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I trust this finds you well.

I'm a targeted BIPOC woman born and raised in Puerto Rico.

A death sentence has been imposed upon me by powerful oligarchs. Everyone in Puerto Rico and hundreds, if not thousands of people outside of the island seem to know about it.

In fact, when I went to my 2019 Columbia College reunion, many seem to have known that I had been sentenced to a slow, painful death, lunacy and/or suicide. No wonder everyone behaved with such pity and condescension to the point that even one classmate asked for forgiveness for his behavior 30 years ago.

Everyone knew. No one had the courage or integrity of saving my life.

Today, no one dares do anything to save my life. Even though everyone is aware that dozens of state and federal crimes are carried out against me every day, no one cares enough as to do anything about it.

Some look at me with pity, others hide. They don't say a word about the tragedy I'm in because they are genuinely afraid for their lives or that of their pets or families. Although it's outrageously illegal, no one denounces it.

About 6 months ago, in utter desperation I reached out for help to one of my Columbia University professors. He inquired around about my situation among high echelons of power. When we first talked over the phone, the first thing that came out of his mouth was: "What is there to be done at this point?"

I reach out to you out of my desperate fight for my life. Unlike most of the estimated 300,000 targeted individuals living in the United States last year I learned that 22 years ago Big Pharma and local utilities began targeting me as a result of environmental litigation I carried out on behalf of disenfranchised communities.

Since then, they collected acolytes from all walks of life: Democrats, land developers, adversaries, judges, politicians. Today, the Ana Hate Club comprises the wealthiest corrupt oligarchs in Puerto Rico as well as powerful, immensely rich people from the mainland. The private actors that seek to silence my life have carried out atrocious crimes against me made possible by the collaboration of state and federal law enforcement agencies in Puerto Rico and other jurisdictions such as the United States Department of Justice within the United States District Court for the Western District of Pennsylvania.

I'm a good person. A hard-working, tenacious, studious, loyal, honest woman trapped in this island. I can't drive away and seek help. I'm much like a prisoner in a castle surrounded by a moat, or .

I live in an electronic Gulag and I am a virtual slave as my body has been secretly laden with dozen of neural implants. During the past year, I've been able to connect the dots to identify when I first began to get implants illegally placed within me. So far, I've been able to assess that the same unscrupulous surgeon that destroyed my life in 2020, Enrique Pasarell, began the nefarious practice in 2004 during the first surgeries I underwent under his care.

During my only child's pregnancy in 1998, I gained 60 pounds. After my son was born, I breastfed him for 11 months.

Then in 2004 during the six months I spent taking care of my mother wither away to a cancer that finally took her life on July, 2004, I lost 70 pounds and went down to 124 lbs. As a result of this, I had to undergo cosmetic surgery to remedy the ravages that these events had had on my body.

In 2004 I retained Dr. Enrique Pasarell to carry out a breast lift and tummy tuck. I have now confirmed that in that first surgery I underwent the first major illegal implant of a series of leads in my head, hips, vertebrae and cervical spine. I had an impeccable diet and exercise routine. Therefore, even though the leads destroyed the cartilage in my hips, lumbar and cervical vertebrae, the muscles held my skeleton together.

I visited the chiropractor frequently. I attributed the need for constant adjustment of my hips and vertebrae to the hours I spent sitting in front of the computer working in my legal practice.

Through the leads implanted in my brain, my perpetrators manipulated my thoughts and behavior.

Recent CT scan images of my brain demonstrate that my brain has lost substantial mass as a result of it.



My body is enslaved through the 24/7 remote manipulation of the leads in my body.

Day and night gang stalkers torture me with the Bluetooth technology of their phones that activates the leads and contraptions inside my body. I have no personal privacy. They decide when I get to urinate or have bowel movements.

They know where I am always and send gang stalkers to intimidate me. Among their favorite torture techniques, I can list their moving of the rear-view mirror of my car; vandalizing and breaking down my car; locking it while I pump gas; remotely whipping my spine with an electronic slashing; perpetrating unbearable pain in my knees, elbows and ankles; activating the leads in my face, anus, genitals, breasts to cause humiliating itching; producing unbearable bouts of depression.

They not only cause physical discomfort and humiliation, but damage to my organs as well.

All my communications are filtered, intercepted, and listened to.

Local and federal law enforcement agencies know about my targeting and protect the powerful oligarchs behind such atrocious deprivation of human rights. Most of the people I deemed my friends became their accomplices and collaborators.

For years before I discovered I was a targeted individual on July 2021, people had been driven away from me as my tormentors would listen in to my phone conversations, call them and confront them about providing me with information about the corrupt organizations or people I was investigating regarding environmental malfeasance.

However, in hindsight I can identify that this practice intensified on or towards October, 2020.

Before I go any further, I want to provide some information about me so that you can corroborate my legitimacy, so that you can verify my identity and credentials through the following means

Professional affiliations:

Puerto Rico Bar number 10577

USDC attorney number: 211208

First Circuit Court of Appeals Bar number: 65679

Social media:

Twitter @anatoledodavila

Gab: anatoledo

Locals: ana

Medium: anatoledodavila.medium.com (please read my posts)

Substack: Ana Toledo – Mira!

Truth Social anatoledo (I haven't posted anything yet)

Linkedin: Ana Toledo

I GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO SHARE THIS STATEMENT WITH ANYONE YOU DEEM WOULD BE INTERESTED IN DISSEMINATING THE ATROCITIES I SET FORTH HEREIN AND/OR YOU THINK WOULD BE ABLE TO HELP ME SAVE MY LIFE.

Most of the information I will write here I have corroborated. There's still so much more I need to corroborate. The main problem is that most actors involved are scared for my perpetrators' retaliation or their own liability resulting from their actions against me.

As to the information that I have corroborated, I cannot write the names of the persons that provided me the information because the retaliation against the, can run from vandalism to their property, car, illness brough upon them or their families, murder of their pets, theft, physical aggression, and outright murder.

One example of the type of retaliation perpetrated upon anyone that dares disobey my tormentors is that of an acquaintance that lives in the neighborhood I lived up to June, 2021 before I discovered I was a targeted individual. At that time, I realized strange things were happening around me but never fathomed what. I now know that my perps had prohibited everyone from having social interactions with me.

I used to walk my dog every night. One corner away from my house lived a man who hade had a beautiful white cat, Pico. When Pico saw me, he would cross the street to greet me. He was a purring fur ball. One night I was sitting on the sidewalk caressing Pico. The man arrived in his car. Before entering his house, he made cordial, small talk with me. The wife came out of the house and about 10 feet away from me startedloudly arguing with him for talking to me. Thereafter, I never saw Pico again. I later learned Pico was dead. I'm certain now they murdered Pico in retaliation against that man for kindly making small talk with me that night despite my perpetrators express prohibition to the contrary and because I derived happiness from spending a little time with him.

MY CURRENT SITUATION AS A TARGETED INDIVIDUAL

On January 16, 2020, I underwent a cosmetic surgery to change 13-year old breast implants. The surgeon irremediably mutilated my once beautiful breasts. His name is Enrique Pasarell, a board-certified plastic surgeon of 35 years of experience . He

this....



APRIL, 2017

Into this:



I changed the implants because in 2017 I had undergone 7 weeks of radiotherapy after an October 6, 2016 lumpectomy for an alleged breast cancer in my right breast. When my cancer surgeon saw what he did to me he asked himself under his breath WHY DID HE DO THIS?

