

Laura DeCrescenzo's Story

Full time staff at 10 years of age.

Went interstate without family to be in the Sea Org at 12.

Coerced into an abortion at 17.

She drank bleach to make them let her leave.

On 2 April 2009, Laura DeCrescenzo filed a complaint against the Church of Scientology, claiming:

1. rescission of unlawful and fraudulent instruments;
2. unpaid wages and breaches of labor laws;
3. discrimination and invasion of privacy, including illegal use of lie-detectors on staff;
4. human trafficking;
5. intentional infliction of emotional distress; and
6. obstruction of justice.

Download the complaint from here: <http://www.mediafire.com/?mhyoylqjony>

What follows is Laura's story as told in August 2008 on a message board at www.whyweprotest.net .

Part I - <http://forums.whyweprotest.net/24-personal-fair-game/laura-decrescenzos-story-here-goes-nothing-27619/#post540135>

I am going to attempt to start writing my "novel". So like others have, I will do this in parts.

My parents were Scientologists when I was born. I went to Scn schools for most of my childhood (well until I joined staff...)

I joined staff when I was 9 years old in a Class V org. Somehow I managed to get a worker's permit at the ripe age of 10 and worked in a Class V org until I was 12 - when I left my family and joined the Sea Org.

My parents were not Sea Org members or even staff for that matter.

When I was recruited for the Sea Org there were several things that were promised to me. a) I was going to be able to have kids when I was older -- I would just have to go to a Class V org while they were younger. b) I would be able to go home every couple months and see my parents (I mean, I was 12 years old for god sake and was going to a different STATE to join the SO). c) I would continue to go to school.

All three of those promises were pretty rapidly proven as lies.

As a "youngster" I was immediately put into the CMO.

I no longer went to school (well unless you call sitting around reading novels under no teacher "school").

Things seemed "ok" at first. Although schedule-wise within the first few weeks I had already been demanded to do my first "all-nighter" for some all-hands. At the time I thought it was pretty "cool and exciting" to get to stay up all night.

Oh and I forgot to mention, the girls that I was living with (in my dorm) were all older than me and one actually convinced me to start smoking cigarettes! Yes, I was still TWELVE (as a mother now that makes me cringe - not to blame my mother as I am sure she will read this). I smoked for a couple months.

So then a few months in it comes time to go home and visit my parents. They had a whole trip for my family planned. My mom bought my plane ticket and we had the whole thing all worked out.

Well at my ripe age I must have been "glib" while doing the EPF as I didn't know a damn thing about needing an LOA sec check. Apparently the rest of the "command line" didn't either. Come the day I was supposed to leave my CSW was still with the CO (despite the fact that I had submitted it 2 weeks earlier). Someone was picking me up at 4pm and 3:45 the "Supercargo" comes out and tells me that the CO says I need to get an LOA sec check.

WTF? My plane leaves in 2-3 hours. I freak out and start crying my eyes out, I miss my parents, my mom has purchased a non-refundable plane ticket, I tell him I need to go no matter what. He tells me if I go it will be considered a blow and I will get a Comm Ev and no longer qualify for CMO.

All I know is that I am 12 years old and was promised by my recruiter that I would get to see my parents whenever I wanted.

I decide that I am going to go anyway and I go downstairs and catch my ride to the berthing building to get my stuff. My super shuttle is supposed to be there soon to pick me up.

I get to the berthing, pick up my suitcase and run down to catch the shuttle to be met by Security Guards and another CMO staff member trying to stop me. I was crying and got into the shuttle and the security guard kept trying to open the door to get me out. It is beyond me now that this driver didn't think anything was wrong with the scene that was playing out in front of him. (Maybe he did but I never heard anything about it).

Somehow I was convinced to get out of the shuttle and go back and get the sec check. I think I was told that the org would pay for my ticket home (which meant my mom wouldn't have to pay for it) and that they had someone ready to do my sec check that night.

So I go back and go in session to get my sec check. Oh and before I do this I have to call my mom and tell her that I won't be on the plane. Needless to say, that was not a fun conversation.

I finally finished the sec check and kr handling the next day in the evening (it was a 24 question sec check plus 10 end ruds or something like that). The next flight I could catch didn't arrive to my

parent's city until about 2am.

I got dropped off at LAX minutes before my plane was supposed to leave (something like 10pm at night by the way) - by myself. I missed the plane. Luckily there was another flight that was leaving in 45 minutes that I could still catch my connection....

And that was my first experience with the promised visits to my parents.

