

**STATE OF ILLINOIS** **UNITED STATES OF AMERICA** **COUNTY OF DU PAGE**  
**IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE EIGHTEENTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT**

Thomas Fernandez

Plaintiff,

v.

MEIER CLINICS OF ILLINOIS P C

Defendant,

2022LA001051

Case Number

File Stamp Here

**EXHIBIT COVER SHEET**

Local Court Rules 5.06 and 5.09

**EXHIBIT NAME:** October 2021 Conversation

**TITLE OF DOCUMENT THIS EXHIBIT BELONGS WITH:**

One word, once, in one singular conversation, one time in October of 2021, which ended with Steve stating "I can't prescribe you anything" and then causing my divorce...AGAIN

**Document File Date:** 02-22-2023

*(The file date of the document this exhibit belongs with)*

**EXHIBIT FILED ON BEHALF OF:** Thomas C Fernandez

*(Case Party Name)*

Submitted by: Thomas C Fernandez

Name: Thomas C Fernandez ☒ Pro Se

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# "Weaponized" - The October 2021 Conversation

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Medication was never anyone else's responsibility besides Lee's, I have stated that since the beginning. I have never made medication anyone else's responsibility. I defended myself against hospitalization. I'm not sure how Dr. Lee took this conversation, but I can tell you by the time I got home, after asking him not to contact my wife or family, he had already contacted them against my wishes. Megan left for eight (8) days, by the time she got home I was unable to remember who I was, or what was happening. I held onto her, and my marriage, for as long as I could, while also trying to avoid hospitalization, and medication increase. In the end, I was pushed out of my home, and my life, and didn't understand why. Lee F\*\*\*ED me, more than anyone can imagine.

Lee single underhandedly ended my marriage, and there isn't enough left for me to put my life back together. It took me 39 years to get to where I was, there's no point in doing it again.

The date of this conversation according to Walgreens, was October 28th, 2021. According to Meier it was October 23rd, 2021. According to my ex-wife's notes on divorce, it was October 19th, 2021. I don't officially know the date of this conversation, except I had one singular conversation with Dr. Lee, in October. Phone records verify.

I was over-medicated beyond anyone's understanding, I couldn't get through to my doctor, and I couldn't get clear of the withdrawal effects from Olanzapine. It was a f\*\*\*ing horror show. At the time, I really had no idea what was happening, and was trying to relay to my doctor that something was really wrong with the situation I was in, and the situation he put me in.

He tried to murder me, I died, and got killed, because of it.

**My attempt to explain the shitty home situation and DE-ESCALATE the situation WHICH CAME UP SUDDENLY DUE TO STEVE'S FUCK UP ON HOSPITALIZATION, WHICH WAS NOT A PUSH, EVEN THOUGH I SAID IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN LATER ON, went like this:**

- My wife is going for divorce, because of your screw up on hospitalization.
- I need her removed from my medical records, and as a point of contact
- I'm being accused of taking diet pills (thrown away due to Megan's heightened anxiety, a vaccine injury, my therapist telling her I was hiding something like another family, and her new job situation)
- I'm being accused of taking 20 extra Adderall (within script per September conversation, used to offset side effects of other medications. "3 with a maximum of 4 per day", per Steve Lee, for a total of 80mgs).
- I'm being accused of abusing cocaine (I don't abuse anything, and if I was, I wouldn't have been sleeping 12 hours a day, and I would probably be able to remember what was happening, and why, also a completely out of left field comment that she threw at me that morning, due to overmedication I repeated what she said in an attempt to explain my home situation on top of the threat of hospitalization)
- My family keeps showing up, and I don't know what to tell them, or what they want.
- I need my mom removed from my medical records, and as a point of contact.
- I think you screwed up on hospitalization without ever speaking to me.
- I don't want to be hospitalized, because I think I'm over-medicated, and you want to increase medication.
- I broke my hand the week before, dropping a tree on it doing home maintenance, it was growing around the air conditioner, because I was overmedicated and EXTREMELY inhibited
- In September I said I was over-medicated (again).
- I took my medication in the morning in September before that appointment, because I couldn't find it (cabinet in kitchen which was weird, but it had been there for a week apparently).
- I still feel over-medicated and non-functional.
- I can't remember anything until later in the afternoon.
- I feel like everyone is trying to keep me medicated (directed at no one specifically, but I couldn't get through to

Lee, that I was over-medicated, and something was wrong, ALSO PLEASE NOTE THAT I ASSUMED HE WOULD RESPECT MY REQUEST TO NOT CONTACT MY FUCKING FAMILY).

