

My Narrative Record

May 2015

I met Steve through our mutual friend Chris Ochoa on a boat trip in NYC in mid-May 2015. I originally met Chris through my ex-boyfriend Steve Kemler, whom was also very wealthy/successful. I was friendly with Chris at an arms distance- in my opinion he always seemed like the user type (I fondly referred to him as a “rich guy groupie”).

Although Steve had a date with him on the trip, he spent the 6-7 hours on the boat talking to me. I thought nothing of it. However, following the trip, Chris called me to tell me Steve was very interested in me. I agreed to speak with Steve and schedule a date.

June 2015

Steve and I went on our first couple of dates in NYC. Steve had an apartment in NYC in Soho he rented, as well as a home in San Francisco. At the time, I was told he was trying to expand his business in New York.

I didn't particularly like Steve romantically, but he was very aggressive in pursuing me. One night we went out drinking with Chris (probably our third date). I drank way more than I was comfortable with and was not in the mood to hang out with Steve. In the morning, I woke up unclothed in his bed in his apartment in NYC. I didn't remember all the details of the previous night, which was very strange. Shortly after waking up, I was whisked to go “to the beach” with Steve and Chris. I resisted, but they were aggressive, so I complied. Hours later we arrived at a home in the Hamptons. I was then told we would be staying the night there. At the time, I had a dog, Riley, I said I had to go back and feed. They said I had to stay- I called a friend and my sister to get me but they were busy. One of my friends went to feed and walk Riley. At the time, I felt used and uncomfortable, but for some reason I also thought I was interested in Steve. I guess this was the start of the abusive cycle with Steve.

June-December 2015

Steve continued to pursue a relationship with me in NYC. Steve is very intelligent and manipulative, an early and continuing example of which was the way in which he often switched between intense love and admiration for me, and then quickly to withdrawing and ignoring me. It confused and hurt me, but I could not give him up. My best girlfriend Leanne started telling me Steve was abusive and I needed to end

the relationship, but I would not listen. Steve courted me for around 6 months in NYC.

In December of 2015, Steve admitted to me he had overdosed one night in San Francisco on cocaine. He cried to me and told me he was alone all the time in his big house in San Francisco. He told me he loved me, would stop using drugs, and he begged me to come and start living with him in San Francisco. I reluctantly complied.

January 2016 - April 2016

I began flying back between SF and NYC, primarily spending my time with Steve in SF. He was very intense with his love for me and very sweet. We had unprotected sex (which he encouraged). At the time, I naively thought he was the one, truly loved me and that he wanted to get married.

During this time, I never saw him doing drugs, only drinking more heavily than an average amount of alcohol.

Around March/April I found out I was pregnant. Steve was overwhelmed with happiness and fully supported us having the baby. He promised me to think about marriage, give me full financial support and said that he loved me. The plan was always to stay together and raise the baby together.

In the first weeks of pregnancy, I remember Steve being nasty to me in a car ride back from my getting an ultrasound. He told me to stop talking in the car, which really hurt. He was also nasty in other ways I can't remember, but that is when I started to feel this defeated, stuck in a cycle in which I felt like I was "punched in the stomach". He could be so hurtful, and it came out of nowhere.

May 2016

After spending months primarily living with Steve in San Francisco, I suffered from a miscarriage at around 10 weeks of pregnancy. It was horrible, shocking, and I was overwhelmed with grief. I became very depressed and cried a lot. At first Steve was kind, then he withdrew. After a week or two, Steve told me he needed a break from the relationship: that I was too sad to continue to have a relationship with. He told me to go back to New York and to prove that I could be in a relationship with him. He was very cold and unkind. I was completely heart-broken, left for NYC and once again felt totally used. I proceeded to get therapy in NYC, where I was told that his behavior was abusive. One of my close friends encouraged me to called the domestic violence hotline for help, which I did. However, I did not listen.

June – July 2016

Shortly after I returned to NYC, Steve showed up and showered me with love and praise. Within a few weeks, I returned with him to San Francisco. One night in July, we were in a hotel room with a few of his friends. It was bizarre to be hanging out in a hotel room, but then I walked into the bathroom to see lines of cocaine. Steve was there with a friend, but he said he didn't snort any of the cocaine. On this night, Steve told me, and his friends, that I was 'the one' and that we were going to get married.

The following day, we left for a camping trip at Russian River. During the car ride, Steve would not even look at me, which was once again completely confusing. We got lost and stopped at a hotel for a drink. While in the hotel bar, Steve told me he needed to go outside to make a call and would be right back. Around 10 minutes later when I walked outside to find him, I could not find him or his car: I had no cellphone service and had no idea where he was, I didn't know what to do and started to cry. Approximately two hours later he returned, and acted like nothing bad had happened, and it was no big deal. I was so angry. He told me I had to snap out of it and act normal with his friends.

July 2016 - December 2016

Steve and I continued to have unprotected sex and were "loosely trying" to have another baby. I was still sad from my earlier miscarriage. Steve told me I had to download a menstrual cycle app in order to track my ovulations. I had never done this before. Steve also suggested to me that our relationship would go to the next level if I got pregnant: I become obsessed and fixated on becoming pregnant. With Steve, his repeating cycle of kindness-then-abuse was still so confusing--I was so caught up in his web I could never look at the situation objectively. I constantly thought that if I tried harder at things (like looking pretty, cooking food, helping him with his business), then he would start to really love me and be kind like when we first met. I never, ever felt good enough. My spirit was broken.

I somehow still managed to maintain my marketing consulting business from SF and NY. When in SF, I worked from the home all day while Steve went to work at Prism. I had no friends in SF other than his mother Linda, with whom I became very close. Steve and I rarely socialized, and his friends never came over.

Overall, the conditions for living with Steve were characteristically abusive while

we were in San Francisco. In my opinion now looking back, it was total textbook abusive stuff. When we rarely went out (I remember only two parties) Steve would leave me standing alone to go talk individually with girls at the party---why couldn't I join the conversation? In my opinion, it was part of his game to make me feel worthless and replaceable. Two times, I became so angry that I left the parties without Steve. Following those instances, I was not allowed to go out with his friends or to socialize at all period because he said I was "too mentally ill". Steve started telling me all my friends and family were bad influences and isolated me from them. He started telling me how to dress and mocked me when I tried to look pretty. He often told me I could not sleep with him in bed and that I had to go to another bedroom. He began ridiculing my marketing work as pointless and a waste of time. He often treated me like I was his servant: It was my job to keep the house clean; I had to keep the refrigerator stocked with his favorite foods (which were never the "right" foods); I had to walk and feed his dog; every morning, I had to bring him coffee (only hot!) and make him breakfast. Steve did not contribute anything other than scolding me for doing it wrong. Again, I was never good enough, but I didn't stop trying to be "perfect" and loved.

