Rainbow Reflections
Part 2

Copyright© 2027 by Rex Malik

Forword

Rainbow Reflections: Part 2 by Rex Malik is a chronological memoir chronicling his life from childhood through 2026. Told through his own memories, reflections, and personal photographs, the book explores his journey as a gay South Asian American man navigating cultural identity, mental and physical health challenges, housing instability, family dynamics, and the ongoing search for community and belonging.

Detailed Chronological Summary

1. Early Life, Immigration, and Coming Out (1980s–1990)

* **Immigrant Roots:** Born in South Asia, Malik immigrated to the United States with his family in 1984 after being sponsored by his uncle. After a brief stay in Maryland, his family settled in Northern Virginia (Alexandria and later Springfield), where he experienced significant culture shock.

* **Discovering His Identity:** Around age 10 or 11, Malik realized he was attracted to boys, though he did not yet understand what it meant. During his shy, introverted high school years, he developed his first unrequited crush on a classmate named Chad, slipping anonymous love letters into his locker.

* **Finding Solace and Coming Out:** Pop icons like Madonna and soothing instrumental music helped him cope with adolescent isolation. At age 16, he casually came out to friends and family—receiving indifference from peers and quiet, reluctant tolerance from his family. He graduated high school in 1990 with an advanced diploma and overcame aquaphobia through persistent swimming lessons.

2. College False Starts, Depression, and Graduation (1990–2000)

* **Towson State & Early Adulthood:** Malik briefly attended Towson State University in Maryland in 1990, where he enjoyed swimming and

visiting gay clubs in Baltimore, but dropped out after one semester due to academic disengagement and difficulty balancing his closeted life with straight roommates. Returning to Virginia, he worked low-paying temp jobs, joined LGBTQ activist groups like ACT UP and the Human Rights Campaign Fund in D.C., and had his first romantic relationship with an Army recruit named Mike.

* **Mental Health Struggles:** In the mid-1990s, unrequited feelings for a neighbor ("Joey"), family tension, and unsympathetic healthcare providers contributed to severe, unrecognized depression.

* **George Mason University (GMU):** Seeking a fresh start, Malik transferred to GMU in 1996. Living in single dorms and driving a teal Toyota Celica, he found academic footing—particularly in philosophy and communication—and began publishing his essays online. Despite facing an anti-gay harassment incident in his dorm during his senior year, he graduated in the summer of 2000 with a B.A. in Communication.

3. Coast-to-Coast Searching & Housing Instability (2000–2007)

* **California Dreams & Hostel Life:** After graduation, Malik traveled to San Francisco and immediately fell in love with its vibrant LGBTQ culture. However, dragging heavy luggage between temporary hotels gave him chronic plantar fasciitis, and a lack of income forced him back to Virginia. Over the next several years, Malik bounced repeatedly between Northern Virginia, Los Angeles, and San Francisco.

* **Navigating the System:** Relying on state rehabilitation programs, subsidized housing vouchers, and legal aid, Malik endured frustrating bureaucratic runarounds and long waiting lists. While unhoused or between leases, he spent months living in hostels, where he formed meaningful bonds with international travelers (such as Tommy from France and Chris from Chicago).

* **Life in the Castro & Travels:** By late 2004, Malik secured an apartment at San Francisco's

Fillmore Center and immersed himself in the Castro District's nightlife, community centers, and brief romances. Financial strain and domestic disputes eventually pushed him out of his lease in late 2005. He subsequently traveled to Hawaii, Montreal, and San Diego—often feeling lonely or out of place despite the scenic destinations.

4. Stability, Digital Media, and Family Relocation (2008–2018)

* **A Turning Point in 2008:** Back on the East Coast in 2008, Malik committed to mental health recovery through an Adult Day Treatment Program and joined *Triangles*, a local LGBTQ social group. He embraced digital photography, landed work in web publishing, and later earned a Web Developer certificate.

