

More than 20 years of my life, real story

Chapter XIX: More than 30 years with Maria Galdamez

(When the undercover narcissist is a woman)



We are going to reserve the real name of the covert narcissist this time and we will name her more appropriate with what some of her friends called her, which is Maria Galdames, a prostitute from Talcahuano, Chile. She will charge CLP\$500 / 1 USD per the escort services she provided there.

I've been wondering for a long time what goes through a woman's mind. covert narcissist soon to turn 51 ... and I want to leave the facts of her life captured in this chapter. Maria Galdames grew up in a department of Ñuñoa accompanied by 3 sisters and 2 brothers plus her father, her father is a collective transportation driver, and his mother *Mater Narcissist*. Since I was a child She grew up in the same environment, she was instilled with fear and trepidation, and her greatest terror was to a personification of a dark being that arrived in the night, opened the door of the apartment, she had dinner and then She went around to abuse whoever crossed her path. It was a recurring fear that everyone who lived in that place had, who couldn't really tell if this was a nightmare or just happened in fact, since it resembled the horror stories that are told at around a bonfire on the beach. Then we will know why this was not something dreamlike but it had everything of reality. Her first-person story begins here:



Maybe I was really abused, that's maybe why I remember my brothers taking me and They locked my room and didn't let me out all night, not even I couldn't even go to the bathroom. Then my brothers grew up with me and the eldest left, leaving me a bit orphan, I still had my other older brother. Sometimes he would lock me in his room and I would sleep. I napped there, when I looked at his room I felt like my visual space was reduced to the minimum expression since he had a wall of things on the four walls of his piece, as I matured I knew that this is the symptom of Diogenes' disease, I find the explanation now in the way our mother tormented us for years "You're a good-for-nothing" "You're rubbish" "You're not even good enough to go to buy" "it was useless and a piece of shit" and all kinds of insults towards we her sons and daughters. She invented

that her children hated her, that they had performed witchcraft on her, that no one loved her, that she was going to die, that her children hated her and she didn't know why, which for me was clear. After a while I started hearing that noise at night, which didn't bother me. I had realized what it was, and as the minutes passed it became more Of course the noise I heard was the moans of my sisters sodomized by the pedophile who came in at night and attacked us all equally. I achieved I escape most of the time thanks to my older brother but several times he I left the door open and I fell asleep with my headphones on and he brutally sodomized. After suffering this several times I became a slave of my headphones that he used to not hear inside me the screams of my sisters asking for help. As the years went by, one of my sisters became she as a secretary as she could, even though she was morbid, she was able to develop her sexuality Although she promiscuously she developed a genital virus which is why she had to having her uterus removed, of all the relationships she had, her only child was born from a baker. Another of my sisters had an only daughter and after a while she she became mentally ill until an event that occurred at my house where she left running screaming that he didn't know where she was. My other sister at the age of 35 years she got Alzheimer's and forgetfulness from her Biology Thesis until school where she was working as director. My other sister, the closest to me She is a Kindergarten Educator and together with her baker whom she has as her husband when She became pregnant, she did everything possible to abort, however the only thing she achieved was she was to give birth to a child who survived with some after-effects to whom It makes it difficult to speak and you have problems with enzymes that his body does not produce. He brother who was like my father, had the habit of stealing books, even though he was mechanical civil engineer of the USACH, he never practiced and acquired the disease of diogenes, at the age of 40 he found a Brazilian woman my mother's age who, after giving it to her, is a month later acquaintances took the few things and disappeared from it without saying goodbye to anyone, I think that he lives in Brazil with his elderly wife. Then when I entered adolescence I married and had three children in a row, the middle one died after several months of pregnancy, after seven years trying to be happy in a normal way I realized account that no I was happy and I began to surround myself with people who made me feel alive again. time, that's how my husband at the time had the brilliant idea of moving in in front of a farm and after a few years there I met the group of security guards. the construction company that set up shop in front of our house, they harassed me which It made me feel like a goddess, I'm rich, I'm seriously rich, I told myself, I A tingling sensation started from my pubis to my head, no one had ever done this to me. feeling like this, that a real man looked at me, for the first time I find myself a real man who wants to take me and make me his. This guard who always I was wearing sunglasses, he started by asking me the time even though his watch It

