

I know that this is pass due but I have not been feeling well with what has been going on in my COUNTRY. Remembrance Day, I was crushed at how DnD and Health answered. I just received letters from both department and it has crushed me during the Xmas holidays. We had another incident in the Veteran's community, MURDER SUICIDE. I am not sure if the young man took Mefloquine but it shows how veterans are treated. This has been crushing me but I must continue the fight. I wish I could heal from this but I can't and will not stop till I can.

Ok, lets start from day one. I don't know the date exact that I took this pill but I know it was given to us before deploying on the 26<sup>th</sup> of December, 1992. We had already done the medical round robin where they would give us a ridiculous amounts of Vaccines and pills. I was not screened but they dished out those MEDs to prevent diseases while overseas.

You can say the Nightmares started immediately. I was having them at home. I didn't think nothing of them and brushed it off on the deployment stress. As a good Paratrooper I didn't complain and move on. I didn't know that my nightmares were caused due to this pill until I got in Somalia. There, most of us were complaining of the side effects that we were having with this New antimalarial pill. I say NEW because they didn't tell us it was unlicensed, they said it was NEW. Also, the person giving us this drug was unqualified to know the warning signs. Nothing was ever done about it and it became an ORDER to take it.

Once a week, the Platoon Medic would make a parade to hand out this medication. We would bitch and moan but an order was an order. I continued taking this pill until July. I heard that the quantity was suppose to go accounting to our weight but everyone was getting the same quantity.

My symptoms got worse. I was getting very irritable and aggressive. Every Morning we Stood Too in our fox holes. This was done in case of an attack. Most of the attacks are done first and last light so we were ready. I remember sitting in my pit and HOPING for an attack to happen so I can blow the head off someone. I pointed my weapon at every head that would pop up from the desert, Kids, women and men. I was just hoping for the order to open fire. I spoke about this to my medic and was told it was nothing. My nightmares happened the night that we took this pill but My aggressiveness hasn't stopped since.

A few incidents happened while in theater. March 4<sup>th</sup> has been my living NIGHTMARE since. I was on watch in a tower, in the compound of 1 Commando. I had a NODLR ( Nocturnal Vision Device ) and saw 2 Somalians enter in a compound. Before my shift, I was told that the Recce Platoon was outside the wire to capture any intruders. As the 2 Somalians entered the Engineers compound, I called it in.

As I was calling it on the PRC 77, I was watching what was going on. I seen the 2 Somalians run for their live when confronted by a one of the Recce detachment inside the compound. One of them got shot by a 12 gage shotgun in the back but the other managed to escape the Razor wire and started to run. A detachment of 2 men were chasing him. The lead man drop to one knee and fired at the running Somalian. This hit the Somalian because I seen him drop to the ground and he got back. He continued to run and the second member of the detachment by passed his teammate and got down on one knee to take a shot. This time the Somalian man didn't get back up. I watched the two members of the Recce detachment walk over to the Somalian body. One of the Recce members stood over him and shot him in the head at point

blank range.

Incidents like this was becoming more and more visible. Just to see how Clayton Matchee and Kyle Brown react like that. Shidane Aron was a young and weak boy that tried to steal and got caught. Clayton Matchee had issues that were ignored and it lead to the senseless beating of this young man. Christ, he was stealing something to survive and got beaten to a pulp with a pick axe handle.

I was seeing the discipline in the troops lower. I seen people do things that were out of their characters. I for one left the compound many times to go hunt Somalians.

January 31<sup>st</sup> 1993 was my birth day. The guys gave me their Whiskey that was in the Italian rations. We traded our rations with other contingencies often. After drinking, I felt like I was being watched. I heard drums and needed to investigate. In the middle of the night, I strapped up my gear and left the compound in search of these drums. I walked and walk till the drums stopped. I was in the outskirts of the Beledweyne area and started to head back to camp. I was with a member of my section which will remain nameless. This individual, had the idea to search each hut on our way back to camp. We found a hut with 4 military 20 liters fuel cans. We walked into the hut and took the cans away. The individual woke up as he was sleeping on the ground. A Butt stroke (A hit from the Butt end of the riffle) was given to the face of this man, as we took the cans back to camp.

While in Mogadishu, I was a member of the rear party. We were the last Canadian boots on the ground. I was part of the QRF (Quick Reaction Force). I was driver/bodyguard of Capt. Rainville and Colonel Labe. When we were off duty, which didn't happen very often, we would do stupidities. I never understood why we took such risks. We were professionals and it was not in our norms.

One night, we decided to adventure out. We were inside a Port Compound and we wanted to go see pass our limits. We would see these buildings and people that looked suspicious while on a Observation Post duty. That night we were determined to find out how suspicious they were. Without permission, a member of my squad and I left the compound, civilian cloths with just 9mm at hand. We left the compound for a good hour. No incidents were reported and we came back safe. Then, I thought it was a good idea but looking back now, it was not an intelligent decision. All this was due to the anxiety, paranoia and illusions we had in our heads. I was in theater for close to 7months and this is just a glimpse of the psychosis that was happening while in theater of operations. Even the Commander and RSM had their own. Like patrolling drunk with jump smocks and berets on.