* **Family Move & Loss of His Parents:** Following his brother and sister, Malik and his elderly parents moved to Northern California in 2014. Life there proved isolating, prompting Malik to temporarily return to Virginia to drive for Uber/Lyft. Tragedy struck when his mother,

Zubaida, was diagnosed with stage 4 lung cancer in 2015 and passed away in February 2017. After a grieving trip to Bali with his father and sister, Malik's father, Sultan, passed away from heart complications in October 2018.

5. Returning East, the Pandemic, and Building a Home (2018–2024)

* **DMV Community & COVID-19:** Returning to Northern Virginia after his father's death, Malik rebuilt his social circle through *GoGayDC* and *Dulles Triangles* meetups hosted by his friend TJ. When the COVID-19 pandemic hit in 2020, isolation took a heavy toll on his mental health, though he found relief through outdoor visits, pandemic travel to Tampa and Miami, and getting vaccinated in 2021.

* **Meeting David:** In December 2021, Malik received fan mail from David, a writer and history enthusiast who had discovered Malik's books on Amazon. The two developed a close bond, and in July 2023, they moved into a high-rise apartment

together in Alexandria, Virginia (the Meridian at Eisenhower), later adopting a kitten named Sasha.

* **David's Cancer Diagnosis:** In December 2023, shortly after they hosted a housewarming party and took a holiday trip to Baltimore, David was diagnosed with aggressive Stage 4 metastatic melanoma that spread to his lungs, liver, and brain. The book includes a firsthand medical account written by David detailing his emergency room visits, immunotherapy, and CyberKnife radiation treatments.

6. Dual Tragedies, Legal Battles, and Moving Forward (2025–2026)

* **Brother's Sudden Death & Probate Dispute:** In July 2025, Malik's beloved brother Nauman died unexpectedly in California. Because Malik's health prevented him from flying, he attended the funeral via Zoom. Shortly after, a bitter family rift erupted when Malik's niece and her attorney attempted to file Nauman's estate as *intestate* (claiming no will existed), despite

Nauman having left two wills. Malik hired a California probate attorney to defend his brother's wishes, resulting in his sister and niece cutting off all contact with him. A life insurance payout from Transamerica eventually provided Malik with financial breathing room.

* **David's Passing:** Simultaneously, David's cancer worsened in late 2025, requiring frequent 911 calls and hospital stays where Malik served as his primary caregiver. Unable to manage David's care alone as their lease ended, David returned to West Virginia with his father and passed away in hospice in October 2025.

* **Resilience into 2025:** Malik moved into his own apartment, invested in self-care (including completing Invisalign treatment in 2026), and continued attending D.C.-area LGBTQ socials. He closes the memoir reflecting on his ongoing health management with the motto: *"recovered but not cured."*

***The Search for the Trust (Late 2025): The

author's power of attorney (Karina) located their late brother Nauman's 2018 Trust, but a California attorney named Serry refused to release it without a court order. A court order eventually revealed that Rajiv Chadha (a tax accountant friend) was named as the Trustee.

***Court Battles and Delays (Early to Mid-2026): Rajiv delayed taking official action and wanted the news published in newspapers, while another person (Seher) unsuccessfully tried to become the executor. In April 2026, Rajiv was officially named executor and trustee, but probate was further delayed while he waited for a state bond and official letters of administration.

***Communication Breakdown: Once Rajiv officially took over, he stopped communicating directly with the author and their sibling (the only two beneficiaries), instead referring them to his hourly-paid attorney, Courtney.

***Frustration Over Questions (Late 2026): In October 2026, the beneficiaries received confusing questions from Rajiv's attorney about Nauman's properties, mortgages, and debts—information the beneficiaries felt the Trustee should already know or easily find through tax returns and credit bureaus.

***Current Concerns: With probate just getting underway and formal asset transfers months away, the beneficiaries are left feeling ignored, stressed about their financial future, and doubtful of Rajiv's responsiveness.

