

Valerie Lindner's Constant Mental Torment in Her Own Words

Jan 21, 2024

Collected by her Father, Henry Lindner

History of Her Illness and Infections:

Born in 1993 to a mother with Hx of Bartonella exposure. Valerie apparently acquired ***Bartonella henselae and quintana in utero***, perhaps during chorionic villus sampling at 10 weeks gestation. From birth she suffered from mental agitation. She needed constant distraction. When tired, she would cry and could not fall asleep on her own. For the first three years of her life, her father had to hold her on his lap, sit on the edge of a bed, and bounce her up and down until she fell asleep. Later she reported that she never had positive emotions and never liked herself or other humans. She identified with animals, even reptiles—not with humans. Her inability, from birth, to feel love and to be effectively soothed by her parents caused her to develop a **severe attachment disorder**. Chronic bartonellosis was proven by FISH (Tlab) and antibody tests (Galaxy Diagnostics).

In 2003, at age 10, two engorged deer ticks were removed. In the months afterwards she had worsening depression, mental torture/pain, and mental and physical disability. Her mental and physical exertional intolerance worsened over the following 14 years until she became completely disabled. Testing in 2019 revealed **chronic babesiosis** by FISH (IGeneX and TLab) and antibody tests (IGeneX *Babesia* genus). She consistently tested negative for Lyme Disease, had no classic Lyme symptoms or signs, and did not respond to prolonged, high-dose doxycycline or IV Ceftriaxone

After all interventions by other physicians only made her worse, she began definitive treatment with her physician-father for her chronic babesiosis in October, 2020. Immediately, and then gradually over time her mental and physical function improved. Her disability improved with potent antibabesial therapy, but she continued to require corticosteroids to control her brain inflammation and symptoms. The high corticosteroid doses made her face puffy and her belly large. Already hating herself, these changes enraged her on a daily basis as she believed that they made it impossible for her to attract any young man.

Her attachment disorder caused self-hatred and a failure to attach to humans in general. **The constant mental torment that she was born with never went away.** She never could relax or have normal good feelings about anything. She also never identified with her female sex. Her interests and sexuality were almost completely masculine. She hated the fact that she was born female. She found women to be sexy, not men. However she did not want to have lesbian relationships.

As her brain functioned better with effective treatment of her babesiosis, she became much more aware of her underlying emotional dysfunction and suffering. In July of 2022 she figured out that she suffered from an attachment disorder. She had never liked human beings or herself. She envied and hated men and thought that all sex was rape. She hated being female and wanted to cut off or hide her femininity so that no man would approach her for sex. She found relief from this predicament through fantasies about a relationship between an androgynous alien and an androgenous human. She wrote up this story and drew the characters as best she could. Then, at the start of her senior year in college, she fell in love with an androgynous rock star from the 70s. She spent all her free time looking at his pictures and videos and fantasizing about being with him. This fantasy made ALL of her negative feelings

disappear and, for the first time in her life, she felt love for another human being, and by extension other human beings and herself! This caused her to realize how disturbed her psychology had been. This unusual mental activity also caused inflammation in her brain, degrading her ability to function as a student. The insight also caused her to lose all interest in physics—or in anything else.

She eventually realized that she needed a real-life romantic relationship with an androgynous young man. He had to have particular looks (she was very visually oriented) and she had to be able to imagine that he was actually female. However, she increasingly despaired of ever finding or keeping such a person due to her age and the steroid-induced changes in her body. As she studied and thought about her attachment disorder, she became convinced that even if she found such a young man who would stay with her, the fix may not be permanent, and she might be triggered by sexual intercourse (by intercourse). She became more hopeless and suicidal in her last 2 years of life. **Her father invested all his time and energy into calming her, distracting her, arguing with her negativity, and trying to give her hope.**

Valerie died from hemophagocytic syndrome on 12/9/2023 (See below).

Valerie was extremely intelligent and observant. Fortunately, she wrote about her feelings and later kept a daily log of her experiences. Below are excerpts from her own writings that describe her condition. Some background information and analysis has been added by her father. They are ordered from oldest to most recent.

