



"The Disperser" as she appeared when I purchased her in Stockton, California in September, 2012

## Story of "The Disperser"

"The Disperser" is the name I have chosen for my vessel. I chose this name because it is the most appropriate name for my vessel in consideration of my situation. "Disperser" is also the name for a wolf that leaves its pack to start or join another.

It is no coincidence that I use the name Disperser. It has more to do with my last name than one might imagine, as it may not be immediately clear that I changed my last name to Wolf in 2004, just before suffering brain damage in a house fire. While I had changed my name to Wolf in order to accommodate my needs for my planned cattle ranch/research facility ("Wolf Ranch" would have a lot fewer bullet holes if people knew it was because my name is Wolf...and yes, I am quite serious), I also chose Wolf because it reflected my identity, as I identify more with wolves than with the human beings I was surrounded by at the time.

While this may sound strange, unusual, or even harsh or rude to some, there is a perfectly good explanation. And as an aside, there is always a perfectly logical explanation; that you don't see it is merely because you aren't looking. You see, I was raised by a psychopath. No wait, I'm sorry, that's not quite correct. My father was a psychopath, my mother and subsequently my step-mother weren't much better, both being sociopathic because of my father. I was in fact, technically speaking, raised by wolves. And while this may not make immediate sense to most of you, the logical explanation should help you understand:

You see, a psychopath lacks empathy, a very important, vital trait for social animals, and humans are a social animal of course. And lacking empathy, my father was incapable of teaching me empathy, and being a sociopath, my mother lacked the ability as well. All of my siblings are psychopaths - as psychopaths are made by other psychopaths (as sociopaths are made by psychopaths albeit by influence rather than through development.) So if all of my siblings are psychopaths and my step mother and mother became sociopaths; what was different about me, how did I escape the pathology? The only possible explanation is the one that makes the most sense: that I was taught empathy by the family dogs, just as mankind, as we now understand it, almost certainly learned empathy from wolves.

I owe this to my intelligence, but not quite how you might think: Being more intelligent than my siblings meant that I was rejected socially by them. I was not a part of the family, and the early memories I recall of spending time with the family dog include times where I hid with the dog out of fear of my father. It would seem that the dog and I helped each other through the rough times, we protected each other, which I believe provided an excellent incubator for learning empathy.

My isolation from my siblings would later extend to encompass all social elements of my life. And worse, my siblings got through some of their own rough times by shifting the blame to me - the family scapegoat; motivation for my wanting to be as good as I could be, as near to perfect as I could manage, if you will.

An excellent example of how my childhood went, and more importantly how I responded to it, is in the telling of events of when I was about 11 or 12 years old. One day, as I was brushing my teeth, my stepmother came in and abruptly demanded to know if I had gotten into the cookies again. I said no, and got slapped. My stepmother told me she knew I was lying because my lips were turning white. No Carol, that was the blood rushing to the center of my body to protect my organs from imminent violence, a stress reaction because I know I'm telling the truth and that you won't believe me no matter what I say or do or how much you hit me. Unfortunately it would take some twenty years to formulate that response. In the meantime, she asked me, I said no, and got slapped, with the process repeating some eight times before I would heed the words of Einstein. This time, I got smacked really hard, flew back into the bathtub, and then was forced to eat two 16 ounce bags of semisweet chocolate chips, even after vomiting in the bowl two-thirds of the way through. Despite always being blamed, and always being punished for sneaking into the cookies, I never once did, not even knowing that I would be blamed anyway.

At school, my intelligence - so well developed as to afford me the opportunity to teach myself to read to high school level in the first grade - ensured that I would be further socially isolated, even ostracized. And in second grade, when my teachers started setting me aside in the classroom to work at my own pace; my fellow students ensured my social status was equally isolated and that I developed socially apart from them. In short, I became a target of bullies, spending much of elementary school running home scared and being beaten up.

I would spend the next 40 years asking questions as I went through life trying to discover why people treated me the way they did. You see, my response to bullying was to ask, no one in particular mind you, what was wrong with me that would cause people to treat

me the way they did. Not finding the answers as a child, I sought instead to become the best person I could be so as to not give anyone cause to treat me badly. But not having anyone to ask, I had to formulate the answer myself, and I had to be sure it was the correct answer. Those familiar with Kohlberg should realize this set me on the path to Universal Ethics.