Table of Contents

II. Foreword

1. Preface

2. Immigrant Upbringing

3. Campus Blues

4. Homecoming

5. Heartbreak Hotel

6. College Redux

7. Health Renaissance

8. LA Calling

9. Destiny's Child

10. Hostel Helpers

11. San Francisco Dreams

12. Midnight Sunshine

13. Hosteling: The Sequel

14. Hawaiian Hideaway

15. O Canada!

16. California Dreamin'
17. Rays of Hope
18. Triple Play Vacation
19. Go West, Young Man
20. Eastward Bound
21. Heat Wave
22. Fresh Page
23. Sky Warrior
24. Harry Stylin'
25. Dear David
26. Our Housewarming Gathering
27. Sasha adopted
28. Update 24-26

About the Author

Summary of Key points

Last updated: January 1, 2027
Subject: My life profile in my own words, thoughts, and memories
Time: 10:56:48 PM EST
Author: rmalik Mood: Chillin'
Music: DJs don't dance no more(Harry Styles)

rexsbooks.com

Thanks to my family and friends for giving me the inspiration.

1

Preface

This memoir chronicles my experiences from around age ten, when I first realized I was gay. Growing up wasn't always easy, but looking back now, it has made me the person I am today.

I'm Rex Malik, and I identify as a gay man using he/him pronouns. By age fourteen, I knew my sexual orientation, although I didn't come out to friends and family until sixteen.

Everything in this book is true to the best of my recollection. To protect people's privacy, I've changed all names to nicknames.

I started writing this memoir while traveling through Miami, Florida and have continued updating it every three to six months over the years. It was initially available online, but after that platform shut down, I began looking for new publishing options.

This year, I found a self-publishing company and did multiple rounds of editing to get the book

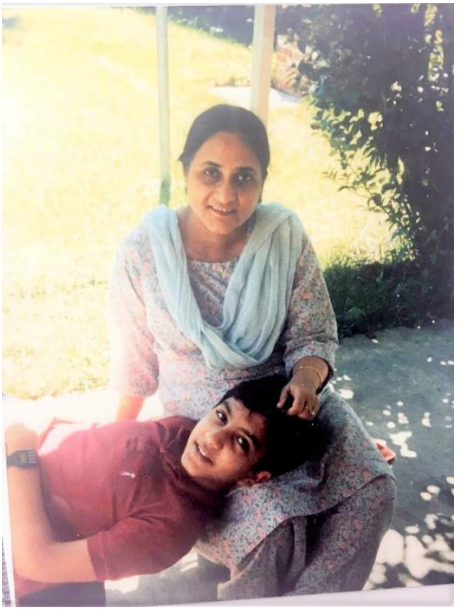
ready for print. Although I had tried writing parts of this story before, this time the words flowed easily as I recounted my memories.

The few people who have read early drafts have responded positively. I hope that by sharing my experiences, this book provides insight into growing up gay and inspires others with similar stories. Join me as I reflect on the challenges and triumphs of discovering my true self.

2

Immigrant Upbringing

In the early 1980s, my uncle in the US sponsored my family back in South Asia. So, in 1984 our number came so we gathered our belongings and headed to America. We stayed at my uncle's house in Maryland for three months, then moved to Virginia. I started junior high school in Alexandria, where I had to overcome culture shock. I remember I was 11 years old and, like some boys my age, I had feelings for other boys. At the time, I did not understand what that meant.



At 11 years old with my mom

Pop queen Madonna also hugely influenced my coming-of-age in the 80s and 90s. I always loved her songs, videos, and movies. She was a celebrity I looked up to in times of hardship when I needed courage. Madonna has long advocated for LGBTQ rights, which I found supportive. I wish the queen of pop continued luck. Later, I found relaxation in new age and jazz artists like Enya, Kenny G, and Yanni, whose instrumental music was especially soothing.