During this time I had a few very early miscarriages (2-3 total), in which the same cycle repeated with Steve. Once I confirmed pregnancy, and then a miscarriage, I was told to leave SF and go back to NYC for "a break". I believe I continued to have these many miscarriages due to the stressful nature of the relationship with Steve.

December 2016 – July 2017

Steve began to act very strangely: extremely paranoid, and seemingly delusional and psychotic. In my opinion from the research I did and the feedback I received, I would best compare it to a (likely) drug induced psychosis. At the time, I truly believed Steve had stopped using cocaine (though once I was pregnant with Evie, later on, he told me he had been doing it the entire time by injecting himself with cocaine and he laughed at me for being so naive). I believe this is also when he started abusing Adderall. After the month of December 2016, I was so exhausted from living with him, that I returned to NYC to break up with him and never return to SF. Once again, Steve still managed to show up in NYC, attempt to get me back by showering me with kindness and love, and to drag me back to SF. (Actually, by mid-2017, I had only spent 1.5 months in SF.)

During this time starting in December, Steve stopped going to work. He rarely left the house. He had come to believe that he had fibers of metal that were coming out of his skin. He self-diagnosed himself with having Morgellons. He began to

obsessively examine his skin under a microscope he had bought from Amazon (synched with his computer): he would dissect the images for hours, pointing out fibers to me. He also began examining my skin under the microscope, and he told me I also had fibers and was also infected.

He started to believe he was being targeted by what he called “agents.” Steve started believing everyone close to him could be “agents” planted to harm him--- even including me at one point. Steve started to believe certain people were following him who worked for the CIA and were actually targeting him. Steve also frequently referred to these security threat individuals as being “agents,” and often switched his beliefs about of who these “agents” could be affiliated with. Steve began to feel very unsafe at home: he believed that white vans and other vehicles parked outside the house in the parking lot were there to spy on him.

Both his mother Linda (who also lived in his house in a separate condo unit) and I did not know what to do. Linda began telling me she believed Steve’s condition might be related to brain damage that could have resulted from that time he overdosed on cocaine in late 2015, and seized in the house. Steve believed that during that overdose he actually did die, and he began telling me that he was still dead.

Steve began telling me I was a “fairy” based on my Irish lineage and started to believe I had magical powers from being a “fairy.” He said that when he did hurtful things to me, the fairies attacked him in some way.

Steve also began placing numerous cameras around the house and analyzing videos. He pointed out lights and shadows in the videos he collected, insisted they were actually spying devices, sometimes said that they were evidence of aliens or fairies. He once told me he had seen me going to the bathroom by means of a camera I had not even known was there.

Steve also began taking all my electronic devices --- cellphones, computer, iPad. He said he needed to remove security threats, but now I realize he also looked through messages and files, and I assume he installed some kind of tracking software. He started to buy me all new devices (which has happened numerous times since 2017, as well), because mine were too “insecure.” Steve would set up all these devices before giving them to me, which was yet another method of maintaining control.

April - May 2017

During this time, I finally was started to build myself back up and distance myself from Steve. I was starting up my handbag business, killing it with new marketing

work and dating nice, successful guys. Steve's control and abusive games started to have less power over me.

However, as per his pattern, Steve continued to come to NY to lure me back. When he realized being nice to me didn't work, he began to be cruel, openly showcasing his dates with other girls who he assured me exceeded me in every way.

On the night Evie was conceived, like at the beginning of his courtship, I did not want to see Steve. He had flown in to see me and I had a hard time saying no. My friend came to my apartment for when Steve arrived, which we hoped would encourage him to leave. He didn't get the message, my friend left, and we ended up having sex. At this point I DID NOT WANT TO BECOME PREGNANT WITH HIS CHILD. Though we had unprotected sex, Steve insisted he would "pull out," and he told me he "wouldn't finish". I believed him.

After that night, I distanced myself from Steve. He remained in NYC to "date other girls," while I got Linda's help, and she packed all my things in SF in boxes. I then paid and scheduled UPS to pick them up, but Steve refused to allow them to come in. I wanted my stuff, which a friend had started to help me pursue legal action in NY to get them back.

May 2017 – August 2017

At the end of the month, my period was late, and I thought nothing of it. From what I thought I knew, there was no way I could be pregnant from that sexual activity with Steve because he had told me that he "didn't finish." Eventually, I took a pregnancy test. It was positive and I immediately threw up in fear: after the miscarriages, I knew I could not bring myself to consider an abortion, and I did not want to be linked to Steve.

All of my friends and family had made it clear to me that I needed to stay away from Steve since the relationship was toxic and abusive. At first Steve denied the pregnancy, then he told me to get an abortion, and then he reversed himself again, insisting that he loved me, promising marriage, and saying that wanted us to be a family. At the time, I had 1-2 people in my life who were supportive of my pregnancy, so I felt strengthened and made the mistake of letting Steve back in. I stayed in NYC for the entirety of my first trimester, because I feared that the stress of living with Steve would cause me to miscarry again. During this time, Steve repeatedly demanded that I return to San Francisco immediately, and threatened that he would end our relationship and stop talking to me if I did not comply. I returned to San Francisco around the third month of pregnancy.

July 2017

Upon returning to San Francisco, Steve had little interest in spending time with me. I was tired and sick a lot from the pregnancy, and Steve stated that he wanted to go out without me at night, and that my pregnant body was “disgusting.” He expressed overall embarrassment and general negativity towards taking me anywhere while I was pregnant. Once again, I found myself totally isolated in San Francisco. I never left the house to socialize with Steve. One night I got all dressed to go with him to a party, and after getting ready he said we couldn’t go because I looked “disgusting”. He began going out at night without me, and I caught him lying about going to see ex-girlfriends.

On the night before my first OBGYN appointment at UCSF, Steve stated that he might not come because it was difficult for him to wake up in the morning to join me. I begged him to come, and he did so reluctantly the next morning.

I grew increasingly upset and Steve withdrew. Steve and I began fighting, as Steve continually expressed interest of “going out into the world” and meeting new people, all expressly without me. Although I was pregnant, he treated me with no care or kindness and his emotionally abusive behavior was at an all-time high. He also began harsher verbal abuse in frequently telling me to “stop talking” and to “shut-up” when I expressed insecurity about the possibility of his leaving me. Steve continued to reinforce that he was disgusted by my increasingly pregnant body. Even so, I had plans to go back to NYC to pack up my apartment there and then return to San Francisco, where my main OB-GYN doctors were.

