



"THE ULTIMATE BETRAYAL"

By
Amy Cane

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INTRODUCTION

After interviewing this gentleman, I realized he was passionate about an incident in his life and he wanted to tell his story. He wants everyone to know his truth and the facts surrounding a horrific incident in his life. I also did some research on the type of people who commit these acts of betrayal and I share my findings with you as well.

I allowed him to tell his story and as he told the story I took notes. You get to read about an intriguing story of deceit, deceptions, illusions and the ultimate betrayal.

Read about his story – almost from his own words.

I was drugged, shot in the chest, left to die in a pool of blood. My life-savings and retirement fund was stolen. I'm telling my story to warn others about this sick deceptive psychopath. These kinds of people are much more prevalent in society than you might think.

This woman is extremely unassuming and very deceptive. If I had the information inside this e-book before this incident, then this tragedy could have been avoided.

The main reason I write this book is to warn others and to help you be more aware and to provide you with the knowledge so you can either avoid predators or detect them before they harm or murder you.

I also tell my story to warn you of this specific psychopath who is, as far as I know, still lurking in plain sight in our world. Psychopaths are increasing in number within our

societies. Psychopaths are not just in the movies, they are all around us. Psychopaths are real.

You will not find a legal disclaimer of any kind in this book because I still believe in the 1st amendment (Freedom of Speech) and I will tell the truth as I know it. If any of the guilty parties I name in this book wish to sue me - be my guest.

You won't get much because I'm broke – and I do not foresee any big assets coming my way any time soon. So, if the criminals, murders, liars and thieves in my story wish to cause me further harm, then I'd love to see you court. At least I can tell you what I want to your face. You can't do anything to me that hasn't already been done - accept finish the job you already tried to do – and that is; MURDER ME. Maybe you'll succeed this time . . . you sick freak.

I have hundreds of research hours involved in studying and researching the characteristics of psychopaths. I had an extreme desire to learn as much as possible because I obviously want to avoid psychopaths in the future, if it is possible. Psychopaths are not easy to completely avoid, but at least I have a few tools now to help me and possibly I can pass a few on to you as well.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS AND DEDICATIONS

I'm extremely grateful to those who have been by my side since this incident. I'm grateful for the nurses and my trauma doctor who provided loads of empathy and cared for me after the shooting. I'm also grateful for the thoracic surgeon who performed my lung surgery on short notice. I'm grateful to those who have assisted me, housed me and made sure I had food. I'm very grateful to my pro-bono therapist/counselor who made time to listen and provide incredible insight.

I dedicate this book to my deceased parents; If my parents could hear me, I would say this; I'm so sorry I was not a better steward of my assets. My life-savings and the inheritance you left behind was stolen and probably squandered away by a person who could never appreciate your hard work and years of sacrificing. It sincerely saddens me that a portion of the inheritance you left ended up in the hands of a corrupt and evil psychopath. I dedicate this book to you, my parents, whom I dearly miss.

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PART ONE: SOCIOPATH VS PSYCHOPATHS

Just so you do not assume I'm a complete "fool", you first need to know what a psychopath is and how they create their schemes and victims. Many con artists are considered psychopaths or sociopaths. Con artists will usually use a "veil" of trust to further their personal agenda and most con artists are considered to be sociopaths and some could be considered psychopaths.

The difference between sociopath and psychopaths is this; most sociopaths usually do not create or plan to murder someone. Although both are capable of murder, a sociopath usually does not plan a murder and if they do kill someone, it's usually an impulse decision. A sociopath is usually more impulsive. A psychopath will actually create a plan to murder someone for whatever reason that fits their agenda.

A psychopath may murder a person for money or possibly murder someone just so they will be next in line for more power. Possibly they want your personal assets and if it means murdering you to get it, then that's what they will do.

Both the sociopath and psychopath lack empathy for other human beings. They were born without the ability to feel sympathy or empathize for others. From a very young age, these sociopaths and psychopaths discovered they are different than others. They know they do not feel this thing called empathy or sympathy like others do. So, they learn to mimic or imitate the actions of having empathy and

sympathy in order to fit in. Much like an actor will prepare for a part in a movie.

Sometimes, they learn how to cry and what to say when “you” or others have an unfortunate incident. A Hollywood actor can sometimes cry when they are told to cry. This is the same way with a psychopath. This is a learned skill. Because they do not have this ability to “feel”, they often look at other “normal” people as weak and vulnerable.

In other words, nearly their entire existence is an “act”. Sometimes they will snap out of character and that’s when you know something is not right – however, they will snap back in to character almost as fast. They will do most anything to convince you they are gentle, trusting and loving people who have your best interest at heart.

When they see you fall or hurt yourself – they do not feel any empathy for your pain. They do not have empathy for any mental or emotional pain you might experience either. Predators can only feel or understand their own physical and emotional pain. Not yours.

Many researchers believe, “psychopathy” is an inherited mental dysfunction and carried down generation after generation. In other words, experts say psychopathy can be genetic. Empathy is created by hormone receptors that produce chemicals. When oxytocin is released, it will cause human beings to feel empathy for others. It is certainly considered a defect or mental disorder not to have empathy for other human beings.

Empathy and sympathy is what keeps “most” us from randomly hurting or killing each other on a daily basis. The chemical “oxytocin” which creates empathy also helps us, as humans, to bond with each other and protect each other as a group, tribe or family.

The law does not keep humans from killing each other – it’s obvious. People maim and kill other people on a daily basis. Our prisons are full of killers. Psychopaths and sociopaths usually think they are not only above the law, but they are also smarter than law enforcement. Sometimes a sociopath will do something by impulse, then they just deal with the consequences the best they can.

Here’s a good example: When you’re watching a certain sad movie – most people will get teary eyes empathizing with a certain character on the screen – most predators will not feel that emotion. They are unable to feel a connection with the person on the screen. Yes, some people are more sensitive or have more empathy than others – but a predator has NONE.

Sociopaths and Psychopaths are easily and truthfully labeled as “parasites”. They are predator and you are prey. They literally have millions of people to prey upon. Once the predator is done with their prey, they simply throw them aside like yesterday’s trash and move on to their next victim. The sociopath or psychopath prey on others for survival. They depend on your influence, reputation, money, your assets and efforts for their own survival.

They live off the emotions, cash, assets and efforts of other people. If they want sex- they will get that from you. If

they want cash, they will design a plan to get that from you too. If a psychopath thinks you need to die in order to get what they want – then a well crafted scheme to murder you will be developed.

The loss of your life, no matter who you are, means nothing to a psychopath. A well planned murder by a psychopath will make sure the blame is passed on to someone else or they will simply make it appear to be a suicide or accident.

Psychopaths usually discover, early on, they can easily lie, cheat and manipulate someone into giving them what they need and want. They accept the fact, they are different. They learn to manipulate others by using your “empathetic” emotions. By making you feel sorry for them, they can get things from you. And if you bond, meaning you trust them, they can get things from you even easier and faster.

Most predators may have a long term agenda for the person. If so, they will usually bond with the person sexually or befriend them as soon as possible. They carefully choose their words that endear you to them. They will shower you with compliments and act like they share the same ideas as you. These predators profile you and they study WHO you are. They are extremely observant. They are constantly taking mental notes about you. Are you lonely? Do you trust easily? What is your favorite color? What do you enjoy doing? What type of family do you have? What type problems are you having? What do you own?

Just like most human beings, these dangerous people have desires, needs and wants also. They are obsessed with sex,

money and power. Obtaining these things is not inherently bad or evil – it's HOW these things are achieved and how they are managed that often causes havoc with their victims and others.

Many sociopaths and psychopaths seek out careers such as; politics or many will often manipulate their way up the corporate ladder by back-stabbing, lying and doing whatever it takes to get what they want. They have NO ethical boundaries. There are millions of sociopaths and psychopaths that live in our world, including a few within our small circle of friends, neighborhoods and businesses.

Psychopaths are often likable and seem trustworthy. This is their greatest weapon and this is their required “disguise” in order to get what they want from you.

They are traitors and I call them “the enemy within” because these predators are usually someone you “think” is your friend, spouse, companion, your trusted business associated or someone in society who is in a position of authority.

These kinds of predators are those who are intelligent, clever, easy-going, gracious, polite, gregarious, and humorous. They are often very likable and strangely enough can make you believe they are also lovable. Once a person is in the deep psychological grips of a psychopathic bond, it's sometimes difficult to see the truth.

This could happen in a personal and intimate relationship, in a business relationship or possibly a “friend” relationship. Psychopaths will target whatever relationship

that fits their agenda. They are continuously scouting for “Prey”. When their veil of trust is around you, you are easier to be manipulated and often blinded by their secret and real intentions.

A psychopath can make you feel loved – even when you’re not. A psychopath does not have those feelings. **THEY DO NOT BOND WITH YOU AT ALL.** You could die in front of them and they would simply go get an ice-cream cone and skip down the street with a song in their heart. They do not care about you! Period.

These predators are highly manipulative, deceptive, and they know exactly how to make “you” bond with them. They are usually very “touchy feely”. They may hug you a lot or touch you. This helps bond you to them. Each time a normal person is hugged or touched it releases a chemical called oxytocin in your brain. This chemical is known to help normal humans have empathy for other humans.

These receptors are developed when you are young. If these receptors do not develop properly, then the receptors are unable to release “oxytocin”. If oxytocin is not released, then usually there is feeling of empathy. It is believed that some sociopaths were not held, touched or hugged enough as children and the receptors became underdeveloped. Psychopaths were simply born with the genes that create non-developing receptors. This is somewhat new science and I believe in it. Experts are learning more and more about psychopaths and what creates them.

Psychopaths do not and will not bond with you – EVER. However, you will bond with them. Once this bond-grip is created, then they have you. They will get your sex, your money and your TRUST. To a predator, victims are just part of their game of life. They discard their victim once they are used up or the predator has taken all there is to take. Think about it like this; the psychopath enjoys their role as a Puppet Master. They will simply use deceptive illusions of emotion and manipulation techniques to pull the strings in certain ways to make their little puppets perform the way they want.

Experts say about 25% of societies are either sociopaths or psychopaths. That means there are millions of predators out there. Beware.

In my story – we will mostly talk about the characteristics of a “psychopath” because this is what I truly believe I experienced. By all accounts, actions and behaviors, there is no doubt, my story deals with the mental dysfunction of a dangerous and sick PSYCHOPATH.

PART TWO: WHO AM I?

Knowing my background may help you understand the type of man I am and where I came from.

I grew up mostly in Oklahoma and Texas. I grew up in an upper middle class family. Our house was a comfortable two story house and it was only two blocks from a large lake. As a kid, I spent most of my free time fishing and gigging big bull frogs down below the lake's dam. I enjoyed camping out, sailing, water skiing, hunting and fishing. My dad spent a lot of quality time with me.

My mother was 100% mother. She never worked. Her job was the house and caring for her family.

I received a college degree; however, I never used it in the work force because I became a small business owner. I started and created many small businesses over the years. After several years of owning and operating my businesses, I decided to take some time off. I was in my late 40s. I needed a break. I was living in Dallas, Texas.

My parents sold the house I grew up in and they traveled all over the country full time. For fun, they became movie extras and traveled the movie production circuit. They had a fun twenty year traveling experience. In their early 70s, they began slowing down and they decided to retire from traveling.

They made several friends on the road and many decided to settle down in Las Vegas, as it had become a large

retirement town for retirees. Matter of fact, my parents married in Las Vegas in 1948. My father kept busy with his community acting center and his friends and my mother enjoyed the penny slot machines. I would always fly out and visit on special holidays.

One day, I received a sad and heart-breaking phone call. My father suddenly died. I caught a plane out first thing the next morning. I met with my mother at her friend's house – and she was in so much shock and grief. My parents were together their whole lives. My mother was only 12 years old and my father was only 14 when they met. They were seldom apart and were together almost their entire lives.

After my father's memorial, I promised my mother I would return and stay with her for awhile. I promised I would return before her birthday. I returned home to Dallas and I called mother often to make sure she didn't need anything. Six weeks later, I arrived at her home with a small u-haul. She was happy to see me – it was her birthday, a warm July evening. I took her out to a nice restaurant and I surprised her with a small cake and a birthday candle.

For many years, I wanted to live in the mountains of Idaho for the remainder of my life. I researched the state and thought it would be a great place to live out the remainder of my life someday. I enjoyed the greenery, the big trees, rivers, streams and large clear lakes. Idaho was only a nine hour drive from Las Vegas and I would be close enough to my mother in the event anything drastic happened.

I had planned to take care of my mother for a few months, spend some quality time with her during her transition, then move to Idaho. That was my plan. However, there is a dangerous mountain pass from Nevada into Idaho and the snow and ice fell early that year. So, I decided to stay the winter and the holidays with my mother in Las Vegas.

My mother and I did a lot together and we tried our best to keep our mind off the loss of my father. It was difficult. My mother empathized with me and I empathized with her. We both were enduring a terrific loss. She expressed her sadness that I lost my father. He and I were very close. The holidays came and went. Neither of us was in the best of spirits. It was the first holiday without my father. However, we got through the holidays and started the New Year.

In February 2004, my mother slipped and fell in one of the casinos. She didn't seem to hurt herself too badly except for some shoulder pain. She wasn't a woman who visited the doctor regularly. After about 30 days of pain, I convinced her to let me take her to a doctor. The doctor and I discovered she had not been to a doctor in over 40 years. I was a little surprised, but the doctor was shocked. He ordered a full shoulder and chest x-ray.

A few days later, we visited the doctor to get results of the x-ray, and he found a gray area in her chest x-ray, he requested a biopsy. On our next appointment, the doctor had a strange and somber look on his face as he stared at his clip-board. He looked at me – and handed me the results of the test. The doctor asked me if I knew what that meant. I couldn't believe what I was reading because I

knew exactly what it meant. I tried my best not to show emotion so not to scare my mother.

She had edema carcinoma – a large cancerous tumor in her left lung. I vividly remember that day. Anyway, long story short, I manned up, put my chest out and I said – no worries we'll handle this. In two days of research, I found two of the best surgeons I could find.

We chose a small framed French doctor. We liked him because he seemed honest, highly reputable and very empathetic. The morning of the surgery, my brave mom lay on the stretcher and they were getting ready to wheel her into surgery. She raised her head and said to me, "I'm doing this for you." She wanted to live for me because she knew I had just lost my father. She knew it would be tough to lose both of them so soon. She was right.

Mom was 73 years old and this was the first surgery she ever had besides having children. Mother never even had a single tooth cavity in her life. She had the most beautiful white teeth I've ever seen. The strange thing is; she was a health nut and never smoked.

The surgeon decided to remove her left lung. He did not find out until he was in the middle of the surgery that the tumor was so large, he had to also cut out two of her ribs and remove two lymph-nodes as well. It was a five hour surgery. Mom was in the hospital about 7 days – I spent every night with her to make sure the nurses took good care of her.

As you know, the nurses and the staff can be somewhat “indifferent” at times. I’m glad I was there. The hospital would not give me anything to sleep on. I brought a pillow from home and slept on the hard cold tiled hospital floor next to my mother’s bed.