worked well, I realized that he was interested beyond what I could. See, I let a few weeks pass, maybe the passion of the moment would pass, but He insisted even more strongly that I invite him to come to my house, I asked him if he could fix my dog's wooden house, to work I noticed that he got a very tight T-shirt that showed off his well-formed body, when he finished He asked me to go to the bathroom, I served him a glass of drink to thank him but I He said that he could thank him in another way, while I smiled and my heart It was throbbing along with the rest of my body at 1000 per second and before I could To answer him, he pounced on me, grabbed me roughly, put me on the table, and I ended up playing the role of being married to him. This was repeated for months, and Every time my husband had to travel, the man with glasses appeared for me. house and he came in, I waited for him every day at the time when my children were not there and He took me like a real man and made me feel like his wife. After a few months I asked for a car My husband and he bought me one upholstered with velvet, it was perfect since



my My knees were not hurt by the velvet and I walked with my lover naked. two in the soft velvet while he was unfaithful to her every chance he got. This me made me feel punished for all the abandonment I suffered because of my husband, On one of those rides the emotion reached such a level that we hit a whole wall. on the side of the car where he sits driver. I blamed everything on a supposed car that appeared on a street. with no way out, so everything happened without suspicion. Easy. Everything fell apart one day after seeing my husband for a week with no expression on his face when I told him He was speaking, one Friday. That day, instead of entering his studio full of books where he had the easel on which he painted, and his desk with the machine writing room where I heard him typing long into the night next to a glass of wine, that day, he did not enter his study but upon entering the house he He came right to me and he told me what I never expected to hear him say. listen how He was discarding me, he told me that our marriage was dying and that he would leave. far away and that I would return the house where we lived after 7 years. He faced me saying that he knew that he was deceiving him and that he brought men into the house, and he told me showed a photo where the man appeared (in the reflection of my sunglasses the one who took the photo appeared), the worst thing was that I was very obvious, of course, there was I made the mistake of taking just one photo to challenge him. At that point I already was not at his reach since I felt I had another value and obviously much more valuable than he. After his words I took my things, the clothes I could from my children and I asked my mother-



in-law to help me and buy me tickets to go to Iquique where one of my husband's uncles would wait for me for as many months as necessary, All our expenses would be paid by my father-in-law. It was the least they could do for me. I waited seven long months until the day came when he arrived on his knees the miserable, apologizing for the bad time he put me through, he arrived with the speech that everything would be different or something like that, I understood him. I expected it and Of course, I put my conditions on the table: no more books, no more friends, nothing more music in the mornings, nothing more visits to his cousin or to his

parents. This way I can control when he is watching me or when feel that you suspect something of my movements, over the years that They came, everything worked in my favor as I had planned, I put pressure on him a little and bought me a new car or moved to a better house, even when the miserable man told me one day that he had finally finished paying for the house and the car, I made him go into debt again, hahaha. He had a job where he installed systems to the municipalities and one day he told me that the architect of the municipality of Quinta Normal had sat at the table where it was her turn make classes of the construction management system, that added to the constants calls from the general manager's secretary to pass on calls from his boss, it made me angry so I convinced my mother-in-law to make a fuss about it at his job and getting him fired for doing this to me. They didn't fire him that time so I made him ask for a raise and if not, look for another one. job . And so he did. He was totally under my control. I remember another job that he had where they sent him to the mining and oil companies, in a opportunity was in Punta Arenas and I remember that he had to be in the place for nine months, and after 4 months he I made up an argument where I accused him that he had another family in the place. No It's been a long time since his employer met me and he had to pay for my trip and stay in the place for at least a month to verify that he was not unfaithful to me. When they sent him to the USA and Puerto Rico, they did not leave him alone and returned him dependent of me, that way he couldn't sleep if I wasn't present. Ha ha ha. It made me laugh hearing him cry on the phone saying he would call until late. Never I made him suffer by leaving me at home and not spending everything on me. Should pay. Finally he asked to go back because he couldn't be far from home. During that time I hired an employee who came from the jungle and asked her to do it. subdue me through witchcraft, and give me wealth, as a reward for I would let her and her daughter get intimate with hers. Then it occurred to me that I could keep everything if he went to prison, which is why I asked the employee to ask her minor daughter to offer herself to her and so He could be accused of abusing a minor. In return he asked me to give him all my shoes, my clothes from abroad, belts and jewelry accumulated over the years of marriage. I gave everything but money to that witch. It turned out that he prayed and God protected him like no one I had ever known, the

damn thing was lucky. To make matters worse, the employee's youngest daughter fell into a trap that my Her husband set her up, made her send him a Christmas video showing her breasts and after this she showed it to me and forced me to fire her mother, my employee. Since this was never part of the deal, the employee ended up suing me. My Luckily, my father-in-law represented

