

Summary

In the summer of 2020 the CIA was aiding the city of Scranton's Lackawanna County District Attorney's Office's Drug Task Force narcotics investigations with surveillance operations. Without properly vetting false Intel provided by 2 criminal informants I was targeted for an investigation. For unknown reasons the fruitless investigation lasted for 2 years and with no charges to bring against me May 2022 they decided to expose themselves and weaponize the 2 way communication ability of their CIA National Resources surveillance technology starting a 24/7 CIA psychological warfare torture operation (PSYOP). Between being astute and a phone call from a whistleblower I have been able to ascertain extensive knowledge of the PSYOP and those who are behind it. All of the names that I know of some of the operators are from the DA's office but it was made clear to me by the whistleblower that National Resources and their surveillance equipment are behind the PSYOP. Leads of the PSYOP are District Attorney Mark Powell and Lead Detective Chris Kolcharno. Some of the operators are cops and detectives from the Drug Task Force named Jason, Brian Bognatz, Jeff Arthur, and Joseph Jordan. I was told National Resources was behind this conspiracy in June 2022 but did not uncover the fact that they are actually the CIA's Domestic Division until April 2024 and that I've been trying to report the CIA by name without even knowing it for 2 years.

Initial Investigation Summer 2020

Late spring/early summer Dan Belle and Tonya Perry were arrested for a dozen counts of paraphernalia and decided to become criminal informants to get themselves out of trouble. They told the quickest easiest lies they could to do this, leading the DA to believe I was an out of state drug trafficker, and sealed their deal by faking a controlled against me. I remember the shady night Dan did this and I could pick the undercover cop they were with out of a lineup.

I had recently moved back home to Carbondale and was squatting in my father's abandoned machine shop, returning from a failed life in New Mexico and I did have out of state plates on my \$100 junkyard car but I have never sold drugs and I don't condone it. There is no other way to look at it, drugs ruin lives, and that is something I have always avoided to doing. I am an ex federal employee with no criminal, arrest, or mental illness history, I am 40 years old and have never been on probation. There should have been some kind of fact checking against the criminal informants. I clearly was not a drug dealer. No one did a background check, no one even asked around about me, they relied solely on the words and actions of people by definition who are not to be trusted. Later on a month after the PSYOP started Mark told me to "Go back to New Mexico." He still thought I was from out of state. Years into the investigation and a month into the PSYOP he was still clueless into who I really am. These law enforcement officials are not doing their jobs correctly.

Shortly after Dan and Tonya pulled off their lies Dan's text messages with cops discussing his dealings were exposed and he confessed to me about the faked controlled buy. He claimed he thought I wouldn't get in trouble because you need 2 controlled buys for a conviction. He was a terrible person

and the worst friend; I never talked to him again. It wasn't until much later in 2021 I started occasionally hearing voices that were clearly cops watching surveillance having shift changes. They would inform their co-worker of the things I had been up to that day and even discuss last night's football games. I was severely depressed at the time and had a drug problem, I was addicted to fentanyl, and I'd hear reports like "Almost lost him yesterday." Referring to me almost overdosing and not making it the night before. I figured they were allowing me to hear them as some kind of psychological tactic to make me paranoid and unstable but this didn't really bother me too much. I was in the worst depression of my life basically trying to kill myself with drugs and the threat of the only charge they'd be able to have against me being possession did not scare me. I have never been afraid of cops or the law; I have always had respect for the law and those who uphold them. My entire life aside from a history of substance abuse I have had nothing to worry about from the law.

I can only assume the failed investigation lasted as long as it did is because apparently the next step in covertly ending the surveillance operation was me entering a drug and alcohol rehab and they were waiting for me to do that on my own. At any time they could have covertly ended the surveillance operation by having a cop tell me "You need to change your lifestyle, get yourself into rehab or you're going to end up in trouble." I knew I was under surveillance and I would have thanked that cop for saving me from my first possession charge. They had me under close surveillance watching me month after month lose myself to depression and addiction; they did nothing but watch while I suffered through the darkest years of my life. An arrest would have helped me; a conversation could have saved my life. They were dark desperate times where I was literally trying to kill myself with drugs. I personally would never watch someone do something like that especially if I was in a position where I could do something about it. Eventually on my own I was able to start to ascend from that depression and I quit using fentanyl at home without going to rehab. I was ready to pick up the pieces of my sad existence and put them back together but the criminal justice system had other darker plans for me.