Her surgery was in April of 2004. Finally, it was time to take mom home. It was a happier day for us – seeing what all she went through. It was a slow painful recovery. I would walk with her to help strengthen her body. I cooked all her meals. I researched Cancer and cures for the first time. I spent hours on the computer trying to find what I should do next. I knew she was not out of the woods. I ordered all types of alternative medicines.

Mother was a real trooper. Both of us were totally against traditional cancer treatments, as none of it works and only makes you sicker. Her surgeon even told me not to mess with those treatments like chemo, etc.

She was willing to try or take anything I would find for her. She had a real desire to live. My mother did not want to die and I knew it. This was the summer of 2004. She had recovered enough where I could leave the house and not be too concerned with her. She would drive to the casino and play her penny slots. Twice, she had to call me to come get her car started. It was becoming undependable. I was concerned about her driving it.

I persuaded her to purchase a new car. This way the car would have a lengthy warranty. I knew she had the money to pay cash and I wanted her to have a dependable car that she could rely on – especially with my father gone and in

the event I went on with my life. So, I negotiated with a dealer ship and got her a great deal. She purchased a small “white” 2004 Hyundai. It was a cute car and she really liked it. She was back to driving, so that was good.

Mom and I had a good 18 months together where we could do and go places without her in too much pain. However, the cancer returned and was worse than before. Now, she had at least six small tumors in her chest and they were growing at a rapid rate.

Mom was inoperable – which means an operation would not help. This was another emotionally sad day of my life. We both knew it was just a matter of time.

The holidays came and went – they were sad days because it was the second holiday without my father. My mother was very depressed and did not want to participate in much of anything. She expressed interest in wanting to go see one of my sisters and her grandchildren.

I offered to fly mom to see and spend time with her daughter and her grandchildren because I knew it might be the last time they will see her. My sister told my mom there was no room for her at the house and they had already invited someone else. This crushed my mom and she was sad for many days. Naturally, I was furious. This was the most religious of all my sisters too. This put the “D” in dysfunctional.

The months were passing and there is no way I will leave my mother, not knowing she had only a short time left. My

siblings did not provide much if any assistance and I had been the sole care taker for my mother.

PART THREE: 2005 I MEET TAMMAY LOUISE SWEEDEN

I originally met Tammy Sweeden online. We met in person at a country western club in Las Vegas. We sat down at a booth and had dinner and a couple of drinks. She didn't drink much alcohol because she had stomach problems.

She asked to be called Tammy. Tammy was a very likable woman – very polite, gracious with an out-going personality.

I began spending lots of time with Tammy. I saw her about three or four times a week. After the first month, one day I was sitting at her computer. I noticed a few very flirtatious emails of hers to a man who I had introduced to her.

He was a married man and a person I was actually doing business with. Tammy and he had been secretly seeing each other. I knew then that Tammy was not relationship material. It hurt me to read those emails, but I quickly manned up and realized her personal life is none of my business and I did not own her.

Even though I knew not to take Tammy's offer for a mature and long term relationship seriously, I still enjoyed her company and there were many things I enjoyed about her.

What should I have done? This incident was a red flag and I should of stop seeing her and ended our so-called relationship. We live and learn.

After knowing Tammy and spending even more time, I decided it would be nice if my mother met Tammy. It had been a couple of months and mother was curious about her.

My mother really liked Tammy from the beginning. This was not like my mother. She was always very skeptical of people. However, Tammy won my mother over. After a few weeks, I remember my mother saying to me, Tammy really cares about you and I think she will be good for you.

As I'm writing this, I'm thinking, I'm glad I had that time with my mother. That was the longest stretch of consistent time spent with her since I was a teenager.

Anyway, Tammy began spending a lot of time with us. She would help me cook dinner and all three of us would go out to dinner on occasion. Tammy would spend time sitting on the couch with my mother and talking about their lives. They got to know each other well.

I would be in the next room working on the computer and I could hear them laughing together in the den. After the holidays and into February of 2006, mom was becoming very weak and unstable due to the pain medication. Tammy would help with her baths. That was a big help.

Tammy had a way about her that made people want to be around her. She was agreeable and extremely helpful in every way.

PART FOUR: MY MOTHER DIED – APRIL 25, 2006

Tammy was having financial troubles at the time and couldn't pay her bills. She was unemployed. She eventually was evicted from her condo due to non-payment of rent. I didn't pry into her finances, so I didn't know all of this until it was too late. I helped Tammy move from her condo and into a Budget Suites until her and I could figure something out. One evening she was at my mother's house crying about her troubles.

My mother offered her to live at her house with us. Tammy took her up on her offer. We placed all of Tammy's stuff in a storage unit and moved some of Tammy's clothes into the house. Tammy was very helpful in helping me with my mother's illness.

In April of 2006, mother's illness became increasingly worse and I placed her in Hospice hoping they could manage her pain. I had no idea she would not return home with me. She was in a massive amount of pain. The doctor, without my permission, gave my mother a drug that put her into a coma state. I could no longer talk to her.

Tammy and I drove to Hospice every day. It was a good half our drive. Even though mother could not talk and seemed to be in a sleep state, I still wanted to see her and spend time with her. It was a daily routine.

One morning, Hospice called me. Nurse said, “Sonny, your mother passed away a few minutes ago.” I became numb and confused. Tammy and I rushed around and drove to Hospice. I only had one thought on my mind – I wanted see my mother for the last time. We arrived. Mother was lying there with her frail arms and hands crossed over the covers. She looked very peaceful. I bent down and kissed her forehead.

Tammy was busy taking pictures.

Mom died on April 25, 2006. I buried my mother with my dad – at the Veterans cemetery in Boulder, Nevada. It was another heart wrenching day.

It was just me and Tammy now. We were living in my mother’s house. I was like a walking zombie after my mother died and I had a host of strange lonely feelings. I had thoughts of my own mortality. I lost both of my parents in less than three years.

I thought to myself - IF the two people who brought me into the world died, then my turn will surely come also – and it became a huge reality check. I didn’t think about death too often – but this forced me to see death as close and personal. I called my siblings who lived in other states. They did not show any interest in creating or having a memorial. Why? I don’t know.

It was just me and Tammy at the grave site. (Tammy never shed a tear.–

Tammy’s Car is Repossessed

Tammy came to me and asked if I would pay her car payments. She owed four car payments. They were \$400 each. I looked at the balance of what was owed and what the car was worth and she was \$8,000 upside down. I explained that the car is not worth it. I said you're losing money every time you make a payment. The car eventually was repossessed. Was she mad? If she was, she didn't act like it.

My mother had a brand new car with only 5,000 miles on it. I told Tammy to just drive my mother's car until she could get another car. Tammy was still unemployed and living at my mother's house.

I had a cash savings and was virtually semi-retired. I had no bills and I was debt free. My mother's house was also paid for and there were just a few small bills each month.

Tammy expressed interest in becoming a realtor and going to real estate school. I thought that was great. I paid for her real estate school – however, she never could pass the state exam in order to get her license. She took the test several times and failed each time. Each time she took the test it cost me \$100, however, at the time, I felt it was worth it. I was a little confused and disappointed that she never passed the exam. She finally gave up.

In the mean time, I began fixing up mother's house to be sold. I was being pressured by my siblings to sell my mother's home. My siblings were extremely mean and aggressive. I never understood where or why their attitude was so mean and they increasingly got worse. I took care of my mother for nearly three years and spent thousands of

dollars (my own money) helping my mother. I was the one who purchased all of her alternative health products, etc. I purchased all groceries and even paid for mom's cell phone bill and other things for three years. I gladly took my mother to 121 doctor appointments. My mother had become my main concern. I was her sole care taker and even buried my mother by myself with Tammy by my side. Why their hateful attitude? I was at a loss.

The point is; I never could understand the resentment I felt coming from my siblings. I never understood what I did wrong – if anything. Their attitude caused me much emotional pain and unnecessary stress. If I knew the problem, maybe I could fix it. It was all a mystery to me and still is to this day.

PART FIVE: 2007 BURGLARY AND THEFT.

An old friend calls me. He's in Vegas working a trade show. Tammy stays at the house and I meet with him. We had dinner, drinks and we talked and laughed into the wee hours. It was very late when I returned back home and I went straight to bed. The next morning, Tammy wakes me up and is hysterical. She said in a loud voice, we've been robbed – come look!

I jumped out of bed, put my robe on and sure enough, my two lock boxes were gone and my parents jewelry was gone too. Tammy's lap top was gone as well. All together, the thieves got about \$45K to \$50K in valuables. The biggest loss were about 20 gold one ounce coins and naturally all my parents jewelry.

The police arrive. They said – this is very unusual because this is a retirement community. The area is guarded and gated. There are usually never any burglaries in this area as a rule. It's a quiet safe community and the police said they rarely get any calls at all. They said this is very strange.

No forced entry and the dog didn't bark to wake us up. The police also said that this incident is very weird. Tammy told the police – we could have been killed by the intruders! My thoughts, yeah, I guess she was right. We could have been killed because we slept through the burglary.

A week later . . .

One day, I returned from running errands. I glanced in the side house window and noticed Tammy reading my mother's Living Trust. It was a large thick heavy binder – I knew exactly what it was. It wasn't hidden – but it was in a drawer. By the time, I got inside the house, she was sitting at the computer and the “Living Trust” was back in the drawer.

If you're not aware of a Living Trust; it is a legal instrument that describes the assets of the person or Trustor; how and who they want their assets distributed after their death. It's similar to a WILL but with different legalities. I was the Trustee of my mother's Trust. A trustee carries out the wishes of the Trustor. The trustee manages the trust by negotiating and selling assets – then distributing the assets according to the wishes of the Trustor.

I never mentioned to Tammy that I noticed her reading mom's Living Trust – because as soon as I walked inside, she had me involved in some discussion about some tree trimming company who wanted to trim the trees in front and more small talk. I forgot about it.

Tammy also wants to discuss her getting a car of her own. She says she feels too vulnerable not owning a car. I said, why buy a car – just keep driving mother's car for now. Tammy insisted she wanted to own a car. She said she didn't feel safe without her own car. At the time, I understood, because I never feel safe either without my own car. A car means freedom. I always liked my

freedom. So, I understood. I said, “How will you buy a car – you have no job?” She said, “I don’t know, I’ll find a way.”

The solution came. Tammy said, “My ex-husband will loan me the money to get a car.” I said why don’t you purchase mom’s car? She said your mom’s car is not really what I want. I said, Ok. I’ll put an ad in the paper and sell it. About a week later, a man called and said he wanted to buy mom’s car. I said, Tammy, there is a man who wants to buy mom’s car. Are you sure you don’t want it? She said – well, I changed my mind.

The next day, Tammy gave me \$11,000 in cash. She got a good deal.

During the remainder of the year, I was working hard on fixing up mother’s house to sell. Plus I was dealing with negotiations on other properties my parents owned. My siblings were pressuring me to liquidate everything as quickly as possible. Why? I have no idea. None of them needed the money. However, I was the Trustee and I did everything as I should.

During the next few months, I’m still in heavy negotiations with a major real estate player (a popular department store). Legally, I can’t mention their name. They were seriously trying to purchase about 4 acres of land my parents owned for over 50 years. They were willing to pay over three times the appraised value for the land – that’s how bad they wanted it. I sold the property for \$2,010,000. My father only paid \$10K for the property – I pretended my dad was looking down on me and I wanted to make him proud. I

made him a profit of a cool two million bucks! I negotiated for over a year – held out and made it happen . . . all in his memory.

One day, after talking with Tammy about Living Trusts, Wills, etc. I decided I needed a “Will”. Seeing how I didn’t have any children or a spouse, plus my siblings were acting weird and I didn’t think any members of my family would appreciate my gifts after I’m gone.

I had a big idea to leave my assets to the children of my closest friends. I was in the process of gathering all their social security numbers for my Will. Tammy created her “Will” and made me sole beneficiary. (However, she didn’t have any assets other than the car she just purchased.) She also made me the only beneficiary of her life insurance policy.

She acted disappointed and almost mad that I chose the children I barely knew, of my friends, to be the beneficiaries of my WILL. She accused me of not caring enough about her and she implied that she should be the sole beneficiary in my WILL – after all, I was sole beneficiary in her WILL. (She never asked to be – she implied)

Eventually, I realized that the woman in my life who’s been with me for the last couple of years, who was with me during a painful and heartbreak death of my mother, should be the sole beneficiary in my WILL.

I sold mother's house. I actually sold it for twice what my parents paid for it. This was only six years after they purchased it. Tammy and I moved out in August of 2007.

I'm very grateful to "Jim", my real estate attorney who stuck with me through all the transactions. I trusted him and he trusted me. We had a great rapport. And we remained friends even after the biggest property deal was complete. He is a good man. I enjoyed knowing him.

I also sold my mother's house and another property. I was praised by everyone for handling all the negotiations without a "hitch" – except by my siblings. They never showed me any appreciation for all the hard work and time I put into it. They simply cashed their checks and lived their lives.

Those were very emotionally painful days for me. My parents had died and now 11 members of my family are virtually gone as well. I felt alone. Tammy was all I had.

I wanted to lease a house for only one year because I still had family "Trust" business to liquidate plus I couldn't stand living in Las Vegas. I didn't want to be tied to a purchased house. I wanted to be able to move without any hassles. Living in Idaho had been in my plan for many years.

We moved into a lease house August -2007. I liked the owner of the house. He is Russian and is a hard working man with an easy going personality. I paid one year in advance. It was a happy day for him. The house had high 20 ft cathedral ceilings – three large bedrooms – large open

spaces – swimming pool – nice patio – great landscaping – gated community. It was a safe, clean nice place to hang a hat for a year. It was not a mansion, but it was clean and safe.

Tammy got a job as a “temporary” corporate assistant for a high tech software company. I had been supporting her and her bills for over year. We decided she should go back to work.

PART SIX: 2008. BEING A TRUSTEE IS A THANKLESS JOB.

Being a Trustee was extremely tedious and nerve wracking. I learned very quickly, being a “Trustee” is a thankless job. Since 2006, my siblings and I only talked through our attorneys.

It was the most disturbing time of my life. It was an unnecessary nightmare dealing with my siblings. Because of my siblings, the Trust paid out well over \$40K for unnecessary legal fees – not counting the legal fees they encountered. It was non-sense and a total waste.

My siblings and I have been estranged and we’ve had no real communication.

My Trust attorney and I did not have a clue as to why my siblings were so mean to me and purposely trying to make things difficult. It was all a mystery. We both tried to satisfy them. He said once, “What are they trying to do . . . give the entire inheritance to the attorneys?”

I asked my siblings many times, what their problem was – they either ignored the question or avoided it. I never got an answer. They all received an inheritance of nearly \$500K each and they still gave me grief. I was even able to save the Trust \$500,000 in taxes, in which they could have never received on their own. Like I said, being Trustee is a thankless job.

Tammy lived at the house for about six months. She had so many clothes she had both rooms filled with chrome self standing clothes racks and over 300 pairs of shoes. Both of the large walk-in closets in each bedroom were packed with her clothes. Both of the rooms were an unimaginable wreck.

There are no words to describe the way she lives. She was not this way at my mother's house – because she had very little there. She lives in a pig sty. The rest of the house was immaculate – but it was me who kept it that way.