Valerie's Statements about her Life and Suffering

1/26/2008 age 14, Letter to Stephanie (Moro)

I have been doing really badly. Basically, I haven't drawn in almost a month and I am now getting kind of suicidal and getting stronger and stronger urges to beat the crap out of myself. I have already given myself bruises and scratches and other things so I'm afraid I'm going to do something really stupid. I'm having a bunch of blood tests done, though, so hopefully something will come back screwed up and fixing it will help.

3/13/2008 Letters to Stephanie and other friend (Alex?)

Guys, I am sorry. For everything I have ever done to you. I have been an appallingly stupid, insensitive asshole and I wish I could be better but I don't even know what I'm thinking anymore. I love you both so much, and I just want you to be happy. I'll see you guys soon, or maybe I'll call you, but I'll probably just be back to my usual damn self by that time.

5/13/2008 I HAVE BEEN AFRAID TO TELL YOU THIS BUT THAT IS PARTIALLY BECAUSE DURING THE PAST 5-6 MONTHS I HAVE BECOME ANOREXIC (D'OH) AND HAVEN'T BEEN MENSTRUATING SO I'M OBVIOUSLY NOT AS HEALTHY AS I WAS BEFORE AND IT COULD BE PART OF THE REASON **WHY I AM SO UTTERLY MISERABLE AND WEAK AND ANTISOCIAL**, BUT I AM GOING TO FORCE MYSELF TO PUT ON SOME WEIGHT AND HOPEFULLY THAT WILL FIX A FEW THINGS. I AM REALLY SORRY FOR LETTING YOU BOTH DOWN LIKE THIS, I HOPE YOU CAN FORGIVE ME AND I HOPE WE CAN ONCE AGAIN STAY UP UNTIL FIVE A.M. TO TALK TO EACH OTHER. AND MAN, DEPRESSING STUFF LIKE THIS LOOKS REALLY WEIRD IN CAPS.

7/25/2008 I miss you both so much. I can't believe I haven't talked to either of you all summer long and now it's almost over. I hope you are happy and will be happy for the rest of your lives and I can never

thank you enough for all of the kindness and patience and generosity you have shown me. **I am sending you this because I'm never going to get better and I don't know if I will ever be able to talk to you again and this is going to sound pathetically emo but I cannot tell you how much it hurts for me to be awake.**

7/26/2008 You know I would never leave you bebs without a goodbye, **I am already angry enough with myself for not talking to you.** It is a quitter's excuse, but I do want to quit because even if there is a possibility of getting better, **I can never get back to where I was. After this I am always going to be behind everybody else and I am never going to be worth anything no matter how hard I try and because of that I will never be able to live with myself ever again.** I am going to school a month from now, and if that doesn't help, me and my parents have agreed to send me to a psychiatrist, **but I just want to die. I am so sorry I have let you both down like this.** All I can say is that it's wonderful to hear that you are doing well and I am extremely touched that you still want to help me and I wish I could do something to show you how much I appreciate it. I love you guys so much, even my mom keeps telling me that you two are the best friends I will ever have.

10/7/2008 BEB, YOU PROBABLY SHOULDN'T CALL ME TODAY :[I WISH I DID NOT HAVE TO TELL YOU THIS AND REALLY WISH I COULD TALK TO YOU BUT **I AM EXTREMELY ANGRY AND MISERABLE TODAY AND IT'S REALLY UNPLEASANT AND I DON'T WANT TO SUBJECT YOU TO THAT UNLESS YOU ARE OKAY WITH LISTENING TO ME CRY THE ENTIRE TIME.**

From her personal journal:

3/10/2009: age 15.5 years, suffering from cognitive dysfunction after acquiring the Babesia infection:

Fuck you and go to hell, you idiot. Why do I have to fail so miserably at the things I want to do the most? I feel like utter shit. **I can't draw, I can't story. I can't enjoy anything. What the hell am I supposed to do? The only things I can feel anymore are sadness and depression and a constant background of exhaustion and dry, grinding, passive anger, frustration and despair.** Why can't I enjoy anything? Why can't I be happy? I'm so sick of this. This happens over and over again and never gets any better. I can't live like this. This is a waste of my life.

(HHL Comment: the only positive feelings she could get were through attachment fantasies. She created a love story between an androgynous alien and an androgynous human. She spent hours every day immersed in this fantasy world—fantasizing, drawing, and writing about it. She wanted that world, not this one. She hated herself and humans, both male and female.)

7/10/2009: As I said, there are no words harsh enough to express how utterly worthless - - not even worthless, but of extreme negative worth – I am. Go die in a fire. Stop wasting paper and lead with your utterly worthless drawings and writings.

1/3/2010: Why? Why does life have to be so painful? Why am I cursed? I am CURSED. Cursed with being utterly incapable of doing the one thing I want to do more than anything else in the world (HHL—write about and draw her fantasy world). I am the most pathetic and worthless creature imaginable. Help me I am in hell.

7/9/2010: In fact, I have long (really long) thought that this describes the whole of my “recovery” from ages 11 and 14 onwards—it isn't that any of the entities/problems that were disturbing me were

resolved: I simply became better and better at ignoring or suppressing thoughts of them, for the most part. This is why I'm still very prone to returning to those states at the flip of a coin.

9/5/2016: *(HHL: The following journal entry is at start of senior year at the university, after she started having her fantasy about an androgynous 70s rock star. This fantasy temporarily made all her mental suffering disappear—but then greatly worsened her mental torment—permanently—by bringing more blood flow and immune system elements to her brain's infested emotional centers. She was much more disabled after this and never regained her interest in physics.)*

Sometimes it almost feels like my mind is falling apart. This has been coming and going ever since the end of my first week at school this semester... **My mind is engulfed in this terrible anxiety, depression, and emotional hypersensitivity/volatility that is making it difficult to enjoy anything or think clearly.** I also feel tired. The emot. Sensitivity has varied effects.

From her medical log. *She had started antimicrobial treatment for "Lyme and coinfections" in July of 2018.*

10/16/2019: *(Taking only artemisia and allicin for babesiosis):* Had pretty bad mental pain/anger from the start today. Brain is torturing me, arguing and screaming things at me all day to make me angry and sad, and **I can't get it to stop or do anything else or have any kind of positive thought no matter how hard I try - my mind is just driven to torture itself.**

11/09/19: Around 12:30 PM I started Herxing severely (*all psychiatric*) from the 1/2 gr NP thyroid and remained much worse mentally for the rest of the day. It immediately brought back the **screaming, severe anxiety, feeling of inner torture and disturbance**, feeling like I have to vomit because of the intense emotional distress, **constantly not being able to bear being alive, intrusive negative thoughts attacking me.** My family had to spend all day by my side comforting me and talking to me and we couldn't watch, read, or do anything else. **I screamed multiple times and was unable to stop arguing about my negative thoughts and fears about my life and started begging to die again.** Even past bedtime I was arguing with Dad and my brain tortured me with these thoughts every moment I was in bed alone.

12/13/2019: **...treating my infections has worsened or failed to improve my primary symptoms and disability (mental and physical fatigue, anhedonia, lack of interest and motivation, anxiety/fearfulness, negativity, mental pain, muscle weakness, POTS, cognitive dysfunction, etc.).**

8/8/2020: Had mental torture while laying in bed - initially was trying to convince myself that I can get better but as usual my next thought was about how **I feel so miserable and awful about myself whenever I'm around people that I can't leave the house. I came up with the analogy that I feel like a piece of plastic trash that somebody tossed out of a car and it landed on the sidewalk - I'm worthless and ugly and nobody wants me there and people feel disgusted and disappointed as soon as they see me and I should be thrown into the trash.** *(HHL—she believed she was ugly even before the steroid-induced facial puffiness and abdominal enlargement.)*

8/10/2020: ...the morphine wore off and I went back to crying and screaming. **I told my parents that I felt like I'm burning alive - that is how unbearable the feelings of sickness and mental torment are.**

8/11/2020: **I feel driven to do things constantly even though I really don't have the energy for it because otherwise the torture overwhelms me. I feel extremely irritable and combative and I hate everything in the world.**

9/21/2020: *(HHL: 5 days after last dose of IV Solumedrol—and 3 weeks prior to starting definitive antibabesial treatment)* Went to bed and as I laid there the anxiety kept getting worse. I was also feeling very terrified and sick to my stomach about my illness and was telling my parents so. Mom was talking on the phone which kept me awake and made me feel more terrified. **I could not remember any other bedtime during which I was unable to calm down and sleep and felt so anxious, disturbed, alarmed, and terrified...** I got up and went to Dad's bedroom and started screaming and crying and thrashing around on his bed.

