

After getting all caught up in his multitude of lies, eventually calling me up to let me know that if I did go ahead as I said I would and tell his cow girlfriend who The IT met at Country line-dancing bar that in order to screw with her mind he had fabricated a story about me calling his emotionally unstable cow "a maid", The IT begged me over the telephone and this was after the child support incident and after I had spelled out this "maid" all out in an email what I was going to do, that my shoving in Dawn Kilicut's face that THE IT only cared about her being an emotional cripple as well, it would make Dawn, who was now on "emotional" disability leave from Milberg Weiss-Lerach that much more emotionally unstable and cause her to go that much more "off the deep end", assuming that was at all possible, and of course The IT left no doubt his cow could turn violent.

Of course The IT is a very poor lover, bad back, weak stomach muscles, an oversized head, totally unbalanced, beyond belief uncoordinated, the non-athlete amongst the world's worst non-athletes.

So what would you have done in that situation knowing that poorly conditioned people only see graciousness as weakness?

At the time I hadn't yet figured that poorly conditioned people only see graciousness as weakness and decided instead to simply let Dawn figure it all out on her own which she did and why she is today so angry with me to the point that she uses The IT's email account to threaten me physically!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Ms Dawn, a typist-paralegal may not be as stupid as she looks or acts, then again God has most likely taken over both her and The IT's brain, hellulya.

There is a thing about backhanded slaps that don't make much common sense but it sometimes takes awhile for those delivering the slaps to feel the effects of what goes around comes around with a vengeance.

Prior to The IT lying to Dawn about me having called her a maid which on the face of it was so very ridiculous to begin with but worse yet Dawn had in fact told my wife and me that IT made her feel like a maid, and because of the two kids, my wife and I had maintained a "friendly" relationship; again right up until Dawn decided to challenge me to a fist fight at a Thanksgiving Dinner some 8 years ago at my wife's, The IT's second ex wife's house, a turkey mind you that I had paid for, which didn't prevent Dawn from corning me in the garage threatening to knock off my head if I had the courage to repeat directly to her face, **"Tell me to my face that I am a maid and I will knock your head off!"** and were it not for the fact that the cow does very fortunately tower over me by several inches which combined with her bow legs, her thighs providing support for her very lower abdomen fat, providing sufficient gap right beneath her knees for me to duck and sprint towards my wife Marie Dion Gevisser, my secret weapon artist painter knitting wife who then graciously provided poor, poor, poor me with my

turkey legs all the necessary protection, although just stuffing food between the Dawn and me would have been suffice.

Soon on just3ants.com you will see pictures of the cow from behind as well her physical description in a criminal complaint document The IT illegally filed against me on 9/11/2002 where he used her exact physical measurements down to her fat weight of 180 pounds although he saved her the embarrassment of not putting in her ginormous body fat percentage.