

The Truth Knows No Gender

(One Nation Under the Dollar)

By: Jossie Lisa White
(Your Indigo Sister)

"In any moment of decision, the best thing you can do is the right thing, the next best thing is the wrong thing, and the worst thing you can do is nothing." - Theodore Roosevelt

My name is Jossie Lisa White. I am a Queer Transgender Woman of Color and I am writing you with a heavy heart in order to preserve the integrity of the truth. The information I have is related to the Pulse Nightclub Shooting in Orlando, Florida which occurred June 12, 2016. There are other individuals involved with the planning of the shooting, along with many others trying to cover up the truth. Bribery and intimidation is rampant within law enforcement have been covering up the truth as well as other media outlets.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for the truth to come forward and diminish the wicked. In today's age it is common knowledge that sexuality is fluid and people have come a long way in understanding of sexuality since the 1960's, 1970's, and 1980's. Many understand one's orientation should not be judge and it quite normal. Having attraction towards the same gender should not be a shameful admission. We know that know, and as the younger generations get older they understand the strives LGBATQI people have made in the past century. Even more so now that HIV/AIDS is on the brink of extinction, our community is as strong as it has ever been in the history of humankind. As we enter this new century more education is needed for Transgender, Queer, and Intersexed identified individuals. Even within the Gay and Lesbian community there is lacking education of what it means to be Transgender, Queer, and even Intersexed. Not to mention as a society as a whole there seems to be lacking an understanding of mental illness as well. For a while being Gay was still considered a mental illness. The American Psychiatric Association (APA) removed homosexuality from its official Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders (DSM) in 1973. However, to this day, being Transgender is considered having dysphoria within one's gender and Gender Dysphoria is still apart of the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental

Disorders. Some members in the Lesbian and Gay community do not understand it - it is not an orientation but an identity. The two are not intertwined. One can be a heterosexual identified Transgender person or one can be a homosexual identified Transgender person, or a bisexual Transgender person, or an asexual transgender person, and so forth. Transgender is an umbrella term that encompasses more identities such as Gender-Queer (Trans Non-Binary - people who identifies as both gender, even identifying as neither gender, or even as a Third Gender), Cross-dressing people, Transsexuals, Intersex people, Drag-Kings, Drag-Queens, and even Two-Spirited people. Transgender encompasses any individual who crosses over or challenges their society's traditional gender roles and/or expressions. When people hear the phrase Transgender, they often only think of Transsexuals and forgetting that there of more identities that encompass it. Thinking that Transgender women are just sissy play things and "Trannies" and "Shemales" and the only life for us is to be a sex worker or an adult film star. Why is it when someone expresses a different gender than what society tells them to be or what it normal that they are considered mentally ill? It really doesn't make sense to me! I do not know when will the APA take Gender Dysphoria off of the DSM, but only time and education will tell.

I, personally, do not like the use of labels. I *try* to see everyone as equal humans beings (and sometimes human beings can be monsters.) I try to be sensitive to each others phenotype and identities along with how that phenotype and identity gets treated here on Earth. However, living in America we must use identity to identify ourselves. Whether male or female; Black, White, or Brown; Gay or Straight; even what city one resides in. Identification or as I call them labels are crucial in America because it tells the system how is one is to be treated. When one is oppressed in America and called names. The group being oppressed may resort to the use of reappropriation - whether it is by race, sexuality, or disability. If one isn't familiar with reappropriation it is a word that was at one time used derogatory but has been brought back into

acceptable usage—usually starting within the communities that experienced oppression under that word. Examples include the "N-word" by the Black community - and other people who are not members of the Black community get upset when they cannot use it. Another example would be the word "Queer" and "Dyke." It was once used to describe people of the LGBT community in a derogatory fashion, now it has been taken back by that community and used in an affirming way - to some. I am a young, Black (Creole,) Transgender, Queer, women living in modern America. I have always wondered why do people hurt each other, not just emotionally but physically and economically, often waging war. I've read history books about how we've as Americans have overcome a lot as a country. The treatment of Native Americans, the Internment camps during World War II, the lynching of Blacks in the South, the inequality of women's rights, the treatment of the disabled, child labor, the discrimination of Jews, Irish, people of Middle Eastern descent and so forth. It seems as though to be an considered an American is to be an ignorant heterosexual Caucasian Christian male. If the ignorant Caucasian male is too busy basking in the privilege of being a white male to realize how others are being treated, then they miss out on how other Americans, of all sorts, are being treated and held back by a corrupt system. I've always read about how other's rights are trampled on all my life - in the paper, on the local television news, and online - but never really realized how devastating it was until I became an adult and it happened to me! It reminded me of the Martin Niemoller poem "*First They Came. . .*". When a crime happens and to local police refuse to enforce it and these enforcers value money over people, the victim is left with nothing to look forward to. I never really understood the evil that could be in someone's heart to plot premeditated murder and even more vile mass murder.

How would anyone feel if someone they loved who was queer died on LGBTQI Pride weekend just because certain people in Hollywood wanted to teach a young Transgender

Woman a lesson? Now multiply that feeling by 50. Step Up On Second/Vine is an organization that illegally records their patients without their knowledge/consent and it is an invasion of one's privacy. Just because an organization is located in Hollywood, California, and just because they have an abundance of finances, doesn't mean they are immune to the rules others have to abide by. It shows how corporations take advantage of the poor, the mentally ill people, women, and mostly people of color, by lying and manipulating them while proclaiming they are helping the homeless. They pocket State and Federal grant money all while taking advantage of the homeless. About Step Up on Second and Step Up on Vine, they are a non-profit organization that is located in Hollywood, Santa Monica, and Los Angeles in the state of California respectively. I am sure they do very positive things in the community to help the chronically homeless, however, there are some employees in this organization that are up to no good. I only know of this organization through a referral from the Los Angeles Gay and Lesbian Center. They inform me it was housing for people with mental illness and I know I have suffered from depression ever since I was a teenager. I was told that if I lived there for a year that I would be able to get a Section 8 voucher and moved elsewhere. I was just hanging in there so to speak until my one-year-lease was up and I could move. I wanted a *room of my own*, my cocoon, my sanctuary to be myself. That is all I ever wanted.

The organization called Step Up On Second/Vine located in California has an employee there named Christopher Crosdale. This man, more like a monster, is implemented in the Orlando Pulse Nightclub shooting which occurred on June 12, 2016. The best way to describe this is murder for hire. I have been trying to get out the truth for so many months. Many believe that Omar Mateen was acting alone and was involved in ISIS. The Central Intelligence Agency has found no link between Mr. Mateen and ISIS and this is true. It is hard to prove that there is a connection between a crime that happened in Orlando, Florida and an individual/organization

that resides/works in Southern California, especially when the perpetrator is murdered in the act. Mr. Crosdale hired Mr. Mateen. I do not know the reason why, unless it was just to see my reaction to the horrific crime. I tried to inform other members of Step Up Staff about the cameras and how they were significant in proving the Orlando Massacre. One staff member, stated that "*no one would believe you,*" which hurted my soul, because it seemed to me that Step Up Staff didn't care about the 49 people who lost their lives on that tragic night, a night that will live on in infamy within the community, America, and around the globe. They saw me as a man, and not knowing that I am Queer identified. Sometimes I call myself "Too Queer for Queersville" or "My color doesn't fit within their rainbow," because I know I don't fit in anywhere. I know I'm weird. It seems to me that the ones who are trying to cover up the truth about the Pulse Nightclub shooting in Orlando, Florida are the real ones who are homophobic! It is astonishing how much homophobia and transphobia resides within Southern California. I soon found out that people value money over the well being of others and most importantly the truth. Soon the little girl that is inside me was losing faith in Democracy.

There are cameras located in the rooms illegally on the Step Up on Vine location. They do not inform that residents of their illegal recording and at first appearance of the room the camera is not visible. I do not have substantial evidence, but I do think it is located in the air-conditioning unit of the facility. During my stay at the facility, other residents were making exact references as if they were seeing what I was doing in my room. I was suspect, but at the same time I was using medicinal cannabis everyday and thought I was just being paranoid, so I just simply brushed it off. I wasn't doing anything in my room anyway. Not until much later I realized what was going on. I had no idea about the camera. So every once in awhile I would flip the bird in the air and sometimes whirl around. My logic was this, if someone was watching me they would see my middle finger, and if no one was watching and I was just being paranoid

then it wouldn't matter. I honestly thought I was being paranoid due to my constant pot smoking. I was known as the "hot Transsexual" in the building, so I thought if it was, probably some dicks in the building doing it. I didn't know it was actually sanctioned by the management with elaborate schemes to cover it up.

They want people to have sex on camera. They do this to abuse women. One isn't suppose to say anything about it and the more one speaks their mind they will try to paint that individual as "crazy."

The Step Up on Vine staff know very little about about mental illness and the variant types of it. I have suffered from depression, anxiety, and mood disorders ever since I was a teenager. I have been in therapy for at least a decade. I have looked at a copy of the DSM and know how mental ill impacts a person. Depression is serious and not many know how detrimental it can be! When I live in Northern California while attending college, I fell victim to the same depression. I would try to take care of myself, it was difficult, soon didn't even leave my room. I listened to music, try to go to class, do my assignments, and continue my transition. I didn't go to class and then had to leave school because I was missing class due to harassment, anxiety, and depression and couldn't leave out of my bed. I was still coming to terms with my gender and sexuality. I was been a quiet, loner, and kept to myself. That's me. I have a hard time making and keeping friends. I have low self-esteem even though I am really talented. I have self-image issues. Not all pains are visible and that sometimes is hard for someone who is mentally equipped to grasp. That staff has very poor counseling and cannot leave their preconceptions at home when they are giving a resident treatment. A lot of the times talking to the Step Up on Vine's staff would make me feel worse than talking to them from the beginning. Soon I would stop talking to them. The alternative treatment for my depression was at Kaiser Sunset, and my therapist there started to treat me inadequately. I stopped going to therapy all

together even when I really needed it. I'd figure I could make without one until I get my voucher and move out somewhere pleasing. I don't think that the staff there are licensed for social work, let alone equipped to give adequate therapy for one that is considering Gender Confirmation Surgery.

I was on my way to mental health facilities because I wanted to take my own life, people were bribed to tell my location, follow me, and all I was doing was being myself! I have been intimidated by others who do not want to truth to get out. Quite frankly I am scared for my life. I don't want to say anything because I am so scared. However, I have to be brave for the 49 people who lost their lives in one of the most horrendous ways possible. I have to be brave because I owe it to the victims, the families of the victims, the LGBTQI youth growing up in this era (or better known more as my brother and sisters), and all the love I have gotten throughout my life. I have to be brave because this should never ever happen. I didn't organize anything. I didn't pull the trigger. I honest to God had a premonition of this event - and then it happened! I have to be brave and speak out without anyone considering of taking my life because I am a young, intelligent, Black, Queer, Transgender woman and I know from first hand experience how it is to have one's rights trampled upon by the establishment. This is scary for me, because I know history. Almost every time someone stands up, fight, and promotes peace, equality, and love amongst all people usually they end up getting murdered - Mahatma Gandhi, Indira Gandhi, Malcolm X, Steve Biko, Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., Medgar Evers, Abraham Lincoln, John Lennon, John F. Kennedy, John Brown, Oscar Wilde, Konca Kuris, Benazir Bhutto, Harvey Milk - just to name a few. I am terrified that this will happen to me, and quite frankly - my family, if I speak out! I am petrified and I haven't able to mentally move in months! However, I have to be brave and make my mark on history, along with *herstory*. No one deserves to lose their life in such an inhumane fashion. It is as if the awful people in the world want society to keep being

unloving to other humans and when these people see someone taking a stand, the righteous become a target. Getting rid of the righteous so that evil can continue in the world. I now know why some Americans do not want Blacks to be taught English, let alone be given the same education as other Americans - because that will threaten the establishment. I know why women were only recently given the right to vote, pursue other careers, do the same activities that men are privileged to do, and be a dominate force in the workplace - because it threatens the establishment. Certain types of men are terrified to take orders from a person of color. Along with the majority of men who are terrified to see a woman in power and take orders from her. I never understood why masculinity is so fragile that they need to keep women down, in my opinion that means that they aren't secure in their masculinity. Why feel threatened by effeminate people with penises, why feel threatened by masculine people with vaginas? Why feel threatened by gender-nonconforming people? Why feel threatened by intelligent person of color? No reason, except people fear what they do not understand, that is the folly of man.

What is? That is the question that motivates us to live, thrive, and prosper. What is life. Then once we figure out the "what" that often leaves us questioning "why?" We then spend the duration of life trying to figure it out. What is murder and why do people commit such awful acts? We can easily define homicide but it is always harder figuring out "why." The following is true and it is the majority of my life so far. I had rather not have my life be an open book, but circumstances seem to require it. There seems to be a lot of 'hoopla' as to what gender identity I am, my sexuality, and my disability. I feel the need to give some background information to my life so far. I find it critical to explain because one, everything happens for a reason, and two, it shows the path which led me to me I am today. My caterpillar days.