I came back a few days later as scheduled.

Within a couple months of being back I was put on a "hot" post at the time, in charge of getting people through their OEC.FEBC -- there was a HUGE evolution at the time to get people from Class V orgs and orgs in the Sea Org into training. I was in charge of those in training for all of the Int Mgmt and Upper management orgs. I think was "almost 13" by this time.

During this "evolution" I was kept up overnight several days a week as there was a CMO Int mission in the org to get these people into training. Myself a couple other people were making sure everyone that came to do their training was "qualified". This included reading plenty of life histories (like Melanie did too... so fun). I got to learn about all kinds of lovely things that every 12 year old should know about.

Sometime during this whole period I turned 13. My mom actually came out to LA and wanted to spend the day with me on my birthday. Another lovely experience with taking time off. I ended up taking the day off without having an approved CSW (the CO hadn't looked at it by midnight the night before and I went and met my mom at the airport at 8 the next morning). Apparently she disapproved it because of the fact that I hadn't gotten any new people into training that week. Oh well. I went anyway and somehow it still wasn't considered a blow.

I was yelled at and assigned lower conditions for spending the day with my mother on my 13th Birthday.

Ok, that's all I have time for tonight. I may do this by age... That was my first 9 months in the SO. ETA - I was in the Sea Org for 13 years.... so I have a bit to go still!

Part II - <http://forums.whyweprotest.net/24-personal-fair-game/laura-decrescenzos-story-here-goes-nothing-27619/#post542326>

Some of this may be vague a) to keep my anonymity and b) I honestly do not remember everything that happened during the early years.

I'm sure as I walk through it I will remember more.

So, I stayed on that one post of getting people into and through their training for a few months. Once the "heat" came off that evolution my post kind of no longer had a lot of attention.

Oh, one thing I forgot to mention before. This post had to be filled as there was a CMO Int mission in the org, I was "quicksilvered" off of my post in HCO CMO and put on this new post. And shortly thereafter threatened with "justice" by someone in HCO CMO Int for "abandoning"

my post. Nothing ever came of that as I think they realized that someone in their own org had "quicksilvered" me.

Moving along...

I held that post for about 6 months I guess, then someone was needed over at CC to work with some executives from CMOI. So I was there for a few months. Nothing too exciting to report there, both of the execs that I was working with are now out of the Sea Org too.

There was a "command team" that came into my org so I was pulled back. I was put on the CMO EPF as I had never done it before. (Somehow that was skipped when I first went into the org

)

So I got to go and do people's laundry all day. And clean. We (there were about 10-12 of us on the CMO EPF at that time) would clean the rooms of most of the executives of the org. Plus the "LRH suite" which was basically a space that was all ready for him to drop in and live there (literally

) -- oh this is many years after he died.

Then someone the CO of the org decided that I was going to be sent on a mission to get people

into training again. (I may be messing up my dates/sequences here but this and the next part both happened within the same year). This time I needed to get people into training that were "Int qualified" and could be trained as Evaluators. Well let me tell you, unless you were a kid there were very few people that were "Int qualified".

Somehow this "mission" just stopped being needed or something as we didn't finish and we weren't "recalled".

I was then made responsible for the Universe Corps. This was the organization that was supposed to have tons of OTs and Auditors ready to go out to any org that went St Hill Size and audit their staff up to OT.

I was approaching 14 by this time. All I really remember about this time is that I had NO CLUE what I was supposed to be doing. How in the world I was supposed to find all these trained OTs and auditors...

Come Christmas time that year I was supposed to be going home to spend it with my family. I was 14 and had never been away from my family at Christmas time. I couldn't even imagine it. Well instead I was told that I was going on mission and couldn't go home.

The mission that I was going on was to get everyone in the FCB at the time through the Stat Analysis Course -- it was a "newly released" course. So me and several other people that were going on this mission all had to get through the course as part of the "mission briefing". It was "so urgent" that we were kept up THROUGH THE NIGHT day after day to get through this course "fast".

Well a) I don't know about you but I turn into a zombie after too many days of no sleep and even one day of no sleep makes it kind of difficult to study and b) After all this "pressure" to get through this and go on the mission (including staying there through Christmas instead of going home...) --- the Mission never happened. fun times.

So I went back to post after about 2-3 weeks of "limbo".

Well CC Int was going "St Hill Size" and needed a Universe Corps team "NOW". Someone from CMO Int came down again and I think this is the stint were I was kept up the longest. I wasn't

even allowed to go home and take a shower or change my clothes for 3 days. (And yes, I was still 14). Most of the day was spent in a conference room going over lists of people trying to figure out how to get the needed people for this Universe Corps team. After the 3rd day I was told to go home and take a shower (I probably stunk something awful :x) and then come right back. No, I was not to sleep, we still didn't have anything worked out.

This went on for about 5 days. I really do not even remember those 5 days as I walked around in a fog. Finally someone took pity on me I guess as I was told this other person was going to take over that post and I was going to go on another. Phew. I was so relieved. I didn't even care that I was "removed from post". (And really it made no sense anyway as I went onto a higher post).

So then I was working directly with the CO of the org. How cool, I got to boss everyone around even more than I already did... 8)

Nothing too exciting during this time that I remember other than the usual no sleep. I wouldn't dare to go home before the CO... That would be so out-ethics ya know? (excuse my excessive use of but I just have to have some sarcasm and eye rolling while writing this so I don't get too serious.)

I probably enjoyed this post more than any others that I held in the SO.

So then because I had some dealings with CC before it was determined that I should be their Programs operator (the person in the CMO that oversees the programs written by WDC for the org).

The person that I took over this post from was a psycho lady. To be blunt. She was VERY VERY serious and unfriendly 90% of the time. She was going to Int. I am a bit vague on everything that happened during this time but I remember her coming back from Int to do "more turnover" to me because I wasn't good enough for this post. Oh, I was still 14 at this time -- I think I was getting close to 15.

Sometime later I was supposed to go home to visit family again, I was told by the person that was

the CO at that time that I needed to have 3 "CPs" (Completed programs -- like I mentioned before these were programs that were either written by WDC or approved by WDC for their org) before I could go. Ok, ya. Sure.

Well my "solution", because I couldn't screw my mother over again and I wanted to go home to see my family. Was to "create" evidence (ie. lying that it was done when it was not) so I could go on my leave.

Of course when I got back I was in "serious trouble". I was taken off post at that point. I actually said that I wanted to leave the Sea Org at that time. I was sick of the bs and wanted to go home. Well then right after that we had the big Earthquake. So then the CO of the org seemed to think that the reason I wanted to leave was because of the earthquake. And thus, just ignored the fact that I had said I wanted to leave.

I was "on the decks" for weeks but really was working doing random things that were needed. Oh and because I had been "out-ethics" I was put on extended hours -- I was staying up through the night helping to "brief" some missions that needed to be fired. Yeah, story of my life. No sleep.

I was 15 by this time. After a few weeks of this there was some "urgent order" to fill a specific post so the CO decided to handle me to stay in the Sea Org and I was put on that post.

Nothing too exciting that I remember for a while after this. Kind of la-de-dah time period in my SO career.

Oh! Schooling, well I would sometimes go on Saturdays to the "PAC Ranch" which was considered school. I ended up getting my CA high school proficiency exam when I was 16 and then never

needed to go to school again. yay! Luckily I did have some good schooling early on in my life and didn't feel entirely stupid.

But that schooling on Saturday is where I met my "husband to be". I dated him for 8-9 months before getting married (which in the Sea Org is a LONG time). I wanted to make sure that it was the real thing and not just an opportunity to get laid. haha. It was the real thing. I was very much in love and while still young I knew that I was with someone that I could spend the rest of my life with.

We got married shortly before I turned 17.

A few months later I got pregnant. I was shocked, I had been on birth control pills and messed them up and ended up pregnant. By this time the rule had just changed from being sent to a Class V org if you wanted to have a kid, to being offloaded. Which meant that at 17 and 18 my husband and I would be offloaded from the SO with freeloader bills and have to figure out how to make a life for ourselves and a baby.

It was overwhelming to say the least. I told my husband over the phone as he was at PAC base and I was at the HGB. Both of us had no clue what to do, I told him there was no way that I was getting an abortion. I was having the baby and we would have to figure it out.

The COs of both of our orgs pulled us into their offices at their respective locations and his CO started yelling at me over the phone telling me that this was out-ethics and I must have done something intentionally to make this happen (well honestly I always wanted kids so probably....). I yelled right back at her and hung up the phone.

This "handling" went on for two days straight. I was worn down and under threat of losing my husband and having to go out on my own I gave in and had an abortion. To this day this still haunts me, I would have a child that was 12 years old by now.

I was devastated. I had wanted kids since I was very young, I used to say I was going to have 12 kids! And somehow I allowed myself to be convinced to do this. I sit here now and still get choked up about it. I was enough of a robot to buy into how it would be out-ethics to have a child.

After having that done I came back into the org and was assigned lower conditions as I had "obviously" been in doubt about Sea Org.

Ok. I am done for tonight. I will write more soon. This is through year 4 of my 13. So I still have quite a bit more to write.

Thank you to everyone for "listening".

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Part III - <http://forums.whyweprotest.net/24-personal-fair-game/laura-decrescenzos-story-here-goes-nothing-27619/#post546365>

Back to right after I had the abortion. About a month later the "New Era of Management" was launched. FCB became FLO and there were all new executives in the building. Including an RTC office.

I'm trying to keep this short as with so many years I could tell tons of little stories but it would be a book. I also may be off on some of my dates here, I have what I call these days "momnesia" haha.

When the New Era of Mgmt was implemented there were courses that everyone HAD to get through. We are talking mandatory. If you did not go on course = Court of Ethics. No joke.

Meanwhile, the schedule was a joke. We were being switched to an early morning schedule, I think something like breakfast 7:30-8. (which was way earlier than what it had been for ages - 9:30)

So we went on this early schedule but never seemed to go home before about 12:30-1am. And then had to be up and on time to course under threat of justice.

Sometime within the first couple of months there was a whole "flap" with "external influences". This was basically no one was supposed to be receiving anything from outside the SO. My husband used to get his mom's car on Saturday nights and Sunday mornings (for CSP time) and this was cancelled as it was an "external influence". :melodramatic:

I was one of the people responsible for finding and handling all of the external influences in the HGB. Interrogatories (paper "surveys") were done to get information about who had EIs, who got money from their parents (hmmm I wonder why one would do that :duh:), who had connections with anyone from lower orgs, who was connected to anyone ex-SO, etc.

Shortly thereafter, a rule was made that no one at the FLO level could be married to anyone at PAC and transfers had to be done to fix this.

I was on the same post for about 6 years and the time just kinda went by. I am going to write what I remember right now and may add things later as I remember them.

The release of the "Golden Age of Tech" is a major all hands that I don't think anyone could forget if they were around at that time. It was absurd. No one got sleep. I think I have a picture of me to this day dead asleep in uniform at a desk on day 3 or 4 of no sleep. I got in trouble (screamed at) numerous times for forgetting to do something because I was such a zombie.

Then a while later the "Golden Age of Tech for OTs". Again another crazy time period of all hands.

I bring these up as these are a classic example when the Church's own policies on post stability and not having a "hey you" organization is just grossly violated. People are pulled off their posts to do things that have nothing to do with their job.

One thing I remember very clearly was a public assignment to the RPF of the CO of the Flag Bureaux. This is the person that is in charge of the management of all of the Class V orgs across the world. Sometime in late 1990s. A CMO Int mission came down to FLO and assigned him to the RPF in front of the entire base. Not just announcing it but taking a "dagger" and putting the knife into the assignment on a board behind the person that did it. CO FB was then escorted from the room by two security guards.

Another "highlight" during these years was when I went on a mission to man up another area. Somehow I ended up on these personnel missions which always required extremely qualified people.... which like I mentioned before always seemed impossible unless you found kids.

Well while I was on this mission I got EXTREMELY ill. Like 105 fevers, jaundice, etc. etc. I was very sick. I did go to the Dr. and did get better (I was pretty well taken care of actually). However, because I had been on mission and was out sick for about 2 weeks to get better I was "recalled" and thus given a Committee of Evidence (justice action) and assigned lower conditions. Obviously because I got sick I was "out-ethics".

The whole subject of wanting to have kids came up time and time again with me. I was never really "out of doubt" about being in the Sea Org because of that.

Toward the end of my time in this specific organization, I had to go out of town to see my Grandfather who was literally on his death bed. I had been very close to him and he wanted to see me before he died. I was planning on going for two days (thus "no sec check needed" per everyone

on my command line). Well of course the night before I was supposed to go. The CO says "nope, you need a sec check first". Uh, I have a plane that was leaving in a few hours. (rewind 10 years here back to the same scenario...)

It was literally about 2am when I was told this. So I had to go somehow get sessionable (when I was going to have to get up early to call my mom and tell her I was not going to be at the airport). Further note on this is that it would have been impossible for me to get a sec check before that night as I was in the middle of another auditing action which I just finished that night.