Investigation Exposed and First Month of the PSYOP May 2022

Only a few weeks after I had quit using and felt comfortable leaving addiction behind and could start to crawl out of the depression that crippled me for years I started to be targeted with audio clearly from their surveillance technology. I started to hear the cops and detectives that had been investigating me for awhile. May 2022 the task force decided to expose themselves and their surveillance operation, weaponizing the 2 way communication ability of their CIA surveillance equipment, mimicking mental illness, to start a CIA PSYOP terror campaign aimed at psychologically driving me into entering a drug and alcohol rehab. They must have done this as a joke that they just couldn't help themselves from making. I don't think they initially had intentions of taking this anywhere near as far as they have. I do not think that they thought they would get any resistance from me and I'd quietly go to rehab but having a bunch of cops start demanding things of me isn't something I was okay with. They could have been telling me to do anything at all and there would still never be any chance I would ever listen to them. They have no authority over me unless I'm breaking the law and I respect cops just as much as the next guy but not when they are abusing their authority. Not when they are going as far as they are

with the psychological abuse. I was very much not a fan of the PSYOP and their tactics. I am still not a fan. The constant pressure to go to rehab made me rebel and I told them I'm just going to wait until they stop, that I am not going to do what they want and eventually someone will stop them from abusing me. I really thought that that was going to happen, that there is no way that with everyone that is involved that they would let such abuse continue. I now have a different understanding of how cruel the criminal justice system can be.

It was clear they weren't really prepared for what they were doing and they made a lot of mistakes, at first it was clear there was no rules, and that it was a free for all just directed at completely demolishing my mental health with the guise of getting me to go to rehab. These people abusing this surveillance equipment never tried to mask their identities, they showed up as themselves, the Lackawanna Drug Task Force, the same cops and detectives that had been investigating me for awhile. Even if you told me why the initial investigation lasted for so long I still wouldn't understand but it was clear that over the 2 year investigation that these cops had developed quite the amount of hate for me and they expressed that.

In the early days it wasn't made clear to everyone involved in the PSYOP of what their intentions were. On two different occasions I heard someone ask "Why don't you just arrest him." And both times the response was "We only have one controlled buy against him." One night they began pushing me pretty hard with extreme psychological abuse and one of the operators came to the realization of their intentions and I heard him walk out on the PSYOP saying "I'm not going to be a part of this kid committing suicide." And I never heard him again but I wish he had a stronger conviction about it and also wouldn't let others do that.

I've been called a piece of shit on repeat at least 10,000 times with retard and douche bag being close seconds and that is some of the nicer things they say. Their demands that I go to rehab began relatively tame saying things like "Like it or not. You're going to rehab, LIKE IT OR NOT." I'd heard that a lot, Like It or Not. Quickly it started to get dark and the lives of my family were threatened. The first time they threatened to kill my mother they wanted me to take them seriously so they decided to use her name. "GO TO REHAB OR WE ARE GOING TO KILL YOUR MOM, MISSES ROBERTS." I had to explain to them they were too late to kill Misses Roberts that my grandmother had already past and that they did not even know my mom's name. They did know my dogs name though. "YOU LOVE YOUR DOGS RIGHT, GO TO REHAB OR WE ARE GOING TO KILL HOTCHI." "YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WE ARE GOING TO KILL YOUR ENTIRE FAMILY IF YOU DON'T GO TO REHAB." They'd say these things on repeat, over and over again.

Besides the directed audio attack these plain clothes cops openly stalked, harassed, and tormented me in person the first month. This lasted up until I finally broke down from the abuse and actually did enter rehab. They would continuously drive by my house real slow and eye ball me; they'd beep and swerve towards me while I was walking down the street. They would hide out in the woods outside my house and hoot and holler, they would make animal calls, they would go as far as to scream my name outside my house late at night. Two different nights I caught them waving flashlights at me from across the street deep in the woods. The in-person stalking terrorized me bad enough on two separate days I

called the PA State Troopers about it but I didn't say over the phone that the Lackawanna County Drug Task Force was harassing me, fearing that they would dismiss my claims and not show, so I told them things like my neighbor was threatening to shoot my dogs. The Troopers did come and like I guessed they would they did dismiss my claims but their presence did run the Task Force cops off for a bit. They did not risk the possibility of actually being caught in the act of their terror campaign. Even a small break felt like a big victory, all of the abuse was getting to me. One night when they were outside my house but I wasn't home they were terrorizing my dogs and went as far as to fire a gun off to spook them. My neighbor called the State Troopers about it so that is 3 times the Troopers were called about them within the first month.

