

TERRORIZED

"There is nothing more terrorizing than the possibility that nothing is hidden"

Andrew Philips

The word terrorism.

This word never crossed my mind until 9-11. It wasn't until that day that I actually began to understand how effective and horrifying this method of warfare is. Yet, I live on the other side of the country, so it didn't affect my personal emotional space. I didn't have to see the neighbor who just lost her daughter, deal with a city in chaos, or feel the raw fear. Being a sympathetic spectator granted me knowledge without enduring the pain of loss.

I did contemplate the effectiveness of terrorism through my binoculars into tragedy. Fear constricts movement, limits self-esteem, and steals the ability to dream. Fear changes the landscape of possibilities from a person's soul, and what should have been will never be known. Terrorism has one main objective and that is to induce fear upon its victims.

That is so screwed up, as are the people who are involved in this type of behavior. Did their mothers not teach them anything? Why are some people privileged to propagate fear?

The soul of a person is uniquely precious, it is the right of every person to not to have their soul at risk because of the behavior of another person. The ability to set goals and dream are housed within the structure of the soul, and without it no one can become what was destined for them. The soul is where the heartbeat of happiness begins.

Terrorism is not just caused by people from another land crashing airplanes, terrorism can happen in the most obscure places. Terrorism has changed my life.

I don't like fear, and I know what it feels like to be terrorized. My terror isn't as dramatic as a bomb, but it has changed me. It has placed uncertainty in my every move and has been stealing the good parts about myself. It has altered my brain chemistry with these terrible feelings and changed my life in such a profound way that I question my own sanity. Other people now question my sanity, and that was the intent of my terrorist.

I am being terrorized through a monster that lives inside of my telephones and computers. It can hear and see everything I say and do, and it survives on my information that I put into its keys. It grows and gets stronger and moves from one device to another. It doesn't matter how many dollars I throw away trying to slay the monster, it continues to find a way back into everything I touch.

I moved and tried to run away from its grip, but it follows me from place to place. This monster steals things from me, pretends to be me, and likes to watch me stress over its very existence. It is a bad monster that lives in the computers and phones.

My brain will never have the same wiring again. Nothing is the same, nothing will ever be the same. There is a bomb hiding in every computer and cell phone that I touch. I know that I need to dismantle the explosive wires and hold the person accountable for the destruction that this has done to my brain and life.

"If I look harder, ask better questions, surely I can free myself of this monster that hides in the keyboard." This thought goes through my head each and every day, and before I know it I have wasted 8 hours hunting through the caverns of the infectious computer that is out to ruin me. I wait on hold for ridiculous amounts of time with phone companies and get absolutely nowhere.

Isn't there someone out there who can help me? Doesn't someone understand the hell my infected devices has had on me?

I beg, cry, and plead my cause to the customer service employee's from Verizon, apple, att, Comcast, cricket, T-Mobile, track phone, virgin mobile, sprint, and the net 10 phone companies. These poor girls from Georgia or Ohio think that I am nuts. Some of them give me sympathetic condolences, some of them are patient, some are kind, but none of them can help me. I follow the chain of command to their supervisors, and find their answers are not much better, and neither are the young college kids from tech support. Some believe me, but most don't. By the time I am in bed, I will have wasted my entire day. My phones are still messed up, and my life is being sabotaged daily.

My home has been invaded by listening devices left by the monster when I was out of town. This monster did not steal anything, it left a starship on my ceiling to watch my every move. The police don't take me seriously, but they take the report. I become a bug hunter in my

home. Tearing the walls apart and inspecting every wire, looking into the plants, dismantling lamps, and spend hundreds of hours researching the land of the listening bugs. I have become obsessed with hunting for the bugs, and I am on a mission to find them.

I am left with wires out of the walls and no way to confirm that my efforts were worthwhile. I am left looking crazy. I am left feeling crazy.

The computer experts come into my home and install all of the best equipment. They ensure me that I am safe to communicate and continue to work without an invasion of privacy. I trust them at first, then I start the hunt again through the devices. The meticulous search into the land of the obscure computer alleys, and without fail I find another hidden trail that leads to nowhere. It is a calling card left by my terrorist letting me know that I am not safe.

I continue this drill for several months while trying to have a good attitude and stay positive. I know that today is the day that I will find the golden road leading to the terrorist so that I can have my life back. Day after day after I go through this. The days turn into months and the months have now turned into more than a year. I look at my life and realize that I have not been living, my goals are not being met, and my fear of the phones and computers has cut me off from my friends and society.

I stop using the phones, I stop emailing important people who can help me fulfill my dreams and goals, and I sabotage personal relationships. I am finding myself alone.

People have literally been ripped out from my life before my eyes. I cannot pretend that this didn't happen, and I begin to doubt my own sanity for allowing this to happen. I can't try to explain what has

happened to me this last year any longer, and I can't go back and redeem myself to the relationships of my past.

I have exhausted every venue for assistance and every dollar I could spare trying to execute this foreign monster. There are police reports, FBI reports, FCI reports, FCC reports, and IC3 reports, and many lengthy complaints to all phone and internet carriers. Every single phone company has a case list from me, and every single one of them cannot help me. I have boxes of proof that this has happened to me, six computers, 4 iPhone, 3 routers, and 40 pay as you go phones that have all been infected with this disease. Twenty eight thousand dollars spent on this monster, and one year off of work are all I have to show for my efforts.

This is my terror, and this is what it has done to my life. Where do I go now? Do I pack a bag and head for the woods to live the life of solitude and learn to live off the land? Do I change my name and run to another state? What about my children?

My children have suffered the worst collateral damage in this war that has been waged against me. My children have lost their mother, they have lost the person they used to trust, for now she is labeled crazy. My children who I cannot explain to them what has taken place have been hurt and scarred for life. They do not know why this has happened, and I cannot tell them who placed the monster inside my devices. If I did tell them who is responsible for this terror, they are at risk of losing even more.

This monster did not end up in my devices by accident, this monster was placed there by someone I was married to for twenty years. This is the father of my children, and that is why I can't tell them who or why this has happened. They would lose both of us.

This monster took my sons from me, altered a relationship that should never have been tampered with, and left three souls hurting. The rights of my children to love their mother has been robbed from them, and this is morally wrong at every level.

This monster is my x husband.

My x-husband is a terrorist.

"I learned that courage was not the absence of fear, but the triumph over it.

The brave man is not he who does not feel afraid, but he who conquers that fear."

Nelson Mandela: