

opposed to vice versa. He kept repeating, no, you are the one who called me here. I kept expressing my desire to remain silent without an attorney present, but Sergeant Lilly kept yelling at me along with Cheryl Harvick and accusing me of telling my son to call his father and allegedly say, "Fucking faggot," and "I want to chop your head off." I tried to explain that my son was very angry with his father because his father no called, no showed, no answered the telephone for one hundred thirteen (113) days of his visitation. He was also that Daddy only just started to pick him up to drag him along to counseling appointments where Julian says his dad and the counselor, Kim Abernethy, Play Therapist (Breton Ridge Drive, Houston, TX 77069) told him that he (Julian) wasn't leaving until he told them a person named Chris lived with Mommy, to which, the answer is an emphatic "No!" Julian and I have lived alone since Matt and Julian's paternal grandmother with whom, to the best of my knowledge resides, Diane M. Worrell, threw all of my belongings save for my cell phone and driver's license they took for their private investigator out of her house early in the morning and called the police on me to say I was "high on prescription drugs" (800 mg Ibuprofen after an emergency C-section to which Matt was repeatedly invited, but neglected to accept). Two police officers had to go in and wrest my ten day old infant, Julian Jacob Worrell, from Diane's arms in her locked bedroom door where sat the only phone that she or Matt hadn't ripped out of the wall to prevent me from phoning for help. This was not to be the first or the last incident in which Matt and his mother interfered with child custody during my periods of possession and secreted the child or attempted to abduct him from my custody.