Later, I hired a mid-aged Mexican housekeeper. She was good, dependable and very reasonable. She mopped the tile floors and cleaned the bathrooms. She only had to clean twice a month. I kept the living room, kitchen and master bedroom picked up and neat.

Tammy Gets Her Own Place . . .

March of 2008, Tammy and I decide it would be best if she got her own place to live. She was not happy about moving. It was not a violent or loud break-up. We were amiable, however there was some sadness. Within about 30 days, she rented a four bedroom house about two blocks from me. She rented out three of the four bedrooms very quickly.

The area or neighborhood we lived was very upscale with several gated communities. The landscape in the area was beautiful. It didn't even look like we lived in the desert. Higher caliber people (even higher wage earner renters) want to live in this area. This area is much safer than other

areas of Las Vegas. At the time, there were over 20,000 gang members living in Las Vegas. The crime is outrageous.

Tammy lied to her roommates and said she was paying much more for the house than she was. This way – the roommates paid the entire rent plus nearly all the utility bills. Her out-go for rent was practically zero and she gets to live in the big master bedroom was almost FREE.

This is how Tammy rolls.

In the mean time, I'm living in a big house (way too big for me) all by myself. I seldom use the pool. I'm not a big sun guy, so it was all a big waste to me. The only reason I leased this particular house was because this is what Tammy wanted. If it were just me, I would live in a one bed condo. No big deal.

Tammy calls me. She is interviewing for jobs again. She asks if I will lie and tell her potential employers what a great employee she is. In other words, she's creating a false employment history. Naturally, being an employer in the past, I knew the game. This is why I never depend on an employee's past job history. It's too easy to dummy up. Tammy knows I have a Class – C Corporation and it is in good standing. She wanted to use me for a job reference. Tammy eventually found someone to vouch for her and lands the job.

Again, this is how Tammy rolls.

Tammy and I are still speaking and we have lunch or dinner together at least 2 or 3 times a week. We're friendly

and she still comes by the house and we watch movies together. She does not manage her money well and every once in awhile she will hint about unpaid bills. I give her some cash once in awhile just to help her out. She acts very appreciative. As long as it appears she's trying to help herself, I don't mind helping her.

Once, she was complaining about an IRS debt of about \$2,000. She said, if she could just pay that off, it would end all her stress. Naturally, guess who paid it? You got it. I paid the IRS debt for her.

Sometime in September . . . Tammy calls me. She's upset and her voice is cracking. She's working a job that is way over her pay grade. They are requesting things of her that she doesn't know how to do. She's having problems with other employees. (Tammy seems to always have problems with employees wherever she works.) I've known Tammy for four years. She's had at least four jobs. She was fired or laid off from each one of them. Do I know the reasons? No.

Anyway, I told Tammy, that if she wasn't happy at her job, then maybe she should quit and find something she enjoyed doing. Later on that day, Tammy told me she quit her job, but the company didn't know she quit, she took her two weeks paid vacation without telling them she was quitting.

She used her medical insurance coverage to have a hysterectomy. She always had pain in her abdomen area and her OB/GYN recommended a hysterectomy because she was almost too old to have children anyway. This operation would end all or most of her pain.

In the mean time, Tammy invites two of her female friends and their dad to Las Vegas. She told me they were to help her recover once she returns from the hospital.

I Get House Guests . . .

Tammy asked me if it would be OK if they stayed at my house, because there was no room at her home. I had two extra bedrooms – both were furnished. I said that would be fine.

Tammy has her surgery and is in the hospital in mid November. One of the sisters was a Kentucky hillbilly; she didn't look anything like her sister. I'm not kidding; this woman only had one tooth in the center of her mouth – just like in the movies. She was very ignorant and dressed horribly. The other woman said she worked at a bank. She was well groomed, well dressed and articulate.

Their father was a quiet man and said he was a retired Fire Chief. He was almost unlikable. He spent a few evenings at the local casino playing blackjack. He stayed in one of my furnished bedrooms for several days and nights and even ate my food. One morning, while I was in my room, a cab came to take him to the airport. This man did not tell me thank you - kiss my ass – nothing. I walked out of my room – I said to his daughters, “Where's your dad”. They said, “Oh, he left for the airport.”

All three of these people, seemed strange to me and were not gracious at all. I provided a free place to live and I also fed them all several times. I never once got a “thank you”. They also happen to be there on my birthday. I didn't get a

happy birthday, no card, nada zip from these people. Tammy made a big deal about my birthday. She cooked steaks out on the patio and she invited people I know to celebrate and naturally my house guests were there as well.

MY HOUSE GUESTS WERE TRYING TO GUESS THE CREDENTIALS OF A BANK Account.

One evening, while Tammy was in the hospital, I was in the back of the house and walked into the computer room. My two guests were at one computer and speaking very softly. They had a bank account screen open and they were trying to “guess” the credentials to enter the account. They kept trying over and over. I made a noise and they looked around. A few seconds later they stopped what they were doing. (By the way, I bank at the same bank that was on the computer screen)

I spent every evening with Tammy at the hospital. She was in the hospital for five days. My three visitors, strangely enough, left to go back home, one day before Tammy was released from the hospital. ***What happened to them helping her recover from her operation?*** I don’t know. Tammy said she was upset with them, because they didn’t come see her at the hospital but one time.

Before the women left my house for the airport, I noticed their suit cases – I remember one of them seemed to be over packed with a large bulge. I noticed how protective they were of it. A few days later, after they left, all my nice queen size and king size sheets and pillow cases were missing. My house guests stole all my sheets. It was a few hundred dollars worth.

Christmas Time in Las Vegas - Ho Ho Ho.

Christmas was never a happy time for Tammy. She didn't like the holidays and I never really understood the reason. Because of Tammy being in the hospital, I wanted to make it a fun Christmas for Tammy.

I bought her all kinds of presents. I had them all laid out on my big dining room table – all gift wrapped. I wanted it to be a big surprise. I just wanted to see a happy Tammy.

She unwrapped all the presents and she seems to be happy – but I could feel something wasn't right. An hour or so later, she killed the mood and the spirit of Christmas. She accused me of wanting to see other women. “Wanting” is the key word.

Number one, we were never exclusive and number two, I was not seeing another woman. She was always suspicious of me. *Now, I know why. She was “projecting” on to me what she was doing..*

She created this big messy argument and she destroyed my Christmas “giving”. She had no money – so, she was unable to purchase anything for me – but that was fine. I just wanted the joy of giving to her.

Christmas day ended with her storming out the door, throwing her Christmas gifts in the backseat and squealing off in her car.

I believe the truth is; she had a secret life with her ex-husband and other men that she was keeping from me. She told me she was sole beneficiary of her ex-husband's

WILL. I believe she created a silly argument with me on Christmas so she could spend the rest of the day with her ex-husband and his father.

PART SEVEN: 2009 SIBLINGS AND MORE TRUSTEE DUTIES

It's a New Year and I'm still working with my real estate agent and trying to liquidate the last of some vacant desert properties. We make contact at least three times a week. The economy is getting worse and real estate prices are dropping. My siblings are sending me hateful emails and putting more pressure to sell, sell and sell.

I'm trying to lower the prices of the vacant properties in order to sell them – however, my siblings will not provide me the written permission. I'm still at a loss as to their strange and mean attitude. I'm sick of being Trustee and getting their hate mail.

I wanted to end my Trustee responsibilities. I provided several very “fair” proposals that would split up what was left in the Trust. However, my siblings rejected every single proposal. It was a crushing blow each time I was rejected. They seem to enjoy rejecting my proposals each time. I'm not sure if they really understood them or not.

I still see Tammy once in awhile – about once or twice a week. She comes to my house to visit. In April, 2009, Tammy brings a young man by my house. I think she met him as someone who wanted to rent a room from her. She had no vacancies, but she knew I had some vacant rooms. I had never rented my bedrooms before and was leery about living with a stranger.

I had already experienced the “thieves” who were my house guests.

Tammy persuaded me that it would be good if I had someone living at the house with me for safety or emergency reasons. At the time, it seemed she was looking after me.

Anyway, this guy seemed to be quite creditable. He was a manager of the Walgreens in the nearby shopping center and he was going to College getting his masters degree. He was shy and very neat and clean. He was never a bother at all and always paid his rent on time. He wasn't any company at all – he spent all his time in his bedroom or away from the house. The young man (late 20s) rented a room from me for two years.

In about June, a man named Louis dropped by my house and asked about renting a room. I had another room available and he seemed like a good guy. He was very much into nutrition and he had a good reputable job. He worked at the Luxor Hotel with Chris Angle the “Illusionist”. He had broken up with his girlfriend and needed a safe, clean place to call home for awhile. He really liked my home. We both knew it was only temporary. He caused me no trouble at all. I believe he stayed through the month of August.

An Alaskan Cruise?.

About mid July, one of the casinos invited me and a guest – for a Free 10 day Alaskan Cruise. All I had to do was pay for plane tickets to Seattle. On the same trip, I decided to

look for land outside Dallas. After talking to an old friend of mine who lives in the Dallas area; I thought it might be nice to connect back with him and his family. He's married with three teenage boys. I contacted a realtor to get a list of houses and land for me to look at outside the city of Dallas. I wanted about 5 to 10 acres.

I called Tammy. I said I need someone to make travel arrangements for me. She said...where are you going? I said, not just me, you and I are going on a 10 day Alaskan Cruise. She was so excited. She loves to travel and loves to make travel arrangements...both were right down her alley. She came over the next day and made all the arrangements.

Soon, we flew from Las Vegas to Seattle. We boarded the huge Cruise Ship. We found our cabin and off we sailed. It was a beautiful trip with lots of incredible scenery. It was an all inclusive trip – meaning all meals were included. We visited many of the “Shows” on the cruise and we had a good safe time. There was no drama.

Except once . . .

Inside the cruise cabin, Tammy shows me a small bag of cocaine. She said, let's party and do this, OK? At the time she's 46 years old – I'm 56 years old. I said #1, I don't do drugs and you know it. #2, where and how did you get this stuff on the boat? They have drug sniffing dogs at customs? She pointed between her legs – yep, she stuffed it all up inside of her vagina. She says, I've done this before, I know how to do it. I said, “You've got to be kidding me.”

I said, if you get caught with that...with all the cameras on this boat, you'll probably go to prison. I believe this scared her. We made our way up to the top floor of the ship; we were standing at the rear. There was a slight breeze and we were at least 12 floors up. She tosses the tiny bag of cocaine off the ship...but the wind grabs it and throws it back on one of the floors. I looked at her...and she looked at me....all we could do was crack up laughing.

We immediately walked away.

Eventually, all good things come to an end. The cruise was over and we're docked again in Seattle. We catch a cab to the airport and fly to Dallas, Texas. I hadn't been back to Dallas in about 10 years, Although, I remember much of it – things change in 10 years. Lots of new highways and the city seems to be dirtier than I remember. Lots of Mexican graffiti on buildings and it was sort of depressing.

We leased a car at the airport and drove to the area near the real estate office. We checked into a hotel and I registered for two adjoining rooms. Tammy snores so loud that sometimes I can't sleep. It's seems to be annoying for her – but costly for me. We went out to dinner, then back to the hotel because we were meeting the realtor the next day.

I wake up with what seems like a slight sore throat. I thought I was getting sick. I told Tammy to call the realtor and say we are running late and we will call when we are heading that way. I went back to sleep.

A few hours later, I wake up. Tammy said she was going to the local restaurant and asked me if I wanted anything. I

said, “Yes, bring me some chicken noodle soup”. She returned within 30 minutes or so. I was half asleep from napping all morning. I ate the soup but it tasted horrible and had a strange metallic taste – but I ate it all anyway. I lied back down and fell asleep.

An hour or so later, I wake up. The room is spinning. I rise up and sit on the side of the bed. The room is still spinning. I can’t get my balance to stand up. My vision is blurry and my heart seems to be pounding. I know something is wrong and I realize I’m not in control of my body. I yelled for Tammy.

She comes into the room. I said, “Please call the paramedics – something is not right”. She asks, “Are you sure?” I said, “Tammy, you know I don’t go to doctors unless it’s an emergency...call them please.” She did. The paramedics came to the hotel room within minutes. They put me on the stretcher and off I went to the hospital. Tammy followed in the lease car.

I remember waking up in the emergency center bed with IVs in me. They were giving me fluids. I was still hazy and confused. I saw Tammy sitting next to me. The nurses was coming and going. I asked Tammy, what’s going on? I asked how long I’ve been there. She said about eight hours – She said, you keep waking up and sleeping and they still didn’t know what is wrong with you.

Finally, a doctor was walking by my room. In a loud voice, I said, hey Doc, what’s wrong with me? He said, well, he just got the results from the blood test and I had an overdose of ‘OPIOIDS’ in my system. I said Doc, “I don’t do

drugs – do you see any needle marks? How did Opioids get into my body?|

He said, I have no clue, but had you not arrived when you did, you would be dead.”

I looked at Tammy. She was quiet and just sat there.

Me, the big problem solver, used my logical brain and created a likely scenario. I said...”It was the chick noodle soup”. When Tammy was ordering the soup at the restaurant, the kitchen help noticed Tammy and they spiked the soup with opioids and decided to follow her to the hotel. Then once she was drugged – they planned to rape her. They listened through the door and heard a man and left the hotel.

I ate the noodle soup instead and that foiled the plan. That was my conclusion. And that’s what I thought for THREE more years.

I left the hospital – Tammy drove us back to the hotel. I went straight to bed – still hazy. I slept for two full days.

Later in the week, we meet with the realtor. We were shown probably 30 different houses and properties. I wasn’t interested in any of them – plus Dallas area changed and I lost interest in living in Texas. Tammy was happy because she didn’t like Texas at all.

We fly back to Las Vegas.

This was my little vacation. I needed a break, however, I almost died.

Tammy Suggests I Purchase A Program Called “QuickBooks” . . .

It's the month of September, 2009. I've been working on a new Internet marketing project for the last few months. Before leaving for my Alaskan Cruise, I had been working with designers and programmers. Now, it was back to work.

Tammy suggested that I get a program called “QuickBooks”. It's a program that businesses use to pay their vendors from the computer and it's tied to the corporate bank account.

She said, “I'd like to help you set it up and I can be your bookkeeper. I would only take about 1 or 2 hrs twice a month to do it.” She wanted to help me because of the stuff I had done for her in the past. This was a favor from her to me. I accepted.

In December, 2009 - I did a self audit of my expenses, first time in several months. I noticed over \$12,000 in checks written out to Tammy Sweeden. They were sent to her address in the amount of \$600 each week. I couldn't believe my eyes. She was at my house watching TV. I called her into the computer room.

I said, “There is over \$12,000 worth of checks written out to you... why?” She got tears in her eyes. She said I was hoping to get it back in your bank account before you found out. I will pay it all back, I promise. (Tammy was unemployed) She drove home and returned with three

checks – not cashed. In other words, she had so many checks; she didn't have time to cash them all.

She became very apologetic and she cried. I got silent. This was another Christmas Tammy ruined for me. I don't believe I spent it with her. I'm sure I was alone.

Tammy and I were never intimate again. I lost my desire.

PART EIGHT: 2010. TAMMY HAS A SECRET LIFE.

