

Cameo Garrett

Monday, August 10, 2009

My Symptoms of Rat Poisoning & Witness

I explained several symptoms to the hospital and they didn't listen. They didn't test for any poisons although they took 4 large vials of blood. They said they were testing for blood anticoagulation but didn't tell me if they did for sure or what the results were.

I had every single symptom of rat poisoning and had someone tell me, outside of the hospital, that my symptoms fit. I was told at the hospital that rat poisoning or arsenic wouldn't cause any kind of internal bleeding, but they were wrong.

I had been accepting meals from some individuals but I didn't eat very much of what I was given.

I had several individuals at the hostel I stayed at, who arrived later, say something about "ratones" or rats. They weren't all hispanic. Most of them were actually NOT hispanic.

I was having the following symptoms:

1. Extreme exhaustion which was unexplained where I wasn't tired before, even under stress,
2. Low potassium levels which is a result of Vitamin K depletion caused by rat poisoning,
3. Easy bruising,
4. Dizziness, and when I presented to ER I was dizzy and a few times in the last week I'd almost passed out, I never saw black but sort of a cloudy white effect from dizziness,
5. Abnormal and unexplained internal bleeding, especially with looser stools,
6. My blood was thinner than normal and when the nurse took samples, it spilled out quickly and thin, onto the sheet and I noticed it seemed more fluid than normal.

Hemorrhage and internal bleeding are signs of rat poisoning and eventual death is possible through rat poisoning.

An acquaintance saw this bleeding, and I noticed it myself in the toilet at the hostel.

I explained to the ER that I had no history of hernia or hemorrhoids. I had no injuries. I was not under more stress than usual. The stool was not larger than usual, it became softer, like diarrhea but not watery.

I experienced the bleeding after eating or taking a few bites from a meal. Once, it was after accepting a cigarette from someone at the hostel.

1. The bleeding was all extremely bright red. It was through all of the stool, not just portions, and it came out liquid as well, not attached to anything. Enough, and liquid enough that it was splattered against the toilet. It was not just attached to stool.
2. The ER said they found traces in the urine as well but I didn't notice any bleeding from urine.
3. There was no darker blood, like what would be found from an ulcer--none of the blood was old blood or had collected over time. It was all bright red, laced throughout the stool and also very thin bleeding without stool.
4. I only had the bleeding after eating from certain things given to me, and one exception would have been when a cigarette was offered me and after smoking half of it, I had the same effect, but I don't know if maybe the cigarette just stimulated further bleeding that was already going on, or if there was actually something in that cigarette.

I am to be alive. I didn't eat everything that was given to me and in most cases, only took a few bites. One night, I ate a plate of something though, and right after, I went to bed at about 6 p.m. and couldn't get up earlier. I was totally wiped out and then when I went to the bathroom, it was full of bright red blood.

When I had something to eat at the hospital, there was no impulse to use the bathroom and there was no blood. When I ate later last night, there was also nothing, and no urge to use bathroom and no bleeding. The bleeding was only occurring from things I'd been taking from others in the last week or half of a week, and I was exposed to poison while I was staying at the hostel, where anyone can go in, in Seattle, at The Green Tortoise. This is where "rats" as in people who tell on others, was brought up. I also had bleeding after eating something ordered when I was with a guy who said he used to be in a gang, who took me to a Mexican restaurant up past Seneca. I took two or three bites and had to use the bathroom immediately. When I did, there was diarrhea and blood throughout the stool and in the toilet bowl. The guy from behind the counter kept looking over at

me, and then a large group of hispanic and other guys came in and kept staring at me and then looked pissed I was still walking.

The guy who took me there, had his eyes wide open and then his friends looked over at him and they looked worried and upset. The guy told me to go back to the hostel that afternoon and night and "hang out". I nodded cheerily and casually and said, "Okay, sure! I'll be there in an hour." I then walked directly to the ER. Where they did nothing, even though they took tons of blood.

Once, something was offered to me that was in the hostel refrigerator, and it was pointed out to me specifically, to eat. I was told it was a "burrito" but it wasn't. It was split pea soup with bacon in a mold, on top of some rice. It was the only thing there, and pointed out to me so I took it out and heated it up and then I decided not to eat it. I put it back and someone removed it and threw it out. Then there was something else offered to me that had been out--pasta with a cream sauce, and I was told I could eat this. I ate a little but not a lot.

I don't know if I was getting the poison from what I ate or from a cigarette or two that was offered me. The one time I took a cigarette from this guy he was Russian and young, and said he was in a gang back in Russia. He wore red, black, and white. He said he was communist but nothing he said added up. He knew Russian but he also put on or had an English accent. When I came out of the lounge room where people smoke, several people in the hostel were just staring at me, watching me go to the bathroom and I was observed heavily. I kept noticing looks of exasperation because I would never eat very much of anything that was offered me. I think some people expected me to keel over and it didn't happen.

The guy who took me to the Mexican restaurant had his arm shot up from gang stuff and his muscles in his face kept twitching and then after I'd take a bite, he just stared at me.