When I was seventeen, I decided to take swimming lessons at my health club. Juggling this with high school kept me busy. The evening lessons lasted about six weeks. My first instructor was named Martinez. I saw him weekly for an hour. His physique was incredible, intensified by being together in the pool. He taught me a few times, though I didn't quite learn to swim until my next teacher, Robert. At seventeen, Robert provided more than enough encouragement. Overcoming aquaphobia is difficult, but he taught me techniques to regain balance and support. At one point, Robert held me by the stomach to stabilize me, which aroused my feelings. Robert was not only friendly, but trusting while undressing in the locker room. I spent several more weeks learning from him in the pool but didn't conquer my fear of water until

the next instructor. By then, I realized it's hard to drown if you maintain balance. After that, I swam independently at the health club and later at college.

3

Campus Blues

In 1986, I embarked on high school, simply one of those guys who didn't quite fit the mold. I dug academics, dutifully doing homework, working hard, and soaking up teachers' lessons. But friendships eluded me. I was lonely, shy, and introverted. The cool kids captivated me.

When I was 14, I met Chad, a junior, in my algebra class. Chad was a riot, dubbing me "Rosario" and goofing around. Back then I was really bashful, but I vibed with his energy. After freshman year ended, I missed peeping Chad in class. That summer dragged on. Sophomore year I realized I had caught feelings for Chad, now a senior. We had no classes together, so I picked up a new hobby - writing Chad anonymous love notes, signing them "your mysterious friend."

I must be gay, right? Chad was so fine that I fell in love with him—my first love !!! No attraction to girls. I wrote Chad like 9 or 10 love letters but never found the courage to hand deliver. Instead, I slyly slipped them in his locker, week after week. To this day I

don't know how he uncovered it was me. But our last month of school, Chad somehow figured it out.

With my moon in Aquarius, I had mad passion for creative writing - jokes, romance, prayers, promises. One day Chad approached me in the hall. I got nervous, considering my stealth letters. But he just smiled and said, "Hey, what's up?" We chatted briefly. I never confessed my true desires to kiss and be with him. We went our separate ways after school ended. Crying on the bus home, I realized how much I had written without discussing any of it. Our fantasy relationship faded to black.

Later that year I started digging George. Again, mad shy, we never actually conversed. We'd make prolonged eye contact in the halls but never shared a class. Our attraction remained an intangible affair from a distance.

By 16 my attraction to guys kept growing. As a senior I casually came out to some friends. No one really cared. Senior year breezed by and I published a piece in the school paper about my experiences. I graduated in 1990 with an advanced diploma, stoked for a chill summer before college. I worked part-time at the movies with my high school crew - getting paid, watching free flicks, and hanging out. Before I knew

it, summer was over and I looked ahead to college life.

Earlier in 1990 I had gotten accepted to Towson State University. In September I would dip out of my hometown for the first time as a freshman. I was hype to start my life at 18. I had seen TSU once and in brochures, not knowing much else. My parents were set on Towson, Maryland. Parking was mad expensive, so I left my whip behind. Mom and dad dropped me off at my new dorm and I embarked on my college adventures.

I attended the required freshman orientation seminar two days before classes started. I learned some crucial info about life at TSU - strict no-tolerance policies regarding rape, harassment, drugs, and violence against LGBTQ students. That weekend I met my first roommate Jack, a senior finishing his biology degree. Jack volunteered as a firefighter a couple times a week. He was mad cool and we never even argued once. We had a mutual understanding.

Seven other guys lived in our quad too. Making friends came easy since I was outgoing and chill. We quickly started kicking it - going to parties, bowling, and grubbing at dining halls. Later I wanted more

independence - eating out, working out, clubbing solo. This created inner conflicts because I wanted to show my roommates equal time too.

