

From:
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To:
1) Social Security reviewer:
2) Virginia State Bar Association:

(Regarding the aftermath of Mar. 27 1989 accident and an incorrect settlement that was written while I was drugged with multiple prescription medicines and ill.)

I didn't have space on the form for this. I realize that back in the early '90's when my Worker's Compensation was sent over to Social Security that the officials may not have understood AT ALL what was going on with me. It has taken me over 10 years to understand it myself. So, here it is again:

I had been crushed (near crunched to death) by a **1,000 pound bale that hit me 3 times.** The first blow was as it glanced my back, shooting me forward like a rocket. But by then the bale was itself a rocket, so before I was flung out the way it landed across my calf muscles. It drove my knees into the asphalt (#2), then it crushed my foot (#3) up to the shinbone. My ankle was shattered. My leg was then stretched fiercely, torqued, as my upper body was going one way while my knees were going down. My calves were crushed which slowed blood flow thru my extremities to a crawl. The accident didn't stop then. My upper body/chest was whipped downward into the ground. In other words, forward momentum was translated into downward motion.

The ambulance driver asked me if I had any particular complaints. I told him my stomach area was swelling real bad from having hit the ground so hard. Few people seem to have understood much of this, but my chest was hit with enough force to explode my insides. Dr. Gerald Roller offered an idea once, that many of the things "popping & cracking" in my chest was adhesions that had formed post-accident and were popping loose. I had great trouble breathing, and I have a tape of an interview at a local radio station in 1990 that, if you were to listen to, I was practically gasping for breath while I was talking to the DJ. I would talk a few words then have to breathe some to talk some more. I have the tape saved in bubble wrap and over the years have protected it from heat, so I suppose the tape is still okay.

My mental health wasn't immediately affected too badly, but after a year or so I began acting deficient. I would start talking to strangers outside Food Lion, telling them about my accident. I have come to understand that is considered normal for someone who has been in an accident that so closely resembled a train wreck... but then I kept getting worse til my wife took me over to see Dr. William Clarkson. He diagnosed me immediately as bipolar. He put me on Lithium and Xanax. I was tried on Prozac for awhile. My chest & ribs was hurting really bad but no one would ever really investigate, do an MRI or anything. At one point I was taking 6 of the Prozacs in a single day. I told Dr. Roller as I recall. He said 6 was too much, but I told him they helped my chest pain.

Since no one wanted to give me much for my pain I had to make do with whatever worked. This was the beginning of my troubles... my **second accident being one of meeting with doctors who looked at my shoulder width and diagnosed me as a bipolar faker.** In their mind, they decided my asking for painkillers or any kind of real treatment was obviously an attempt to get sympathy or something.

This was the beginning of my time of over a decade stuck somewhere in the "cracks" of medical care.

It has taken me a long time to understand that these doctors -all of them- have taken one look at my bipolar diagnosis and then they just don't look further. That was the end of that, with a succession of one doctor after another.

Later while under the care of Dr. Clarkson working with Dr. Edward Workman, I was tried on a number of psychoactive drugs. I still couldn't walk very good; in fact, walking was a struggle. Pain was unbearable. Every single motion in my foot, every bone was screaming agony through my mind when I tried to walk. **My doctors would all take turns at telling me "you need to walk more" to get better.** Even Dr. Donald Steinweg has suggested that to me within the last year! Somehow, all these doctors figured out a way that my pain, my overweight, & my problems were all my doing & my fault for continuing. They were not the only ones to think that.