me. I made friends with a chef at a church near my house, and after talking for a moment I realized that She slept with all the men she knew and also women, so she didn't I delayed introducing her to my husband so that he would be unfaithful to her, even I had my husband give her English classes and asked him to undress from her in in front of him and I literally told him -I'm giving it to you-. She slept with a An obese 60-year-old man who had a restaurant in Las Condes, but he realized I notice that my husband was doing better. She didn't take long to offer herself to him and She started harassing him but she let him take the initiative, which never happened, unfortunately. I stayed great going to the gym, all the men stopped at me they offered. At that time we were hanging out with a minor named Valeria, in my At home we were alone, and there I began to feel that I deserved it, that I She was seductive, she was a goddess and for that reason, since she was so attractive, I didn't want to deprive that woman of my sensuality. We kissed and caressed each other a while. It wasn't his first time so time just stopped us but we took it. calmly. Our relationship lasted a few months since I was at great risk. In At that time I had agreed to have the last child that my husband asked for, but After that and without his consent I I operated so as not to have more children and along with that I swore that that idiot would never let me again. he would touch, he didn't deserve a goddess like me, so my mere presence It would be enough from now on in his fucking life. May you enjoy my presence and if you don't I liked him to get out of my life. When my last child was born I began to notice in women, and I started to see something that I didn't have on my radar: they wanted me more. That men. I let them enjoy my body, I showed off in front of them, I let them desire me, let them slip their expletives and dirty words, Only they were allowed. I felt how I was changing inside, I went to the next level. While that was happening inside me, on the outside I was cold towards him, and I was only in charge of liquidity, whenever I could I handled cash to Leave no trace of my expenses. All cash, no cards. Could not discovering what was mine, this double life was my vice. I looked great with my new ones "friends" always had all the cash, and full of jewelry we went to the hotel Hyatt to eat, other days I changed my companion and took her to the Giratorio Restaurant to eat meat, other times to the Marriott Hotel and sometimes there were three of us, They all adored me, telling me how beautiful I was, how young the beauty looked. of my body, of my nose. Etc. There was no doubt they adored me even more than the men from whom I received invitations. During my promiscuous period With men I began to get used to using increasingly larger dildos. Then With women he left it for special dates. I always invited them, every Whenever I could and had I invited them. It was beautiful because no one suspected anything and we were all happy.

Is everything I can report.

Best wife guide / 11 rules to keep him happy



keep him in debt & manipulate him on his travels.

NARCISSISTIC COVERT



Lo What you just read is the lying version of the truth. From a narcissist covert that appears modest, shy and vulnerable in front of the world with the that they have to deal with. Those are the masks of her that I will try to tear down here. I I like to think that this is the version from the point of view of a person without mental disorders. I have an artistic personality, which is why I always liked art, since my youth I tried for a year to dedicate myself to making a living art, painting my paintings and going to Plaza Ñuñoa to sell

them, without success. This did not diminish my desire to become such. I got used to painting, drawing, I learned to take portraits charcoal on titian paper, the first struggle was finding my style. Then Learn more. From a very young age I learned to play musical instruments like the piano, electric and acoustic guitar. And reading has accompanied me all the time. life. I tried for a while to read the authors I liked the most in order, that's right. how he started reading the Greeks, the Romans with the basis of philosophy (Thales of Miletus, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, Seneca, Plutarch, Saint Augustine, Saint Thomas, Machiavelli, Erasmus of Rotterdam, Luther, Bacon, Descartes, Locke, Voltaire, Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Marx, Nietzsche, Sartre, Foucault, Heidegger, Wittgenstein, as I remember. Then I remember the Greek tragedies and Roman poets, a lot of French romantic poetry and Italian, to the Germans, Russians, Indians, Japanese, Czechs, Spanish, English and Americans, among others. Basically the first seven years of marriage I dedicated myself to reading, writing poetry and painting. Then to study and work in computing and run. Until the woman next to me She started bombarding me with problems so I walked away from all that. Can say without a doubt that she exploited my vulnerabilities and manipulated situations in her favor, along the way I annul all my decisions, which is why I later I got used to saying yes to everything, becoming emotionally dependent, destroying my self-esteem, canceling my tastes, my dreams, my projects, my desire to progress. Maria Galdames strived to be recognized for her her modesty, she was the light that shines in the church, as her proxy, she sold her image a good mother, a good wife, a good parishioner. Her insecurity reached the limit. when night falls where he always had to have someone watching everything, his lack she was empathetic with the poor that I visited, with my relatives, especially my cousins, and my brothers, she degrades herself to get praise by saying that she sacrificed herself for her children, for me, for her brothers, for the whole world, She criticized women who separated and paired with others saying that they are whores, and whores respectively, that was her sensitivity to criticism When someone told her that she was hypocritical, she then victimized herself.