(The following entries are after she began definitive antibabesial treatment in October of 2020 while on high-dose prednisone and receiving plasmapheresis. The antibabesial cocktail caused massive hemolysis as Babesia were killed, greatly improved her almost non-existent ability to function, and reduced her steroid need. It also caused marked derealization and depersonalization. Her brain was so scrambled for many months that she didn't experience her usual mental torment as much. She wrote no comments during the following year about her long-term mental suffering—but only described her symptoms.)

From Letters to Patty Smith:

11/22/2021: Thank you so much for telling me what you thought about me at the end of our lunch, and to Dad over e-mail. **I have required constant positive feedback all of my life to counter the intrusive negative thoughts/feelings about myself that I have had almost constantly since age 12**

4/25/2022: **However, I continue to have severe psychiatric problems. Mostly extremely evil, overpowering homicidal fantasies and urges (only towards strangers, never my family or friends), extreme self-hatred and constant mental torture, and suicidality. I have had all of these symptoms since I was a child, much worse after I got Babesia.**

7/28/2022: **The attachment disorder seems to be the single biggest problem...it's the reason for my obsessive fantasies about romantic love. Attachment disorders can cause all kinds of severe mental illness, including rage, difficulty concentrating, homicidal and suicidal ideation, and general misery, all of which I have.** The only potential solution I have found so far is a romantic relationship with a very specific type of person, **but I think I will never find the type of person I need and even if I do, I doubt that he will want to be with me. So I am concerned.**

8/3/2022: **My problem is that my emotions don't work and cause me constant suffering...** I have no desire to be loved or adored by a man; **what I need to fix my attachment disorder is a male that I have an intense biological attraction to. (The one time this did happen to me, it made all of my emotional suffering and psychological issues vanish as if they had never existed, and nothing else has ever come close to doing that.)...** I do indeed **act** much very sane and normal and socially appropriate, more so than a lot of people can. It's **because I do possess a sane personality that was created by my parents' immense love and care. However, I have another personality, which was created by my brain-disease-from-birth and is the one that has all the "problems". When I Herx badly and/or am "triggered", I go into a homicidal-suicidal fit and start hitting things and screaming and wanting to kill people and animals.**

12/26/2022: Most interesting amongst my new friends is Tom (*named changed*), without whom this semester would have been a very different experience. **He has been fixing my attachment disorder, which up until then was making me so insane that I couldn't function.** (*Editor comment: Tom was an attractive, outgoing, thin, somewhat androgynous young male classmate with whom she worked for many hours. He entertained her and made her feel liked and accepted. Not until they had met many times did she start to believe that he was not going to reject her.*)

Ideas she wrote down to discuss with her psychotherapist:

4/13/2023 I NEED TO TELL YOU HOW FUCKED UP AND ABNORMAL I REALLY AM BUT I'VE BEEN AVOIDING IT BECAUSE IT'S TOO DISTURBING and takes a lot of time. **DR R needs to understand just how bizarre and abnormal my problem is. This is where serial killers are made.** Booboo is not human. I don't feel human or relate to humans and I feel like I'm not part of humanity. There is nothing connecting me to them except for this attraction I can have to certain very specific humans.

(Booboo is her tortured, angry, attachment disorder emotional core. It is what I called her when she was an infant because she seemed more animal than human then. She just wanted action and input. She did not like cuddling. She had to be bounced to sleep for the first 3 years of her life.)