Sometimes people may have thought I was eating more of what was given me than I was. A few meals which were bought for me, I only took a bite or two from and then secretly trashed and bought something from a can or sealed. Once, I had a bad feeling about a McDonalds meal--someone went to a specific location and bought something for me and I said I was going to eat it later because I was under a lot of stress, and I went into a store, dumped it in the trash, the drink and everything, and bought something else to eat. I did this because I saw the looks exchanged between the hispanic guy at this particular location, which was gone to specifically, and the driver. I thought the driver was my friend, but I didn't know for sure. He wanted me to have a hamburger but I took chicken instead. I

pretended to drink the coke but just acted like I was sipping from the straw when I wasn't and then I trashed the whole thing.

Then, in Tacoma, I was approached by a Vietnamese guy who said he wanted to buy me a bowl of soup. There was a problem with his offer. He also had a tattoo of a dragon on his arm and said it used to mean gangs but that he had no affiliation. I could tell something was up with him. He took me to a specific location in Tacoma, and kept trying to convince me to get the Pho with meatballs. I said I'd have the kind without. Then, it arrived, and I saw him staring at me as I lifted the spoon. I saw a couple groups of guys just intently watching me eat and I got a bad feeling. He didn't add up. He was telling me he wasn't religious, but there were St. Mary icons all around him. He didn't need to lie, so why was he lying? Then, after I took a big bite of the noodles, I started to feel a little weird, just sort of dizzy. I put the spoon down and said I had to use the bathroom. When I went in, I was there for awhile and had some diarrhea but I didn't notice any blood at that time. The bleeding has been, or was, in the last couple of days.

So I was coming out of the bathroom, and he was gone. He totally took off and the server was clearing the bowls even though I was still there. It was totally weird. Why had he darted out of the building after I was in the bathroom? So then the servers acted nervous and I said where did he go and they said he left and maybe I could catch him. I walked out and he came back towards me.

I had told him, before going to the bathroom, that I was feeling a little too nervous to eat. He acted weird and then he bolted. He came back around when I came out and then I saw several men leaving that place, looking pissed and worried that I hadn't eaten very much of the soup. I had one bite of noodles, one piece of meat, and a spoonful of broth and that was it. I noticed this guy was wanting to take me to lunch after he had already had a full meal at McDonalds. So he was eating twice, or eating for show, to get me to eat. He had said he was hungry and didn't eat already, so this was a lie, and he wanted me to eat with him.

My bowl of soup was cleared so fast they said I couldn't take it "to go". When I was sitting outside with this guy, the Vietnamese guy, several men walked by and they exchanged looks. One guy looked really worried and kept pacing back and forth.

I didn't have any bleeding until about 2-3 days ago, but I had people offering or trying to get me to eat things for about a week. I trashed most of it or pretended, or just had a bite here and there. If I'd eaten everything given to me, I probably wouldn't be here.

Madonna's song comes to mind: I Guess I'll Die (Another Day)

Maybe Someone doesn't want me to die. Ever thought of that? How many attempts have already been made? For some reason, God wants me to be here.

No one was kidding when they said I wouldn't make it back to Wenatchee. More than one person thought I was going to be finished off. If I went to the right hospital and even died at the right hospital, it could all be covered up. I went to an ER just to be tested for poisons and they did nothing. Imagine if I'd died. Someone could have made anything up. Any number of excuses, or fabricated that I was on drugs and died from some overdose or something.

This morning I opened up a book of prayers. I thanked God that His Will was done, in my life, in sparing me and protecting me, and for giving me wisdom. I also prayed that God would bring this around and that the right people would start taking this seriously. It was a short and simple prayer. I read a couple of passages, which I randomly opened up to, just a line from Acts and then a passage from Psalms.

Acts 19:28 and then I flipped over to Psalms 9:10-20.

Then I hummed the song of "Be Exalted Oh God (High Above The Heavens)".

I was suprised so many of the individuals at the hostel seemed to be international, who gave me food. But I was told this doesn't really mean anything--that people can be from anywhere and still connected to something, and that also, sometimes the poor, or gang people, or internationals are used to carry out hits for others who have much more money or power and wouldn't do it themselves. I'm told they're paid off and that this is incentive. I'm also told sometimes, with some people, they have a lot of power and there are more people that benefit from this power so getting rid of someone who has threatened this power actually threatens the whole group.

The main symptom I had, before any bleeding and diarrhea, was a dizziness or feeling of absolute exhaustion that wasn't normal for me. Then, the bleeding was just bizarre and not normal in any way, nor was it from anything natural. I have never had this kind of bleeding before, in my life. It was totally different from anything else and I did have hemmoroids in pregnancy (never before or after) and the blood from that is very minimal and more from surface skin stuff. This other bleeding, was totally different, through the entire stool, and then filling the bowl and even splattering out. Yes, it's gross, but how long do I have to say things are not looking so good until someone from the frickin' FBI or some other agency starts taking

care of me and my son?