I steadily adjusted, soon swimming 4-5 days a week at TSU's gym, admiring the guys on the swim team during dusk swims. I even started solo nightclubbing in downtown Baltimore, having mad fun at the gay clubs. But classes weren't engaging like I had envisioned. I wasn't feeling most of the professors, including an 80-year-old physics teacher who seemed half asleep. I took one dance class with mostly girls.

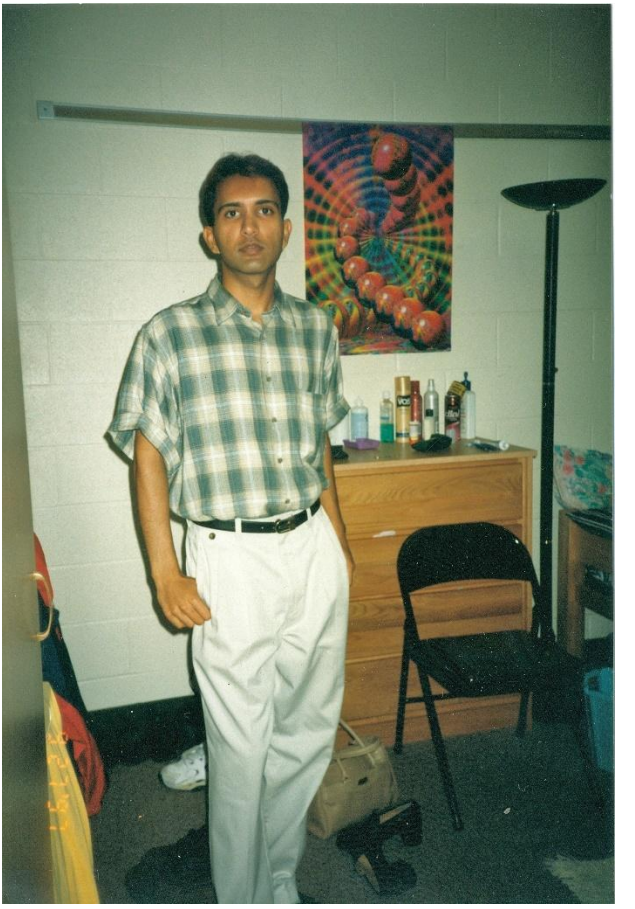
Moreover, I wasn't prepared for issues like time management, concentration, and my new social life. Student life seemed easy at first but my apathy towards academics led to withdrawn behavior over time. I lacked discipline and concentration for intense studying. My dorm friends now seemed superficial, rarely having deep talks, like about my closeted sexuality. I was gay, living with seven oblivious guys - not easy. Most just seemed to be coasting along rather than seriously academic. But maybe they were focused.

I had picked communications, but my ideals weren't realistic. Plotting out four years made me feel dizzy and insecure. My motivation tanked. I often skipped

unchallenging classes when material felt pointless. I don't think I was dumb, my mindset was just elsewhere.

But my roommate Jack was understanding and patient with me. We often napped and watched Arsenio Hall at night. Falling asleep was never hard. I decided to go back home at the semester's end. Jack was bummed when I told him, probably hoping I'd return to be the perfect roommate.

There were many openly gay and lesbian students, which is awesome. But people have different priorities. Some avoid labels, so how do they define their sexuality? Others feel greater empathy being labeled because they know silence equals death from experience. Visibility in the "normal" world ain't easy.



George Mason University

4

Homecoming

By the end of year, it was clear that it was time to go back to my family. Unfortunately, even at the age of eighteen, I did not feel comfortable enough to lash out on my own. Therefore, in 1991, I came back to Springfield, Virginia, and I started looking for part-time jobs. I applied and worked at several different places as a temp, as a cashier, and as a receptionist. Still, my work was far from being pleasant. My coworkers and I had a hard time getting along. Most of the time I found myself working overtime and getting underpaid. I not only had financial problems but also emotional difficulties relating to isolation. It's really hard to describe life as it used to be in the last century. One thing I can recall is that back then we did not have information as widely available as it is now. There was no Internet or digital media. My social contacts were not lacking; it is just that I did not always know what, where, or when something was happening. To put it simply, it was not only difficult to meet someone but also to maintain friendships.

