

I want / need to make it clear that I am not a harm to my self or other and that I can take care of my self :) and I wont be bullied.

The skill Jen has that I do not is that she can write eloquently. Moar then I could ever. And she takes advantage of that. I hope I express my deepest thoughts correctly :)

from: Jennifer "Asherah" E a5h3r4h@gmail.com  
to: psy- ops <backtracesecurity@gmail.com>  
date: Wed, Mar 21, 2012 at 11:05 AM  
subject: Read  
mailed-by: gmail.com  
signed-by: gmail.com

Shit I have done for you:

Editing/rewriting your papers A time consuming, frustrating task that benefits you consistently, (I can't even count the number of speaking gigs I've helped you prepare for) is completely thankless (you're rarely grateful) and never ending (You really make no efforts to improve your writing, because you know you can dump it in my lap and whine at me until I do it for you) I go out of my way to make sure you get credit for editing my slides. If its not anonymous related it just sits and waits, you really have to stop. You have gone full Ahab.

This is generally followed by you getting wasted, going off topic, and generally sabotaging yourself, and then refusing to accept this may reflect negatively.

Covering for your endless social missteps/trolling/etc. You consistently follow your id everywhere, troll allies and enemies indiscriminately, ask me to cover for you when you're banned/blocked/kicked/hated for making dumb or crass comments. You consistently refuse to modify your behavior even when it is completely professionally damaging

Worse, you demand that other people accommodate your crass btard behavior and complete lack of social perception.

When you're not alienating everyone from media to industry allies, you're happily telling people who may have taken us seriously that I'm a witch, crazy, dumb witch, or whatever other cheap shots are good for a laugh. My favorite is when I rewrite your papers so you can get a gig somewhere and then you hide snotty insults about me in them. it makes us look like competent professionals!

I am a disabled veteran. I dont give a fuck what the fuck you or any one else think you crazy witch. I am good and I know it.

Working endlessly on projects that don't get off the ground, usually to you getting bored/paranoid and jumping ship, and then CONSISTENTLY getting situational Alzheimers and blaming me when you wander off. The Trollcon shit is a perfect example.

You spent two years cajoling people to participate, enticed me to spend hours on website designs, graphics, trademark research, money on logo designs, money to register domains, graphics, etc. In the end you didn't want to spend deposit money on a building, told me you were afraid it would fail.

Now you claim you were busy "helping me" with the stalking, but I don't recall you doing anything helpful in that regard, unless you mean accidentally deleting everything on the trolldiaries site while high and fucking around, ruining about a million more hours of work. in fact, I remember still doing edit/rewrite work for you while all that was going on. I also wrote you a very nice CV/Resume. The only "help" you offered was constantly harassing me about my interest in it because you were bored.

Total expenses on trollcon for me, btw: \$400 for regs over three years plus hosting fees I paid for months, plus endless hours of free labor. Plus the hosting and vbulletin fees (another 4.50 bucks) for the site you fucking deleted.

TrollCon was such a good idea. What Jen fails to explain during this time she thought it was a good idea to spear head a fight vs anonymous. I made the call to cancel trollcon and help Jen to start researching these kids. I was worried since trollcon was connected to jen and would be attacked relentlessly.

One of many projects you started, forced me to invest time and energy in, that never got anywhere, because you get anxious/bored/fear of failure or don't plan ahead. I especially like when you drop a project flat, refuse to listen to reason, and then rewrite history to make it my fault.

More examples:

Making plans with bobdole. You kicked this off, stayed in conversations for a couple days, then claimed "we don't need him," and refused to revisit the situation, because you talked to James or someone and got another "better idea." Then you went incommunicado for several days. Lol this witch really is crazy. Jen you have nothing to offer bobdole, that is not his or her real name of course. What kind of fucking experience do you fucking have with any thing. You fucking dont. Face it. The only fucking thing you can fucking do is go on Google and find some stupid 16 year old kid that called you fat. Congrats gumshoe.

The plan was solid and would have been a good way to monetize the gigantic amount of data I've collected. I wrote spreadsheets and proposals while you dithered about the project. Are you fucking srs? What Intel do you have? Names of 16 year old revolutionary isn't actionable intelligence.

