

I met BT in 2004 during my first admission (June 2004) to 48C. We interacted somewhat frequently as part of my TCP was to socialize more, etc, play cards, games, etc. We made a deal that by her request I would "trust her, tell her everything, and be honest" and she would help me. Usually if I didn't comply/talk to her, she'd be persistent and pressure me into participating. For example, she'd say my name repeatedly in a way like she was playfully scuddling me for something, and say things "remember our deal?" etc. She'd sneak in candy for me, jolly ranchers, etc. I eventually was transferred from 48C to 50H in October 2004, and never thought anything of it again. In November 2005 I was admitted for a second time to OSH, this time to ward 48B. She had moved up in position to be a regular floor staff on 48B. I recognized several staff members who I had known previously, and kept to myself about it. I was placed on 1:1 watch for little reason when I arrived, I was stable and contracted for safety, and everything had been fine during my time in the the JU at Sacred Heart Hospital and in jail. There was concern about self-harm maybe. I was pretty devastated to return to OSH, I was very afraid as my last stay wasn't too great. I didn't get out much at first, I stayed in my room. After awhile BT brought up our previous arrangement and expressed concern in how I was doing. I was pretty reluctant respond to her, I didn't want to be in the same situation I was back on 48C, being sort of pestered and expected to play along with everything. She was quite persistent, and I was regaining some of my motivation and interest in proceeding in treatment and hospital life, I wanted to get out very badly, so I decided to work with her. At the time I was interested in experiencing and trying everything I could, a lot was new to me and I felt I had a lot of learn and improve on. We started talking a lot in room 1, it was mostly stuff about what I'd been doing and how I was doing on the unit. She told me a lot about herself and why she liked and wanted to help me, like she had a lot of experience with helping people with lots of "anxiety and depression," she raised a young teenager who had the same problem, she did a lot more than me though, cutting herself and always freaking out. BT thought she knew what would help me, and so a lot of our conversations and interactions were done because she thought I needed it or it would help somehow. I wasn't able to participate very much, I had a hard time getting onto the issues. She was always giving me special attention on the unit, whether she was always winking at me in the halls, or providing candy, or extra freedom from rules and restrictions. Then at some point during this all, the idea that I hadn't had a lot of "touching" and "love" in my life was brought up, she thought I had a really bad childhood afterall... so there was some questionable physical contact that began after that.. like when I was being taken to the side room, she'd massage my back and arms, and we hheld hands a few times. The handholding thing happened when she took me into the shower area alone and instructed me to hold her hand, which I did. It was in a way you might hold a GFs hand. >_> Okay, so I didn't feel all comfortable with this all, I always felt pressed to engage with her and everything. I joked with her a lot, just because she always let everything slide, and I brought up getting a hug. I never thought she'd do it, I was just thinking she'd get annoyed with it and she did tell me she didn't want to get caught/etc. On another day she came to me and told me she had found a way we could do it, and she'd come get me later. I was still on 1:1, and I had contact lenses that I had to remove in the medication room. Late at night, she took over as my 1:1 and we went to the medication room, where we both went in and she closed the door. There wasn't anyone else around. I stood in the med room very reluctant to join her in a hug, she waited a awhile and then told me to "hurry up" before we get caught, or lose the opportunity... so I joined her, and it lasted for a few seconds... I felt pretty good about it, like she cared and was just the nicest person for helping me, I thanked her. After it was over, a female nurse looked around the corner, she was in the office the whole time! Then that was it... we still hung out a bunch, but people had been noticing it for awhile, and I was getting freaked out about everything. She had mentioned she could get in trouble and all that, and I didn't want that to happen, but it was really bothering me. I tried to bring it up a few times with Dr. Sible and the Social Worker Frank, I mostly asked hypothetical questions, and what if type things.. I wondered a lot if this had all even been approved, like the TX recommended it or allowed it, I really wasn't sure. There were a few times when staff had talked to her about it, like a guy named Guss who told her to be careful, etc.. she talked to me about that and her idea was that we'd just not use