Phrases that he coined:

To the finish the first year of the course that paid her as a Religion Professor in the catechetical institute: "I couldn't finish studying because a homeless man "He wanted to sleep with me."

More than 20 years of my life, real story

Al arrive after resigning on her first day of work as secretary of the General Manager of a friend's company: "I couldn't work because I didn't understand the job "

I met Maria Galdames at the age of 17 she was in third year, I was 18 years I had graduated as an Accountant at 17, studying my fifth year at that time. age and had been working as an accountant for a year, and was considering entering the university to study my second career. I worked during the day and studied nights and weekends I taught Algebra I at the University. My cousin from Easter Island lived with us in my parents' house and He invited me to his school parties, I once went to one of those parties and while there we went down with the entire party group to a square or something similar and one of the guests took out a marijuana cigarette and between the 50 attendees smoked once each, the dose was so low that we had to pretend



that we were under the effects of the hallucinogen. Nothing further from the Actually, being in that dynamic I had to be next to her and after To talk, we returned to the apartment and there we began to get to know each other. Later we will continue seeing us until we finalized several exits, the problems began with their relatives of her, since they accused me of kidnapping. She always dressed in black and She had quite strange tastes for her age. After her parents told me reported, I stopped calling her and I remember commenting "I'll let this relationship dies since it is a lot of problem in that house", after this it didn't take long a lot of her calling me so we could continue dating, she didn't spend much time to that she asked me to take her out of that crazy house where she lived crowded with the rest of the siblings, 6 in total, plus her parents in an apartment of 100 mts2., I had to negotiate with my mother to accept it, after this I started looking for a rent and we went to live alone in a house. At the pace of time we looked for a bigger house each time, I didn't want a commitment so who took care not to get her pregnant and I had no intention of getting married either. with her, I was just testing if the relationship would work out. By living two years together we decided to get married civilly, she asked to get married by the rite Catholic but I refused telling him "I don't know if this is going to last forever." So I told him no. Seven years passed since that and my two were already born. oldest children and the middle one had died. The oldest was six years old the youngest of four years came, when the crisis generated by his first infidelity. One day I was walking to enter my house, which at that time was right in front of a farm and a farm, and a neighbor stops me by the arm and She says "with all due respect, I am very sorry to tell you this but I can't leave it." pass because I see how every day he arrives late and tired to her house while I see that her wife puts men in her house, every day she puts guards in her house, I regret "But I see you and I can't stay silent." After this horrendous news and being speechless for several days I reacted,I asked my parents to take my children home to talk alone with Maria Galdames and With the two of us alone, I informed her that I already knew everything she did while I was not there and I would leave the house, I would stop renting it and I would go live



without her. The next day she took my children and went to Iquique. After deal with the shock and have a face to face encounter with God and let me came back the soul to the body is She convinced me that everything that happened was my fault and finally, he managed to get me to leave. apologize for his infidelity, he managed to make me the one to whom limits were set, Well, he forbade me from having books at home, the works of art friends, artists or musicians, musical instruments, or anything else related to art, which

I loved. He canceled the even newspaper subscription. After the seventh year she made the rules and I was subjected to the slavery of the narcissist. My duty was to work, saying yes to everything and producing the money that she had to spend. Onwards She asked me to change my car so I had to change my car by buying the car that she liked, my opinion did not matter. We went to mass at church that she wanted since there were even some priests who they bothered On one occasion she invented that a priest friend had had a problem with electricity losing power supply just when She was inside her house looking for a piece of paper and the priest started touching her and kiss her according to her. She always said that men desired her when she was passing. Just as she changed cars, we had to change houses according to her. she wanted, always saying "I don't like this neighborhood, it's too little for me", "This commune is very ordinary." When she had already paid for the house and the car and already We had no debt as a family, she was beginning to pressure me to return. to go into debt and carry out her irrational plans. In between, I had to travel and I lost contact with her and when I returned I found her more and more strange. In a job where she had to visit the municipalities one day she showed up with my mother and made a fuss yelling at a secretary saying that she was my lover with no more proof than a group photo where everyone from the company appeared. At a job where she had to travel year after year, she invented that I had a family in Punta Arenas, after speaking with the CEO of the company this She agreed to spend a month at the expense of the company that paid her everything so that she He would verify that I did not have another family in Punta Arenas. Finally when I They asked me to travel to Mexico, she made me resign or else it would cost me my money. marriage. Being in the USA and Puerto Rico she had already made me dependent emotional and I couldn't sleep if I wasn't at home, which made me go back every year, which affected the VISA to request residency. She cost me more and more Leaving home with tears and dependency made me look for a job where Even though they paid me less, she was in Chile almost all the time. When I was born last child something unexpected happened, she called me sick and said "until I said otherwise, you won't touch me anymore" and so seven years passed until I realized that he was nullified as a person, as a man, only my facet of Father was still alive. My job then was to produce, deliver the money and take care of my youngest son. That's what my life was reduced to those last seven years. Arrive The day I decided to end the torture and told him I was leaving, my reasons were: I loved books I no longer have books in that house, I loved art there is no art there anymore, I loved music there is no music, I loved getting together with friends to talk, and they are prohibited from entering, what's more, I no longer have friends because I can't see them because it bothers you that I see them, I can't invite them either because they bother you at home, it bothers you that I waste time visiting them, they wasted interest and we lost contact one by one. With my cousin we