August 26, 2017

Steve was in SF with his mother Linda, but at this point in Steve’s life, both his mother and his brother did not want to deal with him. Even though I had left the house for NYC, every crazy thing he did was relayed to me. Even though I was pregnant, and even though he was cruel to me, taking care of him was somehow always my problem. Linda told me he was up all night, and just as I left, Steve took apart the hood over stove and found "spying equipment," and was convinced that his neighbors were in the CIA, and that they had been spying on him for months because they believed he was a Russian spy. Steve went to the park across from the house, and told the neighbors in park that he was being spied upon and that people had broken into his house. He also reported this ‘break-in’ and the people watching him in his house to me, and he predicted that "something very bad" was going to happen to him that night. Steve went out around San Francisco, where he reported that he was approached by three groups of people who worked for the CIA (twice at The Battery, once at the Four Season Hotel.)

September 13, 2017

Based on what Linda told me, bad hallucinations had begun. According to Linda, Steve claimed that a woman in the backyard of the San Francisco house was holding a knife. He repeatedly pointed out the woman to his mother, who confirmed that she did not see any woman with a knife. Steve followed the "woman with the knife" to the garage, where he reported that she "crawled into a box and disappeared". Linda called me and told me about his stories and her concern.

September 15, 2017

According to Linda, Steve was crawling around the carpet in her home attempting to decode a "message" left for him on floor. Linda insisted that there was no message on the floor, and called me again to express her fear and to ask me what to do.

According to Linda, Steve found a piece of wood from the outside of the house, and showed it to her because he believed it had a camera in it. Linda again told him that there was no camera, and that what he was seeing was not real. Steve left the house in anger at his mother, and then texted her the next day, telling her to move out.

September 17, 2017

According to Linda, Steve returned to the San Francisco house early in the morning and claimed to have found new markings in the sheetrock walls of the garage that had "not been there" previously. Steve believed they these markings were left by the neighbor, and then he confronted neighbor. Even though Linda insisted that there was no way that the neighbor had done anything, she felt humiliated by Steve's accusation, as told me by phone.

According to Linda, at this point Steve went to the ER, complaining of nausea and a rapid heart rate. He was given fluids and then left after a few hours. My assumption was that Steve had believed he was poisoned by the "security threat individuals," and hence the trip to the ER.

Steve told his mother that the house not safe, and he insisted that they had to leave and go to stay at his brother Jonathan's place.

According to Linda, Steve ten went to the airport to fly somewhere unknown (I remember him telling me something about a car race in Singapore). Once at the

airport Steve claimed he was drugged with fentanyl by Russians. His brother, Jonathan, rushed to the airport to help him. Medical help was requested, but Steve refused EMS help as he was paranoid, and stated that they were there to destroy his credibility, and to ruin his reputation.

September-October 2017

I had returned to NYC to my one-bedroom apartment in midtown. After less than a week Steve came to NYC to be with me. At the time, Steve also was involved in a lawsuit suing Uber, which he was busy taking care of. On the third or fourth night of being in NYC with me, Steve went out for dinner with a woman, and when he returned, I asked him many questions about who he had been with. Steve admitted the dinner was actually a date with a girl he found intelligent, exciting and caring all in ways that I was not. I begged him to not go out with the girl again—I was so insecure, vulnerable and terrified that he would leave me--, but Steve stated he had romantic feeling for this girl and that I could not stop him from seeing her. This basically heightened my extreme anxiety into absolute panic; it felt like his cruelty was at an all-time high, and like he had no awareness that such extreme stress could hurt Evie, despite my attempts to explain that to him numerous times. Steve insisted that I could not control him; he told me that I was “dumb”, “uninteresting”, “mentally ill.” Sadly, I still allowed Steve to stay with me.

About a week after arriving, Steve woke up one morning and out of nowhere stated “I am breaking up with you.” I got upset and asked him why, and then began begging Steve not to get me hysterical because it was harmful to the pregnancy and the baby. He told me to “stop talking” over and over again, walked out the door and left me in hysterics.

Despite “breaking up”, Steve returned to my apartment after a night away. He started going out with his friend, or presumably other girls, until 1-2am every night. Sometimes he would not come back at all. When I asked him where he was going, he would state it was none of my business. He also continued to tell me to “Stop Talking” in an aggressive manor whenever I asked questions about his whereabouts or their relationship. My thinking then was that if Steve was going to act this way, he should have allowed me to remain in peace in NYC from the beginning of my pregnancy. I was clear from the beginning that I wanted this baby: that I was going through with the pregnancy even though there was a strong possibility that I would be raising my baby as a single mother. Steve’s emotional cruelty stood out even more clearly to me especially in light of the pregnancy. His mixed messages were actually harmful.

One night after promising to return, Steve blocked my number. He texted early the next morning saying he was coming back to the apartment. When he arrived he admitted he had spent the whole night with a woman doing cocaine, and she was attractive, single and he liked her.

So I began to look for an apartment to live in and raise my a baby in alone in NYC. Despite Steve “breaking up” and dating other girls, he still actively communicated with me and continued to make promises; he suggested that he still wanted to be with me, and since I had to live in NYC near my sister for child care possibilities, he asked me to look at luxury two bedroom apartments in Brooklyn that he claimed he would fully finance. After much searching I found the perfect apartment, whereupon Steve then notified me that he would not put his name on any lease. Luckily, I found an apartment in Brooklyn across the street from my sister, Brienne, and her family, and I asked Steve for the money for a down payment and money in the bank to pay the monthly lease. Steve refused to give me any money directly and would only give the money to the landlord, in which he paid for all 12 months in full.

I moved into new apartment, and Steve would stay with me on and off. Steve left me to move on my own, with help from my friend, while he continued to date and go out almost every night, sometimes not coming home and/or telling me where he was. Steve had never before treated me so carelessly, but he blamed me for all his problems. Steve would often raise his voice to shout, raise his arm at me as if to hit me, leave me hysterically crying on the floor and go out. One night he threw the remote across the room and made a huge dent in the wall. Once again, no matter how hard I tried to be perfect, nothing was ever good enough for Steve. Many nights he would scream over and over “Stop Talking, Stop Talking, Stop Talking,” until he would leave for the night.

March 22, 2017

Steve was staying in an NYC room he rented from our friend Chris Ochoa (although he mainly stayed with me). One night when I was there with Steve, he was up all night and he did not sleep, which I assumed was from large Adderall consumption. In the morning, I went to breakfast with Steve at Lafayette restaurant in downtown NYC, and he asked to leave right as our food arrived because he thought he was going to be poisoned. We returned to the apartment where Steve stated that he had radioactive poisoning from his adderall. He had a device to test the adderall’s radioactivity (reference video), and he stated that a few pills were radioactive. Steve told Chris and me that he needed to go to the ER because of palladium poisoning, which when I tried to research it appeared as the plot device used to weaken Iron Man in the Iron Man movie.