In the middle of all these pains, under constant physical duress, I was given a string of psychoactive drugs: Wellbutrin, Zoloft, Paxil & many others. One I was given was the same given my Mom when she had cancer and was dying, so that should tell you how bad off I have been to have received that. Must have been 6 or 8 different kinds. Somewhere during this time -excuse me if I'm a little foggy of the dates- but somewhere in that time I decided that I was not going to be much better at the "10-year mark" and I needed to switch to Social Security. **The decision was a good one, but the drugs I was taking PLUS the PAIN combined with some other factors like the fact that the Clinoril I was taking was poisoning me in the quantity I was taking daily (500-1,000mg/day), these factors all combined to put me in a diminished capacity.**

I am still basically in that same diminished capacity that prevents me to deal with the overwhelming issues that have come to be always on my table. I struggle sometimes to suppress my need to scream. In that mental frame of no mind, **I was also noting how I didn't have any "will" left.** People could sell me on anything! I would know they were snowing me to get things from me, yet **I could not say No.** And it was while I was in this pathological mental condition, my legs still swollen and repairing in the calf muscles (inhibiting blood flow/oxygen flow through my body), that the negotiations took place to switch me from Worker's Comp to Soc. Security/Medicare. I was in a daze, fogged by the accident damage to me, fogged by the brain drugs, fogged by an extremely HIGH acidic level in my brain caused by the high Clinoril dosage (I was taking 2-500mg tablets per day), that

to say I had just a "diminished capacity" is an UNDERSTATEMENT. I had no capacity at all.

So, when the negotiating took place I had no other choice than to trust my lawyer Richard Thomas to get me the best resolution. I trusted him. I had to. He told me the offer, asked me if that sounded okay. I was shocked inside because I did not have the means to know, to judge, to understand; what was okay? what was not okay?

So I said okay. I thought he was on my side then, not realizing that what he thought of me was really controlling the outcome.

The \$40,000.00 settlement wasn't too bad, I thought. But I had gotten divorced from my wife and she was supposed to get half of that. Thomas took \$4,000.00, leaving \$36,000.00. Soon after that, still in my no mind capacity, I ran into an old acquaintance who proceeded to tell me how to spend that money. Lawyer Thomas did not have the necessary training to even inquire if I had any outstanding debts that needed paying off. I got the \$36 thousand and he left me walk out, a mental wreck leaving his care, him knowing I lacked capacity to handle the money.

It all started going wrong when the Williamsburg Hospital treated my ankle and did not do anything for the rest of me. Oh, they sedated me for a couple days. When I came back to Roanoke, each doctor I saw after that was hellbent to treat me about as good as a wino fresh off the street. And that is how it has gone for 14 years now.....

I know that you think the Statute of Limitations has run out and I don't have a legal leg to stand on. I beg to differ that point. Up until a year and a half ago, I was under the influence of drugs that were poisoning me, restricting oxygen in my brain in order to "control" my bipolar mind. I stopped taking the Lithium and Xanax in September of 2002... except for a few times 4 months ago. I experienced a bipolar surge and had to take about 2 more Lithiums. I didn't like doing that, but had no other choice. Anyway, not until 2 months ago around December 2003 did I begin to realize the full depth of just how badly I have been quite literally "screwed over" for 14 years. Which of course sounds like just another case of sour grapes. Well, I understand sour grapes and

I also understand being ignored and treated like an old wino too.

I'll tell you what. YOU walk in my shoes for 14 YEARS and we'll see if YOU even LAST.

That is why I believe myself correct, that my lawyer was influenced by his thinking my accident was really a failed suicide attempt of a bipolar loser that he was representing... I would not be surprised if he says the doctors told him that. My doctors. ...and that he and these doctors have been shooting me the short end of the stick all along my path. I think my wife and family should be compensated for these actions because they all suffered. My 2nd son William managed to get into Virginia Tech but had to drop out. Money was an issue. Everybody's life has got screwed over from all this shenanigans that should never have happened. And when I finish this

letter, I'm not only sending it to you I'm sending it to the Virginia Bar Association if they will read it, because