went out to recitals of music, but she is also prohibited from visiting me and I am prohibited see her, you say that my brother is “whore” for having separated from her, my cousin for being single is also a “whore” if she goes out with someone, I also told her Maria Galdames, you said that my sister-in-law had used her children as a bargaining chip during her divorce, we will see now if you do the same since it won't be long before I find a place for myself, I find someone to accompany me and be my wife and the divorce happens, you do the same, I intend to give you the pension that corresponds to the youngest of my children and come look for him on the weekends to be with him all day. She does not She cried, she took her purse and left without saying anything.



Then The COVID19 pandemic began and visits began on weekends where we had a picnic in the forest park, we climbed the San Cristobal hill, etc One day she forbade my youngest son to call anyone mom. another person, but upon understanding that that would not be fulfilled, she decided that my son would not I would leave the apartment more and at all times she would be present during my visits One day, out of frustration, I told her that she had kidnapped me. son, and she, showing her demonic face, answers me “you'll see what I am.” capable of doing”, and she reported me for Domestic Violence, then she took two lawyers and sued me for charges of psychological violence and set up without more evidence than her false testimony the crime of Habitual Violence but the The only conviction that was achieved was a restraining order that lasts until today. from today. After this I have no choice but to try video calls that were boycotted by Maria Galdames, then I sent a cell phone to my son on which was stolen by his mother.



DEMANDA DE DIVORCIO PRESENTADA POR MARIA GALDAMEZ

Finalmente, accedía tener un tercer hijo, y el año 2011 nace Tomás. En ese punto, nuestra relación ya se encontraba deteriorada, Jorge tenía un consumo problemático de alcohol y se hacía imposible tener una convivencia familiar, toda vez que durante la semana laboral e incluso los fines de semana salía a beber y enfiestarse. Por ese motivo, tuve que dedicarme completamente a las labores de crianza y del hogar.

Posteriormente, Jorge fue insistente en que estudiara una carrera universitaria, situación que me hubiera gustado realizar en mis propios términos, pero él insistía en que estudiara teología o pedagogía relacionada a la religión, lo cual hice. Comencé una carrera universitaria, pero comenzó a tener conductas aún más violentas que antes, se volvió un hostigamiento constante. Solo por mencionar algunas de las situaciones que me generaban más ansiedad, puedo destacar que me iba a buscar de sorpresa a la universidad, cuando yo no se lo pedía; me prohibía ir donde otros compañeros de universidad a realizar evaluaciones o trabajos e insistía que siempre debía ser en nuestra casa; además, me exigía que si iba a la universidad que resolviera todos los quehaceres del hogar, es decir, dejar el almuerzo para los niños listo, así como también sus útiles escolares, tareas, proyectos y demás. Aquellas actitudes fueron las que me llevaron a tomar la decisión de congelar mi carrera universitaria.

-> Leer con una copa de vino en la mano es ser alcoholico?
LA DE LAS FIESTAS OCULTAS ES LA NARCISISTA.

-> Claro que insistí en pagarle los estudios para que terminara su enseñanza media y estar con una salvaje a mi lado y pagarle los estudios universitarios para que eleváramos el nivel de la conversación que siempre era de los matinales, pelambrería de población, su familia pobleros y choferes de micro, sus hermanas enfermas de esquizofrenia, ETC, morbidas, o alzheimer con una madre castradora con los hombres. Teniendo un padre pedófilo, infiel, alcoholico, micrero.

