

"Nano" is a continuation of the previous book "Metamorphosis" published in 2015. The epic journey continues with Miranda Macleod, after suffering with the horrible illness of "Morgellons". Miranda finds herself a victim of human Bio-experimentation/Electronic torture. Then the fight for her very life begins...

Nano

By Isabella MacLeod

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A continuation from the book *Metamorphosis*
by Isabella MacLeod



NANO



Isabella MacLeod

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CHAPTER ONE

“Are you going to let them win? Well, are you? Answer me!”

I was lying on my living room floor curled up in the fetal position. My head was buried into my chest, my hands covering my head. I could not speak to Gabriel; I was sobbing uncontrollably. Almost catatonic, I had barely slept the last two weeks in my car. The high-pitched ringing in my head was horrific and unbearable. I just wanted to die from the torture that I was enduring, so I could finally have some peace. Silence is what I craved. I could not remember the last time I heard the lovely sound of silence. Peace, quiet and sleep, oh how I missed my bed and a peaceful night's sleep. A coffin was beginning to look very attractive to me right now.

Gabriel picked me off of the floor, gathered me into his arms and cradled me like a baby.

“If you give up now, you will die! So do not give in to these assholes. That is what they want you to do. You are strong, and you have been through hell the last three months. You are still here, you thought that you wouldn't be, but you still are! You need to keep fighting and stay here. You are not alone, and you have me to help you, too. You need to stay alive for the children; they love you and need their mother.”

I wearily lifted my head to look into Gabriel's piercing blue eyes. I could barely see them through my tears. Our eyes bored into each other's without speaking; we did not have to. Gabriel was well aware of what I had been going through. His love had given me my strength to keep going through my living hell.

The last three months had been overwhelming, to say the least. I was trying to keep working as a nurse at the hospital, even though I was ill, and was being tortured day and night. I was looking after William and Isabella, who were six and fifteen years old, while we were moving into the new home Gabriel and I had purchased together. It was supposed to be my sanctuary: a new and exciting beginning for Gabriel, the children and myself, and an escape from the house of horrors that my previous home had become.

The first two days our new home, I was beyond ecstatic. I had finally escaped from my torment. Peace and quiet, at last, thank God! Two days of heaven sleeping in my lovely new master bedroom overlooking the white birch trees, I felt like I was in my own treehouse! I loved living in the country. The children were so happy to be back in their old neighbourhood, with a lovely back yard where William and Isabella could play. It was a different home; larger than the one that I had just left. It was not the mini mansion that I had shared with my ex-husband. I did not care anymore about living in a fancy house or driving a fancy car, throwing pool parties, and constantly entertaining others -- trying to act like someone that I was not. That was all in the past, and I had changed profoundly. It did not mean a thing to me now (or then, really). When you are ill and someone or something is trying to end your life, you are in a battle every day just to stay alive and keep your sanity. It really puts your life into major perspective.

“Morgellons,” was the “M” word I could not bear to say anymore. So, I just called it “M” for the monster that it was; the monster that it made me look like sometimes; the demon that lived off me like a parasite. This evil entity engulfed my old life and tore me apart like a piece of meat. It was the thing that tried to destroy me on all levels and take my soul. “M” made me question everything that I had ever known to be true about myself: God, the universe and my very existence. I thought I knew it all before. I had it all going on. I knew all about life, why I was here and what I was supposed to do. I was protected by God. I would live a great life. I had a perfect husband and family, lived my life as a good wife, sister, and friend to many people, and had financial comfort. I would die some day and look back on this glorious and blessed life that I had led. My God, I was so child-like and naive!

One year ago, I was still living in my other home by myself with the children. It was a wonderful time, for a while. After I had told Gabriel about my illness, he just accepted it, and that was that. He did not think that I was crazy at all! We did not spend every waking minute discussing it. I just wanted to be as normal as I could and treat it like any chronic illness. I was fairly healthy now and was doing quite well. I decided to move onto Naturopathic supplements, that were anti-fungal, anti-parasitic and anti-heavy metal. Occasionally, I would buy some antibiotic and anti-fungal drugs from an online pharmacy, based in India. My liver just would not tolerate any strong antibiotics at all. I was still taking heart medication for my enlarged heart and atrial fibrillation.

The last ultrasound showed that my heart had decreased in size, and had not gotten any larger, thank God. Although I could not tolerate missing any of my Metoprolol, as my heart would go into an irregular rhythm, I was praying that my heart would continue to improve. I was bumped up to an almost full-time position at the hospital. My life had finally taken an upward swing and I was actually very happy, at long last.