However, at the age of twenty, I met Mike. He was nineteen at the time and working at a restaurant. I had answered one of his personal ads in the paper. But somehow, we were unable to meet right away because he had misplaced my number, which he found a year later going through his stuff. Our first time we talked all evening while the music played in the background. My first time with him was amazing. In his parent's home he also typed up several love letters especially for me. When he gave those to me, I was speechless. These letters and cards were filled with prayers, love, romance, and promises. I never knew anyone with this much passion and creativity.

He and I were friends for two months before he broke the news that he had been admitted to the U.S. Army. He apparently had to leave town and move to some other state, but we kept in touch by mail for two years and occasionally saw each other once a year at Christmas time. We also went camping together overnight, which was fun.

In the meantime, life went on as usual. Living with parents and a few siblings that moved in and out was hardly exciting. I lived in the suburbs, yet I wanted my independence and to be a part of the downtown scene. So, I drove downtown D.C as often as I could to socialize and even became an activist with Act Up and the Human Rights Campaign Fund. Sure, I had a place to live, but being gay was not easy even after I had come out to my family while in high school. I had other hobbies like going to the gym on a regular basis.

5

Heartbreak Hotel

I was curious about one of my neighbors across the street. We moved to Springfield in 1987 and now it was 1993. I liked watching Joey; he was graceful, good-looking, and macho. We had never really met. But he would always be working on his SUV in the front yard. We were quite the opposites; he liked the sunlight, and I liked staying indoors. Even when I tried introducing myself to him, he did not respond very well. He was somewhat aggressive and short-tempered. Again, maybe the time for an introduction had already passed. Yet this lack of communication only led to more feelings of introversion, a lack of self-confidence, and most of all, unrecognized depression. Again, I had health insurance, but nobody really mentioned that talking to a friend might help. Or that even a third-party intervention might help. Instead, I turned to my family and told them about my growing love for Joey. They did not have much to say; they didn't want to accept it. It's like the old saying, —It's OK if you are gay, just don't do anything about it.‖ I also had some siblings and cousins who did not know what was going on.

Then later I got really depressed and hopeless about my lack of communication with him. But ironically, I could see things differently now than before. From there on, Joey and I had some really interesting conversation right in his front yard. We talked about good things like how to stay busy to avoid depression; we talked about the gays in the military and about his latest work status. As winter grew closer, we met less and less. I still remember when he once invited me over the phone to hang out with his buddies. Yet I was too shy to accept his invitation. I wanted to spend time with him, not with his buddies.

Later on, I turned my attention to finding friends in DC on a constant basis. My health was not that good, but my need for intimacy and love was. I went out once or twice a week. I did not always find friends, but I did have a lot of one-night stands (with Venus in charge). I stayed overnight several times, not like this was my first time. But I did find company that my parents did not approve of. Most of the time, I did have the energy for courting and finding friends. Still, I managed to get away from people

like Joey and my parents. When I did make a move, it was always my call to initiate. People say use your verbal skills, but with age, guys get tired and more afraid of being let down.

When I was still a member at Kaiser Permanente, my doctors there were completely homophobic to say the least. They had no respect or even guidelines protecting L G B T Q patients. For the next year, I was not well and could hardly pick up meals two times a day. Looking back, I have friends now that have told me that Kaiser's practices mirror what's called biased. Plus, my mental health was not really that bad to begin with. What I really needed was to get out of the house more often, find emotional support, or even get some sort of therapy. My doctors apparently had no such suggestions either!

In 1994, life went on. I saw Joey on a seasonal basis in his front yard. Even then he

was too reluctant to invite me over inside. Unable to truly express myself, we talked about different things like, what's new? Or where are you out to this evening? Joey and I talked about gay issues in the media, however, glossing over the fact that I myself might be gay.