-> La Narcisista insistía en que todos los hombres la deseaban, mendigos, curas, tios, primos, hermanos, todos... PARA!! NO ERES DE SU TIPO!! #Amigadatecuenta XD XD

Posteriormente, por consejo de mi psicóloga y de mi hijo, hago una denuncia de violencia intrafamiliar, la cual se llevó en el 1º Juzgado de Familia de San Miguel durante ese proceso, el tribunal se declaró incompetente para conocer de la causa, pero dejando como medida cautelar una prohibición de acercamiento del demandante hacia mi persona. Sin embargo, él comenzó a realizar amenazas vía mensajes de la aplicación Whatsapp, hasta la actualidad, en los cuales señala que quiero hacerle daño a mi hijo Tomás, lo cual es completamente falso; también, me insulta diciéndome "tonta", "¿Hasta cuándo crees que yo te voy a seguir manteniendo?" "Sale a trabajar floja", "despechada, no sirves para nada, parásito", "floja, cuando vas a trabajar, si tu no me das almuerzo yo te empiezo a descontar". Respecto de esta última amenaza, se repetía cada vez que él iba a la casa de sorpresa, ya fuera al desayuno, almuerzo u once, y no tenía comida lista; ejercía constantemente violencia económica en contra de mi persona, y aún lo hace, sabiendo que no tengo una carrera profesional y que a mi edad es muy difícil

-> La que denuncia sin pruebas termina con causas desestimadas y archivadas...
Que esperan los Narcisistas?
Que todos crean sus mentiras?
Su campaña de difamación termina en sus denuncias falsas.

integrarme al mundo laboral, por lo tanto, mis únicos ingresos son aquellos que percibo por parte de Jorge, los cuáles son inestables en el tiempo y también varían en cuanto a cantidad mes a mes.

MONSTRUO HUACHO

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comienza nuevamente con un consumo problemático del alcohol, así como también a realizar actos de infidelidad en contra de mi persona, infringiendo el deber de fidelidad que impone el matrimonio.

Cuando nace mi hijo mayor, Marcelo, debí dejar todo lo que había soñado realizar en lo profesional, para dedicarme al cuidado de mi hijo y tres años después nace mi segundo hijo Sebastián. Tuve que abandonar mis sueños profesionales que algún día tuve para apoyar a mi familia, así como también la carrera profesional de mi cónyuge, quien pudo seguir ejerciendo sus actividades profesionales e ir escalando en su puesto a trabajo, así como también adquiriendo nuevas y mejores herramientas para desenvolverse en su área de expertiz.

Por otro lado, es importante mencionar que si bien me hacía cargo de absolutamente todas las necesidades y cuidados de nuestros hijos, en todos los aspectos, a saber, la crianza, educación, recreación y también en lo emocional; pues el demandado no pasaba tiempo en el hogar, debido a que los momentos en que no estaba trabajando, salía constantemente de fiestas y tenía un consumo problemático con el alcohol.

-> La narcisista y su disco rayado nuevamente fue quien me engaño con guardias cuando viviamos en frente de una chacra de campo. Choco un auto con su amante. Hey Narcisista, Ves que es importante estudiar?? Las mujeres que no hacen nada se aburren, como tu, y terminan en demandas.

-> La narcisista con su narrativa enferma en un lapso de amnesia se le olvido que yo ya era Contador cuando la conocí, con dinero en el bolsillo la recibí en casa de mis padres porque llego huyendo pues no queria volver a su depto, hacinada con 6 hermanos y sus padres, su madre, la Mater Narcisist Encubierta.

Yo si conozco mujeres que apoyan su familia (marido) donde los impulsan a estudiar y ellas pagan la Universidad, les ponen empresas y los mantienen como un hijo mas, a ellos a sus hijos, pagan las cuentas de la casa, comprar bienes, etc. eso SI ES HACERSE CARGO. (Algunas salen trasquiladas XD)
(Lean el libro el monstruo huacho)

-> Es lo mas raro, pues los Narcisistas siempre acusan de lo mismo JAJAJAJAJA

FIESTERO, ALCHOLICO.