Asking me to redesign the website based on a template \*you chose,\* and rejecting it outright and refusing any reconsideration only after I put hours of work into it. You are literally so used to cajoling others into doing shit you have no idea how much it sucks to bust your ass and get blown off on a whim. You should take the time to make sure it doesn't look like shit. What you gave me what shit, so I umm no we are going to stick with green and black page.

Going through the trouble of acquiring a CAGE number, then refusing to tell me where I could browse listings. Because you'd already decided there was nothing there. Every time I asked, you put me off, only to come back later and yell at me for not pursuing contracts. WTF

Read more about the cage number.

I have more or less carried everything forward, furthered your career, generated gigs and publicity for you, all while cleaning up after you, making excuses for your shitty behavior, while you more or less constantly berated me for one thing or another, usually my failure to get you a job. And all this time, while I was doing the heavy lifting, and cleaning up after you, and taking your constant phone calls, you absolutely refused to let me take any control over the business- the one that I conceived, named, and generated publicity for.

I held her hand and showed her <https://www.bpn.gov/ccr/default.aspx> she never logged in. Never cared about it.

The one you're now acting like you can "fire" me from, where your only real contribution, apparently, was making sure you controlled the license and website. Now you seem to think you can just walk away with it, and I do hope that's just a mistaken impression, and you are not that much of a monstrous, petty jackass.

I fired you since you are irrational I did not know you were really this irrational.

I would have fired your crazy as last year,if you knew you would go Ahab on me.

If you want it, you can have it- I will submit my expenses for the last year and you are welcome to cash me out and see if you can do better. You're not my boss and that's just something that's never, ever going to happen. You know goddamn well I am responsible for 99% of the interest in the company, you know I have spent much of my time promoting you and (exaggerating) your abilities at my own expense.

This witch lost us so much money. Why? She is gullible and she cant keep her mouth fucking shut. She is nothing but a dirty ass snitch.

You ask what I have "done for the business." The answer is EVERYTHING. I created, promoted, and carried it. I caught the bad guys. (and in case you've forgotten, "Operation Overlord" was fucking fiction. Me and bobdole did all of that work and let you publicly take credit.

Another lie... You followed my guild line and it worked. And you followed the same plan for lulzsec. Till a few months ago.

The sad truth is I HAVE gotten SEVERAL job offers, and turned them down, because none of them wanted you on board. I turned them all down for the same fucking reason I've promoted and supported you beyond reasonable necessity, out of friendship and loyalty. I have literally held myself back from success trying to be a friend to you and now you turn on me in a stupid, petty, petulant rage for no goddamn reason other than the fact I refuse to let you control me.

Lol she is nuts. Take it in stead of sitting at home and yelling at your husband that accually does work and pulls in the money so you can sit there on line and yell at kids. You abuse your husband the same way. He pulls in the money and you just complain.

You constantly claim that our shitty, childish website is immaterial, that nobody minds your bad grammar, crude behavior and trolling, but at the same time, I can be blamed for not demanding that "we" be paid for the work \*I\* am doing. While you spend much of your time belittling me in public and acting like you have no fucking idea what I do in a day, denigrating the work I do, and refusing every single request I make of you to make us more presentable.

What work? Yelling at kids on line? Getting other snitch cash? I feel bad for most of the so called informants you got.

Meanwhile, your contribution has been taking control of the business name/websites and making petty excuses to lock me out. Now I know why.

Your locked out since you tried to do a password reset on backtracesecurity.com and take it over, Have you ever updated the server once? Apt-get update/ upgrade no. You dont know how.

What really fucking ironically tears me up right there- that you're perfectly willing to toss years of friendship over some misbegotten notion of \*hypothetical\* money you feel \*I\* should have somehow magically produced for you. I brought you along with me because I trusted you, because you were my friend, and because I wanted you to be successful too. So yes, I was quite surprised to hear from you that it was all about what you thought I could do to make you money.

Backtrace is a for profit bussiness. What the fuck do you do then? If you specialize in intelligence but you cant keep your fucking mouth shut it ruins the purpose. So many people know who your informants are since you brag about it like a drunken Klingon.

To summarize, what you have gotten out of the last year of our friendship:

**tldr im going to blank some names and release this.**

Massive street cred, visibility, and publicity, much of which you have squandered acting like a tool in public.

Multiple speaking gigs. Lots of free editing, resulting in credibility you never really earned. Tons of new friends/contacts. Money, even. Free labor and assistance from nearly everyone you know, which you apparently do not value.