Tammy goes back to school . . .

Tammy enrolls in a school that the State provides. It's for those people who are financially unstable or need assistance. She takes all types of computer courses. She meets other students and teachers in the school. She told me about a few.

Tammy is admitting she's seeing other men, but she says she's not serious about anyone. I'm an admitted work-a-holic. I'm always working on projects. I enjoy accomplishing things – some people think that's weird. At the time, I'm not interested in meeting any more women from Las Vegas. I'm having thoughts of getting out of dodge.

I'm still working my projects and also trying to sell the "Trust" properties. The economy is also getting worse. My siblings were still mean and hateful. I was anxious to put an end to it all.

In April, I hired a Russian website designer. I liked him. He and I got somewhat close; however, he wasn't very reliable. So, I hired another guy. He was a big fat man-named Al. He was about 5'7" and weighed about 300 lbs. He had a massive fat stomach. We seemed to get along fine and he was extremely reliable. He worked with me

seven days a week. He was hungry with a wife and three small children – all under 13 at the time. I paid him well.

However, as time went on, I noticed Al creating projects for me. I would end one project, then he would persuade me I needed something else. I noticed what he was doing. He was trying to keep his pay checks coming. Al, was likable and I enjoyed spending time with him. The more projects I had the more money he made. Was he a con artist? Yeah, but I only allowed him to take what I wanted him to take. I'm sure he thought he found a real sucker. I eventually had to let him slowly disappear.

Tammy has a Stalker?

One summer evening Tammy knocks on my front house door. She's in an almost panic mode and said she had been dating an alcoholic and she told him she was not interested in seeing him anymore. She said he keeps calling her non-stop and knocking on her door at all hours. She said once they were standing on the front porch and he threw her off. She called the police and had him arrested and put in jail. Now, he is stalking her.

Tammy asked me for a gun. She knew I had a small collection of shotguns, rifles and hand guns.

I resisted and didn't want to loan her a gun. However, she insisted. She said, "I need it for my protection." So she shamed me into loaning her a small silver caliber gun with a pearl handle. I taught her how to shoot it. I said to her, please do not lose this gun, it's an heirloom from my father. She said, don't worry.

Tammy was at my house in August. I owned a 1999 SUV. I was backing out of my garage and I accidentally hit Tammy's front right fender. She was parked across the center and I just didn't see her car and created a small dent. No damage to my large SUV. I came inside and apologized to her.

She almost went into a rage. I didn't expect her crazy attitude. I said, Tammy I'll fix it – it's no big deal. The next day, I called a few body guys who said they could easily fix the small damage in the drive way. Tammy said no, she wanted a professional auto body man with an official shop to fix it. I said let me fix it, I'll pay cash. I don't want my insurance rates to increase.

Tammy got professional expensive estimates. She turns this incident into my car insurance company plus says I also hit her back fender (it was already damaged) and collected a check from my insurance company for \$1,200. She used this money to move to California with her girl friend and her boyfriend. (This is her story)

Tammy never used the insurance money to fix her car.

This is how Tammy Sweden rolls.

Aug, 2010. I owned a 1999 Silver Tahoe. It's in immaculate condition. One day, the fuel pump goes out and it happens to go out in my garage. I call a mobile mechanic. He replaces the fuel pump and charges me \$500. The next day, there is a manifold leak. He blew my engine by not installing the pump correctly. He took no blame. My SUV was worthless. I sold the SUV to a

reputable mechanic for \$1,500. It was tough to see it go. I drove it for 10 years.

I called a person I knew who understood the new car business and owned a couple of dealerships from years past. I knew the type of SUV I wanted to buy. They shopped for me and negotiated a good price. I said, I didn't want to haggle...I just wanted to walk in, write a check and drive out. This is what happened. I was able to save about \$8K off the sticker price. 2010 Nissan Pathfinder. It's a good, safe, dependable SUV for me. I like it.

October, 2010. My five year tenor as Trustee was coming to an end. I got a notice that my siblings had voted me out as Trustee and replaced me with the 2nd in command. It was one of my other sisters listed to take my place within the "Trust".

My responsibilities as Trustee are over. I never spoke to my siblings again. I'm sure they sold the other properties and kept the money for themselves. I do not know and do not care. Let me back up; if they were a different type of people with completely different and likable personalities, and then yes, I would naturally and certainly miss their loss.

I knew I would miss the experience and joy of watching my nephews and nieces grow up, but that was another heartache I would have to endure and live with. Plus there was nothing I could do about it. I've had thoughts that when they are adults that maybe they will want to see me and come spend time with me. Time will tell, but by then,

any bond and emotion they have for me will be nearly gone and a faded memory.

As of that day, I knew eleven members of my family were probably gone forever, including two brother in-laws which make 13 members. My father once said to me, “Just because they are family, doesn’t mean they are your trusted friends.”

After my siblings became adult women, my parent’s bond with them seem to diminish over the years. My parents seldom talked about it with me, but it was obvious. My siblings became religious and were quick to criticize and judge. Being in their presence of my siblings was uncomfortable. So, maybe that was it. They seldom visited my parents because they lived in “Sin City.”

My father said to me before he died. “Son, you’re the only man in this world I trust”. If anything happens to me, please take care of your mother. And that I did.

Tammy moves out of State with friends . . .

I don’t see Tammy for a few months. She had a secret life. She told me she had moved to California with a girlfriend and her boyfriend. She called at least once a week or so. This was the fall of 2010. Each time, she said she was unemployed and couldn’t find a job. She always seemed worried. I’m sure she was hoping I would offer to send her money.

I did receive an insurance bill. My car insurance increased \$96 per year because of the incident with Tammy’s car. It’s a constant reminder of Tammy Sweeden.

An acquaintance who knew I had no family and knew I was alone, graciously invites me to spend Thanks Giving and Christmas dinners with him and his family. During those days, it was well appreciated gestures. I enjoyed the kids.

PART NINE: 2011 MOVING TO IDAHO.

Tammy returned to Las Vegas (I'm not sure if she really left) She said she was living with a woman and her elderly mother. She called me once a week or so. Sometimes we met for dinner. Tammy was unemployed and living on unemployment. She was getting free rent from the woman she knows. She said the woman was also a student at the computer school she had attended. They had become friends – however, Tammy never says anything good about her.

From 2005 to 2011 – Tammy moved to eight locations. I was only invited to see two of them. Why? I'm not sure. I never met most of the people in her life.

I decided real estate or buying a house wasn't a good investment. Las Vegas housing market was still dropping. In summer of 2010, I purchase a significant amount of gold as an investment. I purchased from gold dealers and individuals. I decided I didn't want to live in Las Vegas much longer, so, I was scouting for a safe place to live in Idaho. This is where I always wanted to live anyway.

I knew that an old College mate lived up in Idaho. It took me hours of research on the Internet to locate him. I finally contacted him. We had not spoken in 35 years. We were not the best of friends, obviously, after not seeing each other - plus we also had our ups and downs when we knew each other as younger men. I think we both had some reservations about a reunion.

We spoke a few times during the summer of 2011.

Gold was going up in price at a constant rate. I didn't want to sell any of my investment in order to simply pay for living expenses. I decided to sacrifice. Plus I had invested in a company and was really hoping that investment would transpire, however, the company was managed by a moron and it eventually failed.

I had some available cash and all my furniture. While living at this house for almost four years, I acquired a lot of nice furniture at wholesale prices. I was able to get great deals for all my furniture and I was able to sell it all for a profit. My favorite furniture is cheery wood and my entire house was all beautiful cherry wood furniture.

I've never been very materialistic and selling my things did not mean much to me. It can always be replaced, plus moving could damage some of the furniture. Whatever I decided to go, I had to lighten the load.

My personal life was almost non-existent, the "Trust" issues were history and I never enjoyed the desert or Las Vegas. Vegas is a place to visit occasionally – but not to live on a daily basis. As far as creating close friends – it's very difficult. Vegas people are very transient. People do not get attached to others very easily. People are there one day and gone the next. I never created a bonded friendship with anyone in Las Vegas.

I felt it was time to leave and venture off to a new life. I wanted to live in a smaller town in the hills or the

mountains. I was sick of the hustle bustle and the traffic of city living.

My old College mate up in Idaho invited me up for a visit. I called Tammy and asked her to home sit for me. There was one man renting a room at my house and he was a flake. I didn't totally trust him. It turned out I was right – he was trying to secretly move things out before I returned without paying rent.

I had a small box of valuable keep sakes of my parents in my bedroom closet. Most of the value in that small box was removed. I didn't find that out until 2014.

Anyway, I packed my SUV and I headed north to Idaho. It's a 9 hr drive. The long drive through the Nevada basin was very boring until you get into Idaho. The greenery, the streams, waterfalls and rivers were what I was looking forward to seeing. Once there, I knew this was the place for me. I knew I would like Idaho many years ago. Idaho would be where I would live out the remainder of my life.

I arranged for a hotel room. I didn't want to impose on "John", my acquaintance plus I wanted to come and go as I wanted. My old acquaintance, "John", was gracious enough to show me around the area. He made sure I saw all the places and things I needed to see. I visited the area for about 10 days. I was sold. I wanted to move there for good. I drove back to Las Vegas and sold the rest of my big furniture – packed a large U-Haul and hauled my SUV behind me.

I called Tammy. I asked her if she would you like to take a road trip with me. I'm moving to Idaho. I said, if you ride up with me, I'll fly you back home. She said, "Yep, count me in".

The day I was about to leave, my landlord dropped by the house. He hugged me. I knew I would really miss him.

Off to Idaho I go.

We left on a Thursday. I drove 6 hours, spent the night at a hotel – and then arrived at my Idaho destination by Friday afternoon. I flew Tammy back home Sunday night.

Tammy obviously had a secret life and needed to get back home. I'm sure she was living with a man. However, I never pressured her for answers....I never did that with Tammy or anyone.

I called a couple of young men from Craigslist to help me unload the truck into a storage unit at U-haul center – it was a free unit for 30 days. This gave me time to find a place to live.

Life is Good . . .

I lucked out and found the perfect place. It was a large townhome. There are two large bedrooms and a den upstairs, a large master bedroom downstairs – a double car garage with remote control. It even had a full size washer and dryer. The backyard was green with big trees. It was a pretty place to live for awhile. The best part is; the price was right.

I was saving so much money living in Idaho rather than Vegas. My townhome was half the amount I was spending in Vegas. The utilities were also half as much. Food seemed to be cheaper as well. Plus there were organic garden growers all over the area selling fresh fruit and vegetables. I was in heaven.

I was a happy man. I'm finally in a place where I feel I belong. I lived a life in limbo for so long. I really needed a place I could call home with peace of mind. I buried my parents and in my mind I also buried 13 members of my family.

My dad's best friend had also died – he was like an uncle to me. Two business associates turned out to be flakes. Tammy had also disappointed me several times. I had endured so much heartache, turmoil and disappointments – I was glad to feel some joy and happiness.

I'm living in a great small town in Idaho, Incredible scenery, a nice safe home, a great landlord. I'm reuniting with an old College mate. I'm sitting on about \$350,000 in gold bullion and I had about \$30,000 in cash. I'm driving practically a new SUV. The best thing is; I have a new marketing concept that will be extremely beneficial for small businesses, save customers money and my company could earn excellent profits. I am excited. Life is good.

My next main mission is to eventually find a house on a few acres. I want to be totally self-contained. Creating a safe environment for me and the people I care about means everything to me. The current leased townhome was temporary, but in my mind I was almost there – just one

more move and I would be in the home where I will spend the rest of my life. I'm 58 years old, in decent shape, reasonably healthy with a desire to improve. All I want now is a good woman.

The weeks are rolling by and I'm working hard on my new project. On weekends, I would take a stroll up into the mountains and drive around the rivers and lakes. Once I saw a rolling river, I pulled over and watched the bright red colored salmon swimming in the clear waters. It was a pretty sight.

I even met a couple of ladies. I had a few dates. They were very nice, pretty and seemed to be very interested in me. Things in Idaho are looking very promising.

One afternoon, Tammy calls. She calls me at least twice a week. However, this time she calls and says she's about to be homeless. She's using food stamps. She seems more worried now than ever. I said, "Tammy, I don't know what to say . . . I have this nice townhome. There are two bedrooms, a full bathroom, a den, washer and dryer upstairs and you're welcome to stay up there until you get your life together. OK?" She's choking back tears and said..."Yes, I would like that – thank you so much."

Mid November, 2011. Within a couple of weeks, Tammy was sitting in my drive way - with just her car and some clothes. I helped her unload her car and take her clothes upstairs.

I'll have to admit. I was glad Tammy was here safe and sound. I was worried about her driving those mountain roads on her trip.

I was also glad that I could relieve a lot of her worry and provide a good safe place for her to live for awhile. I was excited for both of us because Idaho was a new chapter.

With our many discussions, I told Tammy that I was seeing a couple of women. Tammy made me promise that I would not bring any women around the house while she was living there. I would never do that anyway, but out of respect for her I didn't even date any woman. I put the women on hold and focused on Tammy and my new business project.

If you can't tell by now, Tammy is a very insecure woman and highly jealous. I could never tell what Tammy's intentions were. I didn't know if she had thoughts of us being a couple or what. I had no thoughts either way. I was totally focused on my project. I had no desire to be intimate with her – that ship sailed a few years ago.

Looking like a Mountain Man . . .

One afternoon, Tammy and I are sitting on the patio having coffee. I usually have very short hair and shaven, however that particular day, my hair had grown a little more than usual and I probably had 2 or 3 day growth of beard. Tammy says that she really likes my hair longer and likes my beard. She mentions that I should look like a mountain man. I thought about it. I thought maybe I need to reinvent myself...maybe Tammy is right. So, I started growing my

hair and I grew a beard. After a few months, I looked like a real life “Mountain Man”.

We are invited to dinner at “John’s” house.

”John” has an ex-wife living in the area and a very pretty 30 year old daughter plus a three year old granddaughter. He also has a current wife of about 15 years. She has three children who do not live with them, all in their 20s. All three of her children disliked “John” and seldom come around.

“John” and his wife live in a small but nice house in a clean, safe neighborhood. She works and is the main bread winner. He is still an artsy fartsy guy – and is a photographer. His photography business is almost non-existent, but he still gets work from time to time.

He is trying to create a website by selling photography equipment – however, he knows nothing about Internet marketing. I gave him about \$10,000 worth of valuable CDs and courses to teach him. However, he’s not the type to use such things. His website, as far as I know, did not succeed.

“John” has an air about him that screams - I’m better than you and I know-it-all. Tammy didn’t like “John” or his wife. His wife was usually very sarcastic and enjoyed correcting others. Tammy especially did not like “John’s” ex-wife or his daughter. I tried to get along with all of them and tried hard not to say anything out of place – it wasn’t easy. I bit my tongue a few times, but I got a long to get along. Sometimes, you must do things like that.

Tammy told me she thought “John” was ugly, an arrogant asshole and his wife looked like a lesbian dyke. She said, “Good gosh, she wears man’s shoes and pants.” I got along with both of them, but as time went on – I was feeling more and more tension and there was almost a hateful attitude towards me and many of our conversations became noticeably strained. I couldn’t understand the reason.