The in person terror campaign netted me one of their names. One of the cops was taking things too far, like I said it was pretty much a free for all in the beginning and Brian would get out of hand. I learned all of their names because they'd use the surveillance's communication ability as a hub to talk to each other and Brian would get yelled at enough that eventually someone called him out by name for pushing things too far. He got yelled at a lot by his co-workers. "Brian stop." "Brian you can't do that." Just his name "Brian." What he was doing was working, I was terrorized, but they were right he was going too far and I honestly was scared that he was going to do what I would taunt him to do. I would feed into him getting out of control hoping he would finally expose himself even if it meant getting hurt and I'd tell him to "Punch out and come see me. Take off your uniform and do what you keep saying you're going to do." I would call him a lapdog and remark that he could only do what he was told and not what he was actually saying. He really let into me when I was in rehab but after that I no longer heard Brian again, I believe he really was having a hard time not actually hurting me and was a risk to the psychological torture campaign.

The first two months a lot of the threats made towards me were of physical violence, extreme physical violence. "I am going to cave your fucking skull in." Things of that nature. I was so tired of these threats I would lock my dogs in a room so they wouldn't be an issue and I'd sit outside and wait to see if finally that their threats would come true. I'd sit outside in a chair and wait and beg them that I would rather these threats finally come true instead of just hearing about them.

At some point during the first month I also learned Jason and Jeff's names. There is a more connected position in the surveillance monitoring room and often some of the operators will call out "What did he just say?" And in the early days there was a lot more people involved and they were sloppy and eventually one of them said "Jason, what did he say?" And then I knew Jason by voice and also in the early days they were doing all of this out in the open in their surveillance room and would call out to passerby's to come check out what was going on. They'd often call people in to show off what they were doing. I don't know Jeff to be one of my torturers but he certainly was a passerby to get called in on to check what Jason thought was going to be some predictive behavior. "Hey Jeff, come check out what he is going to do." Turns out the surveillance operation is based out of the Drug Task Force's command base that is inside of the Carbondale Police Department and that he wanted Jeff Arthur to come check me out. This leads me to believe Brian is actually Brian Bognatz, a man known to have a temper.

My childhood friend and neighbor's dad was a higher up detective with the Drug Task Force, Joseph Jordan, and I had just been waiting to hear him knowing it was his Task Force and I kind of thought maybe I never heard him because I knew him but it turns out he had retired. I'm not sure at this point if what I feel would have happened would but I thought if he wasn't retired he wouldn't let this happen to me. That hopefully he wouldn't have let them investigate me in the first place, he's literally known me since I was 5, I've been in his house many times, and he could have told them I in fact was a Carbondale native and never known to sell drugs. But eventually about 3 weeks into the PSYOP he did stop by his old office to check in on the exciting things the CIA were up to and I recognized his voice on my own. I talked to him like I knew him and he talked to me like he knew me, I told him that they were threatening to kill my mother and he didn't seem too impressed. He said in a disappointing tone to the operators at hand "REALLY?" And I thought him knowing what was going on that he would do something about it but that obviously did not happen. I heard him 2 other times having him say the one time "Take it easy on him, he used to work at the army depot." And the final time he told me "Don't trust the police." I hate having to put him in this affidavit because I still respect him but he should have saved me.

I've gone to see him face to face and he told me only "There is no investigation."

It takes about a month and I am completely worn down by the sheer amount of abuse I'm being served and it's enough to finally go to a drug and alcohol rehab. They have never said which one and I was scared that I might end up going to the wrong one but no one said anything and I went to Pyramid in East Stroudsburg. Some of the operators were saying goodbye type things, one of them saying "Now never use drugs again." And hearing things like that was a bit of a relief, I figured I'd walk through the doors of the rehab and finally there would be silence. I was really ready for silence but that is not what happened.

From what I've read torture is an intoxicating experience for those inflicting it and apparently these men fell in love with it and the very possible reality that with continued pressure and psychologically driving me to, I might actually commit suicide. With the 2 years of the initial investigation where I was beyond crippled by depression and literally trying to kill myself with drugs it probably looked like a definite. My mother would never understand how the world could ever turn against me so much that I would kill myself, and even though it has and I wish I could, I would never do that to her. She would just never understand and it would crush her so I just don't entertain thoughts of suicide.