I am a 26 year-old Transgender/Genderqueer person who was born and raised in the city of Compton, California and currently live in Southern California. I always felt as though I was

different. Some children in the neighborhood use to call me Tinkie-Winkie from Teletubbies (a British pre-school children's television series. There was controversy because Tinkie-Winkie had a male voice and the only Teletubby that had a purse.) Since I liked purses and seemed flamboyant some started to called me that. I guess other kids has their 'radar' on and could sense that I was queer – even before I knew! I never really liked Compton – no offense to my city, but it can be rather ignorant at times. People were too tied into gang culture and lifestyle which they used that to treat others who weren't subjected to that life badly and disrespectful. I have always felt as though I was in the wrong body and somehow I ended up here. Sounds crazy but I feel like a white girl in a black guy's body. I never liked my body – my feet, my skin color, my penis, my voice, and the family I was stuck with. I would often joke with myself like “Shit, I'm not white anymore - fuck! I'm Black, but at least I'm not in Africa!” Sounds awful I know, but that is the way I felt – but I tried to look on the bright side, Compton, California is still in California and California is still apart of the United States. So be grateful! I always been intelligent as a child, but honestly that is just me having knowledge of my past life and that being carried over into this life! A lot of things just come very easy to me. My story starts when I was a kid, about 5 or 6 years old, already showing signs of femininity and intelligence. I would always walk on my tippy-toes as a child mimicking high heels. I was very sensitive and would cry about every little thing - even for a child. Sometimes even trying on my mother's shoes.

I am the youngest; my mother's second child and my father's third. So at times they can be overprotective of me. In 1996 my grandmother's house, in which we all lived in - some still do, burnt down due to an electrical outlet problem. My mother panicked, and not knowing we just lost our fire insurance due to the inability to pay it, we had to take a loan out in order to save our grandmother's home. After that expenses were cut very short - even though the house 'looked' nice. One time my sister and half-brother got a vicious beating by my father because they were

making fun of the way I was walking (on my 'tippy-toes'.) After that my family wanted me to toughen up. As a kid still sucking my thumb, walking on my tippy-toes, urinating while sitting, and very sensitive about every little thing, people seem to know but wanted to change it. It got to the point where I stopped mentioning it, and "became tough." I could tell they wanted a traditional son, and had NBA or NFL dreams for me and that would shatter if I were feminine. I knew I was different than the other boys on the school playground also. Most guys were thuggish, loved sports, and rude. I tend to hang around Latino kids, because of similar interests. Still most of my friends happen to be girls alongside a few boys. Then rumors started when other girls liked me and I didn't return any affection or respond in an intimate way. Then "Is *he* GAY?" So annoying. All this happened when I was in elementary school. I've always been very intelligent and gifted. I always got great grades with no reward. However I was always humble about my intelligence and not really bragging about it. I'm not really the type to rub it in another's face. This alone made me stick out because I was an intelligent young black male growing up in Compton with a single parent - and there wasn't many like me. I hardly studied - a lot of things came natural to me. As if I had knowledge carried over from a past life. That is how I know I am very blessed.

In Junior high my intellectual trend continued. I fell in love with Chess - the Queen is the most powerful piece and I always thought she stuck out in a male dominated game. I fell in love with writing because I was so shy and quiet that lent me a way to express myself. I fell in love with science and technology. My mother use to work for Boeing and would bring home these NASA placards, which were really cool! It was around this time I won my first camera and computer in an essay writing contest from "Tools To Talent." I was so happy and still have that old computer to this day! I learned to do upgrades and maintenance on it myself and it was the only thing I needed. Plus I could fix other people's computers in the area if they needed it and if

the price was right. Solely by my own writing and syntax, I won these electronics. So all the years of good grades, with no reward paid off because of these accomplishments. We couldn't have afforded it otherwise.

I knew I wanted to transition for certain by the age of 14; that is when I left the 8th grade and headed to high school. I never wanted to attend Dominguez High School instead I wanted to go to the California Academy for Mathematics and Sciences (CAMS) located on the Cal-State Dominguez Hills campus in Carson, California. Usually the smarter the school, the more open minded people are when it comes to individuals who are different. Not trying to put the blame on anyone, but there was an application error on my mother's behalf, she didn't contest the error – even though I was a top candidate for the school – I wasn't able to enroll. Thus I had to settle for Dominguez High School, the same high school my cousins, uncle, and even my own mother attended. I didn't feel comfortable coming out or dressing how I would like at that school. However, my childhood friend would be there attending with me! Looking back, I feel like such a coward for not coming out and being myself. There were other Gays, Lesbians, and one or two Transgender people at the school, but they would really get bullied and harassed by other students – male and female. Besides there were too much into fashion and trends while I was just a geeky nerd that didn't need glasses. I didn't care about boys or girls, I just wanted to look pretty. I hate my male body. I hate my voice. I hate my skin color. I hate my hair. I hate my penis. I especially hate my feet. The funny thing is that I hate my feet more than my private parts. No one can tell what is in between your legs, but hands and feet are a dead giveaway. Plus shoes are a girl's best friend and are limited if she has a large footprint. I have body image issues. I feel like a white girl in this body. I couldn't take it, because I know I have a bad temper so I didn't say anything about my feelings, identity, or sexual orientation to anyone except some of my closest friends. I just wanted to look as pretty as the other girls were and if not just decent

and passable. I also wanted a safe place to undergo my blossoming and if I could avoid a life of prostitution, mediocrity than more power to me! Not too much had changed about the school and I was too shy to dress during my stay there. Dominguez High School was okay. Honestly it is more of a sports oriented school than academia. Which is perfectly fine, but it isn't the school for me. I stayed at Dominguez HS for my Freshman and Sophomore year and after acknowledging that I didn't like the school, I didn't like my fellow students, I didn't like the atmosphere of the city, and I didn't like my family situation at home. Once I finished my Sophomore year I wanted to leave school. I wasn't even thinking about college at the time.

I started to see a therapist at Kaiser about my depression and transitioning – even before Kaiser Southern California had it covered! Most of the Transgender services in the Los Angeles area happen to be in the central area, primarily along Sunset Boulevard. I went to Children's Hospital and spoke with them about services. I was denied at the time because I had Kaiser Insurance under my mother and none on my own. I went to the L.A. Gay and Lesbian Center (actual name at the time) and spoke with the Transgender services coordinator about services and she directed me to Skid Row. Her exact words, *"I think you should go to Skid Row."* I was appalled but oblivious at the same time. I thought maybe there weren't any more services available. I didn't know they say those things to people just to get them to go away. I do not think she knew I spent 90 minutes on the train just for her to tell me that and leave and on my way back. Not knowing that the only resources for Transgender people are in that area. At the time most – if not all – Transgender services were not covered by Kaiser and I felt as though I needed to leave to a more progressive area in order to receive adequate health-care. At this time, I was planning on dropping out of high school and take the California High School Proficiency Exam (CHSPE – pronounced like Chass-Pee) and go on with my life. [For those who aren't familiar with this the CHSPE is The California High School Proficiency Examination

(CHSPE) is a testing program established by California law. If eligible to take the test, you can earn the legal equivalent of a high school diploma by passing the CHSPE. The CHSPE consists of two sections: an English-language Arts section and a Mathematics section. If you pass both sections of the CHSPE, the California State Board of Education will award you a Certificate of Proficiency, which by state law is equivalent to a high school diploma (although not equivalent to completing all coursework required for regular graduation from high school.)] However my high school counselor Mr. Dawkins informed about another program that was just starting that would allow a high school student to spend some of the day at the high school and the rest at the community college to finish courses. Keith Curry was one of the founders if I am not mistaken. This was beneficial towards me because it would allow me to live my life and not sacrifice my education – as opposed to most Transgender kids who transition. At the same time, this would allow me ample time to experiment with my identity at home – participating in this program gave me a lot of time to myself to experiment with my identity. I knew I was different. I know I am different then most Transgender girls people are use to – still I know who I am. I know I am not the first Transgender woman is grew up in Compton. Growing up on the East Side of Compton, people are well familiar with Long Beach Blvd. This is a street that is notorious for sex work. After all, one can access all major highways from this street. I knew this is the life I wanted to avoid if I were to transition. For me, I always hated my body. I felt as though I looked like Fred Flintstone mixed with a gorilla. I have knowledge of my past life. As a very young child, around 6 or 7, I would cry and be very feminine and my family would bully me to stop. I recall my father making me cry and me saying “I am a girl” because I was 'crying like one' and he should leave me alone. He walked out the door, I was unsure if he heard me or not. People don't understand when I say I HATE my body. I hated my hair. I hated my skin color. I hate the size of my feet more than my penis! No one can see what is in between my legs, but everyone sees your feet.

Not only that, but shoes are limited. Forcing a women to a limited variety of comfortable shoes is hell within itself! I also hated, still do in fact, the sound of my voice. Believe it or not – my voice is one of the reasons I am such a good writer. I hate to explain things in my vocal voice, so I would write everything down and explain it coherently in my syntax voice. This caused a lot of depression for me, but it is also a blessing in disguise. I even won my first computer and camera – I think the year was 2002. So winning these things was a great surprise to me! I fell in love with gadgets! There weren't many girls or boys doing this - at least in my neck of the woods. I was different and special. A lot of girls started to like me after this. I'm like 'no I'm not gay but there is something weird about me.' Most guys would love to be in this position, but I soon realized that I wasn't gay just simply in the wrong body. I was certain of it by this point. Even after wearing baggy clothing all the time one could still tell. I was no match for their queer-radar.

Anyway, I started Compton Community College in 2006, I soon found out that there were many shady things that went on, on that campus. There was a brand new library that was built, but student couldn't use it because of a fault line that was under it. Not to make the matter worse, but the collegiate board member would use school property for personal use/trips and the school soon lost its accreditation and another college would have to take over in order for it to be fully accredited. The individuals that got screwed over the most were the teachers, the students, and the faculty. We were left out in the cold and El Camino College had to take over the college in order to 'save the day' and it has been El Camino College Compton Center ever since. At least the students could finish their education without losing units/coursework. However, the spirit and pride of the school had suffered a tremendous blow; then again this allowed students the freedom to take courses at the main campus in Torrance, which could be seen as a plus. So during my Junior and Senior year of high school at Dominguez I would stay at the school for 2 hours and then I was out of there. It was an awesome advantage and another

plus is in California, high school students are able to take community college courses for free! One would only need to pay for the required textbooks. So like other impoverished youth famished for an education, I took advantage of it. I received my Diploma and my IGETC certification, and my Associate Degree all when I graduated from Dominguez High School in 2008. However, I missed out on a lot of typical high school events such as: Homecoming, fields trips, games, clubs, prom and etcetera. That is the price I paid for getting a college education early. To this day I still never had a boyfriend, girlfriend, or any romantic partnership. Initially my plan was to graduate the university within 2 years and thus save more money for tuition. Of course like the song by Styx goes "*Nothing Ever Goes as Planned.*" As mentioned before Long Beach Blvd in Compton is notorious for sex work, however this isn't the life I wanted for myself, so I didn't say anything and focus on my education! In my mind, being Black in America is hard, but it is much easier now than our grandparents and great-grandparents had it and even worse before them! So there is no excuse I figured, and it seemed best to obtain as much education while it was still free, because after high school it is no longer free. Some opt out for the other option - "a bird in the hand is worth more than a book," however if everyone does that then we as a people, Blacks, will never progress and the ones that do often will forget where they came from. I will mention that I tried to come out as a teenager. Most, if not all, Transgender resources at the time were located in Los Angeles around Sunset Boulevard. I went to Children's Hospital as a teenager trying to get Hormone Replacement Therapy, and was denied because at the time I did not have Medicare / MediCal. My mother was working at Boeing at the time and had Kaiser medical insurance. I was told by staff at Children's Hospital to "Go to Kaiser." In which I did. Kaiser Permanente did not cover Transgender care at the time, so I felt so out of luck and didn't know what to do. Granted I went to these places by myself, no parents or siblings - they didn't know and I felt embarrassed about my feelings. Not knowing at the time that what I was

feeling was completely normal. I said whatever and aimed to do my transition at college. A very few selection of friends knew - my friends Maria, Claudia, and Marcus. Claudia was the most understanding - she told this to me after being bullied by someone - "You're more of a man he will ever be; and more of a woman he will ever get." That made me tear up and that is what I call love and support. However, I had already started this program at my high school. I would leave Dominguez H.S. around 10 am, go to the community college, finish those courses around 1 or 2 pm and have the rest of the day off. My mother would leave work around 11am or 3pm and my sister was off away at college at CSULB. I would use that time to explore my gender and cross-dress at home! Confused about my feelings at the time I, at first, came out to my mom at 17 as Gay then as Transgender. One day while I was home earlier and had the house to myself, and experimenting with clothes. I found my journal/diary in my mother's room drawer under her clothes. I confronted her about my writings and she said she had found it in my sister's room. I felt hurt, but they still claim they didn't know about my feelings after reading it. It was around this time I had my first hospitalization and placed on a 5150 hold. I honestly wanted to die and killed myself after this and I believe my therapist at the time felt the same way. It hurt even more that they claimed that they didn't know my feelings even after reading it and harboring it. It happened November 2007, at the same time admissions were due and this led me to apply to Berkeley's College of Natural Resources and not Letters and Sciences. While in the hospital, the only one that helped me with the application was my sister; my mother didn't know I could get an extension since I was in the hospital.

Anyway, I usually pass a class with an "A," including summer sessions. I graduated Dominguez High School with an Associate's Degree. Not to mention top 10 of my class. My family went to eat without me while I waited on the front lawn of the Dominguez. They were family however I feel as though they weren't my family. I got accepted to all Cal-State

Universities and Universities of California system respectfully, but not a single private school. I had enough of LA and said Berkeley was for me, besides. I had a great time when I was up there debating as a student in high school. In addition to the weather and the overall atmosphere of the Bay Area is what I craved. Regretfully, I didn't take a year off and went straight up there into the dorms after graduation. The dorms made me feel as though I couldn't be myself. I didn't want to inform the school about my identity. I felt like a Fish out of water and soon left after one semester – losing a scholarship in the process. This happened towards the end of 2008 and as a first generation college student I didn't know how to react to the environment and reach out for resources. There was a lot of racial tension on the campus especially in regard to white males. A lot of people assumed I was an athlete when I wasn't. UC Berkeley also had a space for transgendered people called GenEq - short for gender equality. Marisa Boyce was the person in charge while I was there. Dealing with the university, Hormone-Replacement-Therapy, being in a new place, along with my depression – I couldn't handle it and soon succumbed to my depression and went back home on a medical withdrawal. I figured I would work and save money to go back to Berkeley and avoid dorm living.