CORREOS PARA COMUNICARSE CON EL HIJO SECUESTRADO POR LA NARCISISTA

me	21 días sin hablar con mi hijo [redacted] -> Carmen [redacted] >>> Llevo 10 días privado del ...	12/29/23
me	16 días sin hablar con mi hijo [redacted] -> Carmen [redacted] >> Llevo 10 días privado del c...	12/24/23
me	Un día especial para [redacted] [redacted] quiero escribirte estas palabras: El nacimiento d...	12/24/23
me 4	15 días sin hablar con mi hijo [redacted] -> Carmen [redacted] >>>> Llevo 10 días privado del...	12/23/23
me	10 días sin hablar con mi hijo [redacted] - Carmen [redacted] Llevo 10 días privado del contrat...	12/18/23
me	9 días sin hablar con mi hijo [redacted] - Carmen [redacted] Llevo 9 días privado de hablar c...	12/17/23
me	Una semana sin hablar con mi hijo [redacted] - To: Carmen [redacted], Carmen P < >>...	12/15/23
me	Otro día más sin hablar con mi hijo [redacted] - To: Carmen [redacted], Carmen P < >>...	12/7/23
me	Otro día más sin hablar con [redacted] - To: Carmen [redacted], Carmen P < >> 74car...	11/25/23
me	5 días sin hablar con [redacted] - To: Carmen [redacted], Carmen P < >> [redacted]@...	11/24/23
me	4 días sin hablar con [redacted] - To: Carmen [redacted], Carmen P [redacted]@g...	11/20/23
me	Llamado de hoy - Carmen [redacted] Para de entrometerte en los pocos minutos que ten...	11/12/23
me 2	No dejas que [redacted] conteste el teléfono - Carmen [redacted] Ayer nuevamente no supe ...	11/9/23

On Sun, 17 Dec 2023, 21:07 jorge [redacted] <jorge [redacted]@gmail.com> wrote:

Carmen Pavez:

202 días privado de hablar con [redacted] mi hijo, y aún no logro entender cómo en este caso cuando la mamá es la que debería tener más empatía pensando en el bien mayor de el hijo acá se da lo contrario. Es doloroso pensar lo que debe sentir [redacted] y tú como madre no lo logras ver y eres insensible a esta situación. Como papa estoy preocupado porque veo tu actuar irracional e inexplicable. Es intensional tu actuar pero el que sufre las consecuencias es mi hijo y no quiero pensar que todo esto es intensional y no te das cuenta quién sufre las consecuencias de tus actos. Es peligrosa tu forma de actuar.

Espero el llamado de mi hijo y que puedas separar los problemas de dos adultos de la relación que tengo con mi hijo.

Atte

Jorge [redacted]

From: jorge [REDACTED] <jorge.[REDACTED]@gmail.com>
Date: Sat, 4 Nov 2023, 21:04
Subject: No dejas que Tomas conteste el teléfono
To: Carmen [REDACTED] <carmen.[REDACTED]@hotmail.com>, Carmen [REDACTED] <[REDACTED]@gmail.com>

Carmen [REDACTED]

Apelando nuevamente a cuando tú quieras y estimes conveniente que nuestro hijo hablé conmigo espero que comprendas que te he propuesto innumerables alternativas, escenarios, opciones y la verdad creo que no entiendes de que se trata mi insistencia en comunicarme con mi hijo [REDACTED] de alguna forma (la que sea) porque tú no me dejas verlo y es tu decisión arbitraria, irracional en donde está habla de tu falta de empatía (pero no conmigo) y eso es lo que quiero tratar de explicar, por lo demás con la esperanza de que lo puedas entender.

Primero esto se trata única y exclusivamente de [REDACTED] mi hijo.

Segundo, como te explicado en los innumerables correos anteriores (por lo demás sin respuesta aún) es el estado psicológico, emocional, y físico de [REDACTED].

Tercero, he tratado de que entiendas que es una situación especial ya que los obstáculos impuestos por ti para tener contacto con mi hijo es como enfrentar una muralla.

Cuarto, ante lo anterior yo me he tratado de adecuar sin reclamos ni cuestionamientos a tus decisiones, sin embargo siempre generas un nuevo obstáculo o impedimento o barrera para se me haga imposible tener contacto fluido con [REDACTED]

Quinto, no entiendes y no puedes separar los problemas de adultos y los requerimientos de [REDACTED] en cuanto a lo indispensable que es la figura paterna en un niño, sobretodo cuando no tiene acceso al padre de forma fluida normal y civilizada.

Finalmente, por el bien de [REDACTED] te propongo que tú decidas cuando tendré derecho a hablar con él, me refiero a forma, horarios, fechas, etc.

Te lo dejo a tu libre albedrío porque como madre tú sabes bien que es lo mejor para [REDACTED] pero no dudo que esto es la mejor solución para abordar tu falta diálogo.