Well, next year time went by fast, my health slightly improved, and we finally moved to another town. I was thrilled to get away from him and that ugly street we grew up on called Orange Plank Road. Sorry, I never got a chance to say good-bye to Joey. But I will always recall him as the Lone Wolf. I learned to forgive and forget.

In 1995, I did part-time temporary clerical work and completely got fed up with the whole scene. That year I also got a chance to buy my second car. It was a two-door Toyota Corolla with a sunroof. The car was so much fun to drive. At that time, I also got fed up with the same routine. I just wanted change. My parents were always getting on my nerves. So in December, I went to my friend Sanjiv because I was so upset. He had friends over at that time and I sort of caused a disruption. Sanjiv had to excuse himself from the get-together and immediately come to my attention. He was

concerned because I told him about some of my domestic disturbances and the fact that I just wanted to move out of my parents' home.

I was about twenty-two-year-old at that time. Sanjiv did not have much advice for me besides —Calm down‖ and —You are welcome to stay overnight at my apartment.‖ I stayed and the next day things were back to normal. But my need for change was not resolved. So soon enough, I applied at George Mason University as a sophomore. I had already taken classes at a community college and had several credits that I later transferred after I got accepted at GMU.



After DC Pride Parade

6
College Redux

In the spring of 1996, I joined GMU and moved on to campus. I was thrilled to be a student again. Even though my confidence in studies was lacking, I still enjoyed being around students my age and getting respect from professors. I did have some trouble sharing personal space with roommates. So I got on a one-bedroom waiting list. The semester went by smoothly, and to my surprise, when the exams were over, I received three straight As. I took one class in philosophy, and that class really opened up my mind about looking at things from a different point of view.



George Mason University with my cousins

In the summertime, I went to the Gay Pride Parade in New York, New York, with my cousin Asad. We both had a great time traveling the city and staying at the YMCA. I got to meet his friends in New York. Plus, we saw the entire ten- mile parade and took some really great

pictures. Then the next year I went again with some of my friends to the Pride parade and had a great time also.

Later on, after summer was over in 1996, I came back as a sophomore, in the fall, this time with more hopes and dreams than before. Maybe being close to DC had a lot to do with that. For the first time, I really got into meeting new gay students, going out dancing, and socializing at clubs. I also got into the dorm room of my choice, and that tremendously helped me concentrate on my studies because, I really needed my peace and quiet at that time.

In the fall of 1997, things changed a lot for me financially and academically. Before the classes started, I bought a new Celica with the help of my father as a cosigner. I practically fell in love with this car. It had a teal metallic color, which was virtually impossible to find. In that sense, it was a one-of–a-kind sports car with a sunroof! That's why the car was sort of an incentive for me to go as a full-time student. This was the first time I went as a full-time student and got some really great scores on my exams. Then in 1998, I went full-time again all

year, but my grades were about average. Therefore, the next year, I decided to slow down and take the backseat in the second!



Celica 1995

The summer of 1999 was probably the most interesting time I ever had at GMU. I absolutely felt great about taking classes and staying in a one-bedroom apartment. This summer, I made more friends at college and in DC than ever before. This gay guy I knew in DC, Rodney, was so grateful for reserving the best seats in town, number 41. I liked going to DC because he was always helpful and caring. Another

interesting aspect of summertime was that I got to stay across from one of my friends, Bradley. I had met him last year at a different local on campus. But maybe now things were different. I was completely occupied with my work, studies, and socializing. And Bradley was going through a different phase of growing up. I believe he started liking girls a lot more at that time . . . Maybe it was peer pressure. So, we did not get to socialize that much. But he did stay for one session while I stayed all throughout the year on campus.