I selected the Bellevue Hospital ER thinking that for mental health treatment it would be the best, especially since Steve was pretty clearly in a psychotic state from lack of sleep and some substances (Adderall? Cocaine?). When Steve was finally seen in the ER for his “thought poisoning,” I informed the attendants at the front desk that he struggled with drug abuse and had a current history of psychosis. They did not consider him to be a threat, and released him.

October-November 2017

Still living in New York, with Steve mostly staying with me, we I began couples counseling. During the second session, Steve said that we were broken up when the therapist probed his behavior in the relationship chaos; Steve then left me on the street hysterically crying, 6 months pregnant, telling me that he was going to meet one of his romantic prospects. Later when he returned to the Brooklyn apartment , Steve and I went out for dinner and he again told me that he didn’t love me, that he never wanted to be with me, that we were broken up and that he was returning to San Francisco with one of his romantic prospects who he had hired as his personal assistant. Throughout this time, I consistently begged Steve to stop creating traumatic situations for me, coming and going, professing love then hate, as it was terrible stress to put me under, and potentially very harmful for Evie. At the time, I sent articles to Steve, and to his friend Chris, on the negative effects of chronic stress on both the mother and a developing fetus. (All during this period, I was also stressed by observing how Steve was acting: he seemed to me to be totally psychotic. He believed he was being targeted, followed, poisoned etc.).

November-December 2017

Steve left for San Francisco, leaving me broken hearted and hysterical. I felt hopeless and became severely depressed. I blocked his number and began seeing a psychiatrist who specialized in pregnancy on a regular basis. My psychiatrist, Dr. Rhodes, raised the levels of some medications to calm me and not distress Evie. My psychiatrist was adamant that Steve was abusive, he would continue to harm/hurt me/Evie and that he caused me great mental instability. The doctor highly suggested filing an order of protection, or a restraining order, in court. I went two weeks with having Steve’s number blocked and started to feel much better.

As per Steve’s pattern, he did not stay away for long. He began reaching out to my sister, expressing his care and concern for me. At this point, I was heavily pregnant, living alone and terrified of doing it alone (as I think most women would be in the situation). I went against Dr. Rhodes advice and began a dialogue with Steve, in which he stated that we would never be together and needed a co-parenting

agreement. I could not reasonably comply with any co-parenting agreement as Steve was, in my opinion, still psychotic and in need of serious substance/mental help. But, at the same time, Steve did verbally agree to 100% financial support of Evie and me and our continuing to live in NYC. In my search for a night nurse, he insisted on hiring the most expensive nurse, which I felt was unnecessary. He also continued to encourage me not to work, and offered to give me \$10k per month for my missed income. At one point he also told me he was planning to give me \$150k per year, and would be getting me an assistant. Only a few days later, Steve called me and told me his “assistant got too emotional,” just like I did, and he was firing her. At the time he would not admit they were together, but stated “she got emotional exactly like you, maybe I do this to girls” (he later admitted it after Evie’s birth). He started to entertain the idea of our having a reunion, asking me to come back to SF for Thanksgiving, but I refused.

December-January 2017

Steve hired a professional security firm in San Francisco to guard his home and him. The first private investigator he worked with told him after a few weeks that he would no longer take his money because he could see that Steve needed other help. At some point, Steve sold his home and car. Both he and his mother moved to a condo unit Steve had purchased, and according to his mother, Steve disassembled the new apartment he had just bought to the point where she told him she would move out if he didn’t stop. As he was looking for spying devices, he tore apart his new closet, broke the heating system, broke his WiFi network, etc. His new security team began to have a worker stationed outside of the house 24/7 to guard the house; the cost of such daily security measures reached approximately \$9,000/day.

Steve returned to Brooklyn to stay with me on Christmas Day. Though he stated that he wanted to try and make the relationship work, he still spent nights away and came back late without word. I was heavily pregnant, scared of pending motherhood, and allowed him to do what he wanted out of desperation. The pattern continued: one night, we had a calm, happy evening with my sister and her family, then he slammed out stating he needed to leave after a few hours, threatening to leave for a hotel, and end the relationship. I became upset, and confused, and only when I woke the next morning did I realize that my prescription bottle of Adderall was missing. Steve admitted to taking the medicine my psychiatrist had been prescribing for me—and I allowed him to return yet again later that day.

January 2018

Steve returned to NY as I was quickly approaching Evie's due date. At this point, Steve's mental illness and belief in a variety of security threats (reference other document on Steve's mental history) was at a heightened state. Throughout my pregnancy, Steve had been in a continuing psychotic state and was abusing drugs. By the end of my pregnancy I just wanted some peace and calm, and so I tried to avoid fighting, even about some of his bizarre thinking.

The first night Steve returned he bought a security guard to the Brooklyn apartment- within minutes the security guard pulled out his gun to clean it and I felt very uneasy. This was a strange man with a gun hired by Steve, whom had very questionable judgement. In the day proceeding, the security person and Steve changed all the outlets in my apartment to new ones as Steve believed they could be spying devices.

Steve stayed with me, but felt "unsafe" in the apartment. He started using a NY-based security firm affiliated with his San Francisco firm. A security guard was stationed in a car outside of my house starting the day Steve arrived; it made me uncomfortable and the neighbors were concerned. Steve believed that the apartment in Brooklyn was unsafe and full of spying devices. He installed shades and had them closed at all times; he left a Christmas light machine on all night in the kitchen (something to prevent spying); I had to be careful about anything I said to Steve in the apartment or else he would be angry as he believed people were constantly listening.

As I mentioned earlier, I did not believe Steve had any security threat, but was heavily pregnant and was just conceding to Steve as I was scared of motherhood alone. Although I refused, Steve pressured me to go stay at a hotel in Brooklyn, where his security detail also stayed. Steve rented two hotel rooms adjacent in the Williamsburg Hotel, one for the security guard and one for us but he did not even feel safe there, and began to panic. Late one night, he told me that we had to leave the hotel and go to stay 40 minutes away at my parents' house in the suburbs. Previously my mother and father had made it clear they did not want Steve coming to their home, as he was psychotic and they didn't want to expose my young siblings to his behavior. I told Steve we could not go to my parent's house, which caused him to become verbally aggressive and to threaten to smash my cellphone in my face, again raising his hand as if to strike me. When he finally left the room, and I called my sister for help, she refused to pick me up. Though he had really scared me, he seemed calmer when he returned, and we agreed to stay at the hotel.

Steve began pressuring me to request a C-section even though there were two weeks left before my due date. It became clear through his mother later that he was trying to leave to get back to SF as soon as he could; but he verbalized wanting to “preserve my vaginal area,” to get a tummy tuck in order to have an immediate “hot body.” I was open to having a natural birth, but I hesitantly agreed to have a C-section as the baby was measuring large, but I was scared to get it done. In this period Steve continued to have a full time security detail of former NYPD police officers. I spoke with the guard privately and they agreed with me Steve was psychotic and needed help.