The aftermath of Mefloquine had started day 1 for many of us. When I came back to Canada, another Hell would unfold. I was more aggressive and gave it all I had with the Pathfinder Platoon. We were training to go to Croatia with the Command of a great officer that got it all stripped from him. News had come on damaging Initiation with my Commando. I was publicly mocked by my Government, Disbanded my Regiment and sent me to a Unit where we felt the shame for the closure of the Regiment. My statue grew to trouble maker only because I was to testify at the Somalia Inquiry in reference to the March 4<sup>th</sup> incident. I was intimidate by my superiors to not say much because careers were at stake, especially mine said the Master Warrants Officer P. Marchant. They sent me 5 times to testify and each time I felt the heat turn up. I was just trying to do my job and keep my family a float. The commandment decided to take me out of the Jump Company when 3<sup>rd</sup> Battalion of the R22R were going to Haiti. I was denied going to this mission due to my trouble maker status. They place me in the Recce platoon to help reorganize the Quarter Master. 3R22R was moving in a new facility.

After lying under oath to save the careers of my colleagues and myself, I was completely outcast by my unit. They were pushing me out the door. I was hurting financially and started to work at second job as a security guard. I was working 80 to 90 hours a week to try and dig myself out of debt. I had a wife and 2

boys that needed their dad to do right. I worked myself sick and had no help from the Military that just saw me as a problem.

While I had my sleepless night and was working like a mad dog, I had another psychosis. I never knew why I did this and have been ashamed of it for soooooooo many years. I tried all therapies to understand it but nothing made sense. I was a family man, I had the Honor of a Paratrooper but one night, after finishing a shift as a security guard, I picked up a female hitch hiker. It turn out that she didn't need a ride but was a prostitute using a scam to trick clients. When I found out that she was a prostitute, I used my authority to gain sexual favors. It was the worst mistake of my life and never understood it till now. The prostitute placed a complaint to the police. Her story was full of lies that came out in court. But due to the fact that I used my authority to gain sexual favors is **SEXUAL AGGRESSION**. I was sentenced to 2 years less a day. I did my time with good behavior.

I was Dismissed with **DISHONOUR** from the Military. I was thrown to the streets with a wife and 2 kids by DND. I started to study but my concentration was soo out of wack. I started to take antidepressants as I struggled with no support and the weight of the world on my shoulders. I was outcast by my so called brothers. As the days passed, I got worse and worse. More and more meds were needed, until nothing was working.

My doctor sent me to a psychiatrist and he referred me to the Veterans Hospital in Ste-Anne de Bellevue. I did 3 stays with a duration of 3 months each time. I wanted to get better and I tried everything. The hospital sedated me with heavy medication. They would do this till they call me stable and sent me home to my family. As time past my symptoms would get more and more out of hand. My family was walking on egg shells as my temper grow more out of hand. I locked myself up in the house even though I was medicated. I think the medication made my situation 1000% worse. I tried to cope with life everyday but my situation got worse and worse on the medication.

I was getting more hyper vigilant, more depressed, I had the bunker affect, and was getting more and more aggressive. I lost my manhood and it created a distance with my wife. This distance gave another man to step in between us. I lost my family and my kids have grown to hate their dad. I am mentally ill and stripped of all honour.

My health was getting worse also. With all the meds that I took, I gained weight. I weighed 127.7 Kg and had diabetes. Diabetes is **NOT** in my family but the weight gain from the pills caused my diabetes. My rage grew to where I had 3 Road Rages. I have token myself off the streets due to this. Now I take public transport but I hate the Public.

After my separation, I quite all meds. I packed my things and left Canada. I didn't want anything to do with Canada. I left everything behind. I lived in Central America where I started a healthy lifestyle. That was until VAC and CRA started attacking me. VAC was denying me benefits and CRA was taking 52% of my wages. This lead me to Isolate myself deep in the Jungles of Costa Rica. I was paranoid and had not possible way to return to Canada. I had only \$900 CDN to live with per month. At time I would have to climb coconut trees to eat. I would also rent a sea kayak to go fish. I would pay for the kayak with 75% of my catch.

I returned to Canada in the month of March 2015. I was homeless till 25<sup>th</sup> of January 2016. I had a great VAC Case manager that gave me a Clinical Care Manager to assist me. Werner got me here and also Werner got me my health card that I had been fighting to get for 6 months. Imagine that, a Veteran with NO health card but Immigrants receiving theirs as they get off the plane. Well, all this came to a crashing halt when the Mississauga office took away my Case Manager and Werner Stahl my CCM. My administration just fell again to the rock bottom. I was back on my rent and all that Werner worked so hard to help me get was disappearing. My situation here in Canada has been HORRIBLE and I have grown to HATE my country.

When all this was happening to me, it was because I mentioned Mefloquine. Claims were denied, Canceled and suspended. No wonder I waited 2 years for my total and permanent incapacitation. Also, I just found out that VAC has been denying me of 10 years of benefits. They only had me as a class A veteran, getting the minimum of benefits. I went 10 years without a dime to clean my teeth.

I have many reasons to hate this country but the main reason is that my government is killing Canadian citizen with this illegal antimalarial drug and all of it is for a profit. I sat and met 3 Ministers, Kent Hehr, Harjit Sajjan and Jane Philpott. They all laughed at me and brushed me off when I told them that this is a National Health Issue. Every day I stay here in Canada and see my Government deny, KILLS me a little more. We are talking about self destruction, Addiction, Murder and Suicide. Jane Philpott told me herself, "I am only here to support my colleagues", when I told her this.

Each day I fight to stay sane. I can't get help from any mental health facilities due to my medication. They all want to lock me up under suicide watch as I talk about my symptoms. They continue to push antidepressants and antipsychotics even

If I tell them that I can't. No one wants to treat me for the toxicity I have in my brain and they continue to label me as PTSD. This is KILLING us. I guess that is what this government wants, MORE MURDER SUICIDES!!!

Claude Lalancette