

Hurt With No Reason

My Dearest friend and the love of my life, Rebecca Dieter, I am so sorry that this year hasn't really worked out the way I had so gently and beautifully planned it. My apologies again because this first letter is very sad but it's not meant to hurt you, but tell you how unfairly treated in the hospital and hurt I am. I didn't want to sound like I was a liar when I wrote this beautiful letter pertaining to marriage, how hard I am working to find you and be a suitable partner, and how I will never give up on loving you for who you are as a person. I'm having a very difficult time right now convincing the Doctor I have not become psychotic because of my abandonment from the NCR system. I'm not wrong in the head, crazy, or psychotic at all, but trying to explain that to the doctor here, and the staff, while they are clearly fabricating the truth to have me forcefully medicated again, seems insurmountable. The reason I know you were abused in this system was, you are like me, and they have abused the fuck out of me since I was introduced to the mental health act in 2008. well, my love it's been 19 years of healthcare system abuse due to the lie about me being mentally unwell and needing anti-psychotic medication, to sedate the dopamine in my brain, and that's all it does.

It hurts me.

I have a back up plan, but I'll let you know ahead of time, that I never wanted to do it the way you would hate. Please forgive me if I am forced to do so not by choice, and don't be afraid of me any longer.

I have sustained a severe shoulder and collar bone injury incurred by a staff member in the night while I was sedated, meant to be something they would later deny was their fault later. I asked for medical attention in the court today, they called the hospital but the doctor and staff members won't allow me to get my broken collar bone x rays. I been sexually abused and assaulted a multitude of times since at least Waypoint 8.5 years ago, and it's starting to become evident they are doing it to rob me of mental stability so they can medicate and otherwise sedate me. They inject me with an emergency sedative and abuse me, and the abuse is getting so bad it's starting to happen almost every night. I'm ashamed of it too because I feel like it's cheating on the love that I have for you, even though it's not my choice.

I know you love your son, and you never deserved to be locked up for it, but this whole system is a God-Damn farce. I'm not sure I'll be able to hold true to being able to make my film now with the integrity it had and if I can't because of the abuse I've suffered, it's a shame. The doctor said 5 more years yesterday and I could have cried. There's no reason for that and I'll die here an old man if that happens. I'm not sure if I will ever be able to forgive myself for not recording the symphony I wrote you. It is unfortunate that I might ruin the surprise of what it sounds like before I ever get to make that film but but I think I'm going to try to at least do it so you know what it sounds like, if you ever find this page.

I will never give up on you, love. That should be evident by now if you're reading this. I don't know if they will ever let me go from this system no matter how hard I try to prove myself. They had the nerve to say my flight in fear of my life was self sabotage. When it's clear to me who really is the saboteur.

I have next to nothing living here and they've taken every relationship I've ever had with anyone from me including you. Forgive my disparagement hun I don't know how much more blood they can draw from my petrified body. and now, they just want more, no matter what I say. I'm not sure if I mentioned it in the script for the film, but I wrote a song about the day I smashed my guitar in the

prison we were in. The name of the song is Ravenous Rain. It represents God's tears and it's about love and time travel, and smashing guitars. If I ever get to be with one with God some day, I hope it lets me travel time with it, so I can go back and save your son, and be with you again some day no matter what. I hope that would be ok with you if I did.

Even if I never get to see you again in this dimension of time, maybe God willing I will see you in another. That way it's never too late to say good-bye because we wont have to ever say it. God knows my heart and that I deserve a thousands good wives after what they took from me in this place. God knows all I need is you.

With love, and sincerity in it

"f" Nathaniel White

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