During this time, my psychiatrist had informed my OB-GYN team that Steve was psychotic and could harm me and/or Evie. As a result, the doctors were hesitant to let him come to appointments or even into the hospital area when I gave birth.

1.5 weeks before my due date, I went to the OB-GYN for a check-up. Steve and his security guard accompanied me. At the appointment the doctor told me my blood pressure had sky rocketed and I needed to go to the hospital asap. The rise in blood pressure could be attributed to the stress Steve was causing by moving me around, hijacking my home and being generally delusional and aggressive.

January 27-February 3, 2018

On January 27, 2018 at 12:08am I gave birth to my beautiful daughter Evelyn Grace via C-section.

Steve was in the room despite doctor’s recommendation, and he stayed with me in the recovery room. On the fourth or fifth day in the hospital, Steve refilled his Adderall prescription. That night he took a bunch of pills and was in an extreme psychotic state. He was up all night examining the room with a flash light keeping me awake when I was trying to recover and needed calm. Steve believed there was a device behind the dresser in the room, that lasers were being shown in the windows to harm him, and that the sockets and other fixtures were recording devices. I told Steve he had to leave and feared the hospital staff would report seeing Evie’s father as psychotic.

I asked to give Evie my last name, Walsh, which is uncommon for a woman to do, but Steve did not fight it at all, which surprised me. During this time period, my

blood pressure remained at an elevated state, which was likely to have been due to stress. At first Steve refused to leave, but then complied the next day; his security team accompanied him to our Brooklyn apartment, where I had given him instructions to make sure the apartment was set up for me to return with Evie next day. After he left, I was visited by a team of cardiologists that told me Evie had 4-5 small holes in her heart they called “VSD”’s”. I was so worried and did not have a partner by my side (thank goodness all the holes have since closed except one).

The following day as I was set to return home with little Evie in the afternoon, I received a call from Steve’s security guard stating “Steve has destroyed your apartment” and “In good conscience” he “could not allow me to return to the apartment with an infant.” The guard also notified me Steve was in a bad psychotic state and had not slept. I was totally crushed. They suggested I go to my parents home with Evie, but I had spent months preparing our home for her arrival, including setting up a beautiful nursery with tiny details down to items like diaper warmers that mattered to me. I wanted to bring her into the best environment possible and spent a lot of time and thought setting things up. I also had a night nurse set to care for her at night. I elected to stay another night in the hospital and asked the guards to help clean the apartment.

The next day I convinced my parents (who preferred I go to their home) to drive Evie and me to Brooklyn. My father and I would first inspect the apartment as Evie stayed at my sister’s apartment nearby. When we walked into the apartment it was in a total mess: Steve was there in a clearly psychotic state with a security guard. There were fumes in the apartment from holes the guard had patched in the walls, the windows were all open and it was freezing, there were broken mirrors on the floor covered in aluminum foil. All the fixtures in the kitchen on the cabinets were removed, the venting system in the kitchen was disassembled, there were handy man supplies everywhere. I assumed the security guards had been at work all night trying to fix a lot of the holes Steve had made, as well as putting together the fixtures he had disassembled. Naturally, I became very upset. And in that moment my motherly instincts set in and I sternly told Steve to leave and give me his keys.

Steve left apartment. I was still recovering from a C-section and in pain, but I had to spend hours cleaning the apartment with my father and thankfully a woman who came to assist us. For the next few days, I was in limited contact with Steve, who spent hours a day sitting in the restaurant below our apartment waiting to see me. After Steve begged me for a few days to be let back into the apartment I reluctantly agreed. At the time, I desperately still wanted to find a way for us to be a family, and still thought I loved Steve. Steve returned, bringing with him a new security

team, (since the former security team had quit working for him and told him to seek psychiatric help after he trashed my apartment). Who he directed to change even more potential spying device fixtures, such as random handles and door knobs throughout the apartment. After a day or two, Steve stated to me that the apartment was still not safe and that we had to go to a hotel in NJ for a few days; he changed all the locks on my apartment door to sophisticated locks and put security cameras at the entrance of the apartment and in the living room.

February 2018

After about a week, Steve left Evie and me in our Brooklyn apartment, and returned to San Francisco for what he called “work” (he had long stopped working at this point). Immediately after leaving, Steve told me I needed to come to San Francisco asap. I told Steve I had spent months setting up for the baby in Brooklyn, had an amazing nanny, family support, and needed time to trust Steve again. Steve was adamant that I return, and threatened to remove his financial support, including for the nanny to assist with Evie’s care. This came despite the many times repeated verbal agreement that had been made between us when Steve reassured me that he “had all the money in the world”, that I “didn’t have to work”, and that he would “fully financially support me and the baby” (I was reliant on Steve’s financial support, particularly in the first few months, as I had cut down on the clients for my business). For two weeks, I pleaded with Steve to follow his word in at least paying for the nanny, trying to get back additional clients and being the primary caretaker of infant Evie 16 hours a day.

After two weeks, I gave up and agreed to come to San Francisco. Steve promised me a better life, happiness, financial support, relationship commitment and even the support and financial backing to pursue my dream handbag business. All of my friends, my family and my doctors did not support me going back to San Francisco. I begged Steve to support me and not make us leave our home. I was concerned for Evie to fly at such a young age, and tried to find any excuse so that we could not leave, but Steve hired a private jet to take us back to SF. At the time, my plan was to stay in SF just long enough to build back my handbag business (which I view as potentially being very profitable), and then to leave when I had saved sufficient money since in SF, I would have a full time, paid nanny. From the moment I got back to SF though, I resented Steve for making us leave NYC.

February 2018-March 2018

Steve continued to work with the security team he met at end of January 2018 in New York. This security team had been referred to him by his friend deo, and they acted more like “life coaches” than security personnel. They worked with Steve to

encourage a ‘normal’ daily routine, bringing him to work and keeping him off drugs. Members of the security team told me that Steve had indeed had a real threat at one point, explaining only in vague terms that it was from a foreign government and that the risk was now under control (later it became clear that they were conning him, led by George who was in charge, and feeding him his delusions—such as that Putin knew his name—for money). Typically there were three security men staying in SF with Steve (from out of town) at any given point. Security stayed at a hotel, but they were present with Steve throughout the entire day.