The children liked Gabriel as well. He spent a lot of time with us on the weekends that I had the kids. It felt like we were almost family again, just a different one. Gabriel and I had a lot in common. We both liked walking in the woods, going to beaches, and enjoying nature. We were both into scientific topics, such as discussing space and even UFOs. We would discuss spirituality and why we thought that we were here. We enjoyed the same foods and were always trying something new. We wanted to do something different, as well as talk about many different topics. Gabriel would tell me about his adventures being a pilot out west and flying in the Arctic. He was also a med-evac pilot and rescued a lot of people. He was used to being with nurses. He was very much like me. I felt that I had finally met my soul mate.

Gabriel loved to travel, and so did I. So, out of the blue, my girlfriend Tina, who was also dating a new man, decided to plan a trip to NYC for New Year's Eve, which was on my life's bucket list to experience. When I mentioned this to Gabriel, he thought it was a fantastic idea. I had been rewarded a lot of air miles that I had accumulated while renovating my new home. We could pretty much travel for free, as well as stay in the hotel very cheaply. I booked a flight for us for December 28, which would give us two days to explore NYC and take in a Broadway show. I always wanted to see *Phantom of the Opera*, the Empire State building, and Rockefeller Plaza. I really wanted to see the rebuilding of the Twin Towers, as did everyone else in the world.

Meanwhile, I was starting to notice some bizarre things coming out of me in my bath, such as multicolored fibres and a few black specs. I was keeping in touch every few months with my doctor from San Francisco, Dr. Cooper, who had diagnosed me with both Morgellons and Lyme disease the year before. She recommended taking some new Naturopathic supplements. She was a Naturopathic doctor, as well as an M.D., and former OB-GYN surgeon. I would tell her what I was taking, and that I still could not tolerate any antibiotics. She was doing her own research on Morgellons and treating other patients who had it. She asked me to try some Naturopathic anti-heavy metal supplements, because she

found that patients with Morgellons were also toxic for a lot of heavy metals. Her patients were improving using the supplements Alpha Lipoic acid and N'acetyl Cysteine. I said OK, I would give it a try. I would give anything a try once, especially with this nightmare.

It was good to speak to an actual M.D., who knew what the hell this was. I continued to feel validated; my self-esteem had taken a major blow from my ex-husband. It was hard to believe that my ex-husband, Phillipe, was still treating me like a crazy woman, even after I had been diagnosed by an actual M.D. Luckily, my ex-boyfriend Tom, Gabriel, as well as my friends and family, were supporting and believing me.

When I began my new supplements, I really did not feel a whole lot different after a few days. They did not seem to do me any harm. I had no Herx-Heimer reaction, or yellow color from my liver, either. Within a week though, I noticed bizarre things starting to come out of my skin, floating in my bathtub. I had seen this glitter-like material before, but only when I had my life altering Herx-Heimer reaction, which is when there is a huge die-off of toxins from your body, making you feel very ill, like you were going to lose your mind. Mine was not the normal reaction, not by a long shot! This is what started this body take over a year ago! The reaction lasted for days, with unbearable biting, and movement of a large mass, the size of my fist, travelling around my body. Black specs and fibres flew out of me, like something out of a horror movie. Gold glitter exploded out of the side of my head when I looked in my foyer mirror. I believe that I tried to block out these memories for my own sanity. To dwell on that experience was to delve into another dimension, that few would understand.

I still did not understand what had happened to me. It was now all rushing back; the terrible trip to the Twilight Zone. The one way "Ticket to Hell." I still had PTSD from it, and just thinking about it caused me to start shaking and sweating. I had finally gotten used to my new "norm," seeing a fibre here and there, some black specs, and feeling a little movement in my body, some breakout on my face, and a sore from time to time. I did not want to deal with anything else! The glitter would pop out of nowhere on my face, chest, and hands. It was not a large amount, as if someone sprinkled a little glitter on you. It looked like a child's glitter. It was not only gold though, it was also blue, red, silver, and green -- a rainbow of glitter. When I was in the sun, it was particularly noticeable. After a bath, the top of the bath water became all glittery as well.

When I was able to retrieve some samples, I decided to examine them under my microscope, where I saw a hexagon shape with a serrated edge on one side. Even though it was blue in colour, under the microscope, it was a clear pink, with some dots in it. The red glitter was a dull grey under the microscope. Silver glitter was brown in colour. None of the hexagons were the same colour under the microscope. It was really strange. They all had the hook on the side and some even had fibres growing off them. What else was new with this illness? It was so strange; nothing was as it appeared to be. One day, when Gabriel was over and the kids were with their father, I decided to take a bath, and the bath water became all glittery again.

“Gabriel, come into the washroom!” I hollered, “can you please have a look at my bath water?” Gabriel entered with a smirk on his face, looking at me rather lustfully, as I was, of course, naked.

“No, I do not want you here for any other reason,” I said, laughing. “I want you to look at my bath water.”

“Oh, OK then,” he said, giggling. “I thought you wanted me to look at your cute naked self?”

“Have a look at the water, does it look glittery to you?”

He leaned over and said, “Well, yes, it kind of does.”