However in 2008 the economy within a big recession and the and unemployment rate was huge and I couldn't find a job until summer 2009 - even with *my* resume. I got a job at the Hollywood bowl at minimum wage. It was decent for the pay. However, they were not giving their employees their lunch breaks and restroom breaks, in addition to being harassed daily by the supervisor's racist jokes and comments. After six months looking for a job with no luck, I just dealt with that because I needed to work. I had no idea at the time what the human resources department was used for. I just tolerated it. I even cut my hair from a large Afro to a fade to look more presentable to the Hollywood Bowl Employers and I got the job. Honestly I smoke weed everyday just to deal with the supervisor's racist comments. Other coworkers tell

me to annoy him because he maybe Gay and he assumed anyone who is black and has a penis is automatically homophobic. I took their advice and ignored it! What I should have done was reported it! I worked there until October and did not have another job plan after that. Events at the Hollywood Bowl were very traumatizing for me. Eventually someone sued them in a class-action lawsuit for not giving people their breaks, I felt as though that is the best that could be done. Also I did not have medical insurance at the time due to my mother's employer. It was 2010 and Obama's recent passage of the Health-care reform bill led to Boeing to drop Kaiser Permanente as an insurer.

To cope with the traumatizing events I re-enrolled in El Camino College and decided to take a poetry class and a short story fiction class. I love prose and poetry. This also marks the second time that I identified as Josie inside a classroom setting. All this occurred when I had no outlet to friends, family, or even a therapist. Little did I know by the end of the semester there my mother would find a new job and I once again had Kaiser insurance. While I was there on campus I also took the test to apply to the U.S. Census Bureau for a Census 2010 enumerator – by May we would start working and I had a job for the summer. I saved up money and used it to travel to school at UC Berkeley.

I was happy that I didn't have to deal with the dormitories on campus and I can finally have my own place. I tried to look for new place in the Bay Area while here in Southern California and was unable to do so due to the fact that they needed to meet me beforehand and see the person they renting to. I ended up living at a place called the Carlton on Telegraph Ave., and that essentially was just a single room apartment. Where there weren't any windows, just does the sink and four walls essentially. Shared bathrooms with the fellow neighbors. This was a hotel that was converted into student living; it was decent but it was not the place that I can that I imagined. I started to isolate myself and I didn't go anywhere out of my apartment. I would

watch stuff online and smoke pot. It got to the point where I stop going to classes. When I was able to go to my classes there was a lot of harassment going on from the restaurant cafeteria, to the restrooms and everything. I didn't feel comfortable in the Gay community, I didn't feel comfortable in the Lesbian community, I didn't feel comfortable in the Transgender community. I felt so alone and I didn't know what I was feeling was normal so I just trying to deal with it on myself. I tried to do too much at the same time. I was trying to work, do my studies, attend support groups, and transition, and go to therapy. Sometimes it was too much for me. Long story short, I ended up taking a medical withdrawal due to mental health and my depression. With the help of my therapist I was able to do so. I didn't finish the second semester because I isolated in my room the whole time. When I had feelings of suicide I would called the hotlines, with sometimes the police being called out. Eventually I stopped going to classes and failed. The times I was able to make it to class, the professor would use the male name, while I was presenting female and I felt embarrassed to say "here." I am a first generation college student and I didn't know there are resources available to help students stay in school. No one told me about these resources. My therapist was very helpful she trying to get me on Social Security and so I will be able to pay my rent has to live in Berkeley, however my mother messed it up for me. No lie, she has a problem with taking too much on herself and told the doctor that she could pay my rent when she couldn't and I ended up moving back to Los Angeles with her. I was going to start working but she felt bad for messing up the situation and insisted that we try to do SSI again. I said that ship has sailed, but she wanted to wait for the next one. I waited for 2 years and in 2013 was fed up, but kept trying. In 2014 I was granted in SSI along with back payments for me waiting.

At the time was waiting things were fairly stable at my parent's place in Compton after-all my uncle wasn't staying with us at the time. All this happened in 2011-12 when I had a different

insurance and couldn't go Kaiser Permanente. I didn't have a car because my sister's car broke down and I let her use mine since I was simply disabled and waiting. My uncle wasn't home and at this time HRT was finally covered by Southern California Kaiser Permanente. I caught the train to Kaiser Permanente Sunset and had an intake appointment with a therapist. Sounded like a wonderful name, handsome guy, and I thought I could be total open with this individual about my feelings. It was a good session until the last five minutes. He asked me if I ever used Marijuana in which I stated, yes – as a lot California college students. Not only that but prior to that session, I had no way to be prescribed the medication that I needed and self medicating was better than no medication and no therapy. That is why a patient comes to a hospital, because they are asking for help with something they cannot do on their own. He didn't ask how much I used/abused, he didn't ask how often I used/abused, he didn't ask what kind of cannabis I used/abused, and he didn't ask what method I used to ingest the plant. Based on a simple “yes” I was referred to go to addiction medicine for 90 days before being seen in therapy. The ironic this about this while I was in Poetry and my Short Story Fiction class I hardly smoked/ingested. It was the last week of school when I used and shortly after the semester I had the appointment with him. I used once and was honest about it, because of that I had to wait a quarter of a year (3 months, 90 days) just for another therapy appointment. To add insult to injury, this was just an intake, not my actual therapist. I started to cry in his office. “I'm just doing my job,” says he. I told him, “You know, it's your discretion.” He stated, “I know.” He walked me down to the First Floor where addiction medicine was and I was crying heavily along the way. I was a mix of emotions. I wanted to punch this individual in the face and at the same time wanted to drop on my knees and beg him to reconsider. This man could care less. I felt like the Gay White Male who has a position where he was some power was using it to discriminate against me. Whether it was the fact I was Black, Transgender, Low-Income, Intelligent, or just

different, he sort of made it clear that others aren't treated like that. I did attend Addiction Medicine and most of the time people are just talking about other harder drugs – when I was just there for pot. Others would ask me, “What's your drug of choice?” and I would say weed or pot, and they would roll their eyes. During my time in addiction medicine, I started to use my phone the whole time and I couldn't do that. The drugs they were referencing were not particular to me – so why be there? I stopped going. They very next day I went to Member Services to complain about the services I had gotten. They looked at me as if I'm just some loser and “that's the policy” while I am telling the worker that they cannot do that – my argument was falling onto deaf ears. I said forget it and I started to use more and more cannabis. I felt as though I was going to the Bay Area anyway, wouldn't wouldn't step foot in Kaiser Sunset ever again. I went to Kaiser Sunset and left this note for him.

“YOU ARE THE REASON PEOPLE HATE GAY PEOPLE. - BECAUSE YOU ARE A FAGOT! GO BACK TO MARYLAND.”

Never in my life I thought I would see a white Gay male from the East Coast would discriminate against a Black/Creole local Transgender woman whom just got her insurance back, just finished a semester of college - all because of pot! And the only excuse I get is “I'm just doing my job.” Not only that, I bet he would feel terrible if someone judged and discriminated against him and his lifestyle. Let him judge other people based on theirs and be paid for it. Freaking hypocritical! So, I called him the “F” word. Not one of my proudest moments, but I didn't know how to react. After that I was banned from Kaiser Sunset and if that is how they want to treat their patients I do not want to be apart of them! I was wrong and shouldn't have called him that.

Being back in Los Angeles, I said the SSI ship has sailed, but my mother convinced me to make things right by applying again. In the meantime, I would need to find a therapist. Also

nothing has changed at home since I was a child. I hated it. I went to the psychiatric hospital in the fall of 2011 after that went to the partial hospital program. There was a doctor there who did the same thing as the previous therapist did. Asked about cannabis use at the last 5 minutes of the sessions and make a judgment based on the answer to that question. I was furious I cannot see a therapist but have to go to addiction medicine. I stop going to to therapy and start to use more honestly. I stop going to therapy for a while focus on my SSI paperwork. We applied and got denied. For the next year or two was a waiting game. I went to a group called IOP and it helped somewhat. I also did Dialectical Behavioral Therapy (DBT) which really helped me out. Throughout the year I would get fed up for not being myself and hiding. I would 'run away' and try to live in car. I was frustrated because it seemed like everyone else could do what they want, have relationships, and etc - except me. My sister's car conked out and since I want using it, I lent her my car. It was about a year. During this time my uncle was staying with his girlfriend Marie in her apartment and things here peaceful at home, and I just need my estrogen! In which I couldn't because of Kaiser Permanente not having it covered and my alternate insurance. It was total irony. When I have one thing I need, I lose or don't have the other – whether it is a place to stay, money, insurance. In the meantime I just waited at home for SSI results based upon my mother. My mother said she would be there for me once it came through – which turned out to be a lie. Once the first denial of SSI can through I was ready to give up because she already had messed up the situation with Dr. Watson. However, she wanted to get a lawyer. Which we did. Bill Latour. The whole 2012 I just waited for insurance and SSI benefits. In 2013, I got my Kaiser Insurance back and tried to go back to Kaiser Sunset and I was still prohibited. I started therapy with Kaiser Lomita with a therapist, who specializes in the care of Transgender individuals. I noticed how he had the Latin name for God, while I had the Greek name 'Theus.' Not that is matters per se, but this therapist is also a Gay male. He is Latino which though might

make him more down to Earth. I has a few sessions with him and one particular session he pressed an issue about my sister and I that I didn't want to talk about. He kept insisting and I kept denying and I shouted, "Shut the Fuck Up" and asked for assistance. He said I "cursed him out" and my point was I didn't do that - *I uttered an obscenity but didn't curse him out.*" We had to agree to disagree. I basically said, "Fine. You want to play games like that" and I recalled a time where I said I like traveling. He asked me where would I like to travel to and I said Dubai. He responded "So you like Middle Eastern Men?" I got upset and said I didn't say anything about men, I said traveling and I filed a complaint and he didn't like that. After that I had to change therapists.

The new one was basically one of the nicest and sweetest people you could ever find. Not to mention one of the best therapists I've had in awhile. We did Eastern Medicine along with DBT. She was very kind and soft spoken and around the same age as I was with very similar experiences! She listened and I listened and it was great! She helped me when I was manic. She also helped me get on Hormone Replacement Therapy. Her kindness helped me snap out of my depression, to the point where I asked her should I deny the SSI that I was granted? Her advice was to keep it, because my depression may come back and then if I apply once more, I wouldn't get approved. Soon she got a promotion and wasn't able to see her. During our last session she had this deck of cards and placed spread out face down on a table. I closed my eyes and wave my hands around like "this is dumb" and pick up this card that says:

"I have the perfect living space / I see myself living in a wonderful place. It fulfills all my needs and desires. It's in a beautiful location and at a price I can afford."

Which were all the gripes I mentioned during the past few sessions with her.

Unfortunately she got promoted and I had to find a new therapist, she is super awesome! About the time I got my second SSI check in June 2014, my mother let my uncle and his girlfriend live with us rent free and started trying me to pay rent. Which I don't mind, however

when the Federal worker asked her if she was charging me rent she didn't say anything. She was doing the same thing every year and I said forget that and rather be homeless, live in my car and be myself than to deal with that situation at home. Living in my car became too much and I decided to go to the LA Gay and Lesbian Center at the time since I was still 24. I stayed in the center for 6 months trying to find a roommate really. I think people assume I don't like working and faking but I was really trying to find a cool roommate. There I met a close friend, my kindred spirit from Vermont, and people were giving her a hard time too! She didn't like Los Angeles and went back to her home state. She was being bullied and then I got bullied because I hung out with her - because we were tomboys. My car was stolen because I thought everyone was trustworthy. Things became missing from the center. The really pretty Transgender girls got catered to, while the others didn't. Lots of mishaps but I got through it. I was kicked out the center for trying to read past 11:00 PM and using the phone to call the suicide hotline in the phone room and fell asleep. After that I soon left the Center and went back to my car. But before leaving they set me up with this program called "*Step Up*" where they "help" the homeless and my social worker at the time was really nice. I could tell the program was fishy but stayed with it. I went to Vermont to visit my friend who was still hurting from her visit from Los Angeles. We had an argument and she made me cry and I went back home. I then thought everyone I met at the center was fake and deleted them from Facebook. People may thought something otherwise, but it was solely for that. I also had back payments from SSI, but wanted to save them until I got my own place. I was suppose to be placed into the Young Burlington Apartments, right by APAIT and became ineligible because my birthday had just passed and the program only goes up to 24 - I had just turned 25. Therefore I had to wait longer and be placed at *Step Up on Vine*, which seemed like the Lomita therapist's card prophecy coming to life!

My rent was finally affordable. I soon got a kitty cat named Sasha from Clear the Shelters 2015 from the Harbor City shelter and it seemed like Godsend! My uncle's cat had, that I only heard about, was similar in appearance. I was so happy! I used the back payments that I saved to buy everything my heart desired. Little did I know how detrimental this will be for me. The social worker from Step Up got a better job and soon left Step Up. That was a sign I should have paid attention to. The signs of bullying at Step Up began when I started buying myself groceries and not eat their food. I wouldn't need the food bank. I would order things from Amazon and boxes were coming in while other people in the building were dirt poor.