March 4-7, 2018

From the point when Evie was born up until we arrived in San Francisco on March 4th, the only peace I had with her was in the times when we were away from Steve. Most of the time, I was nonetheless quite stressed, operating in a kind of survival mode. Prior to our arrival, I was told that a room, Evie’s belongings, and a night nurse would all be set up-- I had sent a detailed list and ordered many items to be delivered. Of course, when we arrived, nothing was set-up, and it was total chaos. We were to live in a house with Steve and his mother. From the moment I arrived, Steve’s mother, whom I had always been very close with, began verbally abusing me as well (I am not sure why, but I think the likely reason is she knew I didn’t want to be there, and that I no longer loved or wanted to take care of Steve. She knew if I didn’t care for and monitor him, she would have to).

Linda repeatedly told me I was a “bad mother,” that I “didn’t care about the baby,” that I “was dumb,” and even called Evie “dumb.” The best way to describe how I felt at the time, was I was in total stressed-out shock. I felt numb. So many hurtful, cruel things had happened to me, and to little Evie! Although I felt like I was drowning in stress, my primary care and focus was always on Evie and on protecting us.

I asked Steve to tell his mom to stop verbally abusing us, which he refused to do, stating it was my fault she had rage towards me. I literally did nothing, except to try my best to make myself, my two dogs Riley and Cooper, and even Evie invisible. I actually had to keep my dogs locked in the basement room where we stayed. Steve’s mother had always had a questionable problem with alcohol, often starting to drink in the early afternoon over the years. However, at this point she drank very, very heavily. She would slur her speech and become even nastier. One night, she kept throwing a ball against the wall next to Evie’s room as she slept, and that was the night I finally stood up to her.

Steve continued to have employ this full time security detail in San Francisco who followed both Steve and me around. Steve spent all day with the security guards,

who were also always in the house.

March 7, 2018

At dinner, Steve casually admitted with a smile on his face that he had slept with numerous women when I was pregnant. I left him in the restaurant we had been in, and returned to his mother's house. When he returned and saw me crying and texting on my cellphone, he became enraged since he had had a long-standing issue with me being on my cellphone and telling my loved ones that I was unhappy. He told me to put down the phone, and when I refused, he took it out of my hands and smashed it to pieces on the floor.

March 8, 2018

In the morning, I was sitting on couch in living room working on my computer still shaken up from the previous night. Evie was sleeping in her room next to me. Steve came into room and told me I could not use my computer that it was bugged. I told him to stop being ridiculous, he became very angry and disconnected the only wifi in the house. Steve said he was taking a shower and leaving to go to work. At that moment I grew angry: I felt that I was then left with no wifi, and therefore could not work or communicate with anyone, and I was in a bad situation in a strange house with no cellphone. It was clear to me that I hadn't wanted to be in SF, had been forced to come almost against my will, and that he had left me with no recourse. I went to Steve's bedroom, and broke one of his several cellphones and his iPad. Steve came out of the shower and came up to the living room to where I was and he was in full rage: he said he was breaking my laptop and my spare (very old) cellphone that only had wifi. I begged him not to, I apologized, and I grasped onto my laptop while begging Steve to calm down. He became very violent: he smashed me around the kitchen (next to living room), and then he pulled me up and down against the center island and the floor with full force in order to remove my laptop from my arms. Steve was able to finally remove the laptop and smashed it on the ground. I felt physically injured and scared, and locked myself in the bedroom with Evie. Thankfully, she continued to sleep. Steve called his security team to residence, and they talked me out of calling the police to report being physically hurt: I had bruises all over my leg and backside, and had trouble walking/running for close to two weeks, and did not receive any medical attention.

Immediately after this incident, Steve's security team removed him from the house and made him stay in a hotel for a few days. They then persuaded me to leave Evie and to travel with them and Steve to Hawaii for some intensive couples therapy and some treatment for Steve to better his health. Because I had at this point found a nanny with great references who I liked, I reluctantly agreed. The plan was to leave Evie for a few days with the nanny and Steve's mother. I didn't want to do it, but I

felt like I had no choice but to go to Hawaii. At this point, I had very limited communication with my friends or family.

Approximately March 10-March 15

I went to Hawaii and was reunited with Steve. From the moment I left Evie, I was heartbroken: I cried during the entire flight to the Island. But I felt powerless, and defeated, and was hopeful that Steve—and maybe even we--would get better. Of course, in Hawaii, there was no real treatment for Steve, and no couples therapy. I still was in pain from the physical incident and had to cover my bruises with long dresses. I remember at the time, I was finally able to go running (which I loved), but it was too painful for me to run. After a few days, I insistently said that I was returning to Evie. They all put up a fight, but I held my ground. The moment I got back to SF and held her, I promised I would never leave her again.

March 20, 2018

Back in SF, Steve came home at night and demanded I give him my prescription for adderall. At that point, I kept the drug locked in a security box with a key. Steve stated that we could no longer be together, and that I would have to move out when I said I wouldn't give him the drug. Steve said he would go to a hotel and find a date. When I started crying to him begging him not to leave, Steve said “stop it or I will throw your cellphone in your face.” At the time, I felt physically threatened by him since his urge for drugs was so strong, and I feared that he could hurt me again.

April 2018

I began to use the nanny's help to watch Evie and try to build back my business to be financially independent of Steve. When he Steve noticed that I was working more and more, and questioned what I was working on, I told him I was trying to build my business.

One morning, after repeated attempts, I could not wake Steve in the am for a doctor's appointment (Steve had made it clear it was my job to wake him up in the morning by bringing him hot coffee). I was on a conference call for an hour, and stopped trying to wake him, which later enraged him because I was working instead of focusing on waking him up. Steve told me I had to give him back his credit card under my name, that he would cancel the card, that I was not allowed to do “so much work,” that he would stop paying the nanny and that I had to pay her. The nanny was due to get paid that day, and she ended up crying that Steve would not pay her even

though she had done nothing wrong. I began to sneak my work, but eventually had to give up that plan because Steve continued to threaten me by removing my financial security.

Steve had mentioned to me on numerous occasions that he wanted to get me pregnant and have another baby as soon as possible. I did not desire to be pregnant and made that clear to Steve, even telling him that the doctor said pregnancy was unsafe for at least a year after a C-section. Steve and I had sex one night and Steve ejaculated inside me without asking my permission. I was not on any birth control, as Steve had made it clear he was against it. After sex, I immediately went to CVS to get the morning after pill. I came back to the house and took the pill. Shortly after I felt sick and told Steve I had taken the pill. Steve said “how could you kill our child without asking me?.” Steve then told me I had to go make myself throw up- presumably to throw up the morning after pill. I pretended to throw up in bathroom to not start a fight with Steve.

April 4, 2018

At this point, Steve began seeing a doctor again to get Adderall. Previously, for around a month, his security team had been successful (at least from what I know) in getting him to stop. Steve had refilled his adderall prescription earlier in day and had stayed up all night in the apartment looking for spying devices. He was not violent, but the nanny witnessed his behavior and became concerned about his state of mind with an infant in the apartment. At some point, the nanny, who came to Evie’s pediatrician appointments, mentioned something about it to Evie’s doctor, Dr. Montgomery, and though I tried to smooth it over, the staff in the office started asking me carefully if everything was ok.