**I firmly believe that many injustices have been done me AND MINE.
Compensation is due, and readjustment is due.**

I've seen suicides by many of my family members -men- and my Dad- but no matter how depressed I've ever gotten **I decided a long time ago that I would NEVER do that to my family.** That day of Mar. 27, 1989 was an accident. **Because of discriminatory abuses from lawyers involved and my doctors, my life has been far more screwed up than I ever should have been treated.** I want my case opened PROPER, and I want just compensation coming forth from all who have sought to trash me and my family by extension. **These actions have NOT been mere oversights; they have been abuse and discrimination towards a crippled man,** a truck driver and his hard working wife who cleaned people's homes to keep food on our table. **Especially was that so when the Worker's Compensation withdrew my check for 5 MONTHS in an attempt to starve my family and force a crippled person to go back to work.**

I'm not asking; I'm demanding. I couldn't demand it before because I was on poisonous meds, mind controls, and crippled sick. I couldn't breathe well, and people treated me and my family like scum. And I demand they answer for their actions against me and my family. BEFORE the statute runs out. Most days I don't feel well and some days I still feel like I'm about to expire, so I will consider settlements out of Court. **But any settlements from anyone needs to come with a Letter of Apology to each of my family members: Barbara Carol Riley Akers of Bedford, Vernon Marshall Riley of Vinton, William Henry Riley of Roanoke, and Randolph Scott Riley of Roanoke.** I don't much give a damn for any apologies, but **these people got treated like dirt by people who call themselves caring professionals** and I want to see somebody eating humble pie besides just me, me, me all the time.

And this crap about not getting any medical care needs to come to a halt. **A person hurt on the job needs SERVICING.** A home health regimen, nutrition, dietary and minor exercise counseling. All the stuff I didn't get. In other words, **something besides a doctor telling an injured person to "walk more", or, "lose weight".** If the state and the Federal government wants people to return to work, then **somebody at some point needs to point the finger at someone besides the poor ass who got hurt, who doesn't know his medicines are really poison to his brain and body.**

Finally, **I want someone to explain to me how an orthopedic doctor can tell his nurse to tell a patient he can't ask the doctor anything during his next visit.** Will someone please explain that to me? I wanted to ask Dr. Joseph Moskal an orthopedic question about my jawbone dissolving and his nurse called me and said I could only come in about my ankle and not ask about my jaw! **If someone of you could tell me how in God's Name this country is going to survive when a NURSE can tell you what you can ask your DOCTOR,** then I WANT TO HEAR IT.

Thank you for reading this page. I've written to insurance companies like the Medicare provider in Virginia. They did nothing. I wrote to Sen. Allen. Nothing. I wrote to HHS, and he shunted my complaints of abuse and neglect to a subsidiaried state agency that had no power to address nationwide complaints of fraud that I was levelling against our nation's doctors and the AMA. So, nothing again. I have copies of most every letter I have ever written to these people. With my memory problems being what they are, and computer failures aplenty along the last 14 years, I have managed to keep my letters. They're scattered, some burned to CD, a few hard to find. My health and stamina will make it very difficult for me to find all of them, but I will if I have to crawl on my knees just like I did when I returned home from the hospital in 1989. Somewhere I have pictures because I made my wife drive and get a camera to take pictures of me crawling into my house in Knollwood.

I didn't fake that either. My knees were so badly damaged by the impacts that I had to put my son's skateboarding protectors on them. And I crawled very slowly. My neighbor held my sensitive foot from touching the ground as I crawled inside like roadkill.

I have in my anger written other pages to try and bring these issues before the Public. When I got my head together enough to where I could learn how to edit html pages (easily with DreamWeaver), **I got to writing a number of pages that testify to my treatment:**

<http://www.newpath4.com/how2liveanyway1.htm>

<http://www.newpath4.com/how2liveanyway2.htm>

<http://www.newpath4.com/how2liveanyway3.htm>

<http://www.newpath4.com/how2liveanyway4.htm>

<http://www.newpath4.com/how2liveanyway8.htm>

(5, 6 & 7 addresses other matters with the automakers.)