-I HATE BEING A GIRL. I think they are inferior to men. First I wanted to be big and strong and able to overpower others, not a weak dependent little baby-making machine that gets raped. Then I realized they were mentally inferior to men also. And big problem is the lower libido and submissive sexual role and the fact that males are not designed to be attractive.

-Explain the serial killer stuff: Raping; cannibalizing; Wanting to tranquilize/paralyze Tom and have my way with him; the sexual nature and EXTREME SPECIFICITY of your choice of attachment object. I think I NEED a visual stimulus in the form of a human being and there's no way to mentally magic my way to achieve the same outcome. (Imagine trying to raise an infant without a physical parent - you just can't do it. Some things require the appropriate stimulus.) I still see Tom 3x weekly, last week I saw his ARMS and got very excited.

-My anger at potential mates for rejecting me for something I did out of duty to stay alive for my parents and thereby DENYING ME WHAT I NEED. HOW CAN I GET HELP? Would it make any difference if I told them? No.

-Hatred of being female, borderline lesbianism, great difficulty being attracted to males (and discomfort) and hatred/fear of heterosexual intercourse. Always thinking I will get "triggered" and go homicidal if I try to get intimate with a guy.

4/17/2023 *More ideas for her to discuss with her psychotherapist:* -Had another suicidal/homicidal/rage episode last week

-Why am I more attracted to females. I think males are inherently not attractive

-Want to eat females

-Hate being a girl because it makes attachment disorder impossible to resolve, I hate the female role, they're only meant to be babymakers, I hate being too weak to do many things, I think women are mentally inferior and I either pity them or see them as non-human objects

-Guys are not attracted to me. Had a period in my life where I was more attractive and that was the ONLY thing that EVER made guys like me. was a 100% difference.

-Relationship with mom may have something to do with this

-Please tell me if any of this is insane.

-Show booboo to him/tell him exactly what happens and give him THE ENTIRE SPIEL you always give to Dad.

-Being alive feels extremely horrible and painful for me and it ALWAYS feels like this. There is no comfort - cannot be soothed by my parents or by anything - only discomfort. Only things that help are input (*intellectual, visual*) and fantasies.

-One part of me thinks I should live, is trying to do so, and wants to be a good normal sane person, the other part is suffering all the time and it hates everything and me and it cannot go on any longer.

-He's never heard of anything like this?

-Explain which aspects of the brain disease and your appearance might change with time.

-Tell him about your crushed dreams and how much you hate your life (can no longer be an artist, physicist, writer, etc. Too old to do that stuff. AND I HATE BEING FEMALE. How would other people feel about this?) There is nothing I/Booboo likes about my life anymore. HOW DO I LIVE IF I CANNOT HAVE/DO ANYTHING THAT I LIKE.

-3,000 David Sylvian pics (*The 70s rock star she fell in love with at the start of her senior year at college*)

-Anger over Unfairness of my situation and **is it unethical to keep me alive.**

-FAMILY SITUATION: Mom and sister don't believe me. Nobody will. Sister blames me.

-Rage at others for rejecting you.

-Are my expectations accurate at how the opposite sex will react to me and potential partners will reject me and not love me? How do I feel about the fact that they are **refusing to help me for things that are not my fault and which I did out of self-sacrifice for my parents (taking pred and getting older)?** It won't change anything even if I beg them or explain my situation to them and it would be wrong because I can't force them to love me.

-HOW DO I GET HELP?????

-I feel like worthless garbage

-Extreme disgust at my appearance (*HHL-due to Cushingoid changes*) How do i deal with this? I feel like shit about offering this to a person I love **even if they're nice enough** to accept it.

-Person needs to be a visually appealing sexual object for me and I am EXTREMELY EXTREMELY SELECTIVE ESPECIALLY ABOUT MALES. Natural tendency is to be a lesbian but I can't If they love me but I'm not attracted to them, it is not helpful at all.

-Attraction to young feminine guys. HOW THE HELL DO I MEET PEOPLE WHEN I LOOK LIKE THIS?