While in rehab when I thought I'd be safe they made the decision to commit to their dark plan and turned the torture up to eleven. I was abused so badly I locked myself in a bathroom and cried for 6 days until the detox period was over. I told them if they were going to continue to torture me I was going to leave rehab, that if they didn't stop I'd rather be tortured at home with my dogs instead of tortured in a shabby rehab. No one said "Stop." No one said "Stay in rehab and we'll stop." No one said "STAY IN REHAB." They tortured me out of where they said I'd be safe.

Whistleblower

A lot of the chatter I'd hear and most of the evidence of the PSYOP I have came from the voice of the only female operator I've heard. On my ride home from rehab I received a call on my cell phone from a woman who claimed to be from the Pennsylvania Attorney General's Office but my battery was low so I immediately told her that and her response was short "I just wanted to let you know that the attack is coming from the Lackawanna County District Attorney's Office and National Resources." I did not get her name, she didn't say anything else, and all I said was "Thank you." I believe the whistleblower is the female operator. I never thought I'd ever have to suffer like this for as long as I have or that I'd have to collect evidence about it to stop it, there is a million times I haven't done things right like get names or more detailed information from people. I never thought I'd have to be the one to end this. There is clearly people involved in this PSYOP that are not really into what is going on so I never thought they'd let it continue or let it get this far out of hand. At this point I was only blaming the Lackawanna County Drug Task Force for the PSYOP and I had no reason to know anything about local law enforcement or who was in charge of them. I learned then exactly who is behind my targeting.

PSYOP Month 2 June 2022

Coming home from rehab the abuse continued and often they would again tell me to go to rehab still; that I never went in the first place. I remained sober and the demands that I go to rehab eventually were replaced with something much darker. They started openly telling me to commit suicide. "Take your gun and shoot yourself." By this point I had already surrendered my pistol to my father. I am honest to a fault and always have confided to my parents of what goes on in my life. To say the least they were very concerned. No father wants to hear from their son "You're going to have to hold on to my pistol I no longer feel safe having it." I was a little bit worried I might use it against myself but mostly that I would use it against one of my tormentors if given the opportunity. With all of the threats of physical violence and with time elapsing I thought for sure the day would come they'd end this nightmare in person. I do not want to or wish to hurt anybody ever but I am being pushed so hard if I had the chance I know for a fact that I wouldn't be able to control myself, I would retaliate for my suffering. I quit carrying a knife because of this. I feel naked without a knife, but there is no chance I'd be able to contain myself from pulling it and stabbing Mark, Chris, Jason, Brian, or Jeff in the face if given the chance. And that isn't something I really want to do, so I no longer carry a knife.

So now I know exactly who is targeting me, the Lackawanna County District Attorney's Office. I look up on the internet all of the emails I can find of the employees there and send out a mass email stating exactly what I am experiencing and I beg them to stop. In my mind I'm expecting them to know a little bit about what is going on but not to the extent that I am literally being tortured and driven to commit suicide and that when I let the whole office know that they're are going to be people involved that are not willing to let this continue. That finally for certain someone will end this. This doesn't happen, nothing happens, no one even responds.

So I come up with the idea that if no one cares about me, who knows what they are being told about me, for sure no one is being told the truth, that I'm an innocent victim with no criminal history that was

targeted for an investigation because of terrible police work. No one cares about a drug addict being tortured but maybe someone will care about my mother and how my behavior has her beyond worried, that she is losing more than sleep over what is happening to me. Maybe someone will care that this PSYOP is affecting others and do something about it. The plan is to have my mom write up exactly how my behavior is affecting her and email it to everybody involved and that'll make a difference. This idea in itself is a threat enough that when the boss comes in in the morning to check in on the progress of the PSYOP that as soon as his voice is heard the female operator says "Mark we got a problem." I type in Mark Lackawanna County District Attorney's Office and immediately the first result is a big picture of him with the caption "This is my dream job." And I'm sickened and terrified at the same time; the man in charge of torturing me is the District Attorney himself. As soon as I learned Mark's name things got darker.