When I was staying in the Center people would steal iPhones like nobody's business and I thought I should get something different and if it was ever stolen, they would know it is mine. I bought myself a BlackBerry Passport SE. Admittedly it did feel funny owning a phone that costs more than my rent, but it costs less than an iPhone - and if I ever lost people would know it was mine. I got myself a gray kitty named Sasha. I bought a nice computer monitor for myself. I bought myself a nice Olympus camera (that reminded me of the old 35mm cameras with the new modern features) Also, it reminded me of Samejima Mamimi camera from the Anime series '*Fooly Cooly*.' She is one of my favorite Anime characters! I bought myself a little ASUS e-book. I bought myself lots of hair products. I bought myself nice food. I bought myself some really nice earphones that were really expensive, RHA - T20. Some of the reasons I got the headphones is because I love music; they don't make quality headphones like this anymore (in my opinion they are made poorly on purpose so that one would have to buy another pair); they were rated by the Consumer Electronics Association (CEA) and the Japan Audio Society; and the headphones featured one of my inventions for headphones that I submitted on Quirky. It was exactly like it and I was stunned and angry at first, but then flattered. It meant that my ideas are good ideas if they actually get stolen! I got Sasha a really nice cat tree. I ordered every thing

my heart desired. I also was happy that I was receiving free Internet there. It felt like my perfect home.

Being in a new area and dealing bullying, I needed a new therapist, but no one was available and I swore a vow against Kaiser Sunset. I would often call the Kaiser BHC line, the LA Warm Line when feeling down and depressed. Still staff at Step Up felt as if I should get an "Obama - Phone" as if I am a former pan-handler. Not knowing there are many stages of homelessness. I never slept on the sidewalk. Usually ride the bus or train for sleeping. I always slept in my car. Finding a place to do hygiene was very hard. I don't think people understood where I was coming from. I didn't do any kind of hard drugs, like most of their clientele. I just wanted a safe place where I can be myself. I was searching for more people around my age, it was really scarce. I'm not trying to sound high and mighty but I didn't want to hang around people who use drugs. I smoke a lot of pot but no hard drugs because I have seen what it does to other people first hand. I was still traumatized by the Los Angeles Gay & Lesbian Center and never returned. I figured I would go when I look better. I noticed people acted weird and funny when I was in the room whether it was APAIT or Children's Hospital or Friends La Brea. I know I wasn't the most prettiest girl out there but I wasn't trying to be scary. Once people treat me like that I tend not to return. While I was the Center I was trying to find a roommate and not do all these programs. However, I never really had that much social interaction while presenting as female due to my laser focus on education during my younger years. Transgender women in Hollywood are very sensitive and at the same time very catty - we don't need to tear each other down they do that for us. The majority of the time I was just waiting inside my apartment trying to piece together where my life stopped off after Berkeley. Other Transgender women wouldn't understand when I said that I went to Berkeley. That is the only reason to why I went there - to transition. They couldn't relate to the pain of not saying anything about how one feels on the

inside and constantly hiding; not knowing how hard it is to hate one's voice to the point when they are scared to talk.

I didn't see my biological family for either Thanksgiving, my birthday, Christmas, or New Year's in 2015. I stayed in my room. I was just so angry at them for not being there when I needed them, holding the pink slip to my car hostage, and just I in general making life harder than what it had to be. January 2016 I was feeling ecstatic to finally kick things into gear so to speak. I ordered a lot of herbal supplements for my transition. I also felt really weird about having so much while many other in the community have so little. I felt like for once in my life, my life was easy. Everything I needed was relatively close and I felt as though I didn't need my car anymore. I was already tired of the car, I had to keep it because my mother wouldn't give me the pink slip to my car. Now that I finally had it, I felt bad while I see other girls on the street while I wasn't struggling at all. I decided to get rid of my car and get another one. I was skeptical because I hate talking about cars with men because they assume you don't know anything. The very day I had an appointment to take the car to the dealership to turn it in, the tire was on flat. I didn't feel like calling my mother and I changed the tire myself. The one mistake I made while changing it was not having air in the spare before I put it on. I drove on it, and messed up the rim. I decided I had enough and donated my car to the Human Rights Campaign. I decided that public transportation was enough for me!

In March 2016 I had my name change paperwork completed and I was legally Jossie Lisa White! Jossie as reference to Josie the Pussycats, Lisa as reference to Lisa Simpson, and White because I feel like I am in the wrong body! I put two "s" for Jossie because I'm super sweet. It was a great day for me! However, didn't feel so good when people would often misgender me. Trips to the grocery store became a hassle. Trips to Target were the same. It got to the point where I stopped eating. Not very good for a Manic Depressive person like myself.

People would bully me at Step Up as well! Calling me “fake-Trans.” Which I never really understood. Allow me to educate some about my gender identity and sexual orientation. Frankly, I do not like my body, period. I feel as though I am a white woman in this black male's body. I hate using my voice, always have. This is why I don't say anything and have a hard defending myself when I am under attack. My defense mechanism is silence or being very loud (which people see as manly - which then causes me to become more silent). I hate the parts in between my legs yet, I am skeptical about surgery. I hate my feet (hard to find shoes!) Yes, I am more congruent with my body now, however I still have body image issues. I have never been in a relationship ever, never had a boyfriend or girlfriend. However, I've had experiences with men, women, Transgender men, and Transgender women. Granted not that many, but experiences are just the same. For me personally it isn't about the physical outside but more about the inside into which I am attracted to. I am so uncomfortable with my body that I don't even think I can have sex. The word Transgender to me is an umbrella term that encompasses all forms of gender non-conformity. I admit I am not like most Transgender people I see in life. I am not a walking, talking stereotype and I love myself. It is being constantly attacked by the ignorance of others that infuriate me. A lot of this is common sense, however, common sense isn't common. My sexual orientation lies between Asexuality and Pan-sexuality/Omni-sexuality. My view of life is that we are all spirits living in the material world. There is limited materials here on Earth that can encompass our souls (only two sexes - three if considering biological inter-sexed/chromosome variations.) Therefore, it is the inside of a person that we should focus on and what the person stands for.

I said I would stay in my room until my voucher comes. Some of the people in the building are not in the age range from 18-24 and tend to have underlying problems one cannot see with the naked eye. Problems like who is severely mentally ill or who has just fell on hard

times or who just have a problem with hard drugs. Totally unlike my situation where I just want to live my life in a safe environment due to ignorant people constantly bullying myself. I know myself and being around an environment that mis-genders you on a daily basis will start to play mind games with the individual. One will start to question their own transition and feelings. One may have the urge to stop transitioning and that is what they want so they can say, "I told you so. That was a man." when the individual does something that is outside of gender.

I try to do photography on my own. An organization called the Painted Brain, re-kindled the spark I had for photography and I decided to get myself a nice camera and lens. While I was in my apartment I also tried to invent a more convenient spray can. As a guilty pleasure, I do have a fond affection towards Graffiti artwork and just spray paint art in general. I noticed if a can was conic helical it could serve a better purpose and transport more containers in less space. Giving the street artist a better paintbrush, if you will, but the design could be utilize for other products as well. I was excited about it! I use to see myself a complete failure because I didn't finish my education as University of California Berkeley, but after thinking of my invention – I still had my it. I decided to do a provisional patent on my idea. I had no idea how to, but every so often complete it little by little. Smart kids always get bullied, no matter race, gender, rich or poor, or nationality. While working on my invention I would play the song "Kekeke" by PiGPen on Newgrounds.com. As weird as it sounds it help me concentrate. When I am feeling depressed and bullied I usually listen to violate music, period. I was working on this invention to generate some finances so that I can afford all the surgeries that weren't covered by insurance.

Throughout this time some people inside the building started to make gestures of "bong-hitting" and my dancing. As if they had access to my room. Usually I paid no attention to it, because people here are very loony. However, it started to get very creepy. I told my therapist at the time that I felt as though people are watching me. I brought it up there twice. The second

time I brought it up, it wasn't merely a hunch but more certain. He didn't listen and brushed it off as if I was crazy. Then he thinks I'm homophobic because of the prior incident with the other therapist. No one believes me when I bring it up. I know me! I am very smart! I came to this logic when it came to people watching me: "If someone is watching me, flip them the bird. If it is nothing, no one would see it." That was my only form of defense I had.

In my room I'm as happy as can be. I can be weird! Using a stove-top as an oven; wearing nothing but bra and panties; listen to variety of music; smoke cannabis daily; and occasionally watch Donald Trump videos. Not really in support, just to laugh. People were always acting weird around me and I thought it was just me. When election season started, even though I do consider myself a Democrat, I felt as though this political season the Democrats weren't being truthful with certain things. I love Bernie Sanders, but I knew he wouldn't get the nomination. So why waste my time? I sort of wished he would've ran as an Independent Candidate. When Trump announced he was running, I knew it would just be funny. That's why I constantly watched it. That and I could see Trump strategy to literally invade the Republican Party. The Republican debates were hilarious to me. Not many people remember that he ran in 2000 under the Reform Party. To me, he isn't a real Republican, just the same way Bernie Sanders isn't a real Democrat. Due to the binary election system they must join either of the two big parties to even have a chance. I like the way he talked to people like they were people and not trying to sell you anything with his rhetoric. I love Hilary, but when I found out her husband Bill somehow helped this place to become established, through the Global Clinton Initiative, I did not want to vote for her at that time. I know it's weird, because a young intelligent Black Transgender woman should be all Hilary and I am! I should judge her from the work she has done and not her husband's. Either way our next president will be from New York, which is interesting. When I step outside my door, it is instantly the appearance of mental

illness, and when I step outside the main entrance doors the, it is the appearance of drugs and that bring me down. I was down so much that I instantly stayed inside my apartment. This continued until June.

I spent a lot of time online. It was my personal space in some regards, my rent was affordable, I could afford food, and a little extra finances for frivolous things. I felt very privileged. Even though I was in no way on my feet, I felt as though I had made it. In February, I decided to donate my car to the Human Rights Campaign. I wasn't really using it and in a way it became more of a hassle than an asset. I figured I could just use public transportation to get around and it was actually be better for the environment. My rent was affordable - and it felt so good! I soon got a kitty cat named Sasha from Clear the Shelters 2015 from the Harbor City shelter and it seemed like Godsend! My uncle's cat had, that I only heard about, was similar in appearance. I was so happy! I didn't name her Sasha, that was the name she was given and I kept it because she was always responsive to that name - that and it fit her nicely. I used the back payments that I saved to buy everything my heart desired. Little did I know how detrimental this will be for me. My old social worker, got a better job and soon left Step Up. That was a sign I should have paid better attention to. The signs of bullying at Step Up began when I started buying myself groceries and not eat their food. I wouldn't need the food bank. I would order things from Amazon and boxes were coming in while other people in the building were poor.

Not to mention that my room had Time Warner Cable Wifi Spot, which I used to have free internet. I am assuming that it was Step Up on Vine's wifi. I spent a lot of time listening to music and dancing in my room. I would listen to ALL sorts of music! I would watch my favorite television shows by streaming them through illegal sites. I would research and work on my invention. When I went out for the little things I would always get misgendered. I get angry and then I would go back in my room and listen to dark angry music. Dark Punk music, dark

gangster rap music, and continue to work on my invention. I felt as though something bad was going to happen this year. I would visit Encyclopediadramatica.se and read the articles there and laugh. If you don't know what Encyclopediadramatica.se is, it is essentially a website that parodies and satires the Wikipedia.com website. Granted it is not politically correct. The articles written on the site are written to be offensive on purpose! If one is easily offended, then this isn't the site for them. The only articles I use to read were the "an hero" page and the "High Score" page. Where it states the highest mass murder history as a "score." Not that I would ever do such a thing, but I remember hearing all these things as a kid/teenager, that now that I'm an adult in my own space I could read such things. I guess that makes me a man for visiting a websites and reading text on a screen (sarcasm.) Absurd when you put it that way, because if I had a vagina and did the same things, I wouldn't be considered a man. One of the things that I love about myself is my sense of humor. Laughter is medicine for the soul. At the same time I am kind of dark, and like Black/Dark Comedy. I would go to Newgrounds.com and listen to this "Kekeke" song while working on my invention. Kekeke is Korean for "hahaha." It is just a amateur Rap (Rhythm And Poetry) song made by a guy from Australia! The lyrics are awful but accurately describes the events of that tragic day, which is hard to write and rhyme - as if Cho was rapping the song himself. If you don't know what Newgrounds.com is, it is essentially Youtube, before there was Youtube. Their motto is "Everything by Everyone" created by Tom Fulp in 1995. Yes, 1995. Users could create and upload animations, music, games, and artwork for display. There was this game called "V-Tech Massacre" made by Ryan Lambourn, which is a game made to prevent gun violence not encourage it! I felt as though other Transgender girls would make fun of me, and talk about looks, and how "fishy" (Hollywood slang for a passable Transgender woman) a girl looks and not. I always focused on it not based on looks, but other things that makes a woman a woman. It is how one feels on the inside! I know I am in the wrong

body! I didn't play the game, just listen to the song, I really just like the beat and there was no instrumental track. I just kept listening to the song on repeat and working on my aerosol can invention.