Curiously, I never really had much interest in wolves or even dogs, not until I was about 13 years old. My interest was unclear and generalized, but quite quickly focused on my identifying with, and perhaps even as, a wolf. I believe that because I had never seen a wolf, because they were strangers to me as they were absent from California; that my interest was non-specific. But in 1998, that interest became quite focused after I decided to travel to Idaho to try to make my mark as a wildlife photographer working with wild wolves; which had just been reintroduced to Idaho, Montana, and Wyoming.

But instead of starting off as a photographer, I instantly became a wolf advocate after hearing what was being said about wolves by local residents. I would completely alter my life, dedicating my every effort towards helping the plight of wolves, my wild brethren if you will.

My career in wolf advocacy would be relatively short lived. I started saving money in 2001, and when most people saw some 80% of their investment portfolio's disappear to the Dot Com Bubble Bust; I would make 400% on my investment that year simply because I pulled out of the market as it began to crash. Having saved up \$40,000 in 10 months I felt I was well on my way to achieving my goal of saving up \$2million to buy a cattle ranch and start a research facility working with wild wolves and livestock. But the aftermath of the September 11th attacks would alter my plans as they ended my short, lucrative career as a programmer.

During my first full time semester as a pre-veterinary student, I suffered brain damage which ended all of my life's goals in an instant, as I was left unable to fully care for myself - unable to meet all of my needs in order to survive comfortably; and safely; in the United States.

So in 2009, when my two-bedroom Section 8 Housing Choice Voucher was reduced to a one bedroom, I vowed that if I could not win back those necessary benefits that I would simply leave the country - I had no choice actually. My life since then has proven my assessment to be absolutely correct as measured by my experiences and especially given how close to dying I have been so many times since then.

And on June 1st, 2012, that decision was made. But it would be until the following month before I decided on, finally, how I would depart the United States.

I had already been trying to leave; having decided to try to get into Norway through a reality show called "Alt for Norge" (All for Norway) where I would declare asylum soon after arriving in Norway. I didn't really put my heart into it because it likely would have meant giving up my dogs. Flying was out because of the costs, because of the restrictions on my dogs, and because of my government being so fucking stupid - you see, I knew about the NSA database in May 2012, over a year before the story broke, because that database was used against me by a corrupt federal officer. I became paranoid - no, reasonably afraid actually - of my government.

I tried booking passage on a commercial freighter, but again, my dogs were a problem. And I ran into similar problems trying to book passage on a private sailboat. But the private sailboat idea was a spark that soon led to a solution: buy my own sailboat and get myself to Sweden (it was Sweden by then as I had found Norway to be too unfriendly towards wolves.)

And so I began looking for a sailboat to suit my needs. But my needs were not simply to get to Sweden or wherever, as I anticipated that Sweden may not hold the answers to my problems. Partially inspired by D.H. Lawrence, whose "Lady Chatterly's Lover" I would read as I lay rotting in jail, slowly dying from dehydration, I had a strong desire to have the freedom to travel to any country in the world in case I couldn't find a nation where I would be happy, just as a wolf needs to explore and find a suitable pack. The Disperser was thus born.

My needs in a sailboat soon became quite clear: it had to be big, comfortable to live in day to day, suitable in every way for day to day living based on my health and dietary needs, versatile, built to last, and affordable. In short, the sailboat had to serve my every need for complete and total self-reliance. It just happened to be a convenient coincidence that Americans misunderstand and even hate ferro-cement, meaning that there was little demand for the hull material that would end up being perfect for my needs. So the biggest boat that I could afford, was a LOT bigger than even I expected. Imagine how I felt when I went to look at a 65' sailboat that was in my price range!

I would find several possibilities: ferro-cement, and even a couple steel and one aluminum hull boats. I even found a wood hull that a marina in West Vancouver, BC tried to pass off as ferro-cement. Fortunately I'm smarter than they thought I was and I realized quite quickly that a stuccoed wood hull would be a death trap, and likely sink within a month of getting back in the water, as the wood hull had been out of water for 10 years before being stuccoed with an inch of heavy mortar. Sorry folks, but that's not how you seal a wood hull. They seal themselves, and if not, they aren't a boat hull anymore, are they?

But the first boat I physically looked at was the one I purchased, after looking at several examples. And of all places, it was at an oxbow (think: dead end) marina in Stockton, California; some 100 nautical miles inland from the Pacific Ocean in the middle of California.