At this point there is still a wide range of revolving people involved and I've noticed shift changes the entire time. Tactics even change when the people change, some are more abusive than others, and none of them are nicer than others. I do not have a favorite shift; they are all beyond negative to the point of exhaustion.

Sometimes they have what I call conference calls of hate. Normally there are 2 PSYOP operators at a time but these conference calls of hate are times when 5 or 6 of the Drug Task Force cops and detectives all gang up on me at the same time, feeding off of each other and inflicting some extreme abuse. They really push me into some manic states, one of these conference call sessions one of the operators in frustration arguing with me said "Call Chris." to his coworkers and it turns out Chris Kolcharno is one of the leads.

These conference calls often forcing me into manic states either gets me to beg for my own death or to do speeches of how wrong this abuse is. I often beg for death but I use nice words, trying to convince them to finally go through with it, I beg them for an early exit from this terrible existence. That it's the best thing for me. I often tell them that they're doing the Lord's work, that they are doing something I've never been strong enough to do myself. That I just can't do it myself, that I won't hold it against them and that they should do it, that it's the best outcome for me. An early exit I tell them. I truly try to convince them and it is sincere, I am tired of suffering.

Another one of these sessions I broke down in tears and did a speech where I confessed the truth, that I would never let this happen to anyone, that I would never let it happen even to them, the people doing this to me, that I would kick down any and every door to save them from this hell, that I would do anything to rescue them. That I would never let this happen to them. And then the lady operator who I think is the whistleblower speaks, she says the words "National Resources." And it got so quiet and she says it again "National Resources." And again I am certain who is behind this PSYOP. Eventually another operator broke the silence half jokingly and said "Yea that's where you want to go to kick down doors alright." And the torture returned to normal. I never heard her voice ever again. I really hope she is safe for I think what she did was probably dangerous. She is a hero.

At this point I'm tired of all the commands directly telling me to commit suicide. "Get one of your dad's guns and shoot yourself." "Just shoot yourself already." "You're going to do it, like it or not." So I send another mass email to the DA's office complaining and it stops. The torture doesn't stop just the openly telling me to end my own life does. The tactics remain the same, just constant negativity, and people trying to make me feel bad about not only what the things I get up to but about myself. I've heard it 12,000 times "Look at yourself." "Look what you're doing with your life." And the big one I get a lot "Get over yourself." That one I hear a lot and it sure sounds like just a new nicer way to say kill yourself. The tactics never change they clearly are still attempting to destroy my mental health so much so that I'll end up taking my own life.

And the amount of people involved is now limited. It is the same 6 or so people rotating shifts 7 days a week from here on out. Tactics never change and now that they are hardened seasoned professionals at CIA psychological warfare tactics they never slip and expose any new names or details of the PSYOP. They never even slip up with anything like constructive criticism or anything that isn't hate. They still talk to each other but it's only 2 of them at a time and I assume they are sitting next to each other, not like the groups of people in different places in the beginning. When someone said "Call Chris." It almost leads me to believe they meant that literally, that they are having actual conference calls within this surveillance technology. Things have slowed down but it is still a 24/7 PSYOP of constant negativity and hate.

PSYOP Month 3 July 2022

Even though I know all these names and can prove that they are real people from the DA's office both my parents don't believe for a second that anyone would ever do this to me. I do not watch the news, I do not read the newspaper, I thought the DA was a lady until I found out Mark's name, I should not know Chris Kolcharno's name, but both my parents are set on it like everyone else in the world, no one would ever harm me, an innocent nobody who has never hurt anyone ever, and if they could psychologically torture anyone like this they would pick a much better target. And they aren't wrong, when I say these words myself, when I feel them with my soul, No One Would Ever Do This To Me. Those words feel true. And that's why the CIA and the DA are so easily able to get away with doing this.

I am half intelligent and very capable of understanding what's possible with mental illness and worried about it I've done research and mental illness just cannot come up with this complicated of a story involving so many real people and facts I just shouldn't know. I claimed National Resources is behind my targeting for 2 entire years before I stumbled upon the fact that National Resources is actually the CIA domestic division. That for 2 years I had been calling out directly the CIA for being behind my targeting without ever knowing it. This is something that isn't possible for psychosis to invent and convince me that it's real. It is a real fact that took me 2 years to discover.

So when I try to convince my parents that what I'm experiencing is clearly real I get a little manic sometimes. They've known me my whole life and I'm not stupid. Being targeted has had no effect on my mental fortitude or equanimity and I'm cognizant that what is happening to me is a real CIA PSYOP. Now I just need to prove it.