Every time I spoke to Step Up staff anymore they usually give me a “dry-hello” or act very weirdly. I hate my voice and usually don't speak so when I do finally speak up, deep as it may be, it is irritating people will treat you differently based on the sound of your voice. I was very depressed. I wasn't eating or drinking water. Just waiting for my voucher in a daze. I thought I was just dealing with people who didn't like their job. I didn't know they were capable of such brutality. I am a geek, I don't sing, and I'm not a dancer, all I can be is me. However, I really do have horrible depression and this is the exact same thing that happened in my apartment in the Bay Area. I get manic and my manic self is not the same as my calm self. I am always on edge and my guard is constantly up. Especially around people who seem to be so “friendly” it's to the point where it's strange. When people behave so strangely it makes them seem so fake, but one is unable to pinpoint it

It was June 8th around 2am or later in the morning. I had a nightmare and woke up out of the blue. I was lonely and I called the Kaiser BHC suicide line and stated, “*I feel like killing Step Up. I have no idea why this thought just popped in my head.*” A person on the line stated, “And you just wanted to vent that out?” I said “yes.” One day, actually it was either June 9th 2016 or June 10th 2016, I walked to the corner to cross the street and some Step Up staff were about to cross the street as well. I said “Hi” to them and she said “Hi” as well, but the way she did it was very rude. I then flipped them the bird and walked across the street. Once I got to the other side I tried to catch them to apologize but I couldn't reach them. I didn't pay much to it and continued with my day. Later on that day I also called the BHC Hotline because my anxiety was up about attending pride this year. I had decided not to go because I felt like people have been

acting funny and someone is going to do something. Something just told me not to go. I said this to the Kaiser BHC line operator and saying "Something bad is going to happen. . . Who would believe me, crazy Jossie." They then made me a triage appointment for the following Monday. Still I had ill feelings about the upcoming weekend. I felt something really bad about to happen. So much that I did something I haven't done ever. I started to tape everything where I thought cameras were; ceiling, walls, light fixtures, and etc. I started to be really frantic because I felt as though something terrible was going to happen. I even hid under my bed. I would say to myself, "*What is this weird energy I am feelings?*" I then thought it must be my pot use and ignored my feelings. I decided to work on my invention that weekend instead of partying – I even went to the nearby OfficeMax to print out the drawing of my invention. So that same Sunday morning when I awoke, I learned about the Orlando Massacre – how it was the deadliest mass shooting in US history, the past of the shooter with bullying, the ethnicity of the shooter, the time of the shooting, the sexuality of the shooter, and even how the memorial ribbon was the color silver. Certain details of the attack seem weird and to me it seem like a hit job than a terrorist attack. I saw it coming, literally! I was happy that another premonition came true. I always have them, just never write them down. There are people who are able to predict the future, Nostradamus for example. I downloaded his complete works and intrigued on how he was so precise on certain things. More intrigued on how people, even noble elites of that time, believed him and not writing him off as crazy. His method is based on numerology – the universe is based on numbers. If I were other people I would think I had something to do with it too, but I didn't. I can even prove my prediction, which is even better.

I then started to see certain details of the attack that relate to me in the past few months. I wasn't suppose to say anything. If I open my mouth and speak the truth they say I'm a man, and if I keep my mouth quiet than that means I'm a woman. I'm the only person that has a

BlackBerry Passport SE as a phone. Step Up tried to associate me with the crime by painting me as a terrorist. I was suppose to say that I knew Omar and that I told him about my bullying and that what made him do it. Unfortunately, I had already called the police saying that I have nothing to do with it. It started to sink in that individuals in the building plotted and planned this attack. They are the real criminals. It sunk it that indeed, there was a camera in my room. They didn't like me, so Step Up, with Chris Crossdale as the mastermind, pulled off the attack. To send me a message - "Be a Tranny." I started to loose my mind. I started to realize the type of people I am living with and how they see me. They didn't see a Transgender woman, all they saw was a nigger. Not to mention that I stopped going to all or most of the Transgender support groups in the area because the other women would make me feel bad based on looks. That and I know I am different from them. I would become angry and play violent music, sometimes rap, sometimes punk. Chris Crossdale is the one I think plotted this. A group of Caucasian grown men watching a hidden camera and making judgments off of that. He comes off as a sweetheart but is a condescending prick. I also didn't feel comfortable having any kind of relations there, because then everyone in the building know who you were screwing. Which then people start to question, adds things up, and make assumptions. Supposedly I am "fake-trans." As if the only identity and life for a Transgender woman is prostitute or an adult film star. As if the only identity for a woman is the epitome of Barbie. It is only Transgender women that get put through this; Transgender men do not get put through this: "Oh, you're a man, you're suppose to do body building and other hardcore male activities." They don't treat Transgender men in such a way because they respect their masculinity. Individuals treat Transgender women in such a way because they do not respect her femininity. That is the treatment I got there. I did not know the reputation of Step Up. I didn't know the word on the street. I thought this was a safe place to transition. All I ever wanted was a safe place to be myself – whatever that may be! One can't

ever discover themselves without judgment. One thing is that I love music and I was playing music after the attack. I played "*Rock the Casbah*" by the Clash because of the lyrics "Shareef don't like it," as reference to Sharia law and how people are okay with Transsexuals and how they are not okay with Homosexuals. I also played the song "*Guns of Brixton*" by The Clash/Jimmy Cliff because the lyrics of the song were very similar to the events that took place in Orlando (similar to how the *Kekeke* song described the Virginia Tech Massacre.) I didn't play as support for the attack, I played it because of the deceased. No matter how much people hate LGBT, people they cannot crush us or bruise us! I can see how it can be misinterpreted as support of the shooter and terrorism, but it is just a misunderstanding. I also played "*Police and Thieves*" by The Clash since there were so much violence going on in the world lately and "*scaring the nation, with their guns and ammunition.*"

After the attack I saw things that related to me. One, it happened at a bar around 2am; one of my last times at a bar was with another Transgender girl named "Maxi" who invited me one Friday evening. I usually try to avoid people like her because she looks as though she isn't taking care of herself. I don't know about things. The only thing I had to wear was this black dress. Anyway, there was a couple at the bar. The bartender looked at me as if I were going to do something to Maxi. I ignored it. The couple bought Maxi and I a drink since it was one of the couple's birthday. Very nice gesture. I guess she wasn't like hanging out with Maxi because she seems to look as if she uses drugs and can tell she isn't coming onto me and not knowing I had a sebaceous cyst on lower back she offered to give me a backrub. She rubbed my back as if she knew it was there and trying to pop my cyst in which it did. I stayed there like a trooper and finished the evening. Soon that couple left and others came. There were a couple of guys there Maxi invited them back to her place and we left the bar around 2:00 in the morning. Maxi's place is a mess and the guys were like, "what the fuck." They stayed for a little bit and left. After I went

in my room to smoke, chill and go to sleep. I said I wouldn't go to a bar again and I didn't. This pertains to the Orlando Massacre because of the location and the time. Why a bar around 2am? Because it ties a detail into me and my life. This is literally the only time I went to a bar, I'm really not much of a drinker.

Two, the shooter's ethnicity. The shooter happened to be Arabic descent. If a person from middle-eastern descent commits a crime, the media will automatically try to spin it as if the person had terrorist ties. If you recall before, my therapist, made an assumption about myself and middle-eastern men. I think this was done to add another allusion towards me. Not to mention my phone, I'm the only one that has a Blackberry Passport SE phone and the stereotype is that only middle-easterners use Blackberry phones anymore. Since I am a loner Transgender woman, who dresses urban, as opposed to flashy, and don't talk to anyone in the area, people assumed I was a terrorist.

Three, my computer web history. My web history is not like most girls in the area. I grew up on the internet. I had my own computer since I was 12, so I'm quite savvy with websites. One of the things that I love about myself is my sense of humor. Laughter is medicine for the soul. At the same time I am kind of dark, and like Black/Dark Comedy. I would go to Newgrounds.com and listen to this "Kekeke" song while working on my invention. If you don't know what Newgrounds.com is, it is essentially Youtube, before there was Youtube. Users could create and upload animations, music, and artwork for display. There was this game called "V-Tech Massacre" that is a game to prevent gun violence not encourage it. I would visit Encyclopediadramatica.se and read the articles there and laugh. If you don't know what Encyclopediadramatica.se is, it is essentially a website that parodies and satires the Wikipedia.com website. The articles written on the site are meant to be offensive on purpose! If one is easily offended, then this isn't the site for them. The only articles I use to read were the

“an hero” page and the “High Score” page. Where it states the highest mass murder history as a “score.” Not that I would ever do such a thing, but I remember hearing all these things as a kid/teenager, that now that I'm an adult in my own space I could read such things. I guess that makes me a man for visiting a websites and reading text on a screen. Absurd when you put it that way, because if I had a vagina and did the same things, I wouldn't be considered a man. As if the only girls that exist in the world are ones that like pink, and it is taboo for a girl to like the color black. Besides most of my traffic happened to be on Youtube anyway, either that or working on my invention(s).

Four, my invention. Speaking of which. I decided to work on my invention instead of going to pride. People assumed that my internet history was also used for planning a bomb, when I was just researching things for making a more efficient aerosol can. Combine this research and my visits to encyclopedia one could misinterpret one's personality. I think monitors of my browser history thought I was making a bomb or something. I would research things about pressure sustainability, mathematical equations, and overall aesthetics that would be placed on my invention. I worked on it for months on and off. Sometimes thinking my idea was stupid. I was finished with my provisional patent around the beginning of June 2016. Looking back, what is the point of me patenting my invention if it was already being compromised by illegal cameras in one's room. After the Orlando attack, I saw this news report that stated “Don't Tread on Me” posters were going around Santa Monica. The ironic thing about it is that the poster was very similar to my invention, especially the page that I printed at OfficeMax on June 11th. I was really confused and then started to piece together everything. “Oh, they think I'm faking and pretending or something.” When in reality I'm just being my manic self. That and I guess Transgender women aren't allowed to be inventors, only fetish sissy play things. Ironically, one of my role models happen to be Lynn Conway! She is an American computer scientist, electrical

engineer, inventor, and transgender activist. She must be a man because she invent things. I guess Renee Richards cannot play tennis because we are only suppose to be playthings, nothing else. The area I'm living in is suppose to be open minded? Wow.

Five, my phone conversations being listened to. My phone calls were being used against me in order to use as proof that I had something to do with it or had prior knowledge. Phone calls to the Kaiser BHC line on June 10th, saying "something is going to happen this weekend, and it is going to be really bad" were misconstrued to seem like I knew something was going happen when I did not. When I try to explain things no one believes me. Step Up tried to paint me as a person who had something to do with this attack. They tried to paint me as someone who is a conspiracy theorist, and I'm not. The only thing I can be is myself. I just had a really eerie hunch.

Six, silver. The memorial ribbon for the Orlando massacre was silver and I think that was done for me. There were a lot of item that I bought with my Social Security Income. I bought my Blackberry Passport Silver Edition with it. I had a pair of silver pearl earrings that a dear friend gave me. My bed sheet was gray and my kitty-kat Sasha was gray/silverish. The main thing that caught my eye is the silver ribbon as the memorial for the victims. One day after being mis-gendered, I took a bus ride to The Grove shopping mall to buy myself a nice pair of earrings. The first jewelry store happened to be Swarovski store and went in. There was a clerk there named Santini there who helped me, very friendly gentleman. I bought myself a pair of Rhodium three-hooped earrings. I was making small conversations about tying a ribbon and how I use a real ribbon to tie my gifts. Also the clerk asked me what was the occasion. I didn't want to tell him that I just gotten mis-gendered and just went to buy something nice for myself to make me feel better, so I told him it was a gift. Which was true, a gift for myself. The box was wrapped with a silver ribbon. So, after the events of the Pulse Nightclub, I realize that those in

power did this to send myself a message and/or profit from it somehow. The silver ribbon as the memorial was reference to the earrings I bought that day. I also realized that people were illegally entering my room. I confronted one guy about it and he repeatedly call me a man. I just walked away as he said, "Just be a good person." Is he serious, I thought to myself. I know I am a good person, at least ones that respect one's privacy. I didn't go to the Orlando Vigil because I sort of knew it was fabricated. That and I haven't been to any support groups in a while so just showing up all of the sudden after the attack may seem suspicious to some. I know I stick out, and I know there aren't many people like me. I could be in a room full of Black people and still stick out. I could be in a room full of Transgender people and I would still stick out. Not saying it is a bad or a good thing, just saying it's a thing I have. Believe it or not it's my aura. I was so shocked after piecing together all the puzzle pieces related to the media and found out that someone plotted this. Probably whoever has been monitoring myself in my room and decided to make judgments as if they are holier than thou.

Seven, the shooter had the same weaponry as used in other mass shootings. As if the shooter was going to do a "high score" himself. This seem suspicious, especially how he gained access to such weaponry. Especially if he was on the F.B.I. Terrorist Watch list. The media try to promote that he was involved in ISIS, even though he wasn't. There were some many lies going on in the media about the event, no one knew what to believe. Why some random club in Orlando?

Eight, why Orlando, Florida? Out of all the places on could plot an attack, why next to Disneyland? I had a copy of "Orlando Furioso" by Ludovico Ariosto in my apartment that I have gotten from a class a Berkeley. Essentially it is an epic poem about magic and adventure, however one of the lesson one gains from reading it is when an oppressed group of people gain power, they often do the same as their oppressors. So when I was homeless I got treated like

crap from a lot of people, and once I finally stable I did the same to other people. That is the reason I think they chose that location, however it is just my opinion and no substantial proof. Step Up staff would enter my room without my knowledge and consent and figured they looked through my things. Another reason why I think Orlando was targeted is because I love Virginia Woolf and I always wanted "*A Room of One's Own*," so to speak. I could do anything my heart desired without judgement, as so I thought. There is another novel by the lovely Virginia Woolf entitled, "*Orlando: A Biography*," which is a story about the protagonist, Orlando, and he undergoes a sex change in his slumber halfway through the novel. There is a Russian princess who is his love interest, which the name happened to be Sasha. It is the same name of my adorable kitty-kat Sasha. I have suspicion that every detail of the attack were like allusions to my life. Which is just horrific when one thinks about it.

Nine, the date of the attack. I love numerology, so do terrorists, spiritual people, astrology lovers, and fortune tellers. The universe is based upon numbers. For centuries people have talked about this, but the modern term would be the Mathematical Universe Hypothesis (MUH). I always believe it is. Just look at the Nostradamus' predictions came true. I would watch documentaries about his life and found it fascinating. The date June 11, 2016 (06/11/16) is a palindrome because it the same number backwards as it is forwards. The number also contains three sixes. I had a very peculiar feeling about this date and chosen not to participate in LGBT Pride this year. I felt as if something "really bad" was going to happen. I'm queer and nice and even I get treated badly. When it happened it just proved my premonition right! I was excited that I actually have a sixth sense and wanted to develop it more!

