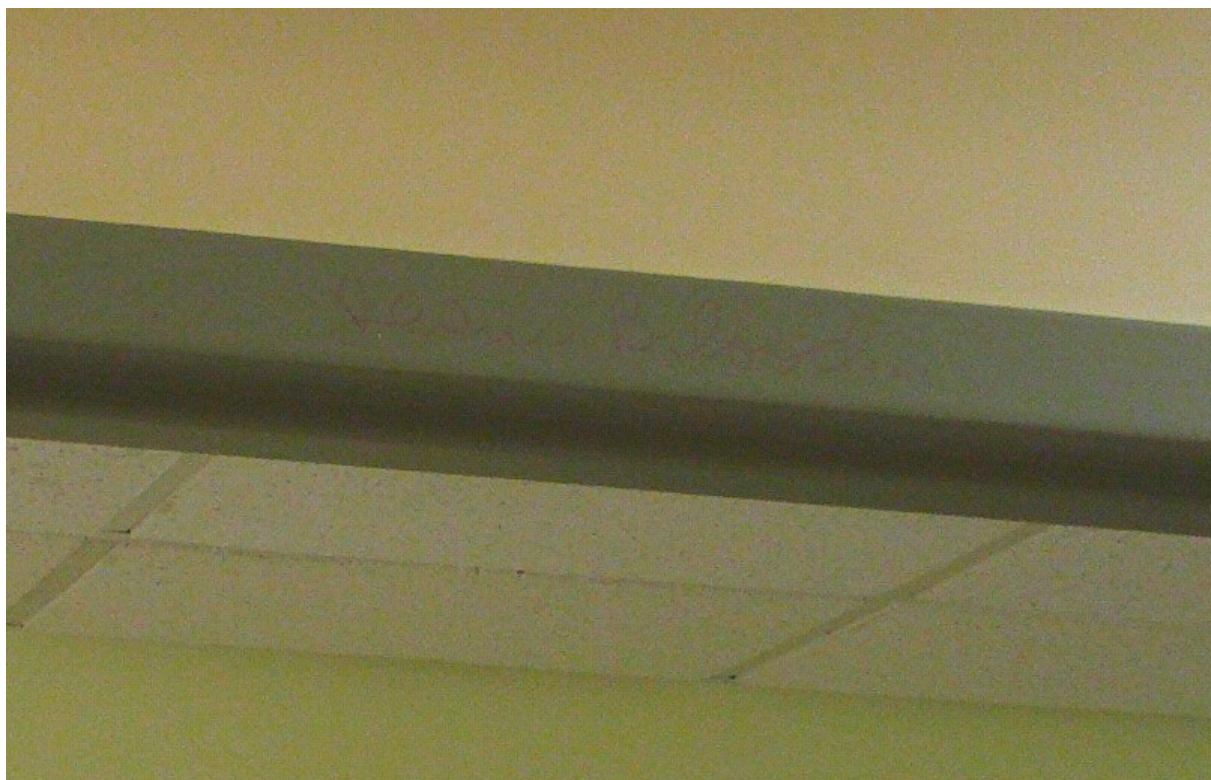
Anti-Christian graffiti on the wall of the telephone room on my unit.



“Santified by Je\$u\$ name” written on my clothing drawer.



A closer shot of the aforementioned vandalism.



“Jesus Blood” written with a blood red marker on the interior door frame of my room.



A venetian blind pulled down over one of the windows at DDPC.