At this point I still don't know National Resources is the CIA but in my mind it's still enough credible evidence to report to the authorities but I don't have a legal car. I try to convince my mother to give me a ride to Philadelphia's FBI office and she isn't going for it. She says if I want to go to the FBI let's go to the Carbondale Police and I know that's where they are operating out of but I still do not fear the police and agree to go. We go and my mother is with me, I tell the receiving officer at the station "I need to report harassment from the Lackawanna County District Attorney's Office." And the officer simply states "We cannot file reports against our own boss." That's it. No reference of where I can go to do so or anything. I've gone there a few more times just to report the same and they tell me to stop. They tell me to get help. They clearly know that I am going to them for help but no one is willing to act against the DA or more so the CIA.

I discover that the FBI is closer than Philadelphia and they are in Scranton so I try to go in person with a print out of everything I know described in a sane non frivolous manner, that they are using the 2 way communication ability of their surveillance equipment to harass me, but they do not accept walk-ins and the guard will not take my body of evidence to give to them. I have a hard time connecting with the office on the phone but I finally reach them on two separate occasions and both times I am dismissed and they will not discuss with me the details or take my body of evidence. Everyone is complicit and is fully aware of what's going on and it's just so easy to dismiss when you won't even look at the body of evidence I've compiled.

Sometimes I fear when my abusers finally get bored of all the psychological abuse they will finally kill me. There has been about half a dozen times where they have specifically told me that they in fact are going to kill me. "You don't get it, we actually are going to kill you." "What do you think happens after we're done torturing you." "Brace yourself." I've heard "Brace yourself." A lot. Sometimes I get so tired of the abuse I break down and beg them to get it over with. I tell them "If that is where we're headed please get it over with already." I still use nice words because I'm a nice person, I do not say murder, I do not say kill me, I tell them to get me to where I'm going already. I beg for an early exit. Sometimes I guess I do beg for them to kill me already, to just get it over with, and their response is always the same "You're Going To Do It Yourself." Said in a calm confident manner. It has always been very clear that this is their intention. To psychologically drive me to taking my own life. They always tell me to acquire a gun. "Get your father's gun and shoot yourself." "You're going to shoot yourself."

The tactics never change, no one new ever joins their torture crew, it's just constant negativity 24 hours a day coming from the same cops and detectives from the DA's office. Often times they tell me "Go to sleep." They always try and get me to feel bad about myself. "Look at yourself." Some shifts aren't as bad as others but it's always a slow grind of hate and negativity and the months begin to blur. It hard to believe but every second of everyday I have at least 2 people getting paid to hate me and bring me down everyday month after month. How could this be reality? I don't think anybody deserves to suffer like this. At some point I'm certain someone will come and end this madness but that day just doesn't come.

PSYOP Month 7 December 2022

At some point my friend Alec Sharp is down on his luck just as much as me and comes to squat in the abandoned machine shop with me and my dogs. I shouldn't have been living alone with all that is going on and I'm happy to have the company. He's with me for a couple of months until I find his corpse going to wake him up to take him to my family's house for Christmas morning. He overdosed on fentanyl and fell out of his chair and luckily for me tucked his face away from sight sparing me from a sight that would probably still haunt me. I did not see his face and I did not cry for him. I had been sober since I went to rehab in July and have always felt you get what you get when you risk your life for a dangerous drug. I do not feel bad for any of my friends who have died from heroin. I somehow have avoided joining them.

So I call 911 and then my parents and tell them my friend has ruined Christmas and I'll be late. I have enough time before everyone shows up to go run my 3 dogs to my father's other shop so they are not mauling the attending officials. The EMTs show up first followed by 2 State Troopers and then finally the coroner. Everyone is cordial and nice and everything goes pretty quickly but I find it odd the State Troopers didn't bother to ask me a single question about anything. They wanted to know his name and that was it, they did not question me about where he got the drugs or if I knew anything at all about his overdose.