**witch im mudsplatter**

What I've gotten as a direct result of knowing you:

Used. Harassed, belittled, subjected daily to public and private verbal abuse. Consistently asked to cover for your shortcomings and then blamed for the outcome of your behavior. Continually blamed for not magically producing cash when I spend much of my time trying to cover your ass and clean up your messes, talk you out of doing stupid or illegal shit, or spend hours working on some project you're just going to get bored with and drop, or sabotage by getting drunk/angry/high and saying stupid shit.

Harangued into constant work on your behalf, while you spend most of the time waiting for luck to fall in your lap, playing around, and treating everything like a giant playground for your ego.

I have absolutely no investment in this business that requires your presence, other than the friendship that apparently means shit to you. I'm hurt and disappointed, but also relieved, and it should be obvious why. I worked to help you succeed because I loved you and valued our friendship, and I have made far too many excuses for you and your abusive behavior. You can't use "head injury" to explain away your current behavior- you are being a monster shithead, I do not deserve it, and I am through with you.

And you do not get to make excuses to walk away with what I have built with my own sweat equity. You will either buy me out or you will walk away and do your own thing. Having passwords to accounts does not mean you own them. I authored almost all of the content of the site and the papers/slides, and I unequivocally own the copyrights. I have no desire to screw with you the way you're trying to screw with me, but I won't let you walk all over me either.

PS: You cannot be successful and be a trolling dickhead. The shithead behavior you call your "superpowers" is a huge fucking obstacle only overshadowed by the fact that your ambitions exceed your attention span. I have tried really hard to be patient with you on this account, but you are delusionally attached to the idea that you somehow benefit by not making any attempt to control it. People may LIKE you, but they will not HIRE you. Because you lack self control in a very obvious and public way. Being clever or intelligent won't negate the fact that people view you as a risk and a liability.

Acting like a crass, immature, uncontrollable child at every opportunity may endear you to some, but it makes you poison as an employee. At some point you're going to have to choose between being a grownup or an eternal Peter Pan, or learn how to play guitar. Hopefully you will have some goddamn introspection and learn to act like a decent human being before you alienate every single person who cares about you.

from: Jennifer "Asherah" E a5h3r4h@gmail.com  
to: psy- ops <backtracesecurity@gmail.com>  
date: Wed, Mar 21, 2012 at 12:38 PM  
subject: Not playing games  
mailed-by: gmail.com  
signed-by: gmail.com  
: Important mainly because of the people in the conversation

On Wed, Mar 21, 2012 at 12:38 PM, Jennifer "Asherah" E <a5h3r4h@gmail.com> wrote:  
If you do not settle the fuck down and start acting like a normal person again I am going to call your doctor and tell him you've flipped your shit. You need real medical attention, rehab, and therapy.

You are acting almost as nutty as bobdole was two years ago. This is NOT NORMAL.

**Intimidation much? "Or else" rofl fuck you.**

from: Jennifer "Asherah" E a5h3r4h@gmail.com  
to: Kevin P <media.backtrace@gmail.com>, psy- ops <backtracesecurity@gmail.com>  
cc: Kevin Philips <hubris686@gmail.com>, bobdole <xxx@xxx.com>  
date: Thu, Mar 22, 2012 at 6:03 PM  
subject: Press Release  
mailed-by: gmail.com  
signed-by: gmail.com  
: Important mainly because of the people in the conversation

Four years ago, I met a man who would become one of my closest friends. When we met, I disliked him immensely: he was coarse, rude, and lacked any social boundaries. After a little time passed, I discovered that under his bombastic exterior, he seemed a mostly good hearted, intelligent person.

A war related accident had taken away his ability to filter his emotions and impulses, the trauma and pain had left him emotionally scarred, unable to work, and angry at life. But he was funny, clever, and charming when he wanted to be. He was also loyal and above all, trustworthy.

**You said you known me for 4 fucking years. I got hurt in a motorbike crash. WTF pay attention. Good try trying to stolen valor act me....**

We became friends. I helped him become a public speaker by organizing his thoughts, helping him turn his ideas and skills into public speaking gigs. He entertained me and gave me technical advice, I helped him make friends, and gave him daily advice and emotional support, taught him to cook and make home repairs.