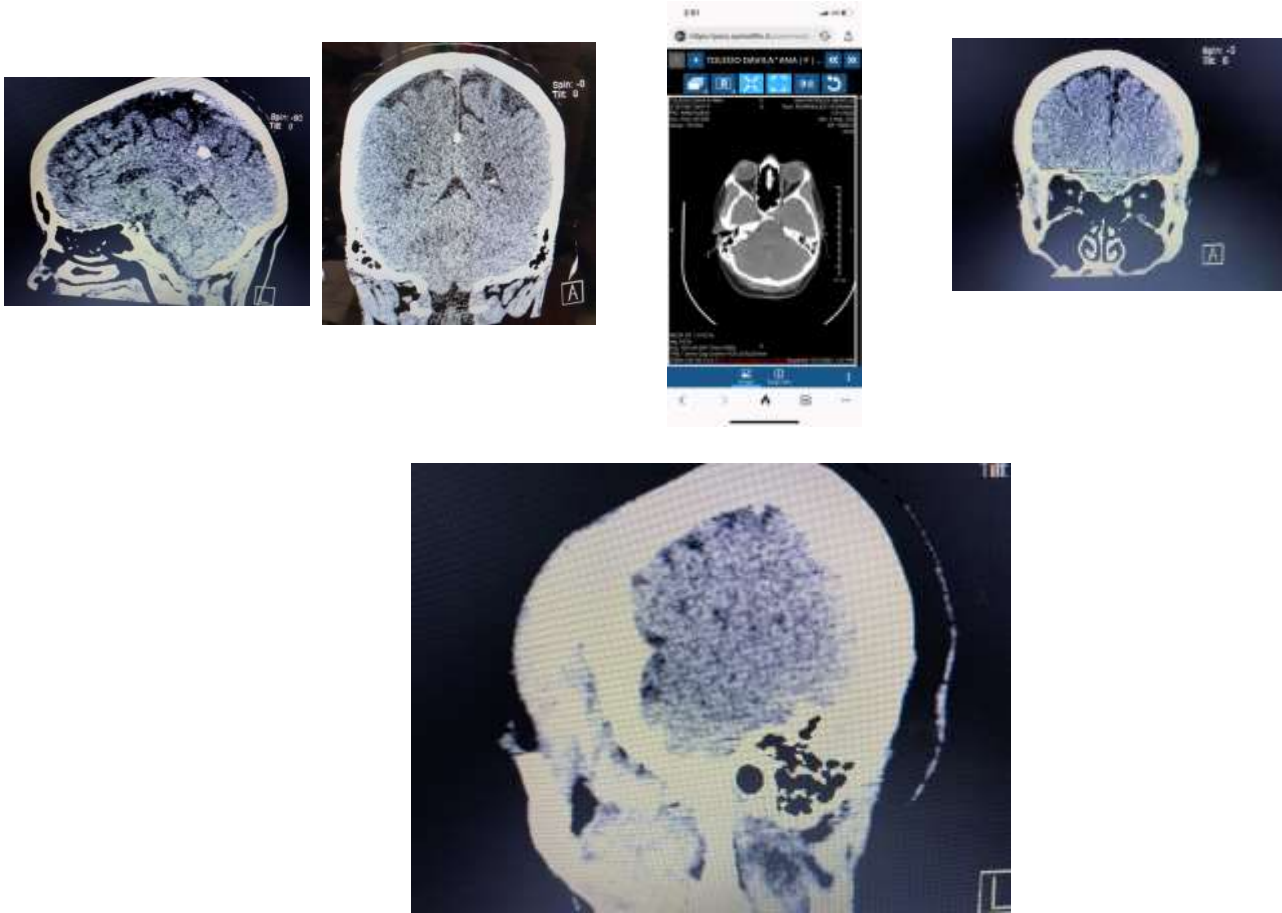
HE METICULOUSLY SLICED MY RIGHT BREAST RIGHT THROUGH THE MIDDLE.



The left breast was horrendously “reconstructed” as well.



Not only did Dr. Enrique Pasarell meticulously mutilate me, but he enslaved or allowed other surgeons currently unknown to me to enslave my body at the behest of my perpetrators by inserting or allowing them to insert DOZENS of neural implants and their contraptions throughout my entire body.



You can find animated images of the CT Scan in these Rumble links:

[Implant Galore](#)

[Ana Toledo, #TargetedIndividual in Puerto Rico](#)

With those implants in the middle of my brain, my gang stalkers remotely operating the implants make me profoundly fall asleep and sleepwalk, giving me instructions to open locks to them. That is how they would enter my room without it having any signs of being broken into. The next morning when I realized they had entered because they had stolen items such as pen drives or moved things around to torture me by letting me know that they had entered despite the locks I installed.

Almost eight months later, two different people suggested: maybe it is that you sleepwalk. I had never sleepwalked in my life. Then it all made sense.

I thus purchased security locks. I locked my rooms from the inside, closing my eyes to hide the keys in different parts of the room so that they couldn't give me a command to look for the key and open the lock for them to come in.

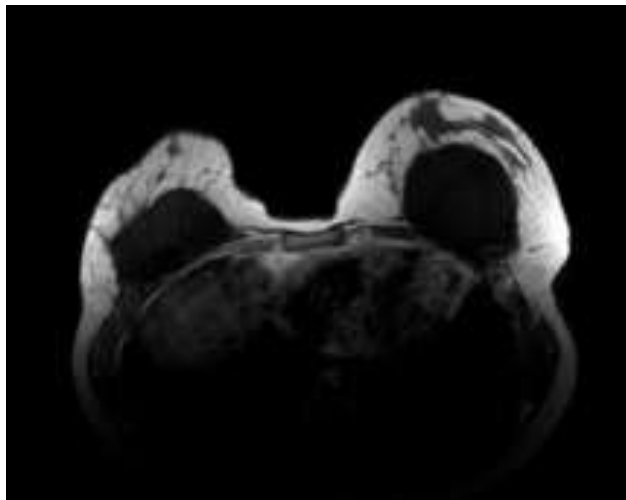
The problem was that they seriously damaged my short-term memory. And sometimes I wouldn't remember where I placed the keys.

Today I live tormented by countless intermittent pulse generators, cables, artifacts inserted all over my body. Implants that modulate my thoughts, emotions and constantly attack my organs and body.

When I first discovered that I had been implanted by reviewing the images of an October 7, 2020 MRI of the breasts that I had done in an effort to have the mutilation corrected, my perps reached out to a well-known radiologist who graduated with me from Columbia. For the first time in 30 years, he reached out to me through Facebook. They thought I'd be so stupid as to consult with him about my predicament so that he would gaslight me, dissipating any idea in my mind that I had been implanted.

I knew they had sent him to gaslight me about the plethora of implants inside my body to convince me that what I saw inside of me were not implants, cables and their contraptions.

The images are chilling.





Sometimes the implants and the neural networks' components show through the skin. Such is the case of bulging veins through which cables run, connecting the top of my head to the tip of my toes.



When I discovered that electric shocks disabled the IPGs, I began to attack them with a live wire I place throughout my body under controlled conditions. I step on a thick contractor's garbage bag and placing the live wire in the location I have felt the itching revealing an electric current, I carefully touch the floor starting with the tip of one of my toes, slowly moving the foot more out to intensify the current as needed to feel a strong stinging inside confirming damage to the artifact has been done.

I've noticed that although I can disable the IPGs temporarily, like zombies, they come back to life within a few days.

I have even had to turn to electrocuting my genital and anal areas as my perp's favorite torture is that of remotely electronically raping me.

Beyond humiliating, it has been an excruciatingly painful yet liberating experience as it has allowed me to disable most of the leads, frustrating gang stalkers' continuous attempts at activating them to torture me.

Due to the interconnectedness of the massive neural implant system within me, sometimes when I place the live electric wire in a random part of my leg, I feel the currents run through it entirely and even feel a lead located elsewhere (ovaries, intestines, and abdomen area) is being fried as well.