“I know that it does,” I said, “but I wanted a second opinion.”

“Well, I have seen the glitter on your skin before,” he said.

“Yes, I know, but it really seems to be coming out of me a lot lately. Especially in the bath, and also in the sun for some weird reason.”

Gabriel just stood there and rolled his eyes at me.

“Weird is right, Miranda. You are the epitome of weird, for sure!”

I laughed and said, with a smirk, “Well, thank you Gabriel. I will take that as a compliment! You seem to have a thing for us weird women, though. But thank you for your opinion. I will be down shortly.”

“How’s about we have some fun in your nice little bed here?” he offered.

“Sure,” I said, “see, I knew you liked me, even though I am a weirdo!”

Once I received validation from Gabriel, which I really did not need as I have always trusted myself implicitly, I decided to do some research on the net regarding Morgellons and hexagons. I remembered the first time that I Googled fibres coming out of your body and unhealed sores. That research ended up opening up this can of worms, no pun intended! When I typed in hexagonal shapes and Morgellons, boy, did I get a

shock! There were all kinds of hyperlinks with images of the same hexagonal shapes that were coming out of me. Pictures that were both microscopic under several different types of magnification, as well as with the naked eye. The same colour scheme of blue, red, gold, and silver glitter-like material. The images even had the same hook on only one side of them.

“What the hell is this material?” I said to myself. “It all looks so bizarre and even alien-like! What the hell is the purpose of this stuff anyway -- besides to torture the shit out of you and make you feel crazy and miserable?” Little did I know; my real torture hadn’t even begun yet.

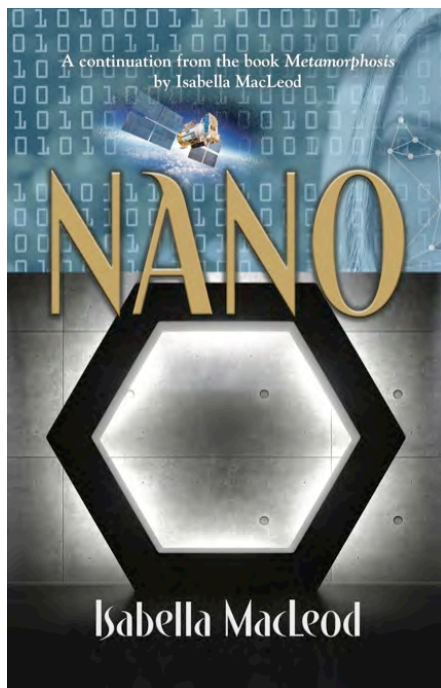
One of the links I found was from a toxicology doctor in California, who, low and behold, was treating patients with Morgellons at her clinic. She had many hexagonal-shaped images on her website, and a very scientific explanation regarding Morgellons. After two years of misery, I was very excited to read this, as you could imagine. Without knowing what the hell this was really, Dr. Susan Christianson was claiming that Morgellons was “a form of advanced Nano materials, made out of smart dust.”

“OK,” I thought to myself, “that sounds kind of out there.”

I decided to continue reading. I looked at pictures from her clinic of a woman whom she had cured of Morgellons. Video showed the woman walking around the clinic, demonstrating how all the machines worked. She had used these machines to cure herself. Watching the video, I was getting pretty excited; it was giving me a sense of hope, a chance to finally get better! Dr. Christianson used different sauna machines to detox the body, called far-infrared machines. These saunas were different than regular saunas, going deep into the tissues to detoxify the body. She called the fibres “nanotubules” and the hexagons “smart dust.” I kept reading her research on Morgellons. She sold supplements at her clinic, many with weird Asian names, that were supposed to detoxify your body at a cellular level. I was beyond ecstatic after reading this information! I looked up her contact information and found that she required a doctor’s referral. Immediately I thought of Dr. Cooper in San Francisco, with whom I was still in touch. This would be perfect; they both lived in California; it would be easy as pie to arrange. On Monday morning, I phoned Dr. Cooper’s office, and explained that I needed a consult sent to Dr. Susan Christianson’s office.

“No problem at all,” the secretary said, “I’ll phone when the consult is sent.” I was thrilled; I could not wait to get an appointment with Dr. Christianson. She charged \$500 dollars U.S. for her consults, which lasted an hour and a half.

Meanwhile, I was still working almost full-time at the hospital, and dragging the kids to all of their sports activities on my weekends with them. The kids were well-adjusted to shared custody. I loved my children more than anything in the world. They were both beautiful children, smart and kind. Things were going very well with Gabriel and I, and I was feeling quite well. When I did not have the children, Gabriel and I would spend most of the time at my house. Sometimes, I would stay at his condo, if we went downtown for dinner. We would pretend we were rich and say, “We will stay at the condo in the city tonight and then retire back to the country house tomorrow night.” I was enjoying myself immensely. I was finally happy. Little did I know this would quickly change.



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