- I feel like my medication is being weaponized against me ( ABSOLUTELY NOT DIRECTED AT MY WIFE AND STATED AFTER SAYING DO NOT CONTACT MY FAMILY ASSUMING HE WOULD RESPECT THAT REQUEST and, on que for the fifth time, Lee weaponized my medication, my family, and my life against me, at the the end of this conversation. I give up, and have stopped trying, after dying 1200+ times. )

THEN STEVE CONTACTED MY FAMILY ANYWAYS AND LIED ABOUT WHAT I SAID escalating a bad situation completely over the top for everyone in 4 different ways ending my marriage and my life. I couldn't put the story back together at the time due to innapropriate weening from Olanzapine, but I caught it immediately and knew he fucked EVERYONE.

By November of 2021, I was almost completely incapacitate from inappropriate weening from Olanzapine. I spent the better part of a month, in a stupor. However, I didn't know it at the time, or understand why it was happening (for a list of side-effects experience, please see "Breaching the Veil"). Through out the divorce, I was unable to see a big picture, or why I was being pushed out. My only thought during this period of time was "try and save your marriage, delay divorce for as long as possible, and avoid hospitalization". Literally, the ONLY THOUGHT I HAD, and my driving motivator. Olanzapine, not Adderall.

In January of 2022, when I finally ended up on my parent's couch, having spent months in hotels, I was still sleeping on bags of ice, due to migraines, from decreased oxygen, because I was LITERALLY stopping breathing, in my sleep. I kept this to myself for a long time, due to my fear that I would be hospitalized, if anyone knew how bad of shape I was in, while I was trying to save my marriage. No one's responsibility but my own. I was COMPLETELY and ENTIRELY f\*\*\*ed up because of what Lee did to me, 5 times.

My doctor divided up this conversation, giving my mom a piece of the conversation, and my ex-wife a piece of the conversation.

Our divorce was finalized in March of 2022.

I found the notes from my ex-wife, after the divorce, in July, or August, of 2022, that stated I had said, "My wife is weaponizing my medication, and is psychotic". This is a blatant lie, and Lee communicated with her, after I asked him very clearly not to. He attempted to make it look like I had said this, and the divorce was my fault.

My mother received the, "I feel like everyone is trying to keep me medicated", part of the conversation. She stated at the time, in October of 2021, that I needed to stop generalizing, and using words like "everyone". I asked Lee to not contact her as well.

Order of events is HUGELY important, and Lee ignored this. One (1) word, once (1), one (1) conversation, one (1) month, and in one (1) direction. Once (1) destroyed my life, but here's the problem, the conversation was directed at one (1) person who was bound by doctor patient privilege, Lee redirected it in three (3) different ways, and I was assaulted on all fronts, while being blamed for a conversation, that went (1) way, and I was given zero (0) choices.

While, also under the threat of hospitalization, medication increase, and incapacitated due to Lee's decision at the end of the one (1) singular conversation, to weaponize my medication with "I can't prescribe you anything", and hanging up. Having been given zero (0) instruction on how to appropriately stop Olanzapine, and the other medications I was on, besides "two (2) weeks, half doses" from a prior conversation, and assuming that those instructions were adequate, and trusting my doctor to do his job, I ended up in a stupor for the better part of a month, and incapacitated with side-effects from inappropriate weening from Olanzapine, for the better part of nine (9) months, while I lost everything.

I imagine Lee was going to use these snippets of this conversation, to determine who screwed up, or to screw myself, and my family over.

In the end, it wasn't my mother's responsibility, or my ex-wife's.

My medical records have been fraudulently edited, to the point where there is almost no record of what he did to me, repeatedly, or what it cost me. He looks completely innocent, and I look like a criminal. This is the total opposite of reality. I gave my ex-wife everything, Lee took everything from me, before that, over a period of fifteen (15) months, or one (1) day.

This conversation came before she filed for divorce. I am unable to speak with her because of the State of Illinois not find my "Pirates of the Caribbean" movie references creative, funny, or entertaining.

I died, got killed, and was murdered, because of this conversation, and it shouldn't have happened. I lost everything that mattered to me, because of Steve Lee, Meier Clinic of Wheaton and Olanzapine.

It was never the Adderall, as everyone suspected. Sorry to be the bearer of truth & bad news. The Adderall was the only thing keeping me functional. It probably still is.

I was unable to remember this conversation in its entirety, until Q3 of 2022, however I had pieces, and snippets, of it always floating around in my head. I basically had to rebuild this conversation from scratch, by writing down pieces of it, and words, as I remembered them, and then try to determine when it had happened, in what order, and why it had caused a pivotal change in my life, and then trying to figure out the date.

This is the singular MOST IMPORTANT conversation I have ever had in my life. My doctor's arrogance, added on top of a potential COVID vaccine injury, destroyed me.

That's everything. The end.