Over time, he became much less aggressive and more gregarious and cheerful, and because we had a mutual interest in computer security, we worked on several projects together. Because of his attention and impulse control issues, a lot of these projects never saw completion, but we were having fun, so it didn't matter too much to me.

This was a warning sign, but I ignored it.

Despite huge improvements, my friend was still having emotional issues, especially when he felt something or someone was failing him, and he would react with tremendous, overblown rage. I was never the target of his meltdowns, and he would usually recover and seek forgiveness from his victims.

Then we embarked on the project that would become our company. In the beginning, he observed while we (myself and the 'silent partners') were beginning our campaign. Eventually he became an enthusiastic participant, and suggested some strategies; the combined efforts became what we later dubbed "Operation Overlord," after an eponymous historical precedent.

**This witch is lying through her teeth. Its called Operation Overlord since I fucking made it. It was my handle I used during my chanology days "highOverLord"**

The partners suggested we align our talents and form a company. He was thrilled about Defcon, and we were very well received there, and made numerous friends and contacts. This led to a number of speaking gigs, including a keynote at POC in South Korea.

**Dont count all the work I put in before to get there talking at dartmouth, hope or any of the other ones that dint kick me out :) . I talked a POC before you dumb witch, thats how I started.**

Unfortunately, after that brief burst of enthusiasm and some press attention, he began to grow bored. He seemed disinterested in growing reputation and expressed frustration that the publicity didn't result in immediate income. In particular, he was offended that I was offering assistance to law enforcement, and continually harassed me to charge money. He also expressed regular dismay at the incomes of associates, many of who were participating in shady, dubious, or outright illegal behaviors. I tried to explain the importance of having a solid reputation, and that more clients would come in time as we proved our abilities.

At one point, he suggested taking over the day to day business operations, including control of our websites, email, and corporate Accounts. As I trusted him implicitly, I allowed this. He reasoned as we had been continually attacked by Anon/lulzsec, his experience with web security would make us less vulnerable. He exhibited renewed enthusiasm for a time, but soon returned to griping about boredom and lack of money. I agreed to look at taking small/temporary contracts, but he continually complained that either there were none available, or that I was not doing enough to find clients.

**I took over when shit hit in the fan. Jen was working with a certain company I wont name just yet :) and she and mister x compelled me to help further. The problem was Jen leaked all the info to Mister X and he fucked us over. I suspected that mister x will also claim credit for the dox since it would save him. So I assumed command and said "fuck it America fuck ya" and I released the DOX. After that show of incompetence and gullibility I kept the passwords safe.**

At the same time, numerous projects and ideas were discussed, and many projects and potential clients left sitting when he lost interest. As many of these involved outside companies or individuals who were often left waiting, I began to get very frustrated. Others would express interest, only to receive rude, undecipherable, or suspicious responses.

**What companies are you talking about? Rofl we have made zero profit. Tldr again**

I continued to work full time on several projects in addition to the Anon/Lulzsec research. I handled publicity, email, database creation. I also spent hours working on papers and presentations, web articles, graphic design, etc. I spent a good amount of time traveling, participating in industry groups, and other business-to-business contact. I also spent a good deal of money on infrastructure, software, travel, etc. While I was working hard growing the business, I was also continuing to help him grow his reputation as a speaker, writing his papers, and continually smoothing over the constant issues erupting from his complete lack of tact.

He spent a lot of time going on vacation, complaining of boredom, and demanding my undivided attention on numerous new ideas, most of which were abandoned or forgotten after others had been coerced to spend time and

energy on them, either due to boredom on his part or yet another, "better" idea. Other than continually conceiving new ideas or make-work projects, he made very little effort on his own. When I complained about being used like a personal assistant, he would berate me for doing "free" work for others. He started making passive aggressive, sabotaging comments in public, getting drunk and calling reporters, and other acting-out reporters.

When the news of Sabu's arrest became public, and my early work was vindicated, he reacted in a very unexpected way. We received a flood of job applicants, interested clients, and tremendous publicity. Instead of being pleased for the business, he reacted with petulance. He made disparaging, hurtful remarks, intercepted media requests, attacked allies and supporters, and generally acted like an ass in public. I received several offers to leave the business and work for established companies, which I refused out of loyalty to my friend, who I still loved despite his churlish behavior.

