

# Chapter 46

**Chapter 46** marked a critical moment in my journey—a moment when silence was no longer bearable. I had spent thirteen years with a court-appointed lawyer who, despite being in my corner in name, never truly advocated for me. During the pandemic, I started questioning his intentions more deeply. I began calling him regularly, twice a week, hoping to use the consistency to create some sense of control over my own life. In every call, I searched for signs that he believed in me and the freedom I sought, but what I often found was hesitation and vague assurances. It became clearer that while I was planning my way out, he wasn't the person to make it happen.

Even as I felt constrained by the system, I was mentally preparing to break free. I had stayed quiet to the world, but inside, I was praying with intensity—for change, for release, for courage. One night in June 2021, something inside me snapped. I picked up the phone and dialed 911 from my home in California. I reported my father for conservatorship abuse, something I never thought I'd have the strength to do. That call wasn't made out of anger alone—it came from a place of truth, from a realization that if I didn't speak up, no one else would truly advocate for me.

In the days that followed, I found myself stuck in a painful limbo. I had started to push hard against the conservatorship, yet the legal and emotional restraints hadn't been lifted. Each day, I waited—powerless to make major decisions but growing bolder in my private resolve. During that same period, it seemed like my story was everywhere. New documentaries, endless media speculation, and public discussions about my life filled screens and headlines. Yet I wasn't allowed to speak. I watched strangers analyze my every move while I remained silenced in my own narrative.

The hardest part was learning that my sister had a book coming out—one that included stories about me. I couldn't say anything to respond. Legally, emotionally, I

was still under my father's thumb. My voice was trapped behind layers of control, and the frustration built with every passing day. I remember lying awake at night, staring at the ceiling, wanting to scream but knowing I had to wait. It was as if I was standing in a burning room, forced to stay quiet while others told the world how I felt.

I began to reflect more on how this dynamic had affected not just my freedom, but my relationships. Being publicly portrayed in a way that didn't reflect who I truly was felt like betrayal. I wanted my family to understand how their actions—directly or through silence—were damaging. Trust had been broken so many times that I started questioning if it could ever be repaired. I thought about all the missed birthdays, the stolen moments of peace, and the choices that were never mine to make. Those years couldn't be reclaimed, but maybe they could be the reason change finally happened.

For anyone who has lived under tight control, even regaining small freedoms can feel revolutionary. During this time, I clung to the few things I could still claim—my thoughts, my memories, my faith. I journaled constantly, recorded voice notes to myself, and tried to visualize what life could look like beyond this cage. Some days were filled with doubt, especially when the legal battles felt slow and draining. But other days, I held onto hope like a lifeline. I wasn't fighting only for myself anymore. I realized that if I could break free, maybe others trapped in similar conservatorships would have a chance too.

The strength I found didn't appear overnight. It built in layers—through every call to the lawyer, every ignored plea, and every tearful conversation with those who truly cared about me. When I finally told the world the truth, I did so not just to reclaim my freedom but to restore my identity. I didn't want to be someone else's product or project. I wanted to be human again—imperfect, passionate, and able to make my own mistakes. That chapter wasn't just about speaking out. It was about remembering who I had always been, before the silence tried to erase me.