Ten, Chris Crosdale – Step Up Staff. "*You were a tough cookie to crack.*" and "*So you don't want to live here forever?*" I don't have sufficient proof that he said these words to me. Which I didn't, but I pretended as if I did just to see what would he say. Him saying those words

to me means that this attack was done just to break me. Not only that but I was suppose to lie and say I was on Grindr (a Gay dating app), knew Omar Mateen, and talked about bullying and that is what caused the massacre. I declined. If it isn't true then I don't want to be known for it. Why would he say I was a tough cookie to crack? Oh! If I expose the truth then I am considered a man, and if I do not say anything then I must be a woman. I wonder how many women fell victim to this absurd logic! That is why I titled this document "The Truth Knows No Gender," because it is true! The truth is simply the truth! I am not lying! I am not embarrassed about some of the things I was doing in my room, because I know I'm different. I am not sure as to how many people in the building were there for that reason. I was totally confused because as I stated I am not from this particular area of Los Angeles and do not know 'word on the street' so to speak. I keep to myself, smoked cannabis, worked on my invention, listen to a VARIETY of music. Ranging from reggae, punk, hip hop, classic rock, 80's pop, video game soundtracks, Japanese music, and even Latin music - though I know little spanish I love the grove. I would listen to music and dance in a room by myself. I didn't know people were watching - and if they did who cares. So the various types of music I listen to people who were watching the hidden camera were making assumptions of who I am.

So when I piece together all these clues and allusions to my personal life, I saw it as a game and the organization Step Up on Second/Vine is involved. Whoever planned this seems like they had experience and this isn't their first rodeo – so to speak. I was the one being played. I was suppose to be a good girl, not say anything suspicious, go to the vigil, get an Orlando tattoo, and pretend like it has nothing to do with me. After knowing it is a fabricated attack I lost sympathy – as if anyone would believe me anyway. To not say anything is the "womanly" thing to do and since "I want to be a woman," I shouldn't say anything. Which is quite frankly sexist! As opposed to standing up, telling the truth, and fighting for what is right! In which people see as

masculine when reality the **Truth is Genderless** and exposing the truth doesn't require a gender only a brain. Shame on those who promote and perpetuate bigotry! I know from personal experience. I literally have had no one to talk to about these events - a of people are scared of this organization. I am too for that matter which is why I have to be brave to the individuals who lost their lives on that tragic night. As the great poet Mark Twain said, "*Do not regret growing older. It is a privilege denied to many,*" which is unfortunately true. Those peace loving spirits candle was blown out by other's bigoted and narrow minded thinking. I felt as though my brain is going to pop! This is too much too handle. I feel as though someone is going to murder me if I stand up, but I cannot let this injustice go on. I think about what if I had just sold my invention, it was successful, and finally found a dating partner and we were celebrating during Pride in a bar and that happened to us. I would want someone to say something. I have tremendous respect for the dead and people who fought for the rights I, as a Black Transgender Queer woman, enjoy today. That is what respect really means, to treat others as you would like to be treated.

At first I was very confused about the events that has just took place. I was asking myself, "Is this real? Did this really happen?" I started to feel guilty, even though I had done nothing wrong. I felt bad because I smoked pot all day and some individuals say that was masculine. I felt horrible because this is nothing but a giant misunderstanding! People were trying to paint me as homophobic, which is the furthest from the truth if you really know me; paint me as a terrorist; paint as a conspiracy theorist; paint me as a man when I am just a Transgender girl person from Los Angeles. I started coming out when I was 16 knowing who I am on the inside. I didn't want to live with murderers in the same building I rest my head at! I soon went to the hospital for suicidal tendencies, which I've had since a teenager, and that is where I was kidnapped by the Los Angeles Police Department. They were suppose to transport

me into the emergency room of hospital for suicidal ideation and these officers took me to the police station instead. I was handcuffed and it was about 45-minutes and they rounded up other Transgender women, about 10, who were doing sex work. *"These are Transgender women, this is a man,"* they kept saying. I was then taken to the Los Angeles County mental hospital, which is corrupt. They give patients muscle relaxers and make them sit in a chair and they wouldn't move all day. It was appalling and sick to my stomach. I went to the Los Angeles Gay and Lesbian Center to share information, I told them what they wanted to hear. I was suppose to lie and say that I knew Omar Mateen and that he and I had been talking on Grindr, I mentioned about the treatment that I got here in Hollywood and that is what lead him to take it out on the people of that nightclub. Totally false but that is what they wanted to spin. The counselor called the police and I was soon taken to jail for some reason. However, they couldn't use that made up story anyway because I had called the police soon after the attack and informed them that I had nothing to do with it.

I called the Kaiser BHC line on June 22, 2016, and wanted to go to the hospital because I was having suicidal thoughts. I feel like 50 people lost their lives because of me for some reason. They tried to play with people's mind. The police didn't take me to the nearest Kaiser. Instead, they brought me to the police station and put me in handcuffs. I was there for about 45 minutes handcuffed to a bench as if I did something wrong. Then the officers brought in other Transgender women, who all happened to be prostitutes with drug addiction(s), and I overheard one officer say *"These are Transgender women."* The other girls were just confused as to why the police picked them up. I asked one girl and she said, *"I don't know, they just came and got me."* I started to tell her that the only reason that they brought them to the station was to make comparisons between them and I. Since I wasn't ghetto, or slutty, or a walking talking stereotype, then I must be a man. No one has seen a young Black Transgender girl that

somewhat has her stuff together. One of the reason I do have my stuff together if because I'm not looking for sex with guys everyday – just focusing on getting a place where I can be myself, you know “*A room of one's own.*” These law enforcement officers were trying to paint me as something, when it is the furthest from who I am. What is all the hoopla between my legs – oh, because it's a man's world. Once law enforcement made their point with their bigotry, I was transported to the local county mental ill hospital, not the one from my insurance. The treatment I got there was so rude, and as if there were all in on it. One nurse insinuated that I didn't know how to tie a ribbon (a reference to Orlando), another nurse wanted to “draw my blood” for no reason as if she wanted to poison me or something. This “hospital” gives people leg muscle relaxers so the patients cannot walk and only can sit in a La-Z-Boy chair all day. They will try to make you stay there until you “de-transition” - by not giving people their medication, by denying people the right to shave, and by constantly mis-gendering the individual.

I was soon transferred to another psychiatric hospital. Not that I felt safe at all because there were people associated with Step Up would follow me to every hospital that I went to. Which meant someone working in the hospital broke the laws of HIPAA and told other individuals about my care, which they then used to have individuals follow me as a means of intimidation not to expose the truth! Bribery is rampant in this with this organization. They are usually older Caucasian males who think I am something that I am not. Sorry, Transgender women can be just as smart as the next person and sorry that area of Los Angeles is filled with stereotypes and tropes.

When I was discharged from the hospital, there was buzz around the community about what has occurred. Apparently this isn't the first time but I just happened to be their next victim. Even though I could not trust them, I knew the people in the area know the truth, know that I am a woman, and wanted to expose the individuals responsible. I was determined to do so,

because what if someone you love was in that club. That, and it is usually men screwing up a good time for the women. Not only that, I feel as though this is the right thing to do, because I wasn't faking my transition. This is just the way I am and if you took the chance to get to know me you would understand that. I'm like an onion, I have layers. The perpetrators of the event's point of view is that a women would keep her mouth shut and a man would stand up and say something. The image of being soft shouldn't mean that the person is weak. The community in the area is that everyone knows but no one can say anything because everyone is scared. One would have to communicate is codes and "hint, hint" "nudge, nudge" in order to get these people. I think management at Step Up thought these guys sent me to uncover something, but I wasn't. I have a history of becoming manic and isolating. I have terrible depression, and the acknowledgment of mental illness should not reflect anything about my orientation or identity. Trying to tell my story I thought it would be necessary to simply tell the truth. I did nothing wrong, I am Miss Jossie Lisa White. I have some issues after being constantly bullied and mis-gendered. I did do some things that I regret, but I am a good person and mean good intentions. I felt as though the Los Angeles Police Department wouldn't hear my concern. However, I haven't the slightest idea to do especially without proof except the camera. I really only has a suspicion, until that fatal event. Some guys that lived in my building or staff that works there plotted that attack just to see someone's reaction or revenge? The really ironic thing is that I really felt as though something awful was going to happen prior. I honestly just had a feeling. I don't know what to call it, but an honest to God premonition. I feel like law enforcement would dismiss it. I feel as though no one would believe me, but I know.

One of the positives of the unfortunate event is that it was evidence that I had potential psychic abilities. I started to question why such an ill feeling came over me prior before the event. I sort of became excited when I realize that the camera was there. Why? Because it was

evidence of a real premonition. I had a feeling something awful was going to happen, called the Kaiser BHC line to talk about it, and then it happened. What was anyone supposed to think? I wasn't even angry that people honestly thought I had something to do that with. I know I have a weird vibe about me, but that is just my aura. This isn't the first premonition that I have had in my life. A lot of weird things happen to me. As another reference I made my email address when I was 16-years-old and it is astralbodybutterfly. I love butterflies! Not many people know that it is nearly impossible for one to tell a male caterpillar from a female caterpillar. It is only until they go through the metamorphosis stage that one can tell the difference. I believe in reincarnation. I always felt as though I was in the wrong body. The First Law of Thermodynamics states that "energy can be transformed from one form to another, but cannot be created or destroyed." I believe all of us as human beings and life forms are energy - our souls are energy. We are just spirits living in the material world - our bodies will not last forever, but our souls will. The American founders knew this and their words can be interpreted that all human beings are essentially created equal! One soul's energy isn't greater than another. I believe strongly that I am born in the wrong body and in my past life I was a woman - a very privileged European descent woman. I believe that it is a privilege if one is to have knowledge of one's past life. I always felt special. I always felt different in more ways than anyone else. I have a very strong aura and would stick out in any room. I even talked about it in therapy saying I was an alien. I stopped saying that because every time I would say it, people would look at me as if I were crazy. I just kept such feelings to myself. Perhaps a little bit of two-spirited. I believe that I am an "indigo child," after seeing a special about them on the HBO series *VICE*, on the original air date. If one isn't familiar with the term "indigo child" it is are children who are believed to possess special, unusual, and sometimes supernatural traits or abilities. The interpretations of these beliefs range from their being the next stage in human evolution, in some cases

possessing paranormal abilities such as telepathy, and the belief that they are more empathetic and creative than their peers. Others often view an indigo children as anti-social unless they are with other indigo children. I would use cannabis daily and continued use one's pineal gland (third-eye) will open. I believe this happened to me. Not to mention, I was born on the cusp of Capricorn. I always seemed to have a sixth sense. There is much more to me besides the identity of my gender, my sexual orientation, who and what I'm attracted to, and my race/physical being. I also believe that we all share the same physical space here on Earth, but we are all on different Astral Planes. The idea for the email came out when I realized that I am a person born in the wrong body, living on a different Astral plane, and at the same time trying to get my body back and the life I had in my past life. You know why? Because there are people here on Earth who are living their first life on Earth and there are those who have already been here on Earth, know the "ropes" and know that this isn't their first time here. These are the people who usually succeed, are more open minded, and fight for equality. I am not sure as to having knowledge of one's past life is a curse or a blessing. As mentioned before I do like numerology, Chinese zodiac, and astrology. Numerology, because the universe is based upon mathematics and the powers of numbers and what they hold within themselves. The master numbers and the life path numbers are numbers that really mean a lot to me. My life path number is 7 (even if you add the master number 22 or you break it down and just add 4,) and the characteristics of that life path number I exhibit. I also have a master number, 22, as my birthday, which is also the winter solstice (the darkest day of the year.) I say all this because even though I don't necessarily follow a particular religion at the same time I am highly spiritual in my own way. One of the the characteristics of the life path number seven is that we tend to be loners and respect privacy. I have always been alone most of my days. I feel extremely blessed and feel like there is more to this. They say Jesus hung around prostitutes, the mentally ill, the

rich, and the poor – which seem to be similar to my life. Being highly intelligent with a mental illness – and just being a good person who doesn't want sex or anything. The main thing I want is just a place to stay and means to maintain it. I know that being homosexual back in the day use to be considered a mental illness and as stated previously, today Transgender people are undergoing the same treatment. Gender dysphoria (the opposite of gender euphoria) is still considered a mental illness. One of my gripes is that people still Transgender people as mentally ill - as people who “*think* they are the other gender” and one of the things I wanted to do with my life is to show that we are not mentally ill. We were once honored in society! Now at the bottom of the barrel. Some individuals may seem to respect Transgender people by using the correct pronouns but at the same time they are just looking at us as sissy playthings and sexual objects. I wanted to eliminate all stigma that goes along with being Transgender. Another thing that is different from the experience of Transgender people and Homosexuals and Bisexuals it that we constantly have to fight for our identity. We have to ask “permission” to another person and be judged as to whether or not an individual is fit for transitioning. I mean if you are Gay, Lesbian or Bisexual, you do not have to ask permission to an insurance company to live your life and remember a company's motivation is to make money primarily. So if there isn't any money for helping Transgender people, they do not want to do it. Which in why in Los Angeles they are so hard on the Transgender women of color and subject them to life of prostitution or adult stars. Gays and Lesbians do not need help with financing surgery, with finding adequate doctors for our identity. With this said, everyone knows there are different types of Lesbians along with different types of Gay people. When it comes to Transgender people, people seem to only think porn and prostitutes as if they aren't any other types of Transgender people. Elton John, Neil Patrick Harris, and Rob Halford are totally the same because they have the same sexual orientation, right? As if there is this token image of a

Transgender woman that people should follow, instead of simply being yourself. The two images Step Up Staff have of people are women are like Barbie and men are like G.I. Joe – nothing in between. Are these same individuals so critical and have the same standards for Transgender men? If a Transgender man isn't into body building, and other uber masculine activities, does that mean this person is a woman? It is not what in between the legs what matters, it is what in between one's ears that matters. For me, it is really insulting because as a Black/Creole person living in the United States, would does not have any culture of my own, it seems like people of color were more open minded to other people's differences until a certain group of people found it necessary to convert everyone to Christianity. People of color seem not to have a problem with another's orientation before the imposition of religion. As if there weren't Gays, Lesbians, and Transgender folk as plantation workers, as if these people never existed in history until the 20th century! Certain groups of people can put artificial machines into space, but cannot handle the fact that you should treat a human being as a human being. "Let's make everyone Christian! Now let's make everyone Un-Christian! And those who still follow the prophecies, they are the ignorant ones!" When in reality it is just assimilation!