Unfortunately, I have come to discover that the disabling of the probes is temporary. They seem to recharge and come back to life to torture me again upon my gang stalkers' whims.

During an airport screening while traveling in Dec. 2020, a TSA official stopped me and insisted that I had a metal artifact in my crotch area. I was mortified because I knew I didn't have anything there. Not even the IUD I had had remove in 2016.

I believe sometime in 2018-19 my gynecologist inserted a metal artifact up my urethra under the guise of a necessary medical procedure he had to perform. I know that since 2016 he has performed a series of extremely painful procedures including the removal of an IUD, and other "tests" he deemed essential although I never got any feedback in terms of their outcome. "Everything is ok" was the reply I got when I inquired.



With that rod, my perps force me to pee in my pants through the use of the artifact's bluetooth/remote-controlled interface. Such is the case when I arrive home to my cat, who has also been implanted. One of the leads within her little body forces upon me an uncontrollable desire to urinate when she's within 6 feet of me.

I recently corroborated that the metal rod in my urethra also precludes me from having sexual intercourse. Any attempt at penetration results in an excruciatingly painful sensation of that rod piercing through my organs.

This way, my perps get to decide if and when I can have sex.

I never questioned my gynecologist's integrity as he had been my doctor since 1985 when I had just turned 18.

A few weeks ago, I called his office seeking help to remove the metal rod secretly and illegally placed within my urethra. He had his secretary tell me that I had to go to the doctor that had placed the artifact inside of me to have it removed. I told her that it had been placed secretly, unauthorized by me and that I didn't know who had done it. He refused to help me.

The January, 2022 x-ray technicians made an extraordinary effort to exclude from my right hip x-ray the urethra, so that the rod and other implants wouldn't show. Even then, there's so much stuff in there that they couldn't hide it all.



My perps even had camera lenses placed in my eyes to see through them. Therein lied the unquestionable success of their plan: there was nothing I did, read, wrote that they wouldn't know. They would immediately know of anyone that broke their command to abstain from talking to me or helping me. And they would unleash their wrath upon them.



Sometimes you can see the cables going up to my eyes. Those I don't dare electrocute.

It is with the lenses implanted in my eyes that my perpetrators saw where I would hide keys, would know the passwords they hadn't hacked, would know the things I did that the cat wasn't able to spy on.

I've also lost over 20% of my eyesight after the surgery. I lost all peripheral vision below my knee, making me susceptible to atrocious falls. I have had four of those in less than a year and a half. I believe that having been in excellent physical condition prior to the intensification of the gang stalking against me prevented me from sustaining a fracture or major injury as a result of those massive falls.

You can see animations of the head CT Scan in my Rumble Channel, AnaSalada.

DESPITE a breast MRI, a head and neck CT Scan, x-rays of the chest, leg, skull, arm and leg, NO RADIOLOGIST HAS DARED TO IDENTIFY THE IMPLANTS IN THEIR REPORTS. The only one that made a reference to a "possible artifact" was the radiologist that wrote the reports of the January, 2022 x-rays. The corrupt medical mafia in Puerto Rico is controlled by Big Pharma and the corrupt billionaires behind my destruction.

MY PETS ARE IMPLANT VICTIMS TOO

My dog has also been implanted with leads that activate those inside of me. That way, when my dog got close to me, the leads in my rectum would activate, causing an electronic anal rape on me.

The cat's eyes also serve as cameras to my perpetrators. I have identified specific areas that provoke her constant, intensive itching within her little body (front and hind paws, left side of her torso, tail, under her chin). Aside from scrutinizing rooms she forces herself into; sometimes she starts insistently and loudly hollering for me to grant her access to an area of the house where I'm at.

I've had cats all my life. No, her behavior is not normal cat behavior.

I hold no doubt that my perpetrators manipulate my cat's conduct as a remote-controlled spying/gang stalking device.

MY BATTLE AGAINST THE LEADS

I live miserable, painful days at the mercy of the vile persons that operate the remote app that activates the probes.

For months, I've lived a nightmare inside and out of my home. As soon as I step out to the streets, gang stalkers use their cel phones to attack me by causing unbearable facial itching and pain throughout my body. My nose and the area around my mouth was where the most intense itching happened.

I figured out that they have some sort of app that allows them to either activate or serve as conduit to activate the probes, locating me by means of the GPS inherent to the neural implant system. I call it Pokemon Ana.

About two months ago, I discovered that electric shocks killed off the leads. So I have been applying a live cable to different parts of my body killing them off.

Even the ones in my genital area.

And it's been very painful. But at least I've been able to substantially reduce the gang stalkers' ability to effectively harm me.

Now that they can't cause my face to itch, street gang stalkers have gone for my knees and limbic system, making me cry at a whim.

The leads in my head are still very much alive as I don't dare electrocute the brain area. Behind both my ears I hear the microprocessors go off, intensely working throughout the night to destroy my organs and my brain.

The microprocessors only go off in areas of my house. During the 8 months that my former tenant lived for free in my house with the protection of the court, he managed to hide within walls and floors the devices that control the leads and microprocessors within my body. He made every corner of the house into a torture chamber, equipped with the artifacts that activate the system.

My perps adapted the house's appliances and equipment to serve their needs. The refrigerator, A/C units and other electronic equipment and appliances are altered to incorporate within small circuit boards to work in unison to manipulate the leads.

I first realized this when I recovered the house from the squatting tenant back in June, 2021. Most of the appliances had been trashed and didn't work. The fridge worked but the ice maker didn't. However, exactly where the non-working ice-maker computer was supposed to be right below the water/ice-dispenser part of the freezer door, a rectangle of condensed water would form on its surface.

THIS BATTLE IS NOT JUST ABOUT ANA TOLEDO

While I'm reaching out to you in a desperate attempt to save my life, this battle's importance extends beyond my personal interests.

The real danger behind what has happened to me is threefold. Left unpunished, the barbaric illegal placing of implants in my body will set a nefarious precedent that will give carte blanche to others to do the same to unsuspecting victims.

FIRST: THE FOOD AND DRUG ADMINISTRATION HAVE FAILED TO REGULATE NEURAL IMPLANTS AND ITS ACCESSORY ARTIFACTS TO GUARANTEE THAT THEY ARE NOT IMPLANTED IN UNSUSPECTING VICTIMS LIKE ME.

The FDA is owned by Big Pharma. Had they implemented safety controls to ensure the patient recipient of implants PERSONALLY CONSENTS to them.

Their deference to manufacturers of these artifacts that create irreparable damage must be investigated.

SECOND: A few years ago, Puerto Rico passed a medical tourism law. I can fathom husbands seeking to get rid of their wives giving them an irresistible vacation at the beach while recovering from a cosmetic surgery. Within a few months, the wife will end up in a mental hospital, stripped from the custody of her children and all conjugal assets.

A principal manufacturer of neural implants, Abbott, makes them in Barceloneta. Furthermore, NeuralLink's Elon Musk is setting a business base in Puerto Rico.

I have serious grounds to believe Abbott is one of my principal perpetrators. Moreover, although I have NEVER had an issue with Mr. Musk, I have witnessed that at least 3 of my gang stalkers suddenly own Teslas. However, I was in the process of writing an article about "The Green New Deal's Achilles Heel" that included the discussion

of the incalculable harm that electric cars will cause to the entire world AND the United States. Facts that no journalist has covered because they don't seem to have realized their cumulative impact.