The next day I am with a close friend of Alec's and we're returning to his room where he passed for the first time and the friend says "What the hell is that?!" And I'm not sure at all what he is questioning about because nothing looks out of place until I see it. There on the floor exactly where his corpse was is the drugs he had died from. Blatantly lying on the floor is a few grams of fentanyl, enough drugs to kill 4 more people. I thought the State Troopers had downplayed and dismissed me trying to report on my harassment and abuse because it is hard to believe but it turns out they dismissed my claims so quickly because they are more than complicit with the conspiracy but in fact have a relationship with the CIA themselves. They left the drugs on purpose hoping I would join my friend. Turns out the Dunmore State Trooper Barracks is okay with the torture of innocent Pennsylvanians and worse willing to leave drugs in the hopes that I would use them and overdose too. I always respected these civil servants more than regular cops and felt that they had integrity. Not anymore.

I've not only called them several times for help but have gone down in person to the barracks a few times basically begging them to do something about this conspiracy already. At one point I went down with both my parents to the barracks and finally got to a Trooper Brisland to take my evidence off of me only to again not only be dismissed but sent for a psych evaluation. Knowing National Resources is behind my targeting PSYOP since the beginning and that being in the report I gave him but not knowing National Resources is actually the domestic division of the CIA until April 2024, that I had been calling out the CIA for torture for 2 years without ever knowing it was a revelation and I've been unable to reach Trooper Brisland by phone nor in-person to give him this update in evidence further exposing their complicity in this conspiracy.

PSYOP Month 20 January 2024

It's a 13 month jump in the timeline but the PSYOP has remained the same but my location had changed. After Alec's death my father told me I couldn't be living that way anymore and I moved into his house after Christmas which was a nice safe place to continue to suffer. It was a much needed change in environment and was great having the support of my family while still forced to battle the psychological warfare torture operation 24/7. I'm not sure how I would have held up alone but luckily thanks to my family I didn't have to think about it. I'd be lost without my parents. They are obviously affected greatly by the distress I am constantly under and I can see the worry in their faces. I wish I could take their worry away but I myself am beyond concerned. This PSYOP is a nightmare no one should ever be subjected to. And then things suddenly changed.

January brought unexpected change. The PSYOP went dormant, there was finally silence but I was still skeptical. I knew the surveillance equipment was still in place and I felt I was still under observation and I worried that they were moving the operation into a black site and under new direction and operation next at the hands of National Resources. I did not feel safe and worried that the return would be worse than the beginning; I figured National Resources were taking their surveillance operation back. I couldn't have guessed what happened next.

PSYOP Month 23 April 2024

With absolute silence for 4 months my mental health, mood, physical health, relationships, my entire being started to return to normal. I was able to start enjoying things instead of hating every second of everyday unable to enjoy a single moment I was able to smile again, for a bit. I been writing down periodically the happenings of the operation and my struggles and keeping a record of my life throughout this nightmare. I was going to attempt to return to work and figured I might as well update my written record that everything has been dormant long enough I figured there was nothing left to do but move on and while writing I somehow uncovered a wiki page for National Resources. All of the research I'd have done throughout the 22 months I've known about National Resources I could never find anything about them except a strange website at <http://www.nationalresources.com>. My brain luckily only works on facts and I've never put any thought into who or what they could be.

April 5th I somehow uncovered the National Resources wiki page and the bottom fell out of my heart when I did. Turns out they are the domestic division of the CIA. That for 23 months I have been trying to report to authorities and publicly denouncing the CIA by name for my targeting conspiracy without ever knowing it. The authorities sure knew, but they would never tell me. I was left in the dark for a long time. And my feeling that I was still under 24/7 observation turned out to be true because the moment I discovered this revelation the PSYOP was back in full force. No new PSYOP operators, back to the same old same old, a slow torturous grind.

They were back and they had demands again. And it wasn't for suicide. They demanded I return to rehab and they were persistent about it. Still remaining sober for the last 23 months I hesitated a couple of days, but they were relentless. They did not return to threats about killing my dogs, my mother, or my entire family but they made it clear. I was headed to rehab. I talked to my parents about

this, that the PSYOP was back, and that they demanded I again enter a drug and alcohol and they felt that I had relapsed and that the voices were back because I began using again. There was no convincing them otherwise. The fact that I had been crying National Resources for 2 years and then discovering that they are actually the CIA was admittedly more peculiar than me knowing the names of 6 of the DA's employees but still just coincidence and symptoms of mental illness. They cannot for a second believe ever that anyone ever would ever actually psychologically torture me so brutally and for such a long period of time and that I was clearly using again.