Going back in time a bit, after deciding to sail myself, I went to a library in the town where I went to college while retrieving some of my belongings from storage, and asked the librarian for a book that explained the physics of sailing. She returned with "The Physics of Sailing Explained." It, Crawford, Chapman, and "Heavy Weather Sailing" would be my only introductions to the art of sailing. And it wasn't until fully four months after purchasing my ship (I can call her a ship, she is over 20meters in length, meeting the technical definition of a ship) that I started sailing for the first time; briefly on a sailboard, then with a 1968 Cal 2-24 I acquired for free from a boat bum who bought sailboats to resell the outboards and then gave away the sailboats.

Throughout my time spent preparing my ship, I have come to realize how perfect a solution acquiring my own ship was. I had never in my life imagined myself doing anything of the sort. I hated the ocean. I was scared to death of it. And I never wanted anything to do

with boats or ships. My brothers and sister went to Sea Scouts, not me. My brothers were the ones into surfing and boogey boarding, not me (though I did like body surfing for a while.) My last experience with the ocean before moving to Arkansas from my lifelong home in Los Angeles was to break my thumb when a wave crashed my boogey board into me. So traumatic was this that I only visited the ocean again when I later lived for six years in San Diego to take my dogs to Dog Beach, and only a few times, and never to swim. My next time in the ocean would be over 10 years later when I moved to Humboldt County in 2011 and decided to learn to surf.

The ship has provided a perfect platform for me. She is all I need to survive - though I am now dependent upon her for my survival given that I acquired an incredible array of food allergies that means I can only eat, well, what wolves can eat actually (though I can eat onions, garlic, and fruits that wolves cannot so easily tolerate.) But more importantly is the fact that every aspect of her preparation has been absolutely perfect therapy for the injuries I suffered in the house fire in 2004, in which I suffered severe cognitive and memory loss due to inhalation of lead paint fumes.

What she has not provided is the one remaining thing I need, a companion. My injuries from the house fire are so severe as to necessitate someone assisting me in taking care of myself. I simply cannot do everything I need in order to take care of myself. Oh sure, I manage to survive, but at great expense to my health and well being, and my wallet. Fortunately I worked long and hard enough and contributed enough to SSDI as to garner a settlement equal to double what most unfortunate souls get. I currently receive about \$1700US per month, which of course follows me wherever I go in the world. Sure, it means I can retire from working; but it is only because life itself is now a full time job.

A companion isn't just a nice thing to have. I have made a lot of discoveries these past few years through research and just thinking through my life as it has been affected by brain damage. I lost nearly all of my life's memories in the house fire in 2004, though I have since recovered most of those memories. And while my ship and the preparation for my voyages are excellent therapy for recovering from brain damage, I require assistance for the remaining therapies to fully recover my independence; so a companion is an absolute necessity for me.

And in early March, 2012, I realized something that would lead to my realizing why I would never be able to find a companion in the United States. I was watching a documentary, and in that documentary an independent researcher's findings were presented, findings which matched my answers to the questions I had been asking for forty years. As it turns out, there wasn't anything wrong with me after all. In short, I realized that the majority is not right just because it is the majority. It just means that it's the majority opinion.

So the voyages of the Disperser had their beginnings before I even realized I would be sailing. I had my first awakening in March 2012. They would happen again and again over the next couple of years as my understanding of the problem with people in America as I observed them became more and more clear. And as my understanding progressed, so did goals of The Disperser.

I believe that the problem with Americans and indeed most humans alive today is that

our world has been shaped by people who are not even technically fully human. Disease, formally defined, is any affliction or affectation which diminishes an individual from his potential. But what if that potential is the vital to the very nature of the species? Psychopathy is precisely that: a disorder that prevents human beings from ever attaining their potential in empathy and moral reasoning; essential elements for a social being. I believe psychopaths are not even truly human beings as humans are social animals and psychopaths lack that element necessary for existing in a cooperative social situation.

And it is psychopaths who have shaped our world - telling us that they are the proper humans and that we empathetic, social humans are somehow defective. And in doing so, they have created an entire race of sociopaths; people who mimic the behavior of psychopaths but who have the capability to be empathetic and thus to have moral reasoning.