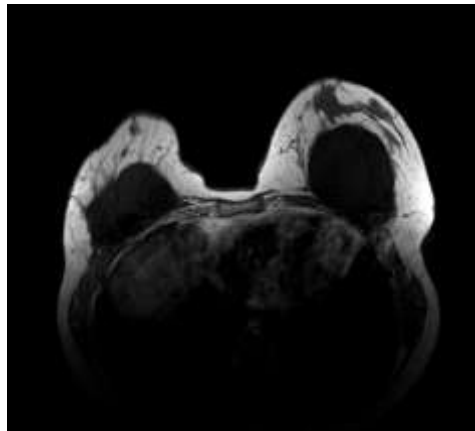
HOW DID I DISCOVER IN 2021 I HAD BEEN IMPLANTED?

The way I discovered it was when I started reading about targeted individuals after I became aware that what was happening to me was targeting. The gang stalking, the broken things, the damaged car, the people being mean to me. It was all part of the plan. A huge plan. AN almost perfect plan. Then I read that many people were secretly implanted.

Then I started connecting the dots about the strange things that were happening to my body.

My face started itching like crazy. I would wake up exactly at 3 am. One night I got a leg cramp that it first hurt. Then I cried. Then I started sweating. Then I almost fainted. Then it stopped. They were torturing me.

I remembered that on October 6, 2020 I had had an MRI performed. The doctor that ordered it didn't know about the criminal insertion of the neural implants. I hadn't looked at the images as I was not adept at seeing anything in radiologic images.





The cancer surgeon, Dr. Miguel Echenique, had seen all the MRI images back in October 2020. He kept mum. He tried to get me a plastic surgeon that would fix the mutilation of my breasts. Three plastic surgeons refused to operate on me until after a year so that the statute of limitations would expire and they made sure I didn't sue the surgeon. They all knew about the neural implants and not a single one told me.

In January, 2022 I had x-rays of my skull, chest, right leg, right arm done. In hindsight, I realize that the x-ray technicians took the images a myriad of times, alleging they didn't turn out well. They tried hard to exclude parts of my body so a huge number of (obvious) implants wouldn't show. Even then, the plethora of cables and implants is obvious.





All the radiologists that have written the reports on the imaging I've had had in the past years have proven to be part of the medical mafia in Puerto Rico, covering up for the criminal plastic surgeon, neurosurgeon, anesthesiologist and hospital that conspired with my perps to my life.

Before I go any further, I want to give you permission to disseminate this information to anyone you deem can help me in this plight. You have my permission to share all the CT scan, MRI and XRAY images, the mp4, the photographs and anything else I get a chance to send your way.

I beg you that if you cannot continue helping me because my powerful perpetrators are too much of a threat for you, you forward my plea to someone that can save my life.

Time is of the essence as my perpetrators are intensely working at killing my body and making it look as an unfortunate "natural cause" took my life

PERPETRAITORS BANK ON INCITING HATE AGAINST ME

If I attempt to text, call or email any of you receiving this account and ask for your help, my perpetrators will immediately call or write to you to dissuade you from helping me. They will make up stories and defame me in a plethora of ways as they have done to this date.

You will be tempted to dislike me because of my political inclinations. However, be aware that people from the high echelons of the Democratic Party are behind my demise. That's why no state or federal law enforcement has paid any attention to my multiple criminal complaints.

I'm a single, decent, hard-working, disciplined, highly educated, life-loving, conservative woman who only sought to improve her birthplace and its environment through research and writing articles about the outrageous corruption going on in Puerto Rico.

A few months ago, before I knew I was a targeted individual, a woman in the San Juan Superior Court approached me and told me: "So many people have tried to disbar you, but they have been unable to. Because you are too much of an honest woman."

Unlike some of my former friends that sold me out because of blackmail or fear of repercussions, I don't have any glass ceilings.

I lost my family, my friends, my colleagues. Although until now I still have my license to practice law, judges and powerful people have tried hard to deprive me of it.

One of my perpetrators' victims was Juan Rieckehoff. An elderly man, he had been convicted for fraud over 20 year ago. He had a serious addiction to betting. He would present deeds for me at the Registry of the Property. I believe he was involved in shenanigans in his dealings with the Registry, but I didn't know about it since he never spoke of it. In 2021 Juan took his own life jumping out of a 10th floor from the building where he lived. I later learned he did so because he was being blackmailed by my perps. If he didn't implicate me in a crime that I had nothing to do with, they would file charges against me.

Instead of perpetrating such injustice against me, he courageously chose to take his own life.

My perpetrators on a myriad of occasions through different people and agencies tried to get me to incur in criminal conduct. I never flinched.

I'm aware of the fact that one of the ways that they got people to hate me is that they had my former best friend on their team reporting to them on everything about me. He shared with them all my text messages and conversations with him, even if we were making fun of someone.

SINCE AT LEAST 2003 I HAVE BEEN CONTINUOUSLY AND INCREMENTALLY IMPLANTED BY MANY DOCTORS, I have to assume haven't been in 100% command of my brain.

The doctors I have now to connect the dots implanted me are at. Least the following: in 2003 by the cosmetic dermatologist, in 2005 by the plastic surgeon that first did my boobs and stomach, in 2013 by the doctor that did the removal of my gallbladder that turned out to have no stone at all; 2016 by the radiologist that did biopsies on my right breast; 2017 by the dentist that installed 2 crowns with implants that can be clearly seen in the ct scan; in 2020 again by the plastic surgeon; in 2017 by throat doctor; 2019 by gynecologist pretending to be doing a painful biopsy.

Following are some of the x-rays I obtained after realizing I was implanted. The technicians tried very hard to exclude the areas plagued with implants and artifacts such as the ankle and elbow.



Since 2005, they manipulate my mind and body at their whim. 24-7.

Among other things they made me very aggressive at times.

Very depressed most of the times.

They tried to push me into suicide.

The most common way to destroy an assertive, brave woman's credibility is by attacking her character. Since at least 2018, my perpetrators crafted and carried out a meticulous, vile campaign to label me as a crazy whore.

THIS I BELIEVE BUT I'M NOT CERTAIN AS PEOPLE ARE TOO AFRAID TO TELL ME AND SIMPLY DON'T ANSWER MY CALLS, MESSAGES OR EMAILS AND AVOID ME. IN THE ALTERNATIVE, THEY GO: NO, NO ONE HAS TOLD ME ANYTHING ABOUT YOU.

Depending on the person, they turn to the tactic of defaming me by saying that I'm the target of an investigation. If I was, I would have been accused by. Now insofar as Ive been targeted for over 22 years but heavily gang stalked for at least 6 years, just ask for the receipts).

My tormentors hired expensive public relations professional to obliterate the reputation, honor and accomplishments that had taken me 55 years to build.

I have witnessed how the phone rings as a person in a store is selling me something I need in my quest for survival such as security locks. The attendant that up to that moment was pleasantly helping me out becomes nervous and starts shaking with a spooked expression.

No one dares tell me what it is that they say about me as to scare people in such a way. A friend told me people are afraid of being murdered.

CONNECTING THE DOTS

As I have slowly discovered what has been done to me throughout the years, I have been connecting the dots.

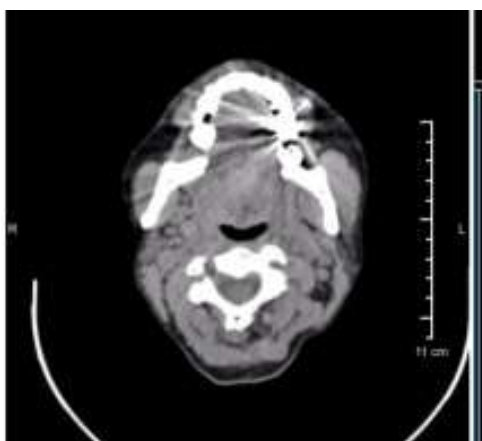
The most important guiding mantra has been that of my former best friend who, referring to the tenant that destroyed my house stated: "they will take away from you everything that is precious to you." And they have. With his help.