The personnel working at Step Up on Second are the same ones that do not see me as a woman. They do not understand Transgender people, especially ones that are not walking talking stereotypes! Not knowing how I really feel about my body; how much I hate what in-between my legs. Christopher Crossdale, Emily James, and Selvin Castro for certain know information about the Pulse Nightclub shooting in Orlando, Florida and how it pertains to me and my life. I am not from the Hollywood area and I am unsure whether they did this to another person or not. I am unsure what number victim I am. The overall vibe that I get from the area is that this has happened before. Let's do a horrific attack to see whether a person is really a Transgender woman or not – if she doesn't say anything she is a woman and if she says

something she is a man. The very funny thing is that if this happens and the person stays at Step Up On Vine, the Step Up Staff will treat you as a woman and people on the street will call that person a man. If this same person leaves Step Up then the Staff there will see you as a man while people on the street will see you as a woman. It was very confusing for me – if I do X I am Y, and if I do Y I am X, instead of just letting the person be. I decided enough is enough and I left Step Up and try my best to uncover the truth. I cannot pretend as if I do not have knowledge of this horrific crime, I cannot pretend to be severely crazy, and I cannot pretend to be a man. I feel as though I will commit suicide if I do not expose the truth. Then if I kill myself, I would be nothing more but another statistic of Transgender suicide. I cannot live or have sex with the people who knows about this attack! Sorry for having high standards!

I have never been threatened like this before in my life. I do not have anywhere else to go. I am scared for my family because they may become a target as well. My family is totally not supportive of my decision to expose the truth. I haven't had anyone to really talk about the events which took place. Every time I bring it up, my mother and my sister tell me to take my medication and not really listening. Which I understand now, they do not want to be involved in this. Which is totally fine, I am not scared to go into the Federal Witness Protection Program if there is a trial that is going to occur. However, I have skepticism whether or not family is interested or not or if they can hold their own. I do not feel safe in my current living environment and I feel as though I would need to get out to Los Angeles if I do undergo with exposing the horrific details of the **worst mass shooting in United States history!** I owe it to the victims of the attack, I owe it to the families of the attack, I owe it to the LGBATQI community, I owe it the individuals who know I am really a woman, I owe it to the individuals who stood and fought during the 1960's and 1970's and I owe it to America in general! This is one of main reasons freedom of speech exists in this country, for moments like this! I LOVE the country that I live in

and that is what makes me want to preserve what good is left in it and just because certain individuals have more money does not mean they are entitled to trample over the rights of others and subject the law to their own sinister bidding. I am not looking for fame. I am not looking for money. The only thing I want out of this is the complete truth and hopefully I will be able to live my life in peace. Anyone could have been in that club where it took place. Most of the lives lost or were injured were my Latino brothers and sisters who were minding their own business. These are real people and not pawns in one's chess game! How is it possible for a group of people to play God? Especially just to traumatize one another person?

This is just too much for one human being to handle. I feel as though I must confess, be brave, and hope that justice prevails. The illegal cameras without consenting residents is one thing, then there is this awful mass murder attack and the many crimes that took place to cover it up. Who does such a thing? This is one of the most awful things I have ever seen. I am speechless, numb, and terrified! I am only 26 and I wouldn't put this burden on my worst enemy. I know who I am and I know how I can be. Depression is like the fogging of one's mental stability. Gender is fluid just like sexuality. It is complete ludicrous that the Orlando Mass Shooting occurred because individuals working at Step Up solely to test someone's gender and make judgments based on bigoted knowledge. I have had a lot of negative experiences from the Los Angeles Gay and Lesbian Center because of people pretending to care and redirecting queer youth to resources that led to a dead end. Assuming I just started my transition when I came to Hollywood is complete false; obviously not knowing how long I've been "out" will be detrimental to Step Up and all parties who planned this attack! I know that this is true in my heart. The only thing that could probably prove that the Orlando Massacre occurred this way is the camera(s) in my room. It proves who I am. It proves that I did have prior knowledge that this would happen through spiritual means. It proves that the perpetrators planned the whole thing

just for a reaction for the camera? This was totally inaccurate because I was telling my therapist about how I felt like someone was watching me, and he didn't believe me. If that particular therapist paid more attention to my concerns I may have not gotten so depressed and perhaps all this could have been avoided if someone would just believe me. That's why I was flipping them off because of a supposedly camera in my room that I thought I was just being paranoid. It's really confusing as to if I was being paranoid about the camera or if I am honestly feeling something is there. This is one of the reasons as to why I didn't have sexual relations in my room, I felt as though everyone would be taking tabs and making judgment – you cannot have guests in your apartment without Step Up writing down their name – not because of I'm faking anything, but just because I like privacy. Everyone is entitled to a life of privacy! I told my therapist that I would wait to live my life when I get my real place. A caterpillar cannot undergo their metamorphosis unless a cocoon is built. I want to help all gender-variant people to find a safe place where we can be ourselves without judgement, harassment, fearing for our lives, and most importantly prosper! I want to teach Transgender and Queer youth, that it is okay to feel like this and it is perfectly normal. Nothing is wrong with them! I want to spread this globally. I love my Gay brothers and my Lesbians sisters! This day will *never* be forgotten! It will take so much healing, but I know that such acts like this should never be allowed to happen. Nothing, and I mean NOTHING, will bring back the lives that was lost of that day! However, the ones responsible will should be held accountable - from the store who sold him the guns and ammunition, to his wife who claims she “had no idea,” to the Federal Government who let another terrorist attack occur, to this Christopher Crosdale fellow, to all the individuals trying to cover up this atrocity on one of the most loving, non-violent groups of people on this planet - LGBTAQI people! The only thing we need on this planet is love! It is just so hard to set all difference aside and love one another! The variety of souls is what makes life so beautiful - that

fact that everyone is not the same. That everyone should be allowed to pursue whatever it is that makes them happy - just as long as the thing making them happy doesn't infringe on anyone else's happiness or rights.

The Corruption of Mental Rehabilitation Facilities

Then I found out how much the system is corrupt when I entered a mental hospital after the attack. Male patients would threaten me. Male staff would treat me like complete and utter crap. They would do things to see if you are a man or not – giving me male clothes to wear, sneak medication in my food, denying me a shave, calling me the wrong name, you name it. Very, very sexist environment to be in. I started to get the impression that these individuals were being bribed to treat me this way. However, I wasn't the only one. Women in general have to wear hooded sweat-jackets in order to cover up, because rape is something that happens inside psychiatric hospital and the victim may not even know. If they do, who would even believe them with a “crazy” stigma attached to them. Most of the staff is just there for a check, and could care less about the patients. I soon was rehabilitated and was discharged. The mentally ill and disabled are one of the most vulnerable groups of people in the United States and the world. Mental health rehabilitation should be the title of psychiatric hospitals. Otherwise it gives the stigma that anyone that enters such facilities is “crazy” - when all one need is mental rehabilitation to perform the duties of everyday life. Which needs to be eliminated by educating the masses about mental illness and not have patients taken advantage of by the very

professionals who are providing treatment. Just as the same way the organization People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (P.E.T.A) advocates for animals who cannot speak for themselves; someone needs to advocate for the mentally ill, because some individuals aren't mentally equipped to handle staff members with degrees of Doctor of Philosophy (PhD), Doctors of Medicine (M.D.), and registered nurse (R.N.) certifications. The mentally ill aren't able to speak up for themselves. Some health care professionals use their power and status to take advantage of people when they are in their most vulnerable state. Individuals who are placed on a hold are very vulnerable, emotional and quickly believes staff when told a statement about their care and treatment – after-all who wouldn't. These are people are going through traumatizing events in their life and are not prepared to be lied to when entering a hospital. The mentally ill are constantly being lied to by the very professionals administering treatment and they aren't equipped with the education and rhetoric to combat such individuals. One cannot blame the patient for believing a lie, one can only become upset at staff for misleading a patient. The mentally ill are not mentally deficient even though some mentally deficient people are mentally ill. Every individual is different and healthcare professionals need to take time out to learn to see what makes each person 'tick' and not make sweeping generalizations by lumping the mentally ill in one giant bubble. Making sweeping generalizations is the root of all inequality; never assume that a group of people always think a certain way. When a person enters a mental health facility, it does not mean that their rights are voided and they are pawns at the will of the doctor's chess game. In order to get discharged from a mental rehabilitation facility, it seems to be that they want to get as many people on medication as possible. Then the individual is too intoxicated/medicated to combat against the rhetoric and corruption of these facilities. With all this said, mentally ill women seem to be the target and professionals prey on them.

The first and, in my opinion, most disturbing is the illegal use of cameras within these facilities. The objective of these facilities is to keep one safe from oneself and others – not to be used as a device for spying. I understand that an individual may need to be monitored for suicide, homicide, physical disputes, and the gravely disabled, but the facility needs to make it known that they are video and/or audio recording their patients especially within the restroom. Just because a facility needs to observe an individual doesn't mean they are immune to the laws of the land, if anything they need to be more inclined to comply with the law of the land. There needs to be consent in order to record footage and even more consent if one is to share said footage. There are cameras located throughout the general facility of mental rehabilitation facilities; however they fail to tell you that there are hidden cameras also located within the bedroom of mental health facility, cameras within the restroom, the mirrors are one-way (so when a patient is getting ready for the day, they are being watched), also there are no stall doors located inside the restroom. The camera in the rooms are covered with a cage and is hard to prove because one isn't able to get the camera down. One would have to destroy hospital equipment in order to prove that there are cameras within the facility. Why not tell the patient about such an invasion of privacy and illegal activity? Have you ever wondered why stores have the "Smile! You're On Camera!?" In part it is to be cheeky and cute, but it is to one (1) warn the attendee that when they are entering this facility they are being recorded, two (2) give the facility precaution towards potential crime, and three (3) to make sure all parties (employees, patrons, etc.) are on the same page. As an amateur photographer I know that one needs consent in order to record and publish (share) an individual. This is the law of the land and mental health facilities are not immune to the laws! To most, this is common sense, however common sense is in short supply within mental health facilities. Treating patients as lab rats and performing controlled experiments of people in their most vulnerable state isn't an effective way to treat mental illness.

The mentally ill are still human beings with rights and privileges and if a mental health provider cannot understand that, then they need to find another profession!

The mental health facilities have special manufacturers that produce secret cameras within appliances that are not recognizable with the naked eye. Some are disguised as smoke detectors, some are disguised as liquid soap dispensers (within the shower), and as stated before the mirrors. There may be more that I am missing. Which begs me to ask why is there so much monitoring is needed for mental health facilities. Most people entering a psychiatric hospital are on a 5150 (California Code for 72-hour hold/evaluation) and are just going through a tough and very emotional time and the excessive use of cameras is not needed. Most people are not gravely disabled and are not elderly. Every time someone calls out the injustice of the cameras in mental health facilities staff who are in agreement of the status quo of the facility often have excuses ready to divert any criticisms. When someone is making a complaint about the illegal cameras in the facility, this is the gist of the facility's argument is that they need to record inside the bathroom due to gravely disabled or elderly that may have checked into the facility. They mixed the gravely disabled along with the general population in order to have validation of not informing patients of video recording. The gravely disabled or elderly need extra care and need to be watched. With this said, it is usually male staff that argues for the status quo because they want an excuse to watch women shower. They pick and choose who to admit and in order to justify it, they admit a disabled person in the wheelchair, elderly, or disabled to essentially say "See! We need to have hidden cameras!" When in reality it is the most ludicrous argument I've ever heard. If that was the case, why not have a room/section that is dedicated for such individuals instead of hidden cameras throughout the entire building. As if every person being admitted needs to be watched under a microscope. Mental health hospitals are abusing the law due their own twisted perversions! Doing this is using the mentally

ill/disabled as pawns to get what they want – with the 'pawn' being totally unaware that they are being used just as an excuse to spy on women. It is done by the perversion of male staff who want to “sneak-a-peek.” At the same time feel justified in their spying and feel that they are not legally bound by the same legal repercussions. It is a shame that they year is 2016 and people are being payed to behave in such a manner. Would these same male staff members want their daughters, sisters, wife, mother, or grandmother being put through this sort of treatment. I would imagine not. However, there are heartless people out there that may. It is always men making decisions for women and they take advantage of them. Women cannot even be a woman and let her guard down without the risk of being taken advantage of, even when trying to rehabilitate her mental well being. The injustices that occur within the prison systems is the same injustices that occur in mental health facilities. If there is a patient that they “like” or feel as though they could be preyed upon, they will find a way prey on that patient. Example, if there is a young woman who is intelligent enough to know people are judging one's body and the patient tries to cover up by wearing baggy clothing, staff/administration will put this patient in a room with a gravely disabled person or elderly in order to justify watching female patients. So most female patients will wear baggy clothing to cover up because the mental health field/industry is facilitated by sexist men. In order to get treated somewhat fairly as a woman one must wear certain types of clothes – the baggier the better. Another example I saw at my stay at Del Sol hospital is that when an attractive woman is staying at the hospital they will try a lot of things to get the patient to submit and stay inside the hospital. The first being is getting the patient to comply with medication – in which they use as bait and once hooked they will use that as leverage against the patient. Doctors, usually male, will say, “Well, we need to evaluate you longer while you are taking X medication” or “This patient takes X, Y, and Z, their words cannot be trusted.” So if medication is required to become discharged the patient will take it. Once a

patient is taking medication it instantly removes all credibility towards the patient. If the patient isn't intellectually equipped, they will submit to medication and the longer the patient is in the hospital and the more money the hospital gets from insurance. This is the motivation of these facilities. When the patient is frustrated with the current policy and treatment within the mental hospital and start to raise their voice in frustration, staff will see that as a manic episode and will force medication to the patient. When any other time, it would just be considered as a patient making an argument. This is even worse for female patients who, every month, have a period and hormones are out of place. The staff will see that as a manic episode and medicate the female patient. Hopefully nothing will happen to the female patient while medicated (rape), even if something does the female patient will have no memory of it due to the medication. No matter what a patient does to voice their opinion of injustice within the hospital staff will dismiss them. If a patient voices their opinion in a well tone manner, staff, especially males, belittle, invalidate and dismiss their patients by acknowledging the request but not following through with it. If a patient voices their opinion in an upset tone, staff, especially males, will see it as having a manic attack and the staff will ignore the patient and proceed to medicate the individual.