How we got here is both disturbing, and quite simple. You see, psychopaths, lacking moral reasoning, and existing only as their ego, are all about survival. For a psychopath, there literally is no one else on this planet but themselves. This is the very nature of a psychopath. And as they are only concerned with their own survival and well being, and often at the cost of others; a psychopath makes for a great military leader. They are ruthless, and will use any tactic, method, technique, tool, etc. in order to get the job done. So long, long ago, we put psychopaths in charge of our military and eventually just made them our leaders. Think Pharoes, Ceasars, and the likes of Bonaparte, Alexander the Great, and other conquerors.

A quick read of just the first page of "Wealth of Nations" by Adam Smith (as it is known by its abbreviated title) will demonstrate to the clever reader that our economic system is based on flawed arguments put forward by a raging psychopath. And it is no small coincidence that our economy is run by psychopaths - because it was designed by and for them, as was our entire society. There is a very logical reason why a small percentage of the population has so much more privilege than the rest: those people are psychopaths, or sociopaths who have excelled at suppressing empathy and being selfish, greedy, and ruthless in their pursuit of something that when you really think about it, just isn't worth pursuing (money.) They are privileged because the system was designed for them.

And so the voyages of The Disperser are primarily about bringing awareness of this fact to the attention of the people who can do something about it. Who those people are, apart from the population at-large, must be discovered along the way. But the voyages of the ship herself cannot really begin until the ship is ready.

"The Disperser" was of course not always called "The Disperser." The previous owners called her "Koala Kai" and before that she was called "Furious." As I understand it, "Furious" was purchased from the Fibersteel Factory as a completed hull after 1975. And in 1982, they installed the genset, a Kohler 12.5kW diesel powered generator, which I started for the first time in its life a month after I purchased the ship in 2012. They also did the running rigging, all top of the line. Unfortunately, they sold her to a couple who had higher hopes and aspirations than abilities and sense of reality. She got sails, and was then motored to Moss Landing for haulout in 2003. That was as far as she ever got, and was never under sail.

So when I purchased "The Disperser," I had my work cut out for me. She needed to be

hailed out, and she should have been hauled out immediately; but finding a place that I could afford and which had all the necessary conditions for me to be able to succeed in my efforts proved a lot harder than I thought. My two choices were a yard on what is called "Methel Island" (Bethel Island) by locals; which would only have allowed me access to my boat 8 hours a day 5 days a week; or a yard in Astoria, Oregon which was both affordable and which allowed me to live aboard. And already having sold my motorhome, the choice was clear.

So on July 25th, 2013, with no aft keel (the aftermost of my two pennant-style keels was stuck in its compartment due to impaction from being in less water than her draft for so many years), I started down the delta, with no chance of returning to the delta, and no idea if I could sail or not.

And in early August, after being screwed over by a guy I thought was my best friend, acquiring new crew, spending thousands of dollars and hundreds of hours freeing my stuck keel; I started sailing my ship for the first time, ever. I sailed her for a couple of hours in the bay, called it good, and moored for the evening for my last night ever in San Francisco Bay as a mariner.

We left the bay under light fog and light wind, and only made 3 knots that first day. My one or two day quick trip to Bodega Bay, where I had phoned ahead and was quoted a rate of \$20/night for the guest dock, turned into three (coincidentally the rate at Bodega Bay turned to \$60/night...). I shredded my mizzen sail the next day motorsailing into the wind (oops), and so on the third day, with a small craft advisory predicted to start at 2pm that afternoon, I and my absolutely green crewman pulled anchor at 9am and started around Point Reyes expecting calm seas and light winds. What we got instead was a gale.

The books I had read included helpful hints about motoring and sailing through five to seven foot windwaves and six to eight foot swells offset 40 degrees. But nothing can really prepare you for your first time dealing with such conditions, especially not on your first outing on the ocean. And even though I had read about such things in magazines and "Heavy Weather Sailing," I was still quite surprised (scared) when the 8-12 foot wave broke over my bow and tossed The Disperser onto her starboard toe-rail and dumped the contents of every drawer, cabinet, shelf, and dog's bladder and colon onto the floors of the ship. The next two waves of the train would poop me, as my hydraulic steering was, at the time, insufficient to allow me to turn all the way into the waves, so I had to turn away and run.

I made it to Bodega Bay tired, sore, and with a very full bladder. My knuckles, attached to the ship's wheel for 8 hours, were literally white. My dinghy was not attached for quite as long, almost certainly being swept to sea with its contents when the wave train pooped me.