I called someone from FBI in Wyoming who was normal, and she said I needed to report the Seattle offices or the duty agent who was once again telling me today they were going to do nothing about anything. I asked for her ID number again and she refused to give it to me. I was told to contact OPR by Wyoming FBI who said they are not allowed to turn down reports and are required to meet with someone.

Posted by Mama at 1:31 PM

4 comments:

Anonymous said...

Did you have your hemoglobin tested? Those symptoms sound exactly like anemia. If you were poisoned, you'd probably be throwing up as well. If you have anemia (normal hemoglobin levels are between 12-15) simple ferrous sulfate (iron pills) can help with the anemia, as well as iron rich foods such as red meats, watermelon, etc. Spinach has high calcium concentrates which block the absorption of iron, so eating it is not necessarily going to help with iron deficiency if you have it. A simple prick test will check you blood for it.

August 10, 2009 2:35 PM

Mamasaid...

No, these aren't anemia symptoms.

Bleeding like this was not normal. Anemia doesn't cause bleeding to the degree I was bleeding.

Also, it's not necessary to throw up if poisoned with rat poison. I probably didn't have that much, as much as may have been intended. If it was rat poisoning. It still possibly could have been something else that was causing this.

I've never had this kind of bleeding before, and the body response was very simliar to what happened in E.Wenatchee with my son except the one thing that was different was I was very sleepy and also, I was bleeding through the rectum.

I would almost want to say it could have been something handheld that was delivering some kind of, I don't know...I don't know what's out there. The one thing I do know is that

I was bleeding and it was not a normal type of bleeding either.

The blood wasn't coagulating normally either.

In some ways it was like what happened in E. Wenatchee, but I had this bleeding for the first time, which is something totally different and new.

I have a well balanced diet and I didn't show up with iron deficiencies. It was potassium abnormalities. My iron levels were fine.

I had abnormally low potassium, abnormal bleeding, fatigue, and a rapid heartrate and some heart palpitations as well.

If it wasn't something I was eating, it was something done to me while I was in company of others I was eating with, and done under the table or soemthing. Sounds weird, but I don't know everything.

August 10, 2009 7:05 PM

Mamasaid...

Both ultrasound and infrasound can cause dizziness, nausea, internal bleeding and other nasty effects, ultimately leading to death, and so can be and have been weaponized.

I got this above quote from online. It makes more sense, that I was being asked to eat certain things, that it was a poisoning that caused the bleeding, but if something is handheld it could be used potentially.

I had one housemate use something on me while I was sleeping and perhaps if something is used that accessible to military, gangs, or CIA, I don't know...I suppose it could cause the exact same effects that rat poisoning would cause.

It would deplete potassium levels, can cause internal bleeding, though I've not had this happen before that I remember, and it would cause dizziness as well.

It may have been the food, but honestly, given other things which have been going on lately, it may not.

I still wonder what Virginia-Mason planned to do with four very large vials of my blood. All they did was a CBC and test for drugs. They didn't even get back to me about coagulation results. I don't know why this much blood would be needed

for anything.

It IS possible that one reason or excuse is given to counter the actual cause of what was used.

I do not know for sure.

August 10, 2009 7:18 PM

Mamasaid...

I do know my lower back has been bothering me again and it was fine for the longest time. When I went to the hospital, my back hurt. I didn't have abdominal pain at all, but my back still hurts, even today.

It's been fine until I was shocked by a housemate with something and then later experienced something simliar at the psychologist's office.

If there is something going on that IS national security or is top secret or warrants the dept. of energy to be around my house, I don't think it's legitimate but for some other group's purposes, to either harm me and my son as was done, or to make me sound nuts, which of course would be done.

At the hostel, the night before I had the bleeding, something was being hammered or put up against the ceiling which was right under my bed and then later I heard the same thing being done above my bed, there was no one sleeping directly above me in the bunk, but the room above mine, had work being done that was floor level, which was ceiling above me. I didn't know what was going on.

I figured it was just vent repairs or something.

But later, I had a couple times with the bleeding and instant sort of dizziness and need to use the bathroom and that was while talking to someone while eating or smoking.

I really have no idea. It wasn't normal is all I know. And there were actual indicators something was wrong and I was not just showing up at ER for no good reason.

That's what upset me the most, was when I had actual symptoms of health problems, I have this woman coming in with her mind made up already.

Anyway.

I don't know. Maybe it was rat poisoning, or maybe someone else will speak up and tell me what it really was, or maybe we'll not know for 40 years until reports are declassified and I'll find out the system was used against me and my son, but under some kind of legal color of law deal where experimentation on U.S. citizens is fine during times of war.

I sort of think this last idea is most implausible. I know there have been people who don't like me and they've made it known, so I don't know think it could be confused with legal stuff very well.

It may very well have something to do with a powerful group and with drugs in some way. I just don't know.

Someone, I should say, others, do!

August 10, 2009 7:32 PM

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Mama

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