Except that their plan relied on him thinking a) that he knew everything about me and b) that I would do everything he advised me to. On both premises they were wrong.

Take, for example, when my gynecologist would repeat on more than one occasion: "that cancer of yours never really convinced me". Even though I haven't had the money to retrieve my biopsy samples and have them retested, I believe it would probably be an exercise in futility as Big Pharma would have the results botched.

What I can tell you is that the radiologist that 'diagnosed' the cancer was very cruel to me and almost seemed to relish on my misery and suffering. During the very painful biopsy, she tortured me physically to no end. This is how she left my breast.

Then there was the magnanimous fall I had in the parking lot of a mall. I fell like timber on the right side of my body. On my hip. Luckily not on my elbow. I believe my excellent physical condition saved me from a fracture. I developed a huge orange-sized bump on the external side of the thigh. That happened a month after I had a crown placed in one of my molars. You can see the shiny streak from the CT Scan images.



I've always had meticulous oral hygiene. Never a cavity. My former best friend (who sold me out to my perpetrators) used to insist I drink water from the faucet and that I not give water to my pets from the bottled water I bought. I'm certain now that the open gallons I left in the kitchen were poisoned with a substance that, among other things, weakened the enamel of my teeth.

Since 2017, four of my teeth were irreparably damaged. I had to get a root canal and one molar removed. Two crowns (with IPG's) were implanted. On my right gum the stimulus is so strong that I periodically get an abscess where I NEVER had one.

Currently I have a huge gap in one of my molars where the nerve is exposed. I have lost 4 teeth. I asked two dentists to fill it up. They declined. I can't trust anyone in PR. They will inject me poisons to further the goal of slowly murdering me to make it seem a "natural death".

Unbeknownst to me, for months before unleashing the wrath of their attacks towards me, they hacked my computers and hard drives, stealing all my private photographs and years' worth communications with significant others or men I dated(at their behest). They then opened what I believe is an Only Fans page of me as if it had been me who made it. They promoted it among married men I knew, so that their wives would hate me and regard me as a slut.

For many reasons I have come to connect as dots I believe that they used a particular picture of me with one shirt that my former best friend used to insist he hated. I will include that picture as one of the ones you will get to see if it can help you in locating the Only Fans or home made porn page.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH ONLY FANS

Only Fans seems to be protecting the identity of my perps. Following is the correspondence I've had with them requesting information on a page made with my photographs. They replied tiptoe around the truth. Craftily they avoid answering whether or not an account was opened with my identifications and if there is any profile page containing my pictures. I sent them my identifications and one picture I know that is in the page. (included). Any content of that page was hacked and stolen from me or product of illicit filming while I was sound asleep by means of inducing sleep through the leads in my head. They make me do things asleep as a sleepwalker.



Me, when “nothing but everything”^{*1} was taken away from me.

The content creator has to pass the Ondato verification and after that, the personal information can be added. Once the ID is verified by Ondato, our verification team manually checks the provided documents and approves the account.

Also, we have a relevant department (Content moderation team) that checks all content published by content creators to avoid impersonation/stolen content or posting third-party content without approval.

Ondato Support <support@ondato.com>
to me ▾

Tue, Jul 5, 2:11 AM (12 days ago) ☆ ↶ ⋮

Hello, Ana,

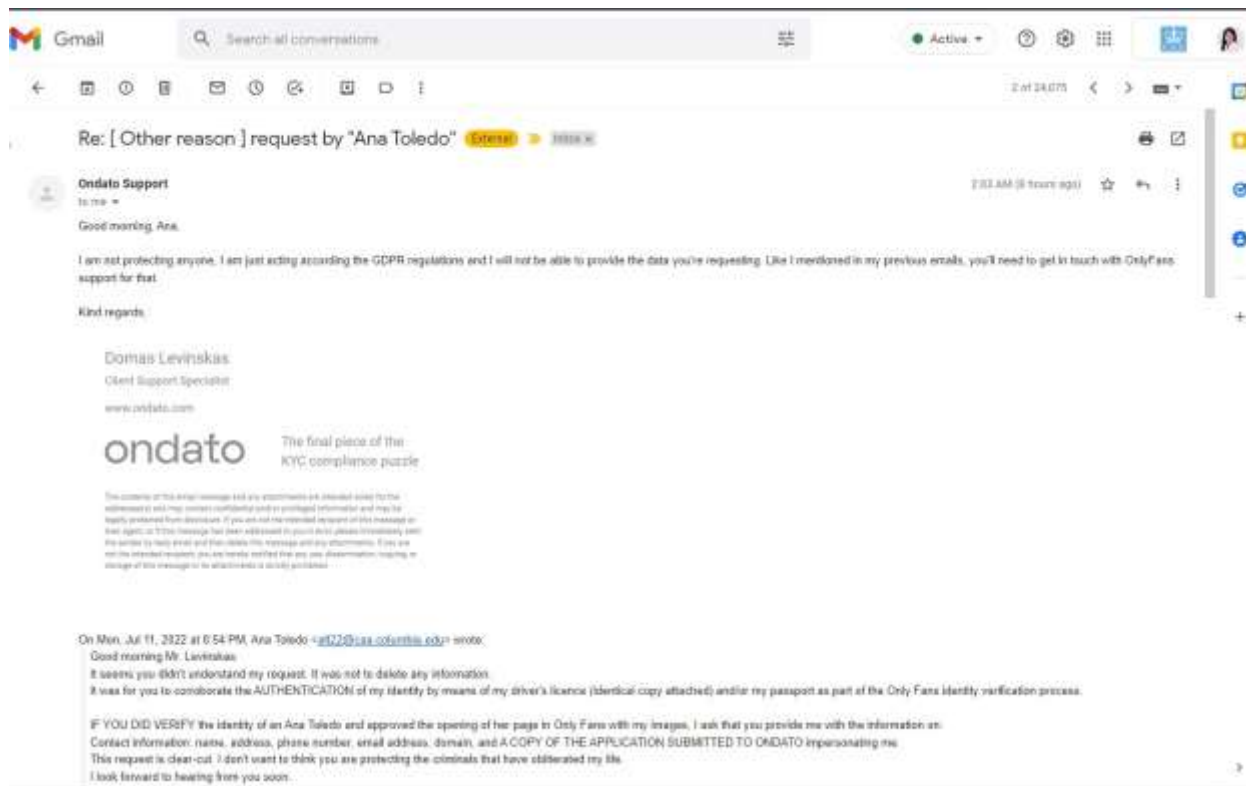
Thank you for your message, I am really sorry to hear about the things that were done.

I assure you that your data is kept safe and secure on our end, as we are GDPR and ISO compliant. As **Ondato** is only the data processor, we cannot delete your data. Your data is kept until the service provider (OnlyFans) deletes it. To delete your data please send the service provider a request to delete your data anytime and they will delete your data from our system.

Hope you can get this sorted out immediately.

Domas Levinskās
Client Support Specialist

¹ *Statement by Johnny Depp when asked what did he lose as a result of the defamation against him by his ex-wife Amber Heard.



PLEASE HELP ME LOCATE THE PROFILE IN ONLY FANS WITH MY PICTURES. I CANNOT DO ANY SEARCH OF IT AS ALL MY INTERNET IS FILTERED BY THEM. I WILL SEND YOU A PICTURE I AM CERTAIN THAT THEY INCLUDED IN THE PAGE. IF YOU DO FIND IT, PLEASE PLEASE TAKE SCREEN SHOTS OF EVERYTHING ON IT.

OnlyFans is protecting my perps, refusing to cooperate. Federal and state law enforcement are in on it.