Another instance where the staff lie is that when a patient is there voluntarily, and not on a hold, staff will lie to the patient in order to get them to stay. If you leave voluntarily, then the staff will talk to the supervisor and you may be placed on a longer hold. This is rather confusing because the definition of being in a place voluntarily means that one is able to leave on one's own free will. Patients are too trusting and cannot be blamed to believing staff when they tell them a lie. It is a game that the patient cannot win, they want to see if one is sharp enough to see the lies being told, and the winner gets more money.

A patient has the right to refuse medication when staying in a psychiatric hospital. Doctors cannot force medication down one's throat even though they may try alternative

methods to do so. One method is the 'coffee' that they have for patients which is usually medicated. A patient must eat while staying in the hospital. This is another method where doctors will try sneak medication into the food one eats. They put it in the protein one eats, inside the artificial eggs, and other ingestible items. A patient must eat at the hospital, so this is one way they sneak medication into one's food. Not only that, the hospitals in general limit fluids one is able to ingest. Water isn't readily available for the patients in most facilities, instead concentrated juice cartons are provided for the patient, which are very high in sugar and contain zero nutrition for the patients. That way you have a hospital filled with patients that are on a sugar rush, dehydrated, under nourished, unwillingly, and unknowingly medicated. A patient shouldn't need to ask for a vegetarian/vegan plate in order to receive adequate, nourishing meals when entering a mental rehabilitation facility.

Another injustice that emerges when one enters a mental rehabilitation facility is that staff constantly invalidates their patients. When a patient asks for the doctor, social worker, or even hygiene products; staff is really quick to dismiss, or in layman terms, "blow off" the patient no matter what. As if, they do not care about the well-being of the patient! I think staff does this because they see everyone entering a mental rehabilitation facility as a person with severe mental illness and not other mental health issues. When staff constantly invalidates a patient it causes more pain and trauma for the patient and the patient is unsure how to handle the situation and may not have the energy to put of fight just for basic needs. Especially when being on a sugar rush, dehydrated, under nourished, unwillingly, and unknowingly medicated. How can one win? This is a little bit off topic, but I do recall one of my favorite songs by the band WAR titled "Why Can't We Be Friends" in which there is a lyrics that says "Sometimes I don't speak right; But yet I know what I'm talking about," which is sung in a tone of a person with mental illness. The meaning of this lyrics is that no matter how a person sounds, one should

treat the person the same and it may not sound as if the person knows what they are saying. One may sound as if they are dumb, but one should never judge a book by its cover. However, they really are! People are readily invalidating people with mental illness and not listening to them. This causes confusion about one's self, problems regulating emotions, oversimplification, view of the world isn't accurate, and looking towards others on how to do things. It isn't necessarily hard to acknowledge the mentally ill, people just choose not to, people choose to perpetuate the stigma of mental illness – still in 2016.

Rape is rapid within mental rehabilitation facilities and is very hard to prove because of the stigma of one having mental illness and the influence of medication. Patients are given gamma-Hydroxybutyric acid (GHB) also known as the “date-rape” drug and other sedative narcotics and sometimes staff are bribed in order to rape or cover up a rape of a patient and the patient may have no idea what has happen to them. Staff usually have no morals when it comes to a patient's rights. If one does know what is happening to them, no one will believe them because they are in a mental rehabilitation facility and labeled as “crazy.” One can only imagine how long has this been going on and is probably rapid throughout the United States and the world. It is very hard to prove such a claim. There are women/men who leave mental health rehabilitation facilities more traumatized than when they entered the facility.

One cannot make a grievance without looking mentally ill because of the writing materials used. They supply patients with dull pencils and pens made for drawing not writing in order to limit a patient's rights! Therefore anyone that does make a complaint is seen as crazy solely due to the writing materials. The excuse they use is that they have to limit writing materials due to people trying to hurt themselves and/or others, when in reality they are just trying to limit the voice of the patient.

Doctors spend little time with their patients. Doctors do not give information to the patient

about the medication that the facility is giving them. Doctors tend to manipulate a patient's words into to get medication. Example, a doctor asked me if I would consider medication and I replied "Sure, I'll consider it." The doctor proceeded to write a prescription for some medication. I had to advocate for myself and say " I said I will consider it, not willing to do so." Asking to consent to medication and considering medication are two different things. Doctors manipulate files and state a patient has seen the doctor when the patient has not.

The wrong information is given to patients on purpose in regard to resources and filing grievances. Mental Rehabilitation Facilities tell patients to file complaint with the Secretary of Health and Human Services, located in Washington D.C. They do not want patients to know to file a complaint with the local authorities and do not waste time sending it to Washington D.C.

Private Health Information (PHI) is not kept confidential no matter what. On the back of the Del Amo Adult Services Patient Handbook it states about one's PHI "You have the right to inspect and copy your PHI (or an electronic copy if the PHI is in an electronic medical record), if requested in writing. We may refuse to give you access to your PHI if we think it may cause you harm, but we must explain why and provide you with someone to contact for a review of our refusal." This statement just plain ridiculous. If a patient has a right to their own health information how is the facility able to refuse a right based on their assumption of what might and might not cause one harm. If anything, how is **reading about one's own health information** going to cause a person harm? This is just an effort to limit access to information to patients and make it an herculean task to obtain such records so much that the patient will just give up.

Mental illness is real and many do not understand the impact it has on an individual. I have been suffering from depression, anxiety, and mood disorders from since I was a child. I tried medications such as Zoloft, Prozac, and did not like they way it made me feel. I felt like a zombie. When I was about 13 years old I started to have dysphoria about my body and gender.

I always was an excellent student. When I was on the latter side of my seventeenth year, I started to experiment with cannabis or more known by the propaganda name marijuana. I noticed how I felt when using it and noticed my mood and depression was way better when using it. Most of the people who used in my high school were not as academically intelligent as myself, but I just used it more as a medicine than recreational.

I want to spread education about Mental Health! I want to fight for them because at times they do not have a voice. There are some legal protection for them here in the U.S. (thanks to the Civil Rights Movement) but other parts of the world not so much. I want others to understand the effects of mental illness and how real and detrimental it can be to a person. I want to teach people how to handle someone who is mentally ill. I want to eliminate the stigma of mental illness! Mentally ill does not mean mentally broken, it just means things are different for them. One cannot simply *snap* out of it. It takes time, a lot of love, and sometimes medication may be needed. They aren't crazy pills or happy pills. After experiencing this ordeal that I am going through, I need time to heal my mental scars. This is why it took so long for me to write this. I now suffer from Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, which is something I will have to live with for the rest of my life. I will always be skeptical about who I trust from now on. It will even be harder for me to have a partner in a loving relationship due to this event and all the ordeals following it. I want to help the victims of traumatizing events cope with that traumatizing events! Not only through medications, but Eastern medicine as a means well to promote well-being.

Black Lives Matter

If you put White Light through a prism you would find that it contains all the colors of the rainbow. Now let's say I have the same colors of the rainbow - but as liquid paint or food coloring - and mixed them all together, what color would we get? Black - if not very close to it. So in a way Black contains all the colors of the rainbow as well. The treatment of Blacks within America has always been a topic since the birth of our nation and Blacks have been trying to equal the playing field ever since. Along with Native Americans, it is the burden of being brown in America. Now that Blacks are actually starting to be treated fairly there are some oppressors that want to keep Blacks oppressed. Individuals who think all Blacks are not intelligent, individuals who think all Blacks are homophobic, individuals who think Blacks are ugly, and individuals who think all Blacks commit crimes, are apart of the problem to which our nation cannot move forward together as one people. Not knowing that there is a system in place to keep Blacks oppressed. Only recently have Blacks in America have gotten the right to vote and

even then there were systematically practices to keep us from voting. There are some people who don't want to see Blacks in power for whatever reason - which is why back in the slave days we weren't allowed to read and write - the slave master would brutally punish those who tried. Then when we were allowed to read and write, the system stated that we couldn't learn with the whites only due to the pigmentation of of skin color. As we entered to modern era was still face difficulties within the American system. Discrimination with housing, with employment, with law enforcement, with tactical economical inequality, was and is still rampant within the United States. Granted things are much better now than they were previously, but we still must continue to fight for equality. Even within the black community we are divided. If there is someone who is Black and Queer identified, they are usually out casted by their own people, primarily due to the false teachings of Christianity that was forced upon us. We had to assimilate, most White Americans didn't like Queer people, so "when in Rome - Do as the Romans." Law enforcement has always a problem within the Black community. Stopping Black drivers for no reason, officers killing Blacks unjustly and the officer not being held accountable, and officers who are racist patrolling Black communities only to bully them. The judicial system is just as corrupt with trampling the rights of Blacks in America with convicting Black with little to no evidence, giving Blacks more time in prison than if another person of a different race committed the same crime, and massively imprisoning Black males, even if the jails are full to the brim. Then once in the system, it is then tragically harder to find decent employment. Thus sending the individual into a downward spiral economically, and guaranteed a life in poverty. In the American system, people "who are just doing their jobs" are being paid to oppress others. Then when an oppressed individual is treated fairly, others often think that it is getting special treatment, when in reality it is just being equal. This is true for LGBATQI people, this is true for women, this is true for people of color, this is true for the homeless, this is true for people with

mental illness and disabilities. People seem to know what is right and wrong, and still choose to do the latter. Doing the wrong thing is easy and doing the right thing is hard, which is why I think people tend to do what is easier.

Women's Lives Matter

Whether it is rape going on in the prison system, rape going on in mental health facilities, or rape going on the nearest campus in whichever city you live in, women have it harder than men. Our rights are trampled on everyday by men. We still haven't gotten to the age of "equal pay for equal work," but this are getting better. Men are scared to have women treated equally! Men love women, but at the same time they hate them. They have two heads, and unfortunately the one between their pants does most of the thinking. This entire planet operates as a "Boy's Club" and it literally disgusts me to the point I want to leave this planet. However, if everyone does that then nothing will change. Their masculinity is so fragile it's not even funny, I thought *they* were the "tough" one! Pfft! Now that women of all sorts are making an impact on Science, Technology, Engineering, and Mathematics (STEM) and not just the Arts, it seems certain people feel threatened. I love people who are breaking barriers and tried through adversity! Now I see why some educated white men wanted to keep them from learning, for fear that they may

be better at the job than they are! Feeling threatened that a female is bringing home a bigger paycheck than the one who has a penis, instead of being happy and content. I want this upcoming generation of women to not be bounded by this. Yes, things in the U.S. could be a lot better, but realizing other parts of the world are much worse and the men over there aren't going to give them a chance, so we must fight for them! We must fight for the lives of our daughters!

Yes, women can be just as intelligent as any other human being. Why are people so focused on what is in between someone's legs? It's so irritating! Intellectual capabilities are not defined by sex and gender. Women get taken advantage of when placed in a system that exploits them, and it needs to stop. No one would want their daughters, mothers, aunts, or sisters to be treated in such a way. So why treat other women in that fashion who simply aren't related to you. No one should be put in a situation where they are scared of their lives! No one should be put in a position where someone is being raped and either no one believes them, no one gets punished, and the system goes on! I fucking hate it!

Women in the middle-east don't have any rights due to some stupid scripture that is misinterpreted. I want to fight for them! I want to set up schools where they can be themselves without judgement, harassment, fearing for our lives, and most importantly prosper! Become leaders in their communities! I want to help my sisters in Africa, South America, and in Asia. I want to spread positive messages throughout the globe, because now this is my mission in life! Even though I had nothing to do with the Pulse Nightclub shooting, I feel that I must carry on for the lives of those 49 people and their families. *My* people got hurt and that what infuriated me - only to find out that it was plotted by more than one individual - is just more appalling. No one deserves to be murdered in such a cold blooded fashion and to those who are covering up the truth you are some of the shameful despiseable "people" (if you can consider yourself a person) on this planet. Money is the root of all evil - follow it and you will find wickedness. It is the people

that makes the world go round and makes this nation great! I am woman, hear me fucking roar!

I now possess the spirit of Themis - and justice will prevail! I'm here, I'm Queer - get used to it!

The truth knows no gender for the righteous!