April 5, 2018

When I woke up in morning Steve was still awake and in agitated state looking for spying devices. Steve told me the previous day he was followed by CIA agents in the elevator of the psychiatrist while picking up his meds, and that he recognized the CIA agents from previous encounters. Steve told me the night before that he could see agents dropping down the windows of the apartment; he believed they used devices to make him feel “microwaved,” and he also mentioned noticing a foam in the door that was not there. Steve stated that the night before he had felt nauseous from the experience and that whatever devices had been used on him through the windows had made him feel very heated. Steve mentioned he had particles in his body from previous encounters with spies that made him susceptible to their devices, though he assured me that Evie and I were safe from the devices.

Steve's security team came to apartment and removed Steve for the night, and he was brought to the Redwood City Hotel. They told me they wanted him to get some rest, I informed them that he was likely was in state of psychosis, having stayed up all night after taking Adderall.

April 6, 2018

The security team sent in specialists to our apartment to test for spying/surveillance devices, and none were found. Steve was able to come back to the apartment and to sleep; but he still appeared to be distracted, not present, and 'out of it.' The security team told me that Steve had a sensitivity to the high electromagnetic fields in the apartment.

At this time, Steve self-diagnosed himself with having sensitivity to EMF: he believed EMF was intentionally being targeted at him to cause him discomfort. Steve began covering himself at night with an EMF metallic blanket and also wearing EMF-protective clothing.

April 7, 2018

Steve and I attended an event at the Palace Hotel. Steve was still acting distracted and while at the table at the event, he started acting very uncomfortable, and took me to the bathroom to tell me that he likely had just been poisoned at the event by one of his suspected followers (he had a list of images of all the people that he believed were following him) named Baldy who was at the event. Steve insisted that there had been an orchestrated action at the event in which Baldy had walked by, while another man had put a chemical on Steve's jacket that Steve reported he could then taste in his mouth. We left the event, and decided with the security team to bring Steve to the Zuckerberg Emergency Room. During the car ride to hospital Steve was clearly in pain, his face was very red, and he told me he thought he would likely die. In ER I told check-in attendant and the nurse privately that Steve had had a history of psychosis and amphetamine abuse. Steve's only concerning vital reading was his high blood pressure. He ended up calming down and was able to leave before being seen by a doctor. The security team member who escorted us to the ER agreed with me in confidence that Steve was clearly psychotic and needed mental help.

April 18, 2018

Steve, Evie and I moved to a new apartment (our 4th home since we arrived). Our old apartment had been on a very low level and this new apartment was on the 55th floor. I was in the hallway outside the new apartment when the nanny came up in the elevator without Evie, telling me that she had left the baby alone in the apartment with Steve. I immediately started to worry, and told the nanny that she could never ever leave Steve alone with Evie. When Steve exited the service elevator on the 55th floor a few minutes later, he said that he had forgotten that she was alone when he left her unattended. Luckily, when I rushed to make sure Evie was all right, she was peacefully sleeping.

April 18-20, 2018

Steve took Adderall on two consecutive nights, 80 mg on the first night, and 130 mg on the second night by my count. His suspicions about the bugging of the apartment returned, along with concerns about the lack of safety: he dismantled the door insulation; he took off the top pieces of lamps; he took the legs off the chaise longue; he covered the hinges on the doors. He asked for aluminum foil to block cameras in the furniture, and he pointed out various cracks in the apartment's walls and floor that were "not there before," insisting that Adderall was not the problem.

May 1-May 17 2018

The exact dates that Steve refilled his adderall prescription are unknown, but I know that an entire month's supply was consumed in approximately 1.5 weeks. My recollection is that Steve's psychosis peaked this month, during which the following occurred:

- Workmen were constantly in apartment to change every single socket, door handle, hinge, light fixture, toilet paper holder (basically anything metal) in the entire apartment. Appliances were removed since Steve thought they had spying devices in them.
- Steve broke all the mirrors in the apartment believing that they were spying devices.
- All the lamps in the apartment were replaced in case they had been altered as spying devices.

- Steve stayed up all night for numerous nights consuming large amounts of adderall. In one such night, he put two massive holes in the wall in the living room area, believing that there was a spraying device in the wall that was poisoning him. Steve set up a tube coming out of the huge halls in the room to remove chemicals he believed to be in wall.
- After the all night binges, the next morning Steve told me he was being drugged by agents who had set up devices throughout apartment. He believed that poisonous gas was coming out of the vents and the walls, and he told me that he could also see the gas and that he felt sick. He believed that the apartment had been set-up by his security threats since there had been a few days between his showing interest in the apartment and his move-in date. I was very worried by Steve's hallucinating things that were not there again.
- Steve said that the shades needed to be closed at all times to prevent the supposed "agents" from shining devices into the apartment and activating the metal particles in his body in order to deliberately make him sick. Again: I knew that Steve was hallucinating seeing agents drop down the windows.
- Steve rarely left apartment because when he did he was likely to be poisoned by the "agents" he saw hiding in corners and behind bushes who were always ready to spray him with a poison. Again: I believed Steve was hallucinating seeing these agents and also imagining the scenario of being sprayed.
- After an all night binge, Steve confirmed to me in the morning that the apartment below was set-up with spying agents. Steve confirmed that he saw them and pushed the window so far in order to look down below that the hinge on the window broke. I began to be afraid Steve would dismantle the window completely and fall out from the 55th floor.
- Steve began keeping spying devices wrapped in aluminum foil in the bedroom closet, things like hangers, sockets and legs from chairs.
- Steve insisted that there was a nerve agent leaking from the walls.
- From the end of January to early May, the security company began telling Steve that his delusions were not real. Steve fired them, and rehired Bryan Crutcher. Steve began using his ozone generator on numerous occasions in various rooms of the apartment. I had asked Steve over and over not to use the ozone generator in the apartment because of worries about Evie's safety: Ozone generators have been proven to be toxic to animals and humans (<https://www.nachi.org/ozone-generator-hazards.htm>).
- Steve's new security detail began to be stationed 24 hours a day at a desk placed at the front of the apartment.
- Steve broke the locks on the door to our bedroom, as well as those on the doors to the bathroom. It made me feel unsafe.
- Steve increased his yelling and shouting in anger at me when I made him aware I wanted to move back to NYC with Evie. On one such occasion, I

had Evie in the bedroom on the bed, and I begged him to stop yelling in front of Evie. I tried to physically push Steve out of the room, leaving Evie unattended for 30 seconds, and she ended up rolling off of the bed, but had no real injuries (I brought Evie to her pediatrician as soon as I could for evaluation, and luckily she only had some slight bruising—Steve would not come along to the Pediatrician).