**Rofl who you witch? You give the intel up for free**

Unbeknownst to me, he was also self-medicating with potentially dangerous, unregulated hallucinogenic drugs. While I support his choice to use medical marijuana to treat his pain, I have had concerns about his heavy use, and I have huge misgivings about ingesting untested psychotropic chemicals, especially for someone with preexisting mental health issues. I believe the drug use may play some part in his concerns about money. This is especially heartbreaking, as he has personally intervened on behalf of another friend who became dangerously addicted to the same drugs.

**Wow what kind of flase flag op is this? witch you must be crazy**

As this was going on, my friend continued to suggest ideas and schemes, but they got less clever and more bizarre, ambitious, and morally questionable. Eventually, he and some local acquaintances contrived a scheme to sell "research chemicals" as club drugs, and he described their 'clever' and 'legal' idea to package them as plant food and make a fortune selling it at local malls. When I realized he wasn't joking, I managed to convince him of the legal and moral pitfalls of the scheme. Afterward, however, he became increasingly suspicious minded, erratic, and paranoid. He began to accuse random acquaintances of unspecified criminal activity. He told me he suspected a close friend of secretly working with Lulzsec.

**I still have not been able to figure out the legality of this, it was research for Hacking Terroist Networks (Logistics and critical infrastructure) :) I wanted jen to help research it more but she keeps busy with those 16 year old kids. And when you disagree with her, you must be on some sort of drugs.**

I am usually able to talk him down from these sorts of behaviors, but this time, he exploded in an incoherent, violent rage. Without warning, he locked me out of all of our business accounts, proclaimed himself the owner of the company I conceived, shaped, and publicized.

**witch you were locked out when you dun goofed the first time with mister x**

In his anger and paranoia, he sees no problem with his behavior. As he sees it, he gave me an entire year to accede to his demands to produce the wealth he expected; as this has not occurred, I am an incompetent traitor who is not entitled to any part of what she created. It matters not to him that he is not legally entitled, or that his risky behavior is a legal liability for us both. He does not care that it is wrong to accept pay to present papers I have written about work I have personally carried out, to falsely advertise my work and accomplishments for his own profit.

**Rofl what sitting around aruging with 16 year old kids or getting jipped?**

It doesn't matter that by attacking me, he effectively destroys and chance he had at legitimacy or success, or that by making public display of his betrayal, he advertises his own lack of trustworthiness in an industry where trust is everything. He does not care that his own erratic behaviors affected our ability to attract clients, or that his addictions and thrill seeking behaviors affected his ability to follow through on tasks.

**You have turned true media whore, I had to block your twitter since I could not handel the hypocritical things you would post.**

He does not care that in his irrational anger he has broken his friend's heart- a friend who has been much better to

him than he ever deserved. He has decided that four years of constant advice, support, forgiveness, good times, and shared successes are less valuable than the feeding of an irrational, paranoid, petty anger and the pursuit of mutual assured destruction. I hope he gets the help that he needs before he destroys himself, and I regret not recognizing the signs of addiction when I could have done something about it. I am trying to forgive him and I hope he makes peace with himself.

**She trys the same shit BAE system. I am addicted to one thing... ducks**

As of Monday, I am officially filing with the state of Florida for the dissolution of Backtrace Security, and disclaim any responsibility for the actions of my former partner. I have hired an attorney who will see to the preservation of my intellectual property and personal rights of publicity, and see to it that the assets and liabilities are properly balanced, accounts closed, debts and taxes paid.

I have already contacted friends and family and am trying to convince them to get him into treatment before he hurts himself or others.

**Ya she contacted one of my disent uncles in south korea. How the hell is that gook in south korea going to stop anything? I talked to my parents way before you to expect this stupidity. I called them and as of today they have not got 1 call from your crazy ass. This uncle is also contractor to the s.korean .gov he handels stuff for them and she send this crazy email to him...**

I have tentatively accepted a position at an established firm, and I will reincorporate soon with a new partner, with an announcement coming later this week.

**Lie much?**

from: Jennifer "Asherah" E a5h3r4h@gmail.com  
to: psy- ops <backtracesecurity@gmail.com>  
date: Sun, Mar 25, 2012 at 1:28 PM  
subject: Inevitability  
mailed-by: gmail.com  
signed-by: gmail.com  
: Important mainly because of the people in the conversation

You know, I really thought you were having some sort of emotional meltdown or tantrum. Until I saw you blank that page I thought you somehow had come to believe the set dressing we wrapped around those ops. But you went right to the document and tried to wreck it, so it's clear you know exactly what you're doing, that you know what you are doing is wrong, and you don't care. I tried appealing to your better nature, but like your respect and esteem for others, it appears lacking.