-TOM (*attractive, outgoing classmate at school that she fell in love with*)

-Traumatic experience of having David (*Sylvian*) taken from me, then becoming ugly so I cannot obtain a partner, then TOM vanishes too. (*He refused to get together with her alone in the Spring Semester 2023*)

-BOOBOO DOES NOT LIKE OTHER PEOPLE.

-I feel that I would be much better suited to being a male than a female and that males do not care about my qualities but they could be advantageous if I was a guy. I HATE BEING A GIRL. I think that men only care about whether I am young and attractive and feminine and nothing else about me matters in terms of their attraction towards me or willingness to accept me as a mate.

Letters to Patty Smith

5/4/2023: ...my life is still dominated by the same severe psychological/emotional problems I've had since childhood, and the brain disease, so **I can't feel any joy or hope no matter how hard I try; I feel almost nothing but rage and panic all the time.** My (*classmate Tom*) was making it go away last semester, but he is now avoiding me

July 28, 2023: However, in order to accomplish anything, I need a basic level of sanity and comfort with being alive and I have never achieved that. **The mental/emotional torture takes up almost all of my energy and time and there is nothing left for thinking or living.** Sorry to be a bummer, but I just want you to understand my situation and **why I am so despondent. I have extremely specialized and unusual relationship needs because my emotions do not function properly and I can't feel love the way a person should.**

Being home from school has been very hard. I am extremely depressed and suicidal at all times and it is getting progressively worse. Because of my brain disease, I have never been able to feel love, enjoy life, or experience positive emotions in a normal way and instead live in a world of emotional pain at all times, and it has been worse since 2018 (*start of antimicrobial treatment*). I can't do any of the activities I love and I hate myself and hate life to an extreme degree because of the attachment disorder,

I have extremely specialized and unusual relationship needs because **my emotions do not function properly and I can't feel love the way a person should. Love is one of the most basic requirements for human life - more basic than food or water.** I am also more like a guy than a woman in many ways, so my needs are very different from most women's.

Unfortunately, because of my illness and the steroid-induced alterations in my appearance, I feel completely unworthy of anyone's love or companionship and feel like any young healthy woman would be better for a man than I am. When I am (at the university) I feel hopelessly inferior to every young, healthy person I see and I am ashamed to be seen by anyone. I cannot seem to get over it on my own no matter how I try.

From her medical log:

8/1/2023: *She had severe mental herxing one week after stopping the Lumbrokinase and Nattokinase that had mobilized and exposed more Babesia organisms by dissolving the fibrin that holds the intravascular Babesia nests together)*

Worst ever suicidal rage--I was laying in bed and being tortured. began screaming as hard as I could, for at least 15 minutes without stopping. I started to plan ways to kill myself or at least hurt myself severely. I got up, went to the kitchen, **grabbed a serrated knife and started brushing it against my wrist.** I pussied out. Took 22.5mg morphine. **When Dad came home I looked at him and only screams came out. I told him again that I have to die.** Going back to (university for graduate school) will be a repeat of last year since nothing is different. **I do not want to be a Cushingoid fat ugly disabled freak again and put up with having to look like this, which means I can't have a relationship (with an androgynous young man) or even the start of one. I get no enjoyment from social interactions either and each interaction I've had lately has just made me depressed and made me not want to do it again, regardless of how well it actually went.** Not to mention it is way too hard for me to leave my apartment, take care of myself or do literally anything.

8/2/2023: ...had to scream and rage at (Dad) the entire way about **how much I hate my life and how it will never be anything but pain and suffering and nothing will work for me.**

8/4/2023: Told Dad that **I must not be left alone and I need human company as much as possible to prevent me from hurting myself.** Talked about activities we might be able to do that would help me not kill myself.