So I went to rehab. When leaving my mother's car she broke the news to me, I am not longer allowed to stay with my father, that he was throwing me out, leaving me homeless without a cent to my name. The PSYOP went silent while I was in rehab and I figured if my dad was going to throw me out of the house and leave me homeless it is what it is. That going to rehab was going to finally after 2 years free me of a previously unthinkable amount of mental distress I could ever think was possible to be inflicted on someone that I'd gladly be homeless if I could finally be free and able to pick up the pieces of my life and finally put them back together. 2 years is a long time to endure a psychological warfare operation hell-bent on your own push to suicide. I thought I was free.

PSYOP Month 24 May 2024

4 years to the month from the beginning of the worst years of my life I could have ever possibly have imagined were finally over, so I thought. A week of peace thinking all was well with the world I started a facebook account with the intentions of telling the world of the hell I had gone through and who was behind it. I am not going to lie in the back of my mind I kind of felt like I knew too much to actually be let go and yea the PSYOP was back.

And yea my dad kept his word and I am homeless. I am and always will be the biggest momma's boy and my mom still loves me and is still worried losing sleep over my behavior but her husband wasn't such a big fan of my return to rehab and I'm no longer allowed at her house. My entire life every Tuesday no matter what I have going on in my life I always have gone to her house to eat dinner with her and I'm no longer allowed there. Going to rehab had ruined my life, and I was fine with it if the PSYOP was over and I was able to return to be a regular functioning human being able to work and support myself.

The PSYOP being back on and the knowledge of the fact it's the CIA behind it all and that I had been saying it's the CIA the whole entire time without even knowing it makes my claim hard credible evidence so I return to my quest to report this new evidence in my case to all authorities.

PSYOP Month 25-30

I've been filling out online report forms and leaving phone messages with all authorities since the beginning of the PSYOP. Everyone is clearly complicit but I fill out all the forms again with the updated CIA evidence. Try to report my new evidence to the local police, state police, and FBI with all 3 of them committing me for involuntary psych committals without taking my evidence. The PA Inspector

General's online report form being the only ones to get back to me with an official response claiming they just couldn't help me without referring me to an authority who could like their report form claims they would.

So I take my updated evidence in person to Harrisburg and visit the PA Attorney General where I'm met by the security guard at the entrance who claims I can't report any crime or see anyone without an appointment and that he won't even look at or talk about what I'm trying to report. He gives me a phone number to call to have an appointment made where the guy who answers tells me the AG has no jurisdiction over District Attorneys or the CIA and when I asked him to refer me to who could help me he just stated that he couldn't help me.

I return to the Dunmore State Police Barracks on 3 different occasions and they won't let me talk to the Trooper who took my evidence years ago or let me talk to a new trooper about my new evidence. I asked to be put into protective custody that this is an urgent matter and finally I get to talk face to face with a new Trooper who dismisses me without looking at or taking my evidence.

I have not made it to Philadelphia yet to see their field office that takes walk-ins but I did manage to get a hold of them via the phone to report abuse against the CIA and told them the names of the people behind the PSYOP and that they have weaponized the 2 way communication of their DARPA surveillance technology for running a targeting PSYOP against me and also that the cops and detectives running the PSYOP have been telling me to start hoarding ammonium nitrate fertilizer and finally a few days later an FBI agent from the Scranton field office called me up and I told him I need to see somebody in person to bring my evidence against the CIA to them and instead of talking to me about my case they involuntarily committed me for a psych evaluation refusing to return my phone calls afterwards.

I am an innocent Pennsylvanian who was targeted for the initial narcotics investigation because of horrible inexcusable police work. I have no criminal, arrest, or mental illness history. I am an honest to a fault good person who has never hurt anybody ever. I do have a history of substance abuse which has never lead me to be a bad person. None of my actions have gotten me to where I am and I've been the victim of some heinous crimes against humanity that shouldn't be happening to anyone ever. If I was a criminal I would have just been arrested. Somehow because I am a decent person I wound up being the target of the vilest darkest thing you could ever possibly do to a person. The Lackawanna County District Attorney's Office and the CIA have taken me to dark places that no one should ever see. The extreme level of psychological torture and the amount of time experiencing it, the sheer trauma of it, is so damaging I will never recover from. I am a person who has no hate in their heart even after being the victim of such abuse and I truly do not care if anyone gets in trouble for this, but someone needs to stop these men before I am destroyed. They are clearly not going to stop on their own. Very proud work they are doing I guess.