**I respect people that earned it. Show me why I should respect you. You are not even a person of honor any more.**

You did not author that paper. You added many silly comments trying to rewrite my outline as a comedy sketch. I put the work in, and I wrote it down. Until 48 hours ago, you knew that.

**Thats my work the only reason it is under your account is that you made a google account before I did. I took you ass off all the other shares I dont know what you are talking about blank.**

You can't blank it just because you don't like the fact of its authorship. I saved copies every day. I have copies of all of the documents and their working discussions, none of which show much input from you other than strings of bombastic jokes and rewriting the titles.

Rofl the original was done by me. Re edit by you. Wow I cant belive you try to adam laurie me.

The story we have been using is fictional, operational cover, created after the fact. I have no trouble being publicly open about that if it comes to it. You contributed the NAME.

When this began it was me and bobdole doing it, a MONTH before you jumped in and made a twitter account. We'd already been using my twitter account to drop dox without ANY input from you, other than you telling me I was crazy. You got involved when we were contacted by mister x. I conceived the business name, and bobdole and I did all of the initial projects, including the namshub, the infiltration of the pirate pads, the doxing of the PLF, the acquisition of the HQ logs, etc. Your contribution was your resume, and a media contact you flubbed with your infamous "moralfag" comment.

I convinced bobdole to join us. He would not listen to women remember? O no you forgot... Should I also tell bobdole he was used? Since thats what I did to him. I used him to get him to help you. He thought he was working for me when he was really working for you. Rofl I made the bussiness name drunk on the sofa talking to you on skype while I was playing call of duty. Dont fucking lie.

I have every single skype log, email, text message, and document to prove my involvement and the huge amount of work I put into it. H contacted bobdole and myself. I have a skype log discussing issues with mister x, where I am having a conversation and you are making rude comments and "testing" him.

So what happened to this mister x? He fucked you! Dumb ass

You did set up the webserver, or at least, you made mistery do it. Of course, this is *after* the ddos on the wordpress site I'd written, designed, and configured was ddosed. Then I wrote all the pages for the next site, which you also locked me out of and refused to update.

Rofl, well why would I give any one control over something after they lost us a shit load of money? But like the retard I am I gave her a root account. Ssh access, the password was the same as the one on her wireless router network. She has yet to login even once or update the server. Guess do did that :)

You also ordered some business cards, which took a lot less time than it took me to design them.

All my ideas for cards were shot down and I just setteled for the one we have now whats the problem?

You got lots of attention and several speaking gigs out of the publicity I produced.

I wrote the profiles of Lulzsec that were mentioned in the DHS bulletin. I wrote the text you put on your Twitter account. I wrote the slides you're telling everyone you authored when you know damn well you did not, (the originals do NOT have the petty "edited by" crap you like to slap on the ones you write, either) I wrote the articles on the site and I contributed to or substantially rewrote most of your side-porject papers, too.

So what you fix spelling and grammer errors. Wtf that does not give you rights to my work.

All of the press attention and contacts we made stemmed from the Namshub and the revelations from the HQ logs.

With all the time I have spent making you look credible, it never occurred to me you thought I was doing it for any reason other than friendship. You continuously told me you were bored, didn't want to proceed, blah blah. I never once asked you to stay! I told you you could quit any time. The bs you're spreading right now is malicious to the point of cruelty. I wanted you along because you were my friend. You, otoh, apparently had another overriding interest. Unbfortunately, the only thing worth money to you in this entire scenario was my friendship. You killed the horse and you want to fight for the saddle.

I have literally spent more time trying to deal with problems you've caused than you've spent contributing real work to the business. I've told the war injury story so many times to cover you acting noxious I almost started believing it myself.

wtf. I got hit in the fucking head in a bike crash after deployment and a military doctor left me disabled every one knows this... I am a OIF/OEF vet...