The United States Congress should carry out an investigation of their operations as it pertains to the precautionary and mitigating measures for revenge porn.

TEXT MESSAGES SENT ON MY BEHALF

On June 7th 2020, I changed my cellular phone number 787-617-73XX that I had had for about 20 years. The picture below proves it.

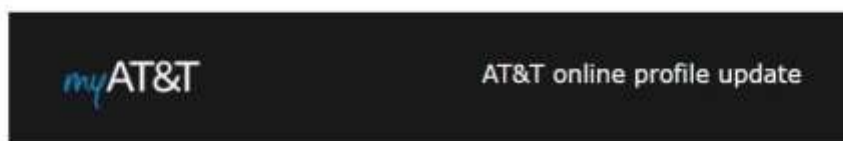


AT&T online profile update

1 message

AT&T Account Management <update@emailid.att-mail.com>
Reply-To: AT&T Account Management <update.1478652683@emailff.att-mail.com>
To: atoledopr@gmail.com

Mon, Jun 8, 2020 at 2:35 PM



Hello,

The wireless number 78761773 is no longer associated with user ID toledo029799.

This user ID was generated automatically for security purposes. To change it, please visit your profile page at att.com/myATTPProfile.

Your new wireless number 30539338 is now associated with your user ID and can be used to sign in to AT&T.

Thanks for choosing us,
AT&T



Go Paperless
Reduce clutter with online



Set up AutoPay
Save time and pay your bill



Get the App
Manage your account virtually

For months (or years) that evil “friend” had tried to convince me to change my phone. Clearly as part of my perpetrator’s plan to obliterate my credibility by convincing the world I’d become a “crazy slut”. Following his advice and prompted by owing the death of a beloved friend on June 6th, 2020, I changed the cel phone number I’d had for almost 20 years.

My perps approached and had the new owner of the phone send messages to the male (and I guess female) contacts I had accumulated throughout my adult life and sent them a link to an OnlyFans.com page they secretly made with pictures of me stolen from my computer and/or acquired throughout the years by gang-stalkers on their roster.

By sending messages to married friends and colleagues offering sexual services and sending links to a revenge porn Only Fans page they secretly made of me, they had people despise and think the worst of me. They destroyed my honor and reputation in my community and among colleagues, friends and family.

People stopped altogether talking to me, looking at me with hatred and treating me disrespectfully. I couldn’t understand until one of them told me that his wife had seen my text message. It wasn’t until a few weeks ago that I corroborated my perps had created the (unauthorized) OnlyFans page about me I explained above.

My former evil friend had all my contacts because I had given him two computers my perps had damaged. Back then, I had no clue I was targeted. I didn’t even know what a targeted individual was. I trusted my friend.

I have a witness that under a subpoena will have testify that ultimate plan was to file a petition to have me committed to a mental hospital in order to obliterate my credibility.

My life, my honor have been destroyed. And federal and state law enforcement agencies protect the criminals that did so.

PHONE TAPPING

With the collaboration of AT&T and subsequently Liberty, they tapped my phone.

Due to all the privacy problems I had was once at the ATT offices when in came a well known attorney that had represented the water utility in the class action lawsuit I filed against it and the pharmaceutical industry in 1999. Arrogantly he demanded to see the manager, Karla. She was in her lunch hour,

Then I discovered their abominable acts that led to many friends and acquaintances ostracizing me from society.

Gang Stalking

For years I had been the victim of gang stalking but I didn't realize it. In ever fathomed that there were targeted individuals or gang stalking prior to discovering I was a TI.

Examples of gang stalking incidents I have now come to identify include, but are not limited to the following:

- a) Three flat tires in a year;
- b) Poisoning of the water gallons to eat away the enamel of my teeth, causing the loss/destruction of teeth within 3 years.
- c) Broken shoes, stained shirts, scratched belt buckles without recalling I had done so;
- d) Disappearance of pens, earrings, trinkets.
- e) Broken laser pointer cat toy the day after purchasing it.
- f) Stealing of my favorite belt, dress.
- g) Intermittent flooding of the sink in one bathroom.
- h) Torn blouses at the seams that perfectly fit me.
- i) Broken zippers of new jeans.
- j) Excessive tearing of jeans and jacket.
- k) Missing decorations of clothing items, as if they'd fallen. Except that I didn't recall mistreating the articles of clothing.
- l) Months of chipping hammer noise in the neighbor's house.
- m) Broken back lock.
- n) Broken car at least 5x per year.



Scratched belt buckle I carefully used and stored



Destruction of vintage belt I treasured



You may think: this woman is an idiot. But I'm not. I just never fathomed people were coming in and out of my house and perpetrating such malfeasance.

Gang-stalking after I won the PRASA case in the United States Court of Appeals for the First Circuit

After July 2, 2021, the gang-stalking intensified to the point that I realized there was something utterly wrong going on. I believe that what detonated the merciless attacks, avoidance and mistreatment by everyone around me was my triumph in a very important Clean Water Act case. On July 2nd 2021 I had the HUGEST triumph of my legal career. In Natalia Cebollero Bertran v PRASA, 4 F4th 63 (2021), a citizen suit case I argued on appeal and obtained the reversal of its dismissal at the District Court level.

Since then, my life that had become increasingly strange and difficult, my life became a nightmare,

I would go to the gas station to pump gas and the gang stalkers would lock my car with the key they stole from my house. Luckily, I always keep the key to the car with me when I pump gas. I never leave it inside the car after I pay for the gas.

They follow me everywhere and let me know they do, as the implants inside of me act as a GPS.

My car has been destroyed. They have broken many of its parts. They even either peed on it from a 2nd floor balcony or threw urine at it one day. Everything to scare and humiliate me.



For 22 years I have lived the equivalent of the Truman Show. My perpetrators have decided everything about my life from the c section I had to have when my son was born to the men I dated, to illnesses and surgeries I had, to the untimely deaths of my pets and many other tragedies in my life.

My perpetrators' cowardice 'sitting behind a computer screen while obliterating my life is such that they prohibit people from telling me what it is they accuse me of, so that I cannot prove them wrong or defend myself.

Their gang stalking destroyed my honor and did away with the hard-earned respect I had in the community and among family and friends.

A person told me no one here in Puerto Rico tells me what they say nor they dare talk to me because they are genuinely afraid of being murdered.

WHO AND WHY DID THEY TARGET ME?

Although I've been targeted for over 22 years, it wasn't until a year ago that I became aware of it. Despite being a litigating attorney and an avid reader on top of current affairs, I had never heard of the concept "targeted individual". Had I done so, perhaps I would have realized years before that I was a victim of targeting.

The latest haters joined in because of my outspoken support for President Trump. I'm a patriot and believe he was going to be able to fight the vast corruption in Puerto Rico that doesn't let us soar to the heights we could.

All of the gang-stalking colleagues would out of nowhere initiate a Trump derangement syndrome conversation. I would keep mum as I had learned that people here are fanatics. There's no use to fighting with unintelligent fanatics.

Before telling you about some of the excruciatingly painful details of my tragic plight, I would like to share with you my background information so that you can ascertain that I'm a real, honest, genuine person. Furthermore, I believe some of the information I will provide will explain the ruthless targeting I've been a victim of.

In 1989 I obtained a BA from Columbia College in NYC. I then obtained a JD from the University of Puerto Rico law school. As soon as I passed the bar exam, I went on to obtain a Master of Studies in Environmental Law at Vermont Law School.

Upon graduating, and despite tempting job offers in Washington, D.C., I decided to come to Puerto Rico to fight on behalf of environmental justice communities. At that time, there were around 13 huge CERCLA sites throughout the island. Many of our aquifers could not be pumped because their pollution precluded water treatment for drinking.