- Steve’s mother gave Steve a loaded hand gun which I believed might have been in the apartment. I felt very unsafe. (Steve later stated that there was no handgun in apartment, but I was unsure if he was lying).
- Our nanny told me on two separate nights that she had woken up and found out that Steve had left the stove on in the kitchen. She was rightfully very concerned about safety. I confronted Steve and he denied having left the stove on.
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June 2018

Steve had entire apartment painted in EMF-protective black paint which was then covered by white paint. He began to “test” his dosages in order to show the security team that he could consume some amount of Adderall at night and “not be psychotic,” even though he continued to believe that he was being targeted and needed a full-time security detail. Steve began seeing a psychiatrist in order to establish that he was not mentally ill or psychotic. I witnessed sessions with this psychiatrist (Dr. Gopal) in which Steve was dishonest about his mental condition and his drug usage. Steve said he used cocaine and Adderall infrequently to treat his lack of energy from Lyme Disease. I believed that Steve was being dishonest with Dr. Gopal in order to prove that he was not drug-seeking or an addict, and that he was not suffering from an amphetamine-induced psychosis, and that he was not mentally ill. He wanted to prove that he was a “fit parent” because he sensed that I was determined to leave, and was starting to mount evidence to fight me for Evie in court.

I woke up one morning to take a shower and realized there was a large amount of feces covering the drain of the shower. Steve later confirmed it was his feces. I was not sure if he had defecated over the drain in order to prevent some sort of spying device.

June 4, 2018

I had planned a trip to leave for NY for good. I actually packed two large boxes with the majority of Evie’s and my things, which I shipped to my parents’ house. In response to finding out about this, Steve began to increase his mistreatment and

emotional abuse again: he told me I was worthless, and began to tell me that if I left with Evie, he would certainly “crush me in court” and take her away. Essentially he threatened that if I carried out my plans to leave, Evie would be taken away from me—it was very hard for me not to believe him.

A few hours before my planned flight was going to take off, I got this rush of strength---in my opinion a “God moment”. I packed up a backpack with everything Evie would need for the trip, and I texted Steve to let him know that I had decided to get on this flight with Evie and to leave. At the time, I was so desperate, I didn’t even think of taking my dogs (whom I love very much): when I tried to leave for the airport, Steve’s security guard followed me, and I asked them kindly but sternly to leave me alone and to allow me to leave in peace. I told them that I didn’t need them to escort me, and that Evie was fine. One security guard insisted upon sitting in the front seat of the Uber, even though I asked him over and over to leave the car. The Uber driver was upset, and the security guard refused to leave, and told me that I would be arrested at the airport and my chances at custody would be harmed. I stated that I only wanted to go home for a visit, and then the guard put Steve on the phone who told me that he was filing a restraining order, and that he was suing full custody. The security guard also stated that I could be arrested for poisoning Steve (I had mentioned to the police that I had given anti-psychotic medications to Steve in his wine when he was in full blown psychosis; even the security guards knew I had done it, and they had encouraged him at times to drink the wine. I was advised that this could be considered as self- defense).

The police ended up getting involved when the Uber driver pulled them over, and a report was filed. I returned to apartment with Steve as I was scared to leave due to his money and power. I had told the police Steve was psychotic, assuming it was mostly from drugs; the police officer offered to bring us to a shelter but I refused, and I also refused when the police offered to come to the apartment and confront Steve.

June 4 – June 9th, 2018

Steve began threatening to take full custody of Evie unless I entered an inpatient treatment facility, a treatment which my long-standing therapist in NYC advised me was totally unnecessary. Steve said he could make me be committed against my will, and threatened that he could make me pass a mental health evaluation at end of treatment before I could see Evie, and that he would get full custody of Evie if I didn’t pass. Steve then offered mediation instead of proceeding with a full-blown custody case, but his deal was that I had to make a written statement saying I was mentally ill, that I did need inpatient treatment, and that I was any abuse claims I had made about Steve. (Steve’s former security company that he fired is currently

threatening Steve: they claim that they will report him for abusing me since they witnessed numerous incidents between us. Steve is currently in a legal battle with them.)

During this week, without telling me, the security team began asking Steve's mother to come to our apartment at certain times to watch Evie. Having Steve's mother arrive made me very uncomfortable, especially since I typically watched Evie all day by myself and there had never been any issues. I insisted to Steve and the security people that I still had rights as a mother, and they needed to consult with me before imposing a babysitter. They ignored my requests.

Following Dr. Gopal's advice, Steve allowed us to return to NYC for a visit and wrote an email that legally lifted the standard restraining order he had filed. In the email, he set certain conditions: Evie and I had to stay exclusively with my parents, I was not to proceed with any legal action to cause delays, and I was to receive mental health treatment. I knew I would never come back, but did not divulge that to Steve. For security and as insurance, Steve was adamant that I had to leave my dogs---and somehow I was able to convince Steve to let me bring them home with us.

June 9th, 2018

I was set to leave for NYC with Evie, my two dogs and the nanny. On morning before we were set to leave, Steve's mother arrived at the apartment and was very unfriendly towards me. Steve, his mother and I were talking, and Steve mentioned that Evie was "special." His mother said, "Yeah, special needs" and began to laugh. I felt like I was punched in the chest.

June 18-June 24th

When we got back to NY, Steve continued to threaten to take Evie away unless I went along with his proposed conditions, which basically would give him full custody of Evie; he threatened to end his permission to lift the restraining order, and he continued his threats that no matter what I did, he would take Evie away from me easily.

Obviously, I was terrified to lose Evie if I pursued my own legal action. However, during this time, I had reached out to various domestic violence groups for legal help. A legal advisor at one of these groups, My Sister's Place, referred me to my current lawyer, Lydia.

At the same time, I hired a lawyer in San Francisco, Audrey, to represent me in the custody case there. I had originally met with Audrey in March of 2018 after the physical incident with Steve. She also had tried to get me help with domestic violence groups, but I hadn't been ready. At the end of June, Audrey filed a motion for lack of jurisdiction (basically California had no jurisdiction over custody).

June 29, 2018

I finally went to Westchester County Family Court, and with the help of a pro-bono group, got temporary order of protection to keep Steve away from me, and also from Evie. I then hired Lydia, and began custody proceedings here in New York.

At the beginning of the case, between Audrey working in CA and Lydia here, there was about a 50/50 chance the case could remain in California. Which likely meant Evie and I would have to return. However, in a judicial conference between the judge in Westchester and the judge in San Francisco, it was decided that New York was the more proper venue for the proceedings.