My experience in Bodega Bay is the subject of another story in and of itself. But it was merely one of a never-ending series of events in which I was significantly taken advantage of. Bodega Bay was the 6th place I had been run out of town from. I had been run out of Moscow, Idaho; Colfax, Washington; Humboldt County California, Stockton California (twice actually, the first time was after I was put on the terrorist watch list because of a misunderstanding by an intern working for Oprah Winfrey). I was threatened with having my ship taken from me and had no legitimate legal assistance (actually, Sonoma County Legal Aid

helped the county run me out.) And don't think my time in San Diego in the few months before I left the United States was any different. I was actually held prisoner, the second time I was the victim of Forced Labor, as defined in the Rico Act (after Humboldt County...)

But I made it out; though with none of the money and nowhere near the gear I wanted to have when I got to Guaymas, Mexico for haulout. At no point, and during no step along my way, has anything been easy for me. Even heading down into Mexico was steeped in the same bullshit I experienced in the States: the Baja Ha Ha fleet; which I had paid \$375 to join; abandoned me in Bahia Tortuga after the first leg - and I do believe the decision of the leader of the event to leave when they did was in part because of me, and did lead to a boat being damaged. Serves them right if you ask me. But no one has and no one will, so nevermind.

I had anticipated, or perhaps just hoped, for something of a vacation before I hauled out. But the closest I'm going to get to that is a slow sail up the Sea of Cortez as I hop from anchorage to anchorage, as long as my supplies last. I have, currently, about two weeks of propane and can store as much as two weeks of food. I expect then to spend two weeks getting to Loreto where I can reprovision, then another week or two getting to Santa Rosalito where I will then await a weather window to make my crossing to Guaymas and the mainland.

On that leg of my voyages, I will be immersing myself in Spanish, attempting to train myself to think exclusively in Spanish, and with the goal of translating this story into Spanish. I will be sailing singlehanded, and I want to sail, not motor. My plan is to tack on a reach that will give me sufficient speed based on the wind, then reverse that tack after four hours so that I have sailed about 8 hours. I expect to make about 20-30nm per day of sailing. I then anticipate spending at least a full day in each anchorage (as long as they afford sufficient protection). I will spend less when necessary, and more when conditions warrant; such as an isolated cove and suitable conditions ashore as I anticipate camping on shore here and there.

At this time, my plan is still to spend up to two years in Guaymas working on my ship. I don't know when, or even if, but I do hope to find a companion/mate/partner. And I am hoping to find one while I am hauled out. Either way, there will be a period of several months where I must leave the ship so that the hull can dry out completely - a necessary condition for a special treatment for the hull I have been preparing for.

In the meantime, I plan to acquire a multihull ship, preferably a trimaran, and will sail it on the Sea of Cortez while I am hauled out. I also plan to prototype my sailing design; which is nothing more than a maritime adaptation of a wing from a large commercial airliner, and mount it on the multihull. I then hope to sail the ship down to Bahia La Paz and set some speed records.

What about after haulout? The voyages of "The Disperser," as I have planned them so far, will take me south to Chile, where I plan to apply for asylum. My idea is to bring attention to my plight, and thus the plight of others like me - victims of American's greed and self-centered nature. Because my case is so extreme, and because I am an American seeking asylum, I anticipate significant media attention. I also hope to appear before the United Nations, to address the body (not for their sake, they're all psychopaths and thus beyond hope; rather for the sake of the public at-large) and hopefully be able to help humanity understand

the importance of dealing with psychopathy and those who are afflicted with it and are in positions of power. I also hope to help Americans see that they aren't being very American.

As I continue my adventures, the challenges continue to mount. Being in Mexico means my finances can go further, but it will take some time for me to adjust. The language is providing a barrier, but it is only offering up what I now call "inconveniences," because that's all they are. I have been affected by food allergies, which while rendering me unable to get much done for several days at a time, is really no more than an inconvenience.

Adjusting to the reality of my new situation has been difficult as well, and has led to serious issues with depression; but again, these are but inconveniences. I'm still alive and well, and the depression is reasonable to have expected. I already have difficulties with adjusting to new situations, but having found myself utterly and completely alone without full ability to take care of myself in a foreign country with a foreign language and in light of my difficulties has been a significant challenge. Fortunately, I am not in a hurry, as the threat of being run out of town simply doesn't exist. Oh, there are people here who would like to see me leave, but they are but guests themselves and lack the same clout they would have in their home stomping grounds with their other selfish, snob friends.