Over 95% of our coastal waters were and still are not apt for recreational purposes as they are polluted with sanitary overflows.

I assumed the representation of disenfranchised communities against powerful multinational and local companies. Most of the time, I did so for free.

WHEN/WHY I THINK MY TARGETING BEGAN

I became targeted because I dared confront various ten-headed monsters in my path of defending disenfranchised communities.

The first such case dates back to 1999, when I filed a class action lawsuit on behalf of over 3000 residents of the coastal town of Barceloneta that for over 30 years had suffered through an atrocious stench emanating from the Barceloneta Regional Wastewater Plant. Seventy percent of its flow came from big pharma and was responsible for the noxious fumes that contained elevated amounts of toxics and volatile organic compounds.

Among the defendants in the case were the biggest pharmaceutical companies. To wit Abbot, Bristol Myers, Merck, Pfizer, Upjohn.

After 10 years of litigation against the largest law firms with unlimited resources and no desire to end the case, in 2009 the case was settled. Capital improvements and Operation and Maintenance Procedures were put into place as part of the settlement in order to eliminate the public nuisance that made life a living hell for the community.

I have driven by thereafter on many occasions and can sometimes only detect a faint chemical smell that doesn't come close to the public nuisance for which we filed suit.

You can corroborate the above information. Although the filings are not in electronic format as that court feature began in 2018, the docket of the case is available under the Puerto Rico Superior Courts is: CPE-1999-0358.

Relevant to the events I will set forth below is the fact that, today Abbott manufactures neural implants in its Barceloneta facility. A search in the US Patent and Trademark Office reflects that Abbott holds many neural implant patents along with St. Judés Hospital. The patents also include the artifacts that are required for a complete neural implant system such as cables and battery packs.

Another David v. Goliath court battle I innocently took on when I began my environmental activism was the successful filing of an intervention in the US v. PREPA case filed before the US District Court for the District of Puerto Rico. In that case, we took on both the local electric utility monopoly, the Puerto Rico Electric Power Authority and EPA as we challenged the adequacy of the consent decree they had negotiated and published for comments.

In 1996, represented Comunidades Unidas contra la Contaminacion (CUCCo) a grassroots environmental organization founded in Cataño, a small town severely affected by the brunt of two of PREPA's power plants that had maintained the entire area for over thirty years in a PM10 nonattainment area. Having an overwhelming low-income population, a huge percentage of the children and adults were asthmatic. Through our court intervention and comments, for the first time in the history of EPA in Puerto Rico a grassroots organization was able to intervene in an environmental enforcement case AND without hiring any expert forced EPA and PREPA to change the terms of the Consent Decree and lower some of the parameters under the Clean Water Act section of it.

Although for purposes of the Clean Water Act we were prevailing parties, the First Circuit remanded the case to the District Court to adjudicate the attorney's fees issue which was predictably decided against CUCCo. The citation is the following: U.S. v. Comunidades Unidas Contra la Contaminacion, 204 F.3d 275 (1st Cir. 2000).

I'm convinced that these two cases set the stage for the tragic targeting I have lived since then. Aside from gang stalking me, having neural implants secretly inserted into my body since at least 2003 and causing or faking illnesses in me, they went on to do something worse.

However, there are many more that the original ones accumulated through the years.

They followed me through my cases, spied on my phone-electronic communications and had people pretend to be my friends in order to harvest information that would allow them to recruit additional enemies against me willing to contribute to the effort costing millions of dollars to torture me and achieve my ultimate obliteration.

Even worse: they bought off the persons I deemed friends, such as my college friend, Susan Shin. (She's a socialite in NYC. I have evidence how she asked me to lend her \$10,000 and promised to return it by March, 2021 and in cahoots with my perpetrators made me beg her to return it and it wasn't until June and August 2021, when I was literally going hungry because of the lockdowns that she decided to pay me back. I later learned she was in cahoots with my perpetrators).

I continued passionately organizing and participating in cases.

I financed my bliss of fighting for environmental justice by representing a great client that vested its trust in me. An insurance company based out of Treasure Island, Florida. The claims adjuster in charge of Puerto Rico, was a gentleman. A sensitive and reasonable man that appreciated my hard work, loyalty to the company, intelligence and experience.

After the court entered an illegal judgment against them in a case where plaintiff forgot to include the company as named defendant, didn't serve summons on the insured and didn't submit as evidence the insurance policy that would have tied my client to the damages in the case, I filed a nonsuit. The court allowed the plaintiff to PRESENT EVIDENCE by means of a post trial motion.

I now realize that he probably had become privy to the fact that I was a targeted individual that would NEVER win another case in the Puerto Rico courts. The company made the admirable decision of discontinuing the sale

of insurance policies in Puerto Rico instead of changing law firms. Gary knew but could never tell me that it didn't matter how intelligent, experienced, competent, honest, loyal and prepared I was for any case, I would never prevail.

For the past 5 years, a few judges within Puerto Rico Courts have obscenely trampled over my rights.

My perpetrators had a criminal rent my house and destroy it. My \$3M home was my 401k from where I derived income and planned as my source of income for retirement. They placed in my house a criminal that came through a reputable broker. He rewired the house, damaged all the appliances, equipment, floors, cabinets. Everything.



He stole two paintings, and damaged the ones he couldn't steal.





Even worse: within its floors, walls and roof he installed artifacts to allow for the remote operation of the neural implant system within me.



Then there was that Columbia classmate that in December 2019 asked for a \$10,000 loan, promising she would return it in March, 2020. She didn't return it until June and August 2020, after I BEGGED her for it. I had savings for 8 months that dwindled as the corrupt judge that presided over the eviction case against my tenant allowed him to live in my house for free for 8 months. Then, after I was able to recover my house on June 2nd 2021, I couldn't rent it because of the abysmal conditions he had left them in.

I still cannot rent it as he installed a hidden breaker box that provides electricity to the contraptions that operate the neural implant system inside of me and I have been unable to discover where it is. I don't have the money to pay for an electrician to fix the electricity.

Thanks to the collaboration of those I deemed my "friends", I live in utter misery.

Everyone within and outside of Puerto Rico seem to have known for years that I was a targeted individual but me. They wine and dined in my house, took advantage of my generosity and served my perpetrators' demands.

More recently, on July 2nd, 2021, I had the HUGEST triumph of my legal career. In Natalia Cebollero Bertran v PRASA, 4 F4th 63 (2021), a citizen suit case I argued on appeal and obtained the reversal of its dismissal at the District Court level of an opinion by the Chief Judge of the District Court that now became a judge of the Court of Appeals, the Honorable Judge Gelpi.

Since 2001 I had attempted the accomplishment, I obtained in 2021. In SURCCO v PRASA, 157 F.Supp2d 160 (1st Cir. 2001), the US District Court dismissed a citizen suit under the Clean Water Act asserting that since the agency's action on the violations precluded a citizen suit even if the violations to the Act continued.

Many of my other enemies are the product of the spying that the Big Pharma, PREPA, PRASA and other corrupt environmental criminals I collected along the way were able to warn about my investigations on their malfeasance and crimes.

I believe that another of my most powerful enemies is the Puerto Rico Conservation Trust. They receive millions of dollars from the US Treasury, and I had been investigating their use of those funds. In fact, I wrote a white paper about it that seemed to fuel their persecution of me. I've got the receipts and they need to eradicate my credibility.

Another powerful enemy of mine is a developer in an upscale development whose residents bather in sewage from the treatment plant he operates. Both the local govt and the EPA look the other way. I have the evidence about it and it could represent a multimillion class action lawsuit for him. He wants me dead.