His wife and I used to laugh and joke. “John” and I didn’t see our world the same, but we were still able to laugh and have a good time together.

About once a week, “John” and his wife would ask us to meet them for dinner. Tammy never wanted to go, and requested I go without her. I was always able to persuade her to go with me, however, it was getting more difficult.

Dinner usually only lasted an hour or so. “John” also invited us to Christmas and their family Christmas dinner to Easter dinners, I wanted to go, but Tammy didn’t. We stayed home during the holidays and it was pretty much uneventful as it were with all holidays with Tammy.

“John” and his family’s attitude towards me are getting worse and worse. Their insults toward me are barely tolerable. I’m somewhat confused as to the reason, but I’m trying my best to accept it. I’m tired of biting my tongue.

PART TEN: 2012 TAMMY HAS SECRET PHONE CONVERSATIONS

My computer is in the down stairs living room. There is an open banister that over-looks the living room from the upstairs. Tammy's computer is right above me. Tammy is constantly texting people and answering texts.

When she talks on the phone it is always in her upstairs bedroom with the door closed. She has bells on her door knob so she could hear anyone entering. I never confronted her about that – but it was obvious she wanted warning before I entered, however, I was seldom upstairs.

She spends a lot of her time playing computer games. Sometimes I'll have conversations with her – I'm downstairs, she is just right above me. Usually, she never tells me she's leaving her computer to talk in her bedroom. Sometimes I end up talking to myself. I felt foolish a few times after knowing she had slipped off to her bedroom.

She talks often with a woman named "Chrissie". She moved to Salt Lake City, Utah from Las Vegas to live with her parents because she could not survive in Las Vegas. Tammy says Chrissie is miserable and is unable to earn money in SLC. She calls daily. I never talked to Chrissie. Tammy never would allow it and I never insisted.

Sometimes, Tammy hangs up the phone and says "I love you" . . . and sometimes Tammy cries after she gets off the phone with her. I asked what's wrong – but I never got a real answer. So, I stopped asking questions.

Tammy talked for hours on the phone - mornings, afternoons, late at night. She spent most of her time upstairs. She would usually make dinner and she always made my health shakes, ice tea and coffee every day. She seldom looked for a job; occasionally she would help me on my project. I was paying all her bills every month. They came to about \$600 a month.

We were always kind to each other and most of our days and evenings were quiet. I worked constantly on the computer. Occasionally we watched a movie together on Netflix. I would take her out to dinner either Friday or Saturday night. Tammy needs constant attention or stimulation. After a few months, Tammy was getting really bored with Idaho.

Tammy likes Las Vegas – she likes the sun, the night life, the gambling and the excitement. Idaho was very laid back – a family type of area. There was no night life. The town folded up at 9pm. Tammy was simply tolerating Idaho.

Tammy had bursitis in her shoulder. She said she worked on an auto assembly line for nine years when she was younger – during her 20s. Since then she had workman's comp insurance paying for medication, etc. She says she's in a lot of pain because it damaged her rotator cup in her shoulder. The damage was created by doing repetitious work – over and over again.

Tammy had a workman's compensation doctor in Las Vegas. Her story is; the workman comp insurance actually paid for her to fly back to Las Vegas once a month, rent her a car and pay for her trigger point injections, because there

was no trigger injection doctors in (Idaho) area that would accept workman's comp.

Once a month, I would take her to the airport, give her \$100 or \$200 for spending or emergency money, and then pick her up at the airport about five days later. This was a once a month ordeal. So, in all, I would give her about \$700 to \$800 per month plus room and board.

In the mean time, I'm working on my project 14 hours a day. My project was nearly ready to go. I told Tammy that if she wanted, she could run my business and it would pay as well as any job and maybe a lot more. Plus it eventually would provide life-long support for her. She would never have to worry about finding another job again. She seemed like she was happy about that. I worked long hours every day and anxious to make it all happen. I've been working on it for six months –and the final stages were being put into place.

I usually work until about 3am or 4am. I usually get up about noon. Those are my hours. Tammy will hear me up and around downstairs and will have coffee ready – then a couple of hours later; she would make my protein health shake. She would usually have one also; however, she's not the health nut I am.

“John” and his sarcasms are getting worse towards me. I seldom called him, but he would call to invite me to lunch or dinner. He admitted he did not have any friends. (After 15 years in the area and nobody?)

He acted religious in front of his wife and would give prayer before meals at dinner. When he and I were together he was a different man. He told me about all the affairs he had and the woman he used to see while he was married to his first wife. I'm not sure why he told me all of this stuff. John is my age – a year or so older.

He is the same arrogant egotistical man I knew 35 years ago. I made a mistake and I told him of my gold investment. I should never have told him – but he asked me what would be a good investment and I told him – a big mistake. He became almost obsessed with teasing me about it. He would make mention that gold will go way down in value and I would lose it all. Tammy also noticed he acted weird. Along with his wife, “John” also became increasingly insulting and saying belittling remarks to me.

His wife changed her attitude towards me a couple of weeks prior without warning. John's ex-wife and daughter also became almost invisible and his daughter also hurled a couple of insults my way. I remember “John” giggling. I remember feeling resentful because I didn't understand why they thought I deserved this treatment. Here I go again, confused with how people are treating me. I went through the same mysterious thing with my siblings.

Again, I was in the dark for their change in attitude. To this day, I'm still at a loss, but I do have my suspicions and I bet I'm right. I'll explain later.

I discussed my feelings with Tammy. Of course, she never liked any of them, so, she was almost glad that this was happening. Tammy suggested that I end my relationship

with “John’s” family. I decided to send a letter outlining my reasons for ending our reunite. Tammy said she wanted to read it before sending it. Tammy was really happy about my decision.

Tammy also said that “John’s” wife told her that “JOHN” was unable to be alone with his grandchild without adult supervision. This came as a surprise to me.

Knowing this also really bothered me. I knew “John” didn’t like children and he always had a temper plus he had sexually abused women as a young man. Plus I also knew he has no problem with killing small animals. I was really unsure what he is capable of doing to a child.

I did a search on the Internet for any type of sexual abuse, complaints or convictions, but didn’t find anything. I confronted him about it – however, he denied it and acted insulted. (I told him it came from his own wife’s mouth.)

Tammy had to leave for another Las Vegas trip to her doctor. She called every day. She also sent me a picture of her new haircut. I gave her \$200 to get her hair done while she was there. Tammy read the letter I wrote for “John”.

She said, “Just you and me, babe.”

She was right; it was just me and her. I didn’t know anyone else in the area. Tammy also said, I think John and his family are after your gold. She said he talks about it too much. Plus he and his wife barely pay their bills.

I was concerned that “John” may not take the rejection letter too well, and might seek revenge. After all, he’s no different than he was when he was 20 years old. He’s still

an insecure and emotionally immature man. I mentioned some of his deepest darkest secrets in the letter – and he knew they were all true. This is how much I didn't trust his unstable actions. This was to let him know, I had not forgotten who he is. I know he's unbalanced.

Tammy arrives back from Las Vegas. Three weeks go by. I'm still working my project and I'm getting excited about the possibilities of the project coming to fruition. Tammy and I decided to take a break.

We left Friday to visit a nearby mountain resort for a day. We drove back that evening. We were also preparing to have a sale at the local swap meet to sell items I didn't need or want the following weekend. The booth was registered and paid in advance.

I was disappointed in "John" and his family. I really wanted to make a good connection and have some sort of closeness with his family – seeing how I didn't have one and I wanted to be an asset to his family as well. Now, that's all gone.

I thought about "John" and his family a lot, however, I could no longer tolerate their attitude. Tammy was with me and she was my friend. (We were never intimate) We all wish at times people were different and circumstances were different, but we cannot control the thoughts, words or actions of others. Life just goes on.

In May of 2012, several times, I would be working at the computer and about 3pm or so, I would be so sleepy I couldn't keep my eyes open. Each time, I was up by noon

and had a full eight hours of sleep. I'm never a nap person. I had to walk into my bedroom and lay down. I slept for 3 to 5 hours. I couldn't understand why I was doing that. I would wake up and I would be in a groggy haze. I actually thought maybe I was dying of a stroke or something. I made light of it to Tammy because I didn't want to worry her. This happened probably four times.

This didn't make sense to me. I had only been up for a couple of hours – then I had to go back to sleep. It was so weird to me.

Tammy said once, sitting on the couch, in her southern accent, “If something were to happen to you what would happen to me?” She said, “what if you die?”

I thought about it and I told her ... oh nothing is going to happen.

Almost had a head on collision . . .

I think this incident happened the next day. I'm driving down the street on a two lane street. The other car coming towards me, crossed the center line just for a second, but it scared me and I veered off the road. I pulled over and stopped my SUV. I sat there for a few minutes. I thought about those words Tammy said to me about what would happen to her if I were to die.

I came home, got on the computer and I type out a coded map so Tammy could find my safe packed with gold/silver if I died for some crazy reason. Again, at the time, there was nobody else in my life. I placed the letter in an

envelope and I laid it in my dresser drawer in my bedroom. And that was that. I never thought about it again.

Sunday Evening . . . May 13, 2012.

I'm working at the computer about midnight. Tammy comes down stairs, serves me a glass of tea, kisses me on the top of my head, says "I love you" and says she's going to bed. I was watching her walk up the stairs. As she starts up the stairs, she turns to me and says "what are you looking at?"

I had no answer. I just felt, something wasn't right.

The next day, I'm lying in my bed. I feel crumbs on my chest. I look around, but I have that groggy hazy feeling again, however, this time it's much worse. My body is soar. I get up from bed. My chest hurts.

I yell for Tammy. She's no where around. I walk upstairs. I check her bedroom. No Tammy. I stumble walking down the stairs but didn't fall.

I sit down at my computer. I check my email. There's an email from Tammy.

It says something like – "I have to make arrangements to get my things – do not make me call the police." I answered. "What? What is going on? My body is soar."

I get up from the computer. I walk into my bathroom. I look in the mirror. The dried crumbs I felt was actually dried BLOOD. I looked closer and still in a haze. I couldn't decide what it was, but I determined it was a bullet

hole. Blood was gurgling at the top of the wound. It was about an inch from my heart on the upper left part of my chest.

I call Tammy. She answered on the first ring. I said, Tammy where are you? She said I'm at a hotel. I said, why? She said, "You told me to leave. I'm in a groggy haze and confused. I said, "I believe I've been shot."

The next voice I hear on my phone is the paramedics. The woman on the other end said I'll have paramedics there in a few minutes. I said, Ok. I put on lounge pants, a shirt, tennis shoes and my hat. Within minutes the phone rang. The female voice said...please walk outside. I said yes, I'll be right there.

Eight Police Officers Pointing Weapons at Me.

I open the front door and walk out. There to greet meet were at least eight Police officers all pointing weapons at me in SWAT team fashion. One officer screamed at me. "Put the cell phone down on the ground and raise your arms." I raised my arms to show I had no weapons.

Two paramedics with a stretcher rushed over to me. I lied down. They put me in the ambulance. One paramedic starting jamming gauze into the bullet hole wound. He said, "Yep, he's been shot". Another officer outside of the ambulance said, "Do you mind if we search your house." I said yes, I mind, better not take anything that's not yours."

The next thing I remember, I'm lying in a hospital bed with tubes running in and out of me.

Naturally, I'm confused. I'm wondering what the heck happened to me? Why did this happen? Who did this? Where is Tammy? Why am I alone in the hospital? I'm having dozens of unanswered questions bombarding my mind. I'm in pain. Why?

My trauma doctor walks in. He's a quiet man and he's checking my vitals and gives me fresh gauze and bandage. I asked him, "What happened, do you know?" He said, not really, but you are very lucky.

The bullet passed through you – but on its way out it knicked your lung causing the lung to collapse and the bullet cracked a couple of ribs on exit. The bullet went through your body. He said, now, we got to get rid of access fluids and keep infection at bay.

All I could think of was Tammy and what she must be going through right now. My imagination was going wild. All I could think about was poor Tammy crying, scared and not knowing what to do. I thought she must be really worried about me. I was confused and had a wide range of thoughts. Some thoughts were rational and logical. Some were pure emotional.

The next day . . . Two Police officers walk into my hospital room.

It was one female (man-like) police officer and a short balding police officer about 50 years old. He called himself Sgt Winters. They introduced themselves (without a smile) or any action or words of sympathy for me – sat down in two chairs next to my bed. The female just sat

there didn't say a word. The short fat macho acting older police officer, who later said he is the lead detective in the investigation, asked all the questions.

He sat there with his little notebook and pen – began asking me a series of goofy questions: Keep in mind, this line of questions is less than 24 hours after I was shot in the chest.

So, tell me about your sex life with Tammy? I thought, what an invasive private question to ask me. I thought it was rude. I'm not only still under the effect of the massive over dose of drugs I ingested less than 24 hours earlier, but under heavy pain medication the hospital administered to me.

We hear that you listen to alternative media Internet radio stations?

How much alcohol do you usually consume regularly?

Tell me about this food pantry you have?

Do you know how you were shot?

What type of business do you have?

Why do you have gold receipts?

Why do you have cash in your house?

They asked if I knew about a small caliber gun (25 caliber).

I said, yes, I had loaned one to Tammy about two years ago, she said she had a stocker. I said why do you ask? He said that is the caliber of gun you were shot with. I said,

“Was it silver with a white pearl handle?” He said, “Yes”.

I said, Tammy told me she left that gun in her storage unit and did not bring it to Idaho.

Then the male officer said, “So, there is no reason for your finger prints to be on that gun?” I said “Not at all, I haven’t touched it in over two years.” Sgt Winters (balding older man) sat there and rolled his eyes like some young teenage girl.

I knew something wasn’t right with his attitude. Rolling his eyes at me?? What a strange thing to do. A mature man, 50ish and rolling his eyes? This is a man of authority. I knew then, something wasn’t right.

Both officers got quiet. Then, Sgt Winters said, by the way, we found some cash. Why do you have cash at your home? We also went through your file cabinet and found gold receipts – why do you have gold receipts? We took all your firearms and your cash for safekeeping. You will get them all back when you return from the hospital.

They both got up and said, that’s all for now. I was emotional and I said, I’m not sure exactly what happened right now, but if this was an accident, please do not arrest Tammy. They looked at me like I was nuts. Sgt Winters rolled his eyes again. They walked out of the room.

After the Police left my room, I immediately called Tammy. She answered. I tricked her into admitting to me she had that small .25 caliber gun. I said, the police just left and they think you tried to murder me. She said,(in a very calm voice) “Yeah, I know” I said, “Tammy, why did you lie to me about having that small gun, you said you left it in your storage unit in Vegas. In a calm voice, she said it was for my protection. I said you lied to me Tammy.

YOU SHOT ME! I hung up the phone. I was hurt and emotional.

She had a very cold calm voice – no remorse – no sympathy – nothing.

Even at that time, I had a fuzzy memory of Tammy standing in front of me, as I sat on the couch. I do not know how long I was lying on the couch after I was shot. However, I have a fuzzy memory of seeing her in the kitchen and her saying...”live?” I walked into my bedroom, closed the door behind me. I had a loaded Glock next to my bed. I grabbed it and another loaded gun clip. I took off my shirt (don’t know why). I sit up against the back of the bed. I remember feeling scared.