So far no one has sued me because they cannot. They have so successfully screwed me under that I don't have anything for them to take by filing a lawsuit. And they're hoping I'll shut up, I guess. Well, you know, I guess I did have that choice, didn't I?

But the thought of one of my own sons being working in another city or state and getting hurt, then to be squeezed on like I have been, and ignored, and family trashed like it is nothing, then I write some more because the way these matters have been handled has been CONTEMPTIBLE. I may not be much, but I intend to leave the rest of you idiots shamed beyond all recognition, scarred like you have scarred my family, and me. Some days I sit here writing til my chest feels like it is about to cave; other days I sit here and my hip bones start to aching so bad that I can't hardly stand it. Then I picture one of you people, wearing your suits, donning your white coats, perpetuating, promulgating, procrastinating and perpetrating one of the BIGGEST SCAMS IN HISTORY WHEN YOU ACT LIKE YOU CARE. Well, you don't. I was a fool for ever trusting any of you. I swallowed your TV ads hype like everyone else I guess, and I was WRONG. You aren't

professionals; you're little more than draft dodgers except in your cases I would have to alter that to life dodgers. You went to school and learned your trades out of fear of hunger, fear of driving an old car like I and my ex drive. Fear of being unable to have a nice life with a bank account over \$25.00 . Well, you succeeded.

Very sincerely,
Woodrow Riley, a survivor of 20th Century medicine,
and by God a destroyer of worlds if I can be that.

No man or woman should be treated in contempt from having an accident on the job that people decide is a suicide attempt. SHAME TO ALL OF YOU, SHAME. Before both GOD and Man, I say SHAME. Which of course doesn't dent people like you at all. But it will. My casting hundreds and thousands of hours worth of NEGATIVE ENERGY writing onto the Internet will shame you throughout this World. Soon people will know you for what you really are. Tormentors. Little better than highly-educated dishwashers. Scabs on the planet, dregs who tell us we need to walk better with a broken foot. THAT friends is the status of the American Healthcare Fraud that I've had to live under for 15 years this month.

The day you all started treating my family like trash was a really bad decision. My website condemnations of you all are Copyrighted by the United States Copyright office. In stone. Just as you have stoned me and mine, well, what goes around comes around. The only way you can avoid my steamroller is by FIXING YOURSELF AND GETTING WITH THE PROGRAM YOU KEEP SAYING YOU ARE DEDICATED TO FOLLOWING.

However, and that being said, should these matters be in some way resolved -and PROVIDED MY SICK BUTT IS STILL ALIVE BY THEN- I will write the pages I so desperately want to write. I want to write of a New Day, an Enlightened Day, and I want to write of people who were humble enough to realize how badly they had trashed The Rileys. I want to write how those people wrote letters of Apology to Riley's family members. I want to write how some people turned around. I want to write how a family was finally somewhat healed and recompensed to just a portion of what was done to them. I want a positive resolution, not just money. I want my family to know the Truth, not what you doctors told them about me...

So the Choice is yours. I would suggest do something quickly. Ignoring me doesn't make next year's paycheck get any larger. Just take a moment and THINK how you would feel if you had been treated as I have. Ask yourself if you wouldn't be tempted to pick up Mel Gibson's ax. I have. Ask yourself if donning a fur coat and slipping into a veterinarians office to get some HEALTH CARE is really what you want the World to hear...

That being true, I have made some progress. I discovered a product that causes my body to build muscle as apparently my accidents damaged my hormone levels to extremely low levels. But the continued damage inside my ankle may not

repair.

I should have been treated like an accident victim, not erased like a vagabond. I'm off the psychoactive drugs, and I'm really upset now that I realize fully the Whys & Hows that the American Medical System has tried to get me to commit suicide... by denying me any real treatment.

SHAME.

SHAME FROM GOD.

SHAME FROM MAN.

SHAME FROM WOMAN.

SHAME FROM CHILDREN.

SHAME FROM THE DOGS THAT CROSS YOUR PATH.