Until I find a companion, my efforts will be slow as I must expend a great deal of energy, time, and strength just to take care of myself, not to mention maintaining a large vessel (at least the hull is maintenance-free!) I do expect success in completing The Disperser within the two years I have anticipated it will take; but I am and will remain anxious to get to Chile so I can make progress in my overall goals, hopefully before war breaks out.

I also have high hopes for making a dent in the world's problems. The biggest problem I have is the mixing of my extreme confidence in my findings, and my lack of ability to fully and accurately articulate my thoughts - something not in the least bit helped by the fact that Americans just don't seem to ask questions anymore, as if they assume everything is as they see it or think it is and damn the reality of the particular situation. But since I don't have just Americans as an audience anymore, I no longer worry about my words falling on deaf ears.

Above all, I have hope. Hope for my survival. Hope for humanity. Even hope for America. I love my country, but I hate what it has become, and I hate the egos that rule America and Americans. To make it more personal, I love you, but I hate your ego...

If you would like, you are invited to follow aspects of the voyages of The Disperser in the places I find online to document the voyages and my feelings. I maintain a written journal on Livejournal at <http://the-disperser.livejournal.com>. I have a video log for The Disperser at <http://youtube.com/user/thedisperser>. I also have a personal diary at <http://youtube.com/user/diaryofawolf>. And finally, my thoughts and ideas about what is wrong with America and industrialized civilization can be found on my Youtube show, *Zombie Apocalypse Diaries*, at <http://youtube.com/user/zapocalypsediaries>. The show is different to say the least, and is not for everyone. The big secret to watching it is to take the information seriously, not me, and to watch all episodes from the beginning (don't worry, I make no money from the show and there are no ads - the truth is not for sale, it's free for all!) Good luck.

## Addendum

I realize that people may not understand just how difficult things have been for me and the level of stress I have had to deal with. I did not want this story to sound like I was whining so I left those details out. But rethinking the matter, it seems logical to me to convey just how bad things have been as having read the story, you may now understand that I'm not just whining. This may put things into a bit better perspective.

The other reason I left these facts out is because I have a very difficult time conveying them. I don't know what order to tell them in, what level of detail is necessary for you to understand how difficult a time I have had, and I also have difficulties because of the emotional components of the memories - from my perspective I am relating my difficulties to most of the very same people who have created them for me; many of whom I understand enjoy reading of my suffering. Previously this bothered me significantly. I now understand that if you, the reader, enjoy reading about my misery, that there isn't a thing I can do except to remind you of the definition of evil.

I will start with an overall summary of my life until 2012, then go through the highlights of the most difficult times I had.

My life in the 10 years before finally getting on Social Security Disability was almost entirely dedicated to getting those benefits. I had already been applying for benefits because of my back injury; which occurred in 1987 but which was reinjured in 2002. The fire added little to my first disability case which resulted in a payout of \$13,000; \$17,000 of which was stolen from me by my psychopathic boyfriend at the time (I couldn't have normal sex on account of my back injury, so I was left with a choice between relationships with men or my hands...which are man's hands last I checked...) I did finally get on disability, in 2011; and received, overall, nearly \$100,000 in backpay; half of which was spent trying to get a definitive diagnosis of my brain damage - to no avail. The other half went into The Disperser.

I have food allergies that mean I can only eat the following. If I eat other things, the reaction is one of pain in my guts for days. The only foods I can tolerate are meats except bottom-feeding seafoods; onions and garlic are the only vegetables; corn treated with lime and some polished white rices - and only in small amounts; some fruits especially citrus again in limited quantities; salt is the only spice I can have (except onion and garlic of course); the only fats/oils I can have are animal fats and ghee (butter stripped of milk proteins and sugars and water); and the only alcohol I can drink is tequila or everclear.

I am highly prone to being taken advantage of, mostly because I believe people; likely having to do with my family being psychopaths and therefore never honest especially about their feelings. I have been taken advantage of and ripped off so many times its not funny. My most recent backpay of \$12,000 was supposed to get me to Guaymas with gear galore and \$8,000 in my pocket. Instead, it went to saving my ship from an illegal eviction by Sonoma County (ask me, I'll show you the evidence), and to sustaining my life while I was essentially held prisoner for a month and a half before I left San Diego.