This whole time period is probably the most rough thing for me to write about. My grandpa, who was days away from dying was asking where I was. I was trapped in LA. The usual. I had to go in session knowing this which only resulted in NO PROGRESS for hours on end. It took me two days to get anywhere. I finally ended up going to see him.

I luckily got to spend his last day or so with him. :bigcry:

The morning that I was supposed to fly back we could tell that he was about to die. So I faxed in a CSW to extend my time by a day.

He died on a Wednesday midday. I got on a plane a few hours later as I had to go back. I was not able to stay for his funeral.

I came back and was assigned lower conditions as while I was gone the CO of the org had to do something that my post should have done.

A week later I got pink eye. I couldn't take it anymore. I basically made up a ton of BS and wrote it all down to get me removed from post. I wanted to have kids and did not want to lose my husband. I knew that if I just said that I wanted to leave the SO I wouldn't be allowed to speak with my husband. So I lied and said that I was pregnant again.

Well I was wrong about the fact that I would be allowed to speak to my husband under those circumstances.

I wasn't allowed to speak with him at all. He was separated from me and told by someone else. I was put on the decks (yes, with everyone thinking that I was pregnant I was told that I need to do heavy

labor). My husband was trying to convince me to have another abortion as were two other people in my org. We went through the same thing again.

I feel like a psycho writing this but you have to understand I wanted kids. I did not want to lose my husband. I didn't know what to do.

So I then ended up lying about losing the baby so that I would not lose my husband --- again. I said I would stay. Again. Specifically to get my husband back. (He had been staying seperated from me)

I was under 24 hour watch at this time. The first night that all this happened I had an MAA (female) sleeping in my room with me (in my bed). I woke up in the middle of the night to see a MALE watching us sleep. Not only did I have an MAA sleeping right next to me but someone had to be outside the door and actually WATCHING me sleep.

Well after I said I was no longer pregnant and would stay, I was told that I was being given a Comm Ev.

I was kept on "deck work" during that time. I tried to be "upbeat" about it and reports were written on me as I "wasn't taking the matter seriously". I was supposed to not talk to my friends I guess.

I happened to see the proposed recommendations of my Comm Ev before they were approved. It said that I should be assigned to the RPF. I started shaking. I could not believe after everything that I had just gone through once again I was going to be seperated from my husband even if I stayed in the SO. And the RPF? Wow. I just could not believe what I was reading. My statistics on the post that I held were uptrending. How was I being sent to the RPF?

I flipped. I blew. I hopped on the next plane to where my Grandma lived. I spent 3 days there and meanwhile the recommendation to send me to the RPF was approved.

When I came back that is where I was supposed to go. I refused. I wanted to leave, even if that meant losing my husband. I was supposed to be doing "deck work" again. Most of the time I just slept. I would stay up late at night reading and sleep until I had enough sleep.

One day the MAA came to where I was painting a room and told me to come with her. She took me downstairs, outside and handed me a toothbrush. She wanted me to scrub the dumpster outside

with a toothbrush. The CO had ordered it. I told her to get lost and started walking away to chill out as I knew that I was going to go ballistic on her if I didn't walk away. She grabbed my arm and physically tried to restrain me. I pushed her back and took a walk and then went back to my room.

People tried to "handle" me for a week or two. And finally, again to keep my husband, I agreed to go to the RPF.

And I will leave it at that for tonight.

_____ P _____

Part IV - <http://forums.whyweprotest.net/24-personal-fair-game/laura-decrescenzos-story-here-goes-nothing-27619/2/#post552160>

The last chapter of my time in the Sea Org.

So begrudgingly I agreed to go to the RPF. I did not want to lose my husband. I got to the PAC RPF late one afternoon. The MAA left me there. Within a couple hours I changed my mind. I did not want to do this. I told the RPF I/C to call my MAA I wanted to go back and leave the Sea Org.

I ended up being up until 3am being "handled" to do the RPF. I was obviously tired and wanted to go to bed, I finally "agreed" again. And went to bed in the middle bed of a 3-tier bunk. There were 9 women in a 15x20 foot (max - that is an estimate) room. In fact, this one "dorm" was smaller than the room that I had shared with my husband.

So I started the program.

About 5 days into it my husband came to see me. He told me he wanted a divorce. I had "blown" the Sea Org and was no longer qualified for the Int Base. He wanted to go there someday and if he was married to me he would not be qualified.

I basically told him to shove it, I was not giving him a divorce. We sat in the RPF I/C's office for about an hour and I convinced him that I would get through the RPF rapidly and we would be back together again.