That’s all my fuzzy memory can remember.

I didn’t tell the police any of this, because I wanted to process my thoughts and not say anything I would regret. I didn’t want Tammy to go to prison because of something I said that was not true or could have been a crazy accident of some kind. I just didn’t know. So, I waited and waited for the evidence and forensics to make the call.

I saw the Trauma doctor again. He came in to change my dressing again. The doctor said, you know, the police think you tried to kill yourself. However, after getting to know you, I don’t believe you did. I think you’re intelligent enough to know how to kill yourself and this is not how you do it. I’ve met several people who lived after an attempted suicide and you don’t fit the profile of anyone like that.

I said, “Doc, I have a lot to look forward to, I have no reason to kill myself.” Doc said, I know you didn’t, I hope they find the person who did this to you.”

I got to know a few of the nurses. The nurses who were personal with me had loads of sympathy and very helpful with their insight. They helped change my bullet hole dressing daily. One nurse said I’ve had a few patients in the past, in another town who were victims of shootings. After talking with me a few times, she knew Tammy was the only person living in the house. I told her I was confused and still wondered how this happened to me. She said, stop wondering who shot you, she is the shooter. You need to face that fact and go from there.

My mind just would not go there completely. It was hard for me to accept it. I couldn’t bear the thought of her being the person who wanted me dead. I just didn’t want to think she would do this to me. I was in total denial. Even though my logic mind says, she’s the one, I still wanted the evidence to prove she did it.

The next morning I decided I needed to do something to help protect myself. I felt helpless just lying in the hospital bed. I called the Police station. Sgt Compton answered the phone. I asked for detective Winters. I was told he was on vacation for two weeks. I thought how nice – the big shot lead detective goes on vacation the next day after I spoke to him.

Sgt Compton said he was one of the officers at my house the day I was rushed to the hospital by ambulance. He said, “That was the most exciting thing he had experienced in

years.” I thought to myself - this guy is a “goober”. Anyway, I asked him to please keep Tammy out of my home because I have valuables in there and I don’t want to lose them. He said there was nothing he could do. She is welcome to come and go as she pleased, besides she’s already moved everything out and has left town.

My stomach did a flip and I felt sick. Something is not right. Why isn’t Tammy here in the hospital with me? Why would she leave me? I felt alone.

I was trying to figure out how I could get out of the hospital. There was a long piece of gauze stuffed in the bullet hole and a large bandage on my chest. I had a hose stuck in my chest cavity that was draining fluids, I had an IV in my hand and I was groggy from pain medication. My mind was racing on what to do. I needed to check to see if my valuables were safe.

I was worried – my life-savings was the only retirement I had.

Finally, I calmed down and decided, certain things were not in my control at that time and I needed to do whatever it was the doctor wanted of me in order to live.

My trauma doctor returned. I asked him, Doc, when can I go home? He said, by the way it looks like you’ll be ready to go home in the next 3 or 4 days. I said, “Oh Doc, I really need to leave today.” He said, no way, once this fluid is drained from your chest cavity, then you’ll be released. We must get this fluid off of your lungs. I agreed and followed the doctor’s order.

Finally, today was the day. I'm ready to go home. I asked one of the nurses where my clothes were. She said she didn't know but would check. She returned and said, "The police took your clothes the day you were brought in". I thought to myself - that's weird. She said I'll find some old scrubs and a t-shirt for you. She brought them to me and that's how I left the hospital. Naturally, I had to call a cab because I didn't know anyone.

I realized I had no keys to my house. So, I had to call a locksmith to meet me when I get to the house.

A couple of the nurses came by to see me and say good-bye. They all treated me very nice. It was good to have someone around who cared – even if that is their paid profession. I really felt like they liked me and did care.

It was gone . . .

The cab pulls up in front of my house and the lock smith is there at the house to meet me. It only takes him 5 minutes and we walk inside. I paid him with a bank card, \$50. The police left my wallet but took the cash they found – about \$6,500. After the cab left, I immediately went to check to see about my small safe full of gold-bullion. I went to the location and my heart sunk. It was gone.

My house had been ransacked by the police. They removed all my bedding, sheets, blankets, expensive pillows, some clothes, shoes, all my firearms, cash, gun cases, papers, they even had my cell phone. They left personal letters out where I could see they read them, etc. They went through my garage and searched all through my

tubs of personal items. My file cabinet had been gone through and my personal phone address book was out. They removed 26 items from my house. They removed and will not release \$2,150 worth of my personal items.

My neighbor later told me, the police were inside my house for about eight hours. She said the police also interviewed all the neighbors about me. She said it was a real circus.

She also said, the day the police were all pointing their weapons at me, the TV news crew were there filming the house and even had everything on the 6'oclock news report. I said "Oh my gosh, that's ridiculous." She said, well, this is big deal in a small town like this.

I wouldn't discuss too much of my thoughts about what happened with her – I thought it best to remain quiet until I hear from forensics. I needed to see whose finger prints were on the gun that shot me. Tammy had dropped the gun on the floor in front of the couch, according to police.

The next day – I drove straight to "John's house. I told him I come in peace and I needed to talk. He wouldn't invite me inside. He said, "you're not gonna shoot me, are you, (hehehe)? I said, "I don't know.... should I?"

So, I invited him to sit in my SUV. He began by giving me a long arrogant dissertation about what a victim he was. He was upset because he was interviewed by the police for three hours – all because of the letter with all his secrets.

He told me that he denied all of it to the police. He also said, Tammy texted him and his wife almost non-stop –

frequently until the night I was shot. He also said, Tammy dropped by his house about one week before the incident.

He said, Tammy showed him a small caliber gun and wanted him to show her how to load it and where to get ammo. He said, Tammy's reason was, she was afraid of me. He said, I'm not stupid, I held the gun with my shirt-tail. I didn't want my fingerprints on the gun.

I said to John, do you remember, when I told you, that I wanted Tammy to have a new life here and I had forgiven many things she had done to me. He said, "Yes, I remember". I wanted to give her a clean slate. This is why I never told you about her faults. I wanted her to make new friends without anyone knowing anything about what she had done to me in the past. I didn't want people to judge her.

I asked John, are you saying Tammy has been talking and texting to you and Dixie all this time without me knowing? Yep, she texted me and my wife constantly. She was scared of you and she said we were her only friends.

I said, "John", Tammy can't stand you or your family. I told him, do you know I had to beg her to meet you guys for dinner? She despised you and your entire family!!! He said, "Well, she's a great actress then." John, also said, Tammy stayed at our house after I was shot. He said she showed up at our door about 2 am – she was scared. He said she puked for two days.

I said, "John" how much time have you been around Tammy until now? I'll answer for you – I would say no

more than 20 hours, right? He said that's probably right. John, I've been around her for seven fucking years. OK? Tammy throws up every day. She has a nervous sick stomach and the slightest thing will make her puke.

I said, I'm not real positive how I got shot, but I guarantee I didn't shoot myself.

PART ELEVEN: MY THOUGHTS

My companion is gone, I'm in pain, I have a bullet hole in my chest, and I was robbed of my lifesavings. My entire life is turned upside down. However, arrogant "John", the asshole, is sitting there telling me what a victim he is and the "hell" I put him through.

"John" is a narcissistic ASS.

Naturally, I'm not supposed to be driving a car for at least two weeks, but this was 48 hours after being released. I had no choice. After the "John" conversation, I drove straight to the police station. I had to get things done.

The two female police women (very manly) greeted me. They returned my cash and my cell phone but would not release anything else. They gave me some forms to be filled out for an extensive firearms back ground check and I was to get the papers notarized. They even asked to finger print me.

Their excuse was; they needed to have my finger prints on file to match against the finger prints that might be found on the gun that shot me. I thought ... I have nothing to lose because I know my finger prints couldn't be on that gun. I had not handled that gun in over two years. Well, it wasn't just finger prints they wanted...as I was going through the process, I soon realized they were registering all my prints into a national data base. It was too late.

I asked, “Did you also get Tammy’s finger prints”. The female officer giggled and said, “no, but she said she will cooperate”. I thought to myself - something is not right here. They didn’t know that I already knew she left town. So, I think the officer was lying to me. They never expected or wanted her finger prints or they would already have them. This told me, they probably are not even considering her as a suspect.

Two days go by. I’m naturally still trying to recover. I have to change my wound dressing every 12 hours to keep it clean. I’m following doctor’s orders. The only thing I don’t do is; take the pain pills as often as suggested. I don’t like how they make me feel.

Within 48 hours, I have all the firearm background check paper work done and I get it all notarized as requested. I hand deliver my paper work. I asked them at the time, if I can have just one of my firearms for my protection. They said, absolutely not. They would not release any firearm without a background check.

Every day and night I’m nervous, I don’t know if Tammy or a hired gun man may come back to finish the job and kill me. I got very little sleep. I had no protection at all. I’m still confused as to what had happened and why. My logical mind knew what happened, but my emotional mind had a tough time believing it.

Four weeks go by. I’m noticing I’m short of breath and it was getting worse. I couldn’t climb my stairs without being winded and having to stop and rest. At my next doctor’s appointment I mentioned this. He said I was afraid this

might happen. I'm sorry, but you're going to need lung surgery. I said, "What?" Oh doc, I really don't want to do that if I don't need it. He said, liquid has dried on your lungs and if you don't get it all scraped off, you can catch pneumonia and it could be life threatening. He walked into his office and called a Thoracic surgeon and explained my situation.

I met with the Thoracic surgeon the next morning. I was there early. He came walking into his office lobby area wearing a t-shirt, jeans and cowboy boots. (You know what I'm thinking) He sat down with me and said, "So, you got shot, huh?" big smile. I said, "Yep, I did."

I said I'm not crazy about doing this surgery thing; I just got out of the hospital, now this? I asked how much pain was involved. He said, "It isn't going to hurt any more than being shot." He obviously, was trying to have a sense of humor. However, I really didn't feel like laughing.

I asked the surgeon, so, when are we going to do this? I expected him to say in a couple of weeks or so. He said, tomorrow afternoon. I said, really?? He walked me over to his assistant to make the arrangements. He shook my hand and said, "I'll see you tomorrow."

Long story short – my lung surgery was a success, but the pain was much more than I had ever expected. It was extremely painful. He cut a 10" incision across a large muscle in my back, spread my ribs apart with a vice grip machine, stuck a tool inside to scrape the dried fluid off my lung. He said it took about 1 ½ hours. I was in the hospital for another FIVE days.

Again, I arrive home by cab; however, I'm able to wear my own clothes home this time.

So, now I had the pain of the bullet hole wound in the front, the exit wound in the back plus the painful incision from the lung surgery. It was hell. Trying to sleep was almost unbearable. I was all alone in the house. I'm still confused with no real concrete answers.

Again, I'm not supposed to drive for at least six weeks. However, I was driving the very next day. I had no choice. I need to get food and supplies. Maybe I could ask one of the neighbors, but I had only lived there a few months and didn't feel comfortable asking anyone. So, I ran my errands myself.

I called a couple of friends I've known for 25 years. They live in another state. I explained what had happened. They were almost in shock. Both men are very logical and critical thinkers. They both agreed I should not be living at that location or in that town any more.

It was too dangerous and the police were acting weird and were surely not my friend. It was becoming more and more obvious; the police had their own secret agenda. We all agreed it would be best for me to leave town and get somewhere safe. Small town police can be much more corrupt than even big city police.

I had a large storage unit – 10'X 20'. No furniture, but it was packed with stuff inside plastic tubs. There were about 50 tubs. How was I to easily leave town? Do I get another large 24 ft U-Haul truck and haul my SUV again? In the

shape I'm in, do I dare try to drive a big truck? That could put a lot of strain on my incisions. I don't even have a destination yet. I had to give it some thought.

I get a phone call.

Good ole Sgt Winters. My friend (NOT) calls me. He's the big shot lead investigator working hard on my case. (A bit of sarcasm) He says, "I got the report back from forensics – finger prints on the gun that shot you were wiped clean – in other words no finger prints were on the gun." I said, Ok, what does that mean? Well, it means it's now called an attempted murder. We just have to find out who shot you. I said, "Well, I don't think you to have to look too far, do you?" I said you know my safe full of gold bullion is gone also. I said, either you took it or Tammy took it. If you didn't take it, then that means she did. There is your motive. Have you checked around town to see if anyone of her description has been selling gold? He said, "No, I haven't".

I asked how my firearms background check came out. He said you passed. "Well, I need to come to the station and pick up my firearms." Sgt Winters said, no, we can't release them yet. Sgt Winters, you said I could pick up all my things after I got home from the hospital, then that changed.

I had to get a back ground check first, and then pick them up – now what is going on? Sgt Winters said in half angry sarcastic voice, "It might be another week, a month or six months – I don't know." I said, well, I need at least one of

my firearms for protection. He said, “I can’t help you, I’m late for a meeting, good bye”.

So, there you have it. The police could care less if I had any protection at all. Do you really believe the police are about “Protect and Serve”? The police removed 26 items from my home and will not release them. What do you call someone who comes into your house without your permission – takes stuff out and will not give it back. I call those people “thieves”, don’t you? They have over \$2,000 worth of my personal property.

I was rapped twice – Once by the predator and by the police.

Imagine this; the police find a young thin girl about 14 years old, her dress is torn. She’s sobbing, lying in a fetal position at the end of dark alley. She was beaten, kicked and rapped. She has blood on her and she’s also badly bruised. She’s in physical, mental and emotional pain. One of the cops took both of her hands and handcuffs her so she can’t move much. The other officer spread her legs.

All four officers take turns rapping this poor young girl over and over. After wards, the officers zip up their pants. One officer stands over the girl and pisses on her face. They all walk off high-fiving each other cackling like a gang of hyenas.

Sorry to be so graphic, however, this is how I feel.

Now, I’m having serious thoughts about what will happen of me. My dreams and my life are wrecked and I cannot see my future. It’s dead. My dream of living and retiring

in the beautiful Idaho scenery was disappearing right in front of my eyes. I did not know anyone in Idaho who could or would help me. My entire retirement fund or life savings was gone. I'm nearly 60 years old. I'm forced to start my life all over with nothing. No family, no income, virtually penniless.

I decided to sell, sell, sell. I sold a lot of stuff in Las Vegas before moving to Idaho; however, I decided to get myself down super light. I didn't want to leave Idaho in a huge 24'U-haul. I decided to pull a large trailer instead. So, I listed and sold as many personal things as possible. I wanted to keep what I needed and sell everything else. I sold a lot of stuff in a just a couple of weeks.

However, I still had my large storage unit. I took a quick survey of over 50 containers (tubs) removed what I thought I would need and I left the rest. The storage unit was still packed full.

I typed out a letter for my landlord. In the letter I praised him for being a great landlord and I really wanted to stay, but I had an unfortunate incident happen and I was almost murdered. I told him I had to leave town for my safety and hoped he would understand. I requested him to keep my deposit because he deserved it. I also said, I'm leaving some furniture. He is welcome to sell it or keep it. I mailed the letter, but I never heard back.