You did register the LLC and rent an office (the latter of which I thought was unnecessary) I accepted your reasoning on the division issue, but being first on the marquee does not give you authority. In the eyes of the law we both have equal authority, we both have fiduciary responsibility and we have equal liability. You cannot legally force me out of the decision making process. As you have opened credit accounts and things of that nature I assure you I won't let you play cowboy under my name

That said, if you want the name, then you need to be a grownup and negotiate. At this point I have a very solid reputation and several prospective clients. Given the damage you have done and are likely to do to the name is left unsupervised, I'm more than willing to distance myself from it, and let you crash it to your heart's content. (Although I'd hoped that helping you build a good name would inspire you to want to keep it!)

This would require:

The removal of my name from all ownership and tax documents, and from the CAGE registration.

The removal of my name all documents I authored from the website, and the understanding you will not attempt to profit from my work. You may discuss your own contributions to the Anon project, but not claim responsibility for any of my ops (namshub, HQ, etc.)

You must register a new email address of any name and retire the one currently in use (the backtracesec@gmail.) Notice must be made on the website in a prominent place of my new operating name and web address.

All of these things are necessary to protect my reputation and prevent me from being liable for decisions you make in the future.

If you agree to these things, I will sign over my interest in the business, and it will be yours to paint purple if you wish.

It should also be clear that at this point I will not be providing any further assistance to you with any present or future projects.

If you cannot agree to these things, I will keep my appointment to see a judge and have the assets sorted (aka discharging the fiduciary duty) As you are noncooperative, you will not be able to operate under the name. TL;DR, if you dig your heels in, I have clear legal high ground. I will also pursue payment for my expenses and maybe even my labor, as I have a pretty good record of what I've done.

Finally, you *\*really\** need to seek medication or therapy for your emotional issues, and you need to get off the drugs. Every problem you have and blame on the people around you is due to your own inability to sort out your shit. Smoking your day away and refusing to even try to moderate your behavior means your situation is going to continue to slide until you have alienated every person around you. You have crippled yourself deliberately until you are dependant on others to do everything for you but tie your shoes.

Your ability to charm people into looking past your self-absorption is going to continue to diminish as you continue to use people for favors and entertainment. You are hanging out with bad people who do not mean you well, you are poisoning your brain, and you seem to be intentionally trying to mold yourself into a sociopath.

from: Jennifer "Asherah" E a5h3r4h@gmail.com  
to: psy- ops <backtracesecurity@gmail.com>  
date: Sun, Mar 25, 2012 at 3:50 PM

subject: Crazy  
mailed-by: gmail.com  
signed-by: gmail.com  
: Important mainly because of the people in the conversation

If you do not want people to think you are mentally ill, stop behaving like a mentally ill person. You are frightening people.

Who? You ass crazy witch

from: Jennifer "Asherah" E a5h3r4h@gmail.com  
to: psy- ops <backtracesecurity@gmail.com>  
date: Sun, Mar 25, 2012 at 4:07 PM  
subject: Get help  
mailed-by: gmail.com  
signed-by: gmail.com  
: Important mainly because of the people in the conversation

What I asked you to do is my legal right to ask. It is not unreasonable and is in fact quite generous to you, and the ONLY thing that will let both of us separate gracefully. I am not out to get you, I have never done anything to you, but I will not let you wreck my credit or my career over your mental health issues. Your acting out is only making my point for me, that you need HELP. Ranting about Korean spies isn't making anything better.

What point. After I leave your going to be doing the same shit you always been doing. Yelling at kids.

You do it the legal and ethically correct way, you look professional and adult and keep a reputation, and you can get the help you need privately. You can go have a public tantrum and slander me and claim I'm inventing your illness, but everyone who knows you is worried about your addictions, and everyone who has met you is aware you have mental/emotional issues- especially when I'm not there to cover for you. Your acting out and your weird "hey guys I'm really great and it's all good emails" have people coming to me thinking you're suicidal.

Rofl keep your legal advice to your self.

Your intense and pointless paranoia about me and everyone else alone is self destructive. You went through the same crap with Chris, and now I am forced not only to defend myself and my business reputation, but to act as your friend and see that you do not self harm or harm others. I do not care if this makes you hate me, it is more important. I have not made my concerns public or even talked to many people about them, Your claim that I'm trying to "make you look crazy" is ludicrous. I have ALWAYS helped you, covered for you, and now I am seeing that this has only let it fester and get worse. You know you are risking your future, and that fact alone is enough fro me to know you are not well.

Ps. How about you leave me the fuck alone and get off my dick.

President of backtracesecurity LLC  
hubris USAF Ret.