I don't honestly even know what to say about my time in the RPF other than it honestly was a joke. I had 5 or 6 twinships and finally got through all of the auditing. Most of the time I was a co-audit supervisor and would get out of doing "the decks".

I will never forget when someone from the RPF had left some flammable material in the galley which started a major fire. The entire RPF was punished for it. Cancelling all of the enhancement time to clean up the mess, went on for two days I believe.

Meal breaks in the RPF were 15 minutes.

Prior to agreeing to go to the RPF I had told everyone involved that I needed to go home for my

sister's wedding with my husband all of my family would be there including the "wogs" and they would not understand at all if we weren't there.

As the time got closer I was told that I shouldn't go as it "violated the FOs". I finally got it approved for me to go but the RPF I/C disapproved my husband going with me (although he had approved time off to go with me). He didn't want me having sex with my husband as it "violates the RPF Flag Orders". In fact I was told that I was not to drink alcohol or watch movies or basically do anything fun while I was gone :eyeroll: Of course I did :omg:

Oh, and this was right after Sept 11th 01, and the whole RPF was on an "all hands" to get shelter space in the basement of the building. We had to empty out THOUSANDS of boxes and crates of old records and paper. As we had "chains" of people passing the boxes and crates rapidly I ended up going home to the wedding with bruises all over my arms and legs. It was gross.

The first year that I was in the RPF I was allowed time off at Christmas to spend it with my husband's family. I got to spend half a day with them. I "broke the rules" again and went and saw a movie with them.

It is so sad to me that things like watching a movie or kissing my husband (yes - even kissing) was made to seem like an "overt". I actually was made to "get off" overts of kissing my husband or even just SPEAKING with him. That's right, if I ran into him in the hallway I always said hi, even if he didn't "originate communication first".

Other ridiculous things about the RPF... the "Rocks and Shoals". Basically punishment for various things --such as missing a "TM" (a time target set for a certain project), for talking back to a senior, etc. You had to run around the basement of the PAC Base. Or do push-ups.

You are not allowed to originate communication to anyone unless spoken to. That includes family. I was not allowed to call my parents or family. It was considered that as they were "Scientologists" they should understand.

Time passed, I had been in the RPF for just about 2 years and had finished everything. Our graduation CSW was sent up to RTC. It came back as I had a "dirty needle" on the "final assessment" (A list of 16 questions that you are supposed to assess and have NO reaction on).

I was then accused of "going out-2d" with another RPF as I was "flirting". Because of this "flirting" that added all kinds of additional time and auditing that "had" to be done.

Then while all of that was happening my husband showed back up in town, he had been out of town on a project. He was "on the decks" himself. Not good. I ran into him in the hallway on his Birthday and asked him what happened. He had "gone out-2D" with some girl that he was on project with. He didn't sleep with her. But had done more than flirting.

I was understanding (I mean we had been seperated for 2 1/2 years by this time) and said we could work it out. As he was walking away I told him that I loved him, he didn't answer. He said he wasn't sure anymore.

And yes, this is WHY I just put myself through 2 years of humiliation and torture. He now wanted to leave the Sea Org himself.

I was told that I wasn't allowed to talk to him. Another few months went by and I was finally allowed to talk to him and now it was me trying to convince him to stay, to keep our marriage, etc. etc. He was pretty much adamant that he didn't want anything to do with any of it. He stormed off mid conversation.

My twin and I meanwhile had completed everything again and were trying to get "approval" to go back onto the final assessment. It had been a month of doing nothing except waiting and working.

Finally I was told that I could no longer hold the technical position that I was holding as I was "not moving on the program myself". Sure. It would be nice if I had been told what it was I was supposed to do to move on the program. :eyeroll:

That is when I decided I was fed up with it and said and did what I needed to say and do to get out of there within 24 hours. Having held the posts that I did and seen what I had seen, I knew that the only way that I would be offloaded rapidly would be if I did something suicidal. So I took a nice big gulp of bleach and made sure people saw me spit it back up. And I was out of there within less than 24 hours. I was not suicidal. But I was not going to spend MONTHS "routing out". It's pretty awful when a grown adult has to resort to that in order to leave somewhere that they don't want to be.

My now ex-husband decided to stay in the Sea Org. And is still there.

Oh and we can't forget to add, not only did I spend 13 years of my life there working about 100 hours a week but when I left I was told that I owed THEM about \$120,000. :ohmy:

I am now very happy with someone else (non-scn) and have two beautiful kids. And have no intention of giving them another penny or second of my time.

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