I found a man on Craigslist to pack my trailer for me. After talking with him for a few hours, while he was packing me, he seemed like a good man. He was in his 40s, uneducated and he lived with his mother. I gave him lots of stuff that I

could not sell and would not fit in the trailer. The trailer was packed full.

I said to my helper, let's go somewhere. I want to show you something.

He and I drove down the street and I showed him the inside of my storage unit. I said there are a few keep sakes in here that belong to my deceased parents and I don't want to lose them, but I can't take them with me now. Plus there is lots of other good stuff in here. How would you like to keep or sell the stuff you can and we'll split it 50/50?

The only catch is; you must store my parents stuff in a safe place at your mother's house. (He already told me that he had a super large clean storage shed on his mother's property) I don't know when I'll come pick it up, but I will get it all someday. He smiled and said you got it, man. We shook hands and that was it. I gave him the key to the pad lock.

I still have some regrets – because I'm not really positive what all I left behind. I wasn't in a good mental state of mind. I do not believe I was thinking clearly, however, if I were to do it all over again, I'm still not quite sure what the smartest thing to do would have been.

The next morning, I took a shower and I changed the wound dressing on my bullet hole. I'm still having terrific pain from my lung surgery if I twist the wrong way.

I walked to the front door, getting ready to walk out and I looked back one last time to say good bye to a place I really enjoyed. I walked out to my SUV with my large U-haul

hitched to it. My next door neighbor was in her drive way. She's a sweet woman. She walked over and said..."So, you're leaving us, huh?" I said, yeah, I love Idaho and I really hate to leave. Idaho was to be my final destination. After the incident, the Police have treated me like crap and I no longer feel safe here. She said, where are you moving to? I hugged her and I said, I don't know exactly where I'm going, but maybe I'll find a friend on my way. She had a tear in her eye and she gave me a quick smile.

I had no idea where I was going. I got about 45 minutes out of town and I remembered that I left my cash in a hidden spot at the house. I was surprised after everything I had gone through that the only cash I had slipped my mind.

I made a quick U-turn and headed back to my house. It was exactly where I hid it – safe and sound.

I hit the highway again to territories unknown. I knew I was starting a new chapter in my life and my future felt a little scary. I had high hopes of meeting a new friend somewhere on my journey and that would certainly make my life seem a lot sweeter.

PART TWELVE: 2013 THE PRO BONO THERAPIST

Several months later, I'm still waking up with anxiety and thoughts of the event that left me homeless. A woman wrote to me from my blog and she was a therapist. After speaking with her she told me she was a therapist and if I needed to talk for any reason, she was available. I wanted to talk with her, but I told her that I had no money. She offered to consult me pro bono. For the sake of this book, let's call her "Judith". I have a lot of respect for her.

I told "Judith" that I had a lot of anxiety and I blamed myself for much of the tragedy that happened to me. *Many times, I would ask myself, what did I do to deserve this?*

After "Judith" learned of my entire story, she said, "Victims often blame themselves for the criminal actions of those who abuse them." – She went onto say... **You obviously didn't do anything to deserve it. However, you have many of the symptoms of PTSD. Posttraumatic Stress Disorder, but I'm sure you will recover just fine.**

Judith said ... first, let's face facts and make a list of what you're NOT.

- You're not a drunk or an alcoholic.
- You do not have a history of depression.
- You do not have a medical history of any mental or psychological disorders.

- You don't beat women or have any history or record of domestic abuse.
- You do not have any criminal violations or convictions.
- You're not irresponsible.
- You do not use mind or mood altering drugs.
- You're not a drug addict.
- You do not have anger issues.
- You do not have a history of violence.

Let's recap or remind ourselves of the money, efforts, actions and things you graciously provided for Tammy Sweeden "Reineri".

- You were working hard developing a marketing company to improve your life and "HER" life.
- You did everything you could to keep you and her safe.
- You purchased health products on a regular basis and you even gave this woman, Tammy, spending money when she supposedly flew back for her monthly so-called doctor appointments.
- You paid for dentists, doctor bills, medicines and made sure all her needs were met.
- You also paid all her monthly bills and you supported her completely.
- Anytime she needed money for SEVEN years, you were there to help her.

There was no violence in your house, no big crazy arguments and no threats of any kind. You didn't do any of that stuff. You're a man who tried to live without turmoil. When people cause turmoil, you try to dismiss or

avoid them in order to keep peace in your life. This is what you should be doing.

You never physically harmed Tammy Sweeden - not one time. You bought her gifts, took her on lavish trips and you took her to fine dining restaurants.

You EVEN forgave her once for embezzling funds from your bank account back in 2009. The months in Idaho, you were not even intimate with her - you lived in separate parts of your house.

You gave and gave and gave to Tammy Sweeden “Reineri”. When she was hospitalized for her hysterectomy in Las Vegas, you even spent every evening in the hospital with her?

Judith said, it's time for you to STOP blaming yourself!

“Judith” said here’s how I see it; there is nothing unique about this incident. It doesn’t happen to everyone – but it’s not unique. This woman is simply a sick and degenerate psychopath.

Female psychopaths DO EXIST – a lot more than people know. They often go undetected for a long time because most people do not expect an innocent appearing “woman” to steal or murder others.

Some people, even police, do not suspect females to be psychopaths. However, Tammy Sweeden “Reineri” is certainly a PSYCHOPATH.

Judith says I don’t use that term lightly either.

Here's a quick list of a few common characteristics of a psychopath.

- Female psychopaths can be extremely jealous.
- Psychopaths are usually very intelligent.
- They are great liars. They lie constantly.
- They are excellent manipulators of emotions.
- They have no remorse or empathy for others.
- Psychopaths are extremely deceptive.
- Psychopaths are parasitic.
- Psychopaths isolate their victims for control.
- Many psychopaths often fool police.
- Psychopaths want money, sex and power.
- Psychopaths are seldom loyal to their partner.
- Psychopaths have been deceptive all their life with plenty of practice.
- Nearly all psychopaths have very superficial charming personalities. ***This is their MASK.***

Judith said . . . “Let’s draw a picture and make this all crystal clear.”

These are my notes of my sessions with “Judith”. Much of the word-pictures she was drawing for me, I already knew, but didn’t want to believe. She simply confirmed it.

1. This woman, Tammy Sweeden “Reineri”, was already seeking a man to take advantage of before she met you. That’s obvious to me. She admitted to seeing other men and bragged about their income. You were simply dumped in her lap and she played the game.

You were dealing with a woman, who is intelligent, but uneducated, not ugly but face it – NOT a beauty queen either. Her looks and lack of knowledge and education would not attract truly wealthy men - no matter HOW

much make up, clothes or shoes she put on. She had and still has nothing to actually offer wealthy men. No offense, but you had just enough money to grab her attention.

Once she decided you were her “mark”, she became obsessed because it became a serious game to her. This is the mind of a psychopath. Predators are extremely focused.

When you met her, she was already over 40. Her looks were fading. Her age was and is working against her and – most high-class wealthy men could have most any beautiful young smart woman they desire, why settle for Tammy Sweeden?

Answer: They would not.

2. This woman, Tammy Sweeden, set her hooks in YOU, why? Because you were accessible, single, alone and you paid attention to her. Plus, after she got to know you, she learned of your mother (about to die) and your future inheritance. **She did her homework on you.** Matter of fact, she was continuously doing her home work the more she knew you.

Psychopaths are all about control and knowing all about their victims. This increases their odds at winning the game and getting what they want from you.

All she had to do was set her “hooks” and be patient and observant. A psychopath’s main weapon is establishing trust. The more the trust you have for them, the more it hides who they are and their intentions.

Trust is a veil – it creates an illusion of what is not real.

3. You (me) have no children – so that was even better for her. She wouldn't have to share your money with anyone. The only thing she had to be concerned with – was your siblings. If she could separate you from them – then she would do it. By the way, she may have been the culprit who helped cause the separation with you and your siblings. There was a reason they were estranged from you and had such a mean attitude towards you. I do not believe it was just you. I believe Tammy was behind it all.

4. She did everything she could to make you fall in love with her because she wanted a legal marriage with you – by marrying you, it would put her legally closer to your assets. SHE wanted YOUR inheritance, either by murdering you or stealing it. She didn't even want to share YOUR inheritance with you – she wanted it ALL to herself. She snooped and found your mother's "Living Trust". She learned exactly what was in the trust and what part will be yours – which in her mind, soon to be hers. I'm sure she was trying find out how to STEAL ALL of the trust assets.

5. She needed a car. She wanted her freedom to run anytime she wanted. She had other interests. She also needed her own vehicle in the event she required a fast exit. She was looking in advance.

After she got her car reposed, she set up a fake burglary while you were with your friend all evening. She waits a few weeks, then sells a few items that she stole from you to a local pawn shops or a person she knew and purchased your deceased mother's car with the money SHE got from the stolen items. It was actually YOUR cash.

I believe she gave the gold and jewelry to her ex-husband and in return she got cash. That's a good possibility.

When you wouldn't marry her – she started seeking another “Mark” – keeping her eyes and ears open, either at her work places or out and about.

She remained on the “fringes” of your life – to keep tabs and still trying to manipulate as many dollars from you as possible – and she was successful in doing it too. She ended up getting cash from you for several years simply by using empathy and playing your emotions.

6. She invited two hustlers she knew from Tennessee. They probably had some experience in banking, theft or hacking pass codes. Tammy's plan was to lie in the hospital bed as an alibi while they transferred all the TRUST funds from YOUR computer out of the TRUST account and into “who” knows where. This puts her in the clear and YOU as the culprit who stole the trust funds.

The older man may or may not have been their father. He may have been just another crook who came along as a protector for the women and help out if needed. Tammy planted all three people in your home, so they could have full rein of it.

These amateur thieves were not able to perform their duty. Tammy gets upset. She was planning on disappearing after she stole the trust funds. You would never know she had the TRUST money. The two con-women were probably also upset, because they were going home empty handed after having high expectations. So, they stole all your nice expensive sheets.

7. The first attempted murder. She mixed opioids in chicken noodle soup. Why? First reason, she wanted you dead. It's easier to steal from a dead man. She was also the

sole beneficiary in your WILL. She planned for you to be found dead in the hotel room of an over-dose of opioids.

8. It will look like a suicide or an accidentally over-dose of drugs. She would simply fly back to Las Vegas, use the WILL to possibly drain your personal bank account and the Trust account. She probably already had the bank pass codes by then. She had it all planned.

The way I see it, she actually planned to murder you on the Cruise Ship. She smuggled a lot of drugs between her legs. She had opioids, cocaine and who knows what. She changed her mind for some reason - probably because you would not use the cocaine.

9. After listening to the story about Tammy living with a woman and her mother, I believe she actually was living with a man and possibly his older relative. I believe he lost his house in foreclosure. This was the man she met at her computer school. I also believe this is the same man that she drove to Salt Lake City, UT to live with his parents. He obviously did not own a car or maybe lost it somehow or maybe lost his driver license due to a DUI or something. I believe this could also be the man who she called her stalker. He is the alcoholic that she wouldn't allow you to talk with.

10. Yes, I believe when Tammy was home sitting for you when you took the trip to Idaho, she knew exactly where that small box was in your closet. (All your parents valuable keep sakes)

She was at your home nearly all alone. She took her time and removed all the real value from the box and left you with the junk. She closes the container and you're never the wiser. She knew you probably would not be looking in

there again anytime soon. By then, it would be too late. Plus if needed, she could easily blame the theft on your room renters.

11. Once you were isolated up in Idaho away from others you knew, she thought she would give it one more shot at your assets. Besides, she was broke and needed a place to live. She recognized an opportunity. She was desperate for money, so she quickly created a plan in order to put herself back in your life “full-time” and place herself next to your liquid assets.

She talked you into growing your hair and beard. You, unfortunately, took the bait. This is a good way for you to have a non-creditable appearance to others and to the police. It will make you look like a crazy wild man and it would fit into her plan nicely. Plus, it could help you look more like a home grown terrorist. (Gold, beard, cash, pantry, guns) This is the picture she was painting of you. She was probably painting this picture of you to others behind your back. A crazy man who thinks the world is coming to an end – or she was making you look like an anti-government radical. She obviously had some coaching – I believe there was someone else providing her with suggestions.

12. She realized you were getting too close to an old college friend in Idaho and she started to do what she does best – divide and conquer and separate you from him and his family.

Her plan obviously worked. She poisoned you behind your back to his entire family and they were sworn to secrecy in order to protect her from you – because you’re such a “bad” man. Her ploy is to act scared of you to others – in

order to gain sympathy and help from others – ALL behind your back.

10. It is my educated guess that she developed a relationship with another Psychopath. (Her secret lover) This was the man or “Chrissie” she drove to SLC, Utah, on her way to Idaho to live in your town house. He’s probably a very insecure and jealous man. He probably didn’t like the idea of her living in the same house with you – or maybe she lied to him as to where she was living.

She promised she will call him often and visit as much as possible. He was only a few hours from Idaho. She rented a car and drove to SLC a couple of times while lying to you about where she really was. This is the guy who calls daily at the town-home, but she disguises him as a woman called “Chrissie”. He is obviously a man and his real name is Christopher Mower.

11. She only had a very limited time period she could search for your safe – after all, you were up all night working plus you worked at home. She searched for your safe and kept coming up empty handed each time. She only had a few hours each day to search. She was getting frustrated. She didn’t expect to be living in Idaho very long and fully expected to find your safe much faster. She was most likely getting pressure from her “secret” psychopathic boyfriend or co-conspirator. He was getting tired of waiting for some money. They wanted your gold.

12. She may have felt you were losing trust in her too and becoming suspicious. She is very observant. She was losing patience and she wanted to find the gold and be gone. She was also snooping on your computer for clues as well.

13. She drugged you during the day, so she could snoop inside your house, your storage unit and on your computer without detection – also testing the drug out to see how it affected you.

14. She had to work fast and find your safe before she lost her opportunity. She was starting to panic. It had been six months. She knew you were not really happy with her performance working with you on the business project. She could tell that you knew her heart was not into it. She was also planning to steal the company too, once it was up and going.

15. She said ‘What will happen to me if something happens to you?’ She was desperate. She couldn’t find the gold and she wanted you to give up where it was in case something happened to you.

She created more sympathy. A freaky thing happened in her favor when that car passed the center line. It caused you to think about what she said. You acted on it and created a map of where your safe was located.

16. She snooped around and found your map, then she found the safe and the next step was to carry out the next part of the plan. MURDER YOU – make it look like a suicide.

John wouldn’t put his hands on the gun (according to him) now, he couldn’t be blamed for murdering you. Plan B.

17. She text messages “John” and his wife constantly that weekend. She needed them as an alibi. She wanted somewhere to go after she murdered you. She drugs you, and then shoots you in the chest – making it look like a suicide. She sprinkles a few of her pills around your area

of the house to make it appear you were under the influence of drugs and your death would also eliminate any problems you might cause her if you were alive.

18. I'm also sure her plan was to walk into your house with a police officer or "John" and find you dead. There stood two good witnesses. She would simply put on an act of sorrow and shock.

19. When you called her, right after you were shot – you caught her off guard. She said she was in a hotel room. She lied; she was at "John's" house or somewhere – maybe with her psychopathic lover boy.