I know I have many more enemies. I was in the process of writing about the Green New Deal's Achilles' Heel – three crucial aspects that make it preposterous for the United States and the world. That earned me a couple of powerful enemies as well.

I'm certain this email will be intercepted. So if you get it, you may get a call or visit to persuade you from helping me. Since the FBI is in on protecting them, they will assert I'm a terrorist or criminal. I only ask of you: please ASK FOR THE RECEIPTS. Ask why no charges have been filed against me if I'm such a criminal. They may also throw at you the defamatory package they paid big bucks to prepare, unauthorized Only Fans page and all.

THEIR ALMOST PERFECT PLAN FOR ULTIMATE ANNIHILATION

It took years for my perpetrators to pull the rug from under my feet. Even though now I believe that they had been illegally implanting me since 2003 (through a cosmetic dermatologist). In 2005 I had cosmetic surgery because I lost 70 lbs and needed it. Thereafter, my hips got destroyed. And my back, and my neck. I will forward you links of my ct scan. I also have MRI of the breasts because in January 2020 the same doctor mutilated me.

They inserted implants in my eyes that served as lenses. From there that they saw everything I wrote, hid and did. They also heard everything I heard since they implanted me with microphones as well.

I'm not certain but I think I have disabled those because I have been able to get away with stuff I was not able to get away with when they could see through my eyes.

It's like they are now two steps behind. They cannot keep up with me all the time.

They did many other things like having my property destroyed. I rent my property as a means of income since I no longer wanted to practice law. They placed a criminal in my house that not only stayed living for free for 8 months but also destroyed the place so that I couldn't rent it again. Furthermore, he inserted in walls and floors all sorts of contraptions to operate remotely the neural implants within my body, He also installed a hidden electric breaker box to connect those contraptions as well as torturing devices and voltage control devices to have absolute control of everything in the house.



The voltage control is essential for them so that I cannot have internet traffic without their interruptions.

They come in and out of my house at their leisure, despite the security locks I purchased. I've been told they use a contraption that's a circle and with magnets open the door, despite its specialized security keys.



At night I must lock the room I sleep in from inside. In my bewilderment as to how they would come into the house and my room as I slept, two persons suggested the answer by asking: Perhaps you sleepwalk? And it all fell into place.

I have to do so because when they make me sleepwalk, they would make me open the locks to the room if there was no padlock in them. Then I have to close my eyes and hide the keys to the padlock somewhere, so that they cannot give me the command to look for the key and open the padlock.

I've even had to screw on to the doors the wood planks that secure them so that they can't make me open the doors at night.



They made installations within walls and floors to generate heat as in a joule effect making the house like a heater to inflict thermal torture on me.

When I got the house back, half of it had no electricity. None of the appliances worked and those that did were for the purpose of activating the probes in my body such as the refrigerator. They took over the ice maker section to install their neural implant circuitry.

There are so many stories I can tell you. They have given cars to men that slept with me as a prize. As if I would be heartbroken or something. Perhaps they gave them secretly filmed material that they used for the unauthorized Only Fans page I presume they have done of me.

With the help of a single friend I was able to fix the house. I must pay her back.

I am trying to sell my house and leave Puerto Rico. My perpetrators try every day to attack my brain and my heart. They constantly hit my knees and legs.

For 22 years I have gone through horrible experiences I deemed “part of life”. Turns out they were planned by my perpetrators.

Despite this, I was a happy, loving woman. Generous, Intelligent, hard-working, honest. A badass environmental attorney.

But the corrupt oligarchs’ intent on stealing, destroying Puerto Rico’s environment and enriching themselves off cheating others sought to eliminate the pesky woman who ventured out to write about it.

I need for my story to go out to the world because as I see it, it is the only way that I can survive.

Please check out all of my Medium posts that include additional matters I have been unable to cover here. In them I explain some of the nuances of my plight.

[Open Letter to Elon Musk](#)

[Update on “A Case for Biologies”](#)

In [Thank-You, Mr. Depp](#) I wrote about the humiliation my gang-stalkers have put me through.

In [HOMBRERIEGA SI, C*#RO NO](#), I wrote about the disparaging of my honor at the hands of my perps that retained a public relations firm to obliterate my reputation. Although it’s in Spanish, I recommend you translate it.

In Instead of [Gold, Myrrh and Incense](#), I wrote about my wish to the Three Wise Men to free me from the slavery that represents the neural implant system illegally placed throughout my body.

In [“I’m Still Standing”](#), I wrote about the struggle to survive my perp’s gang stalking.

I thank you for your kind attention and ask that you forgive me for sending you such a long statement. I want my civil rights back. I want my life back.

My perpetrators insist on destroying my body with the hopes of murdering me and making it seem as a "natural" death.

You have no idea how much more there is from 22 years' worth of connecting dots.

I want to live. I have a right to live. These are white-collar thugs that for 22 years have perpetrated atrocious crimes against me and seek to kill me. Everyone knows about it and no one denounces it. No one joins the effort to save my life.

My human rights have been stolen from me. Yet many of the people that look the other way tout themselves as human rights activists.

I've been lucky that I had the fortitude to not take my own life due to my convictions, that I had the resilient example of my parents, that I have the desire to live, that I have a strong believe in God, that I have an urgent mission to save the lives of other innocent women that will be cruelly stripped of their human rights.

But no one will care. Because prominent figures of the ruling party seek my demise. Because I'm a "deplorable". Because I don't have the political convictions that make me worthy of saving my life.

Because no one cares to inquire as to why I changed from being an Obama supporter to the other side of the spectrum. So here it is since I assume you have also judged me on those grounds: The biggest problem that prevents my beloved Puerto Rico from soaring to the heights it could is the rampant corruption it has plagued its governmental institutions. President Trump imposed in Puerto Rico a short-lived but much-needed corruption tsar. The democrat-controlled EPA is responsible for the environmental obliteration of this island, discriminating against up by refusing to apply environmental statutes with the same rigor as it does in the mainland. Puerto Ricans' health to them is not important. Therefore, we've had nonattainment areas for 30 years (those are back to haunt us), we have raw sewage water discharge permits to rivers where not even solids are removed; we have 160 MGD of primary wastewater discharged to our tropical beaches under 301(h) exemptions of the Clean Water Act even though primary wastewater treatment plants were prohibited under the 1972 amendments to the Act; no solid waste facility complies with RCRA; most of our aquifers are compromised, subject to remediation under CERCLA and cannot be pumped for water; all of our creeks and rivers are not apt for recreational use because of pollution yet EPA allows people to go into them without saying a word; 96% of our beaches are not apt for recreational use; the water that comes out of our faucets is the worse in the nation. And so on, and so on.

And the EPA officials in Region 2 and here in PR are Democratic party acolytes that are obsessed with grants and projects that generate publicity, but not in reducing fecal coliforms from our drinking and recreational waters. It's all a gift.

And I tried to make a difference. I tried to make the world a better one.

I'm an honest, generous, hard-working, ethical, intelligent, life-loving, selfless victim of corrupt oligarch environmental criminals that will continue to obliterate my beautiful island for the sake of unrestricted profit.

For 22 years, I stood up every time they knocked my knees and made me stumble. I have been an example of what a good citizen is.

I know the endeavor of helping me is not a task only one person can carry out. It must be a joint effort by many that cannot be harmed by the cabal.

If they do succeed by killing me by a heart attack or stroke, will you say to yourself: "she deserved it"?

My battle is not just for me. It's for every independent woman that can become a Targeted Individual as I have been.

Since all my communications are interfered with, DON'T BELIEVE ANY EMAIL OR CALL STATING THAT I'M NOT INTERESTED IN AN INTERVIEW OR GOING PUBLIC WITH MY STORY.

With all my respect, I remain,

Sincerely,

Ana Toledo