09/24/2023: *(Herxing two days after stopping Lumbrokinase and Nattokinase again due to increased herxing and steroid need)*

Existence was very difficult to tolerate today. Every experience feels unpleasant, agonizing, disgusting, repulsive, painful, difficult. Including watching TV, talking, eating, listening to music, reading. Physical Herxing includes a lot of abdominal discomfort and fullness, nausea, sweating, achiness and weakness and fatigue, general flu-like malaise. Severe fatigue. Was very difficult to watch TV or converse with anyone. Heart was pounding hard - uncomfortably so - all evening and overnight. Overnight the disgusting feelings became very intense. Had vivid, unpleasant nightmares all night featuring disgusting tastes and smells of sewage. **These same feelings pervade my life pretty much constantly but at a lower level than this.**

10/04/23: **Brain tore me to pieces all morning. Had to tell Dad I want to die for a long time and made him cry.**

11/4/2023: *(6 days after increasing Nattokinase to highest dose of 2 caps 3 times daily)* **Rage and sick attachment-rage thoughts gradually intensified after I got out of bed.** ... Screamed several times today; first while laying in bed trying to rest (started screaming repeatedly and hitting the bed), then I got startled by Mom (pretty badly) dropping something in the kitchen, then again, then again while Mom and Dad (and Eva) were both out of the house. **Had to complain to Dad until I went to bed about how much I hate the human species and men, want to kill young healthy people, I'm worthless to males, need to die, etc.**

11/05/2023: Rage became extreme later in the afternoon and evening. **I felt very depressed and inferior because I feel like I am so screwed up and dysfunctional that I should not have any relationships with anyone outside my immediate family because it will only result in those people getting hurt.**

11/6/2023: //Angry thoughts of today: **Was particularly angry about being a woman and how much I hate EVERYTHING about it, as I have since I was 11.** Everything about being female is designed to make

you feel submissive and powerless and inferior and need to be dominated/cared for by a male. (I noticed this when I was around 12/14 and it made me decide **that I wanted to have NOTHING to do with female feelings, sexuality, being the female in a relationship with a guy, etc. Wanted to chop off all my female organs or at least hide them.** In my story at the time, I made ND (*HHL-the androgynous alien in her fantasy*) a crossdresser who was terrified of anyone finding out he's a girl.) It is unavoidable, even in sex and mating. Everything about it is designed to work against the individual and force her to be a baby-making baby-raising slave instead of a person who is capable of and interested in accomplishing ANYTHING else.

11/12/23: ...but then **I realized** (*that some good feelings she had while talking with an attractive, intelligent, but quite masculine young man*) **just didn't fix any of the things I hate about my life and just wouldn't be enough.** Gained some insights into the facts that 1) **doing good things for other people makes me feel 'good' in a sort of way, but is not truly rewarding and pleasurable in the same selfish way as things I enjoy doing for myself** (*indulging in her fantasies*). It isn't enough to sustain life on its own even though it is highly desirable. 2) **I tend to interact with people in a way to make them feel special, cared for, and unconditionally loveable, and certain people respond strongly to this.**

11/19/23: (*Henry and Valerie's last walk together*) Walked with Dad past log cabin house and back. Had to argue somewhat about the **pointlessness and cruelty of me staying alive.** Insisted again that I need a concrete **plan for how I will actually live if I get better, how I will survive until then, and how can I return to (her university) without going nuts immediately and just wanting to kill myself and everyone else. I have none of these.**

HHL comment: On 11/22/2023 Valerie was also undergoing a heavy Babesia nest-clearing die off due to taking high lumbrokinase and nattokinase doses for 3 weeks. She got a rhinovirus infection from her sister. By the evening of 11/23 she became much more ill and needed extremely high corticosteroid doses—more than twice any previous doses. The rhinovirus infection pushed Valerie's immune system into overdrive, resulting in hemophagocytic syndrome—where the overactive immune system attacks normal tissues throughout the body. She became increasingly ill and short of breath. Her lungs were severely affected. Her father took her to a local teaching hospital in the morning on 12/5/2023. She had multi-organ failure with grossly abnormal lab tests. She was admitted to the ICU. She was struggling to breathe and her father asked her if she wanted to be sedated and intubated. She said yes (she had always wanted unconsciousness). While on the ventilator, she was once conscious enough to interact with her parents. When asked if she were comfortable she nodded yes. When her father said "I love you" she moved her lips in an attempt to say "I love you too" She needed kidney dialysis. Her condition progressively deteriorated in the ICU and she died on 12/9/2023. In the end she got what she had asked for since she was 13 years old—an end to her suffering.