Como siempre espero esta propuesta sea bien recibida por tu parte ya que la hice acomodándome a la forma tuya de proceder y pensar, no dudo en tu criterio y tu buena fe como madre y los tres salgamos beneficiados de esto ya que la idea principal es que [REDACTED] sea feliz y todos tengamos un diálogo fluido y civilizado, aunque a veces siento que será otro monólogo en vista de la ausencia de tu respuesta a mis correos.

Considero que no es demasiado pedir que por lo menos [REDACTED] me mandé un mensaje de audio contame cuál será tu decisión respecto a los días y horarios en los que me llamará, porque quisiera estar disponible siempre cuando sea [REDACTED] el que me llame y escriba. Ya que dado lo que ha pasado últimamente has sido tu la que escribe en vez de [REDACTED], y prefiero que sea [REDACTED] el que me envíe audios o me llame por videollamadas.

No sé si está será la última vez que sabré de mi hijo o sea tremendamente beneficioso para [REDACTED] ya que se trata de acomodarse nuevamente a tus formas de tratar y a tu forma de actuar cada vez más inesperadas.

Esperando respuesta con fecha y horario en que [REDACTED] me llamaría.

Atte

Jorge [REDACTED]

CORREO ESPECIAL QUE GATILLA LA IRA DEL MONO VOLADOR

Contacto con [REDACTED]  



jorge [REDACTED]
to Carmen, Carmen, Marcelo ▾

Oct 2, 2023, 9:32 PM ☆ 😊 ↩ ⋮

Hola Carmen [REDACTED]
Te escribo porque estoy cansado de llamar a [REDACTED] mi hijo y tu no le pases los llamados, tampoco permites videollamadas, tampoco permites que tenga celular, tampoco permites que venga a viña del mar.
Deja de estar borrando lo que escribe [REDACTED], encuentro que una madre no puede obligar a mi hijo a llamarme por Jorge ya que te recuerdo que soy su padre.

Te informo que mañana volveré a llamarlo a las 9pm y si no contestas y dejas que hable con el iré a visitarlo de forma presencial y regular y tendrás que dejar que lo vea quieras o no.
Te recuerdo que estás vulnerando muchos derechos de [REDACTED] y te traerá consecuencias legales.

Atte
Jorge [REDACTED]

RESPUESTA DEL MONO VOLADOR (HIJO)

Marcelo [REDACTED]@gmail.com>
to me, Carmen, Carmen, Marcelo ▾

Oct 2, 2023, 10:14 PM ☆ 😊 ↩ ⋮

 [Translate to English](#)

Mono volador acusando a su padre despues de pagar carreras, vacaciones, viajes al extranjero (con mi dinero), etc.

Hola,
Me parece que estás otra vez escapando de tus casillas, no se cual es tu problema la verdad.
Ahora te preocupas de [REDACTED]
Dijiste que lo llamarías todos los días y no lo hiciste por 3 semanas y ahora exiges que contesten a un teléfono que ni siquiera es de él, dejaste de pagar su colegio, de preocuparte de su salud, de sus terapias, de darle un techo, de su bienestar y aún así te das el lujo de amenazar que irás a verlo de forma presencial, cuando pudiste siempre haber ido , nunca se te hizo problema.
No fuiste porque estabas ocupado en tus vacaciones gastándote la plata que le corresponde al [REDACTED]
Si te apareces por el edificio te recuerdo que tienes una orden de alejamiento de 200 metros vigente, así que los únicos que te recibirán serán los carabineros. **Esto responde un hijo que salio a la vida con todas las herramientas para ser una mejor persona, he visto buenos hijos que fueron huérfanos, incluso cuando sus ADN salen negativo sus padres los siguen amando y sus hijos respetando, no hay excusa para un hijo cuando se vuelve un mono volador concientemente y se olvida de valores como agradecer y ser leal. NO HAY EXCUSA.**
La única persona que ha vulnerado los derechos del [REDACTED] eres tu, abandonándolo una oportunidad tras otra, desde tus llamados a los días de tus visitas y las horas en que supuestamente irías a verlo.

Si te apareces que sea en el tribunal para dar cara frente a tu denuncia por violencia, que sigues ejerciendo a pesar de las oportunidades que se te han dado.

Basta de mensajes por whatsapp y correos con amenazas, **comunicate como una persona normal** y como un papá para [REDACTED] no como un interesado violento por hablar con el solo cuando tu quieres.

INSTRUYETE!
PARECE QUE TE FALTÓ LEER EL CAP.XX DEL LIBRO ACERCA DE LOS MONOS VOLADORES Y COMO FUERON MANIPULADOS Y SU PERFIL

TO BE CONTINUED...