20. She is questioned by Police – they buy the damsel in distress story plus YOU as a depressed man who was threatening to kill himself over her. (We both know this is a joke) She told police that you were running around the house waving a gun. She tells "John" you found the small gun and you were upset because she had lied to you. She also tells the police the same story.

21. She uses "John" to back up her story. He was totally happy to do it – but had no idea he was being manipulated. She set it all up. She even asked "John" for money for gas to get herself to Las Vegas after she shot you. He gives it to her. Police may have also interviewed your sisters and Tammy probably used them to corroborate her story as well.

22. All this time, you're suffering in the hospital with a bullet hole in your chest – with tubes in your body. You were not even allowed to defend what is being said about you. She could care less you're in the hospital with a bullet hole. The lead detective goes on vacation for two weeks –

the day after he talks to you in the hospital. His mind is clear – he believes Tammy’s story.

23. She goes to your house with John and loads the rest of her car with whatever she wants from you house - turns on her country music and casually drives out of town.

24. “John” is a real sweet heart. (Sarcasm) He ships her suit cases to her at a Vegas address. She wants to keep “John” in her sights and make sure he remains loyal to her. She sends him not only the shipping money, but the gas money he gave her. “John” thinks, what a good and honest woman.

25. Mean while, several weeks later, forensics report shows no fingerprints were found on the gun. Police work #101 says ... hmm maybe “HE” didn’t shoot himself. After-all – this goes against everything they assumed was true. The police talk among themselves. They know shooting victims of suicide are not prone to wiping off their own finger prints.

Police think... what do we do now? This is obviously a case of attempted murder. What do the police do?

Nothing.

The police know they messed up – but was it too late? It’s time to do a cover up.

26. The police call her – she decides to use your money to retain a criminal attorney. This way the police can no longer ask her direct questions. The attorney protects her.

And she lives happily ever after with your retirement fundSo far . . .

27. Police decide to keep a low profile – and hopefully the incident will just disappear. No doubt, the Police know they messed up the case and the best thing to do is ignore you and the entire incident – and try to vilify you so they can legally steal your firearms.

It was mostly because of their own negligence or small town incompetence.

In therapy, this is called “Projecting”. Whenever someone feels they have the same negative traits they are saying you have is called projecting...their projecting their traits on to you.

Example: A real life lying selfish greedy criminal (TOM) may call (JOE) a lying, selfish greedy criminal even if (JOE) is NOT.

28. In the mean time, you're left with a physical and emotional wound and ALL your retirement funds are gone. The Police play their part to make you appear to be a nut and bad man . . . they have no connection to you at all and they simply do not care.

29. By making you the bad man and vilifying you, the police can try to legally steal the personal items they removed from your home and keep them for themselves. This is all to protect themselves and disguise themselves as a police department who protects and serves. We all know they are corrupt and incompetent without remorse. And no empathy either.

30. This is how PSYCHOPATHS work. And many times this is how Psychopaths escape law enforcement and keep stealing and murdering other people. Usually, it's because of an incompetent police department who are too lazy to do

their job and the police usually lack empathy for the victims as well.

Female psychopaths get by with their crimes because few people suspect them. I also believe it's a good possibility that Tammy had or has several accomplices.

I believe her husband Rob Reineri is probably behind the scenes accomplice and she has a few other crooks who may all work together as a small crime ring. I believe Rob has remained in her life for other reasons other than his poor elderly father. That was another lie she told you.

I don't believe she ever moved to California with her girlfriend and her boyfriend. I believe she remained in Las Vegas and whatever situation she had going on, it made it difficult for her to see you in person. So, she just made up a story that she moved away.

31. Is life fair? I think we all know the answer to that question.

To sum up the whole sickening unfortunate Summing up the whole sickening very unfortunate Tammy Sweeden Reineri ordeal.

Tammy is simply a manipulating psychopath. No question about it. She's what we call a puppet master. From all the stories of her mother, she was the same way.

Tammy is the type of psychopath who could be telling different stories to three or four different men or people in order to accomplish her agenda.

In the end, everyone gets the short end – and she walks away clean with what she wants. She is narcissistic,

secretive and her bi-polar mental disorder can make a dangerous woman. She obviously has NO empathy and has all characteristics of a sick psychopath.

Tammy Sweeden “Reineri” assumes material things will make her happy, but inside she has a constant pain of emptiness. She lives a very unfulfilling life.

Tammy Sweeden “Reineri” is spiritual empty. She’s evil.

PART THIRTEEN: PSYCHOLOGICAL BONDS OF “PSYCHOPATHS

I learned about the strong psychological bonds “psychopaths” are capable of creating. Their uncanny ability to lie and manipulate is devilishly spooky.

They can make you feel loved and their victims trust them. Looking back over the seven years of knowing Tammy Sweeden, she stole many things from me and most things were extremely valuable and some things were sentimental. Think about this; she was able to do it through the use of creating TRUST and EMPATHY.

However, the one big thing she stole was my peace of mind – and that is painful. She stole my “trust” in others. I believe a person should be more cautious, but not paranoid.

The physical scars I will carry forever. I have six very noticeable scars from the gun shot and lung surgery that are a constant reminder of the incident. Only time will heal my mental and emotional scars. I’m getting better, but it’s a daily process. There is no way of knowing how many lives this woman has destroyed or affected in a negative way.

I wrote in my blog. “How is it possible for Tammy to change her deep loving feelings about me and throw me away like yesterday’s trash almost instantly?” How is this possible? The answer is: **THOSE FEELINGS NEVER EXISTED.**

Tammy Sweeden is a Fraud. Her personality is FAKE. She simply acts like she has feelings for others. It’s that simple. She’s an actress. I recognized her child-like

personality when I first met her, but I thought she was just a little “quirky” is all. However, she is actually just a bad actress and this was what I was noticing. She was trying to “act” like a certain character.

Venturing into the Mind of a Psychopath

My discoveries into the mind of a psychopath have helped to clear up a lot of my confusion concerning their behaviour. A psychopath does not think or feel the way a “normal” person with feelings and emotions.

You are nothing but an object to a psychopath. You are not a human being to a sociopath or psychopath, you’re an OBJECT or a means to an end.

They have an agenda. Their agenda is to take from you what they need or want. Once this is done, you have no “value” and they have no further use for you and you’re discarded.

The psychopath simply leaves or disappears and in some cases they murder you before leaving.

Murdering or maiming you, if needed, is like stepping on a blade of grass. They do not give you another thought. Your death, pain or suffering means nothing. Your life means nothing.

The worst part is; she’s still out there. Guess what? Tammy Louise Sweeden is not the only psychopath in our world. There are literally millions of psychopaths lurking around and many of them are in our everyday lives.

I promised I would provide a brief history of Tammy Sweeden. Most experts say that some people are born as “psychopaths”.

They are born without empathy for others. They can carefully plan and carry out a murder, then go to a party afterwards – dance, drink and be merry.

PART FOURTEEN: A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE PSYCHOPATH WHO ATTEMPTED TO MURDER ME.

Tammy Sweeden “Reineri”

Tammy is from Tennessee and Kentucky. Her biological father abandoned her and her younger brother when she was only three years old. She never knew her father and didn't talk to him until she was 28 years old. She was raised by her step father.

It sounded like her step father was a good hard working man who owned his own electronics business. He owned a house, land, and of course owned his business. It also sounded like he provided a good living for Tammy's mother and her two children and pretty much gave them all they required or needed.

According to one of Tammy's classmates who contacted me after I started my blog in the fall of 2012; Tammy Louise Sweeden “Reineri” had an affair with her step father when she was only a teenager. Her mother found out about their affair and put a gun to Tammy's head and threatened to kill her.

Tammy's step dad bought her jewelry, clothes and even a brand new car on her 16th birthday. An old school mate of Tammy's wrote to me after I posted my blog and told me this story.

I feel like it's a true story, because Tammy had mentioned how gracious and giving her step father had been with her – but she omitted the “sexual affair” part.

She said Tammy even brought a gun to school and threatened a few of her peers.

The small town people believe Tammy and her low class mother (trailer trash) murdered the step father to get his house, bank account and his business. It is believed Tammy and her mother “framed” an older man who was paralyzed in a wheel chair for the murder of the step father. The small town police believed the story. The “framed” man went to prison.

Tammy and her mother remained free people. The brother of the step father **contested** the WILL and Tammy says, they got very little money from the estate. Her mother and her went to work for McDonalds.

Tammy Stole \$10,000 from Her Brother and Nephew.

I tracked down and spoke to Tammy Sweeden's brother after my shooting incident. He works for a law firm. He said she stole \$10,000 from him and her nephew and has been looking for her for several years. He said she moved to Las Vegas because of the bridges she burned.

She stole money from several relatives and her closest friends. He said for me to be careful. If she knows that I stand between freedom and prison, then she will hunt me down and kill me. Said, she's bi-polar and is very dangerous. He said, watch your back.

PART FIFTEEN: TAMMAY LOUISE SWEEDEN “REINERI” IS “A DEVIL IN DISGUISE.”

Tammy wears many disguises. She was born March 16, 1963. She has a large collection of wigs, an extensive wardrobe. She wears jewelry and tries to dress to impress. She walks pigeon toed and speaks in a heavy southern Tennessee accent. 5’2”, 120 to 150 lbs. Freckled and green/ brownish eyes, crooked teeth, facial pock marks, and a little girl voice with a noticeable crease in her chin area.

Remember, her method of operation is listed below. I’m not sure how she may act with someone else. However, with that said, I’m sure she still con or her control her victim in a very similar manner.

1. She’s very likable, sweet and endearing.
2. She is a functioning drug addict. She’s addicted to pain pills. She’s often constipated because of the pain pills. She’s also bi-polar. Her moods or personality can change. She can get very paranoid and act like a scared child. This could be an act.
3. She will snoop and find out what assets you own. She researches to find what liquid cash, valuables or properties that you have available. She will find out your passwords to email, phone, etc. She likes to be in total control.
4. If you have what she wants, she will probably create an emotional bond or create a veil of trust, so she

can manoeuvre around in your life without detection or to limit your suspicions.

5. Marriage is one of her weapons. She can legally steal money or assets from you in a divorce or murder you and collect life-insurance. If not marriage, then she will try to place herself in a position of trust so she can try to control your assets.
6. She looks for jobs where she is a “trusted” personal assistant to people with money. She has done this in the past. She has experience in travel arrangements, banking, forgery and bookkeeping. “Forensics” is her favourite TV show.
7. Make sure to keep track of any documents she may have forged such as: a WILL, checks or any banking documents.
8. When people start mysteriously separating themselves from you – look out. She may be trying to isolate you from others – by creating a smear campaign behind your back. Keep track of who you have introduced to her.
9. She also uses many disguises. She has a collection of wigs and she dyes her hair different colors. She has a massive collection of clothes and she likes to “act” and look rich. She enjoys travelling – anywhere.
10. She can cry on cue. She pouts when she does not get her way. She will get you to offer to help her or give her money.

11. Do not believe anything she says. Ask her to prove it or find the proof yourself. She uses deceptive methods – no witnesses – she likes to use drug overdose – or make it look like a suicide - she can use methods to turn the blame of theft or murder to anyone but her.
12. She may use sex, anger or tears to manipulate you. Do not fall for it. She may try to “kill” you with kindness by waiting on you hand and foot – again, do not fall for it.
13. Whenever Tammy Sweeden Reineri does anything good for anyone – she has a plan or agenda.
14. She will befriend you by being very agreeable and non-confrontational. She will agree with most anything you say or do. This endears you to her.
15. She may be very touchy feely. She may hug you or lightly kiss your head or hands. As you’re walking, she may take your hand in hers. Again, this is to endear you to her.
16. Her mission is simple and crystal clear; She walks away free as a bird – with your assets.

I know what you’re thinking. Just because a person is nice, caring and gentle it does not mean they have an agenda or is a psychopath. If you’re thinking this; then my answer is you’re right. However, these are still the “tricks” psychopaths use to endear you and make you “bond” with them. If they want something from you quickly, then they will “love bomb” you or befriend you as soon as possible. Just beware is all I’m saying.

Tammy Louise Sweeden "Reineri"

Aliases: Tammy Sweeden and Tammy G. Reineri.

She may have others aliases. DOB: 3-16-1963 Southern Accent. From Tennessee/Kentucky 5'2" wears WIGS and many disguises.

She Has been seen in Boise Idaho, Salt Lake City, UT,

Las Vegas, NV, Seattle, WA, Bend, OR plus others.

She Drugged me, Shot Me in the Chest. It Was a Kill Shot. Attempted to Murder Me and She Stole My Life-Savings.

She's a deceptive liar and a thief. A Psychopath.

She can Run but She Cannot Hide.



Tammy Louise Sweeden is her real name. She has several aliases. She uses **Tammy G. Reineri**, Tammy Sweeden, Casey Cane, and Tammy L. Reineri. The name Reineri is her maiden name. It's been said, it's possible that they remarried after Tammy stole my life-savings. She may have two or more accomplices.

My only hope is my blog, this book and the Internet search engines will provide enough warnings to keep others from being harmed or assets lost. I'm sure she will eventually

mess up one of her crimes and the law will place her in a cage.

I give many thanks for my therapist friend, “Judith”, for giving me her much needed time and her confirmed analysis of the seven years with Tammy Sweeden.

The word “evil” often has a religious connotation. However, there really is no other way to describe a psychopath or Tammy other than ‘EVIL’.

Beware of Police Corruption:

It would not be fair to leave out the **Garden City Police Department – in Idaho**. Nearly everyone I talk to in Garden City say the police are corrupt and they are not to be trusted. There seems to be hundreds or maybe thousands of corrupt police chiefs and police officers in America. It is an epidemic of corruption. The GCPD to this day, has not released over \$2,000 worth of personal property to me. People call it legalized THEFT.

I believe we all choose our path and the people we allow into our lives. “Judith” helped me to understand and accept I certainly did not deserve what happened to me. Bad things happen to good people all the time – I’ve learned to accept it.

I simply go one day at a time and I do the best I can. I’m a good, loving and gracious man. I never want to change who I am. I can now help protect myself more and I hope this book has been of benefit to you.

Tammy Sweeden has a history of guns, violence lies, drugs, mental disorders, theft, infidelity, adultery and murder. This has been her life.

I write this book and my blog to warn people of Tammy Louise Sweeden “Reineri” and others like her. If the words within my book or blog can save one person’s life or life-savings from a “Parasite”, then it’s all been worth it.

I’m noticing my surgery scars and my gun shot scars less and less and someday I probably will not notice them at all. One day the images of Tammy will fade.

My financial and emotional aspect of this tragedy will also be a distant memory. When my life is full of joy, love and prosperity there seldom will be any room for these thoughts of her or this incident. That’s the best part of life – it just keeps moving on.

May all your days be void of evil predators. If you happen to be a victim and survive, then do not be afraid to expose them for who they are.

THE END

PLEASE DO ME A BIG FAVOR.

If you enjoyed my book and feel it was beneficial to you and will be to others, then please POST a good positive review for my book. I would really appreciate it.
Thanks for your support!

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Contact me anytime. Amy@empower777.com

Mask of Trust

“The Ultimate Betrayal”

Remember. . . .

***“Evil Can Only Prevail
When Good People Do Nothing!”***

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