When I became a senior in 1999, I just wanted to finish my studies and get out of college. However, as time went by, I realized that was not possible. I had enrolled in such classes where some professors were difficult to please. These were the hard-core classes. That's why I had to retake two of these classes with different professors this year and in 2000. This is the main reason my graduation was delayed.

As far as socially, I completely cut myself out of the hopes of finding social support at GMU even though I really enjoyed working within groups like having discussions, giving presentations, keeping in touch with phones, e-mails, and teaching other students. However, it was these friendships that rarely progressed to

a more mature level, in a sense that after the classes were over, so were these contacts—another reason my social life turned totally to DC. Maybe I did not have that many friends at first. But soon I got to have plenty of acquaintances that knew me on a regular basis. I guess in Fairfax, Virginia, finding gay or straight friends was not that easy.

Nevertheless, in the fall of 1999, I had to move to a new dormitory. This turned out to be a difficult move because several years back I had already lived there. Just from my memories, I remembered how uneasy I was there. The single rooms in the building were too small. In the summertime, I was staying in an apartment all by myself for two semesters. By the way, I attend all summer sessions three years in a row! This was my second time. Even before the semester began, I had plenty of time to gather my stuff and move out. In the process, there were several unexpected and weird events that happened. For instance, I somehow got assigned to the wrong room. I moved into this building and the next day discovered that my suitemate was a girl! At GMU, they usually don't allow that. Not sure about their current rules. Therefore, I had to move my stuff all over again to the fifth floor. Before

moving, the residence services reassured me that this time I would be moving with a guy and that I would like him. They knew I was gay .

The next day I moved upstairs and met my new RA, Peter. He was in charge of the entire fifth floor consisting of about fifty students. We just had some really good communication from the start. He was a sophomore, and I was ready to graduate. He and I had about one week to get acquainted. Peter made me feel right at home. We talked and talked about all sorts of things like academics, friends, hobbies, work, and dorm life. Things went smoothly for about two weeks before other students started to move in. Then the fall session started, and classes began, and students moved in to the fifth floor.

Before the semester had begun, he and I sat down and talked about how things were going to be. One thing that we agreed on was to keep an open-door policy and clear-cut communication. However, arguments started in the first week about morals and ethics. Pete wanted his dorm life to be low–key. I wanted it to be more open. There were disputes about minor things like what type of shower curtain to use in the bathroom to more serious things as what type of JPEG I would use on my desktop. Obviously, what I considered

to be art, he considered to be disapproving. The open-door policy did not last too long; the clear-cut communication did.

Then there was another incident that was disturbing to me. It happened right in our suite. One night some guy walked into the bathroom (which was locked from my side) and started calling anti-gay slurs. Some of the stuff I heard was disturbing and rude like "fag...t". This time it was the RA's time to get written up! I was furious at Pete the next time we talked. He started apologizing that "Rahan" this would not happen again because this guy was not his friend and that he was drunk. Whatever, I told him that we are going to have a talk with his head RA. The next week we sat down and had a talk about what had happened. At that point I was reassured by both of them, because he was no longer allowed in the building. The century came to an end, we both moved out of the building. Because things just did not work out for neither of us. And, looking back at how the semester went it was clear. to us that "change" was the best thing.

7

Health Renaissance

Luckily, in spring of 2000, things just changed. I started feeling better about myself and my life in general; one reason being that finishing college was near site. I also started taking a new med. I felt less lethargic and more energetic. But at the same time, I also ran into some other minor illnesses that are not important to mention here. These are just some of the long- term effects of these toxic medications I was taking for so long.

At first, I tried these meds with small dosages and most of the docs I saw just laughed and said, —This can't be real. You are so young.‖ For the next three to four years, I went on and off Detrol, LA. Because of low dosages, my condition did not improve. Last year, I had more testing done at UCSF with Dr. Enright. Everything came back normal, but he was seriously concerned about prostate. I had that checked out too. This was six years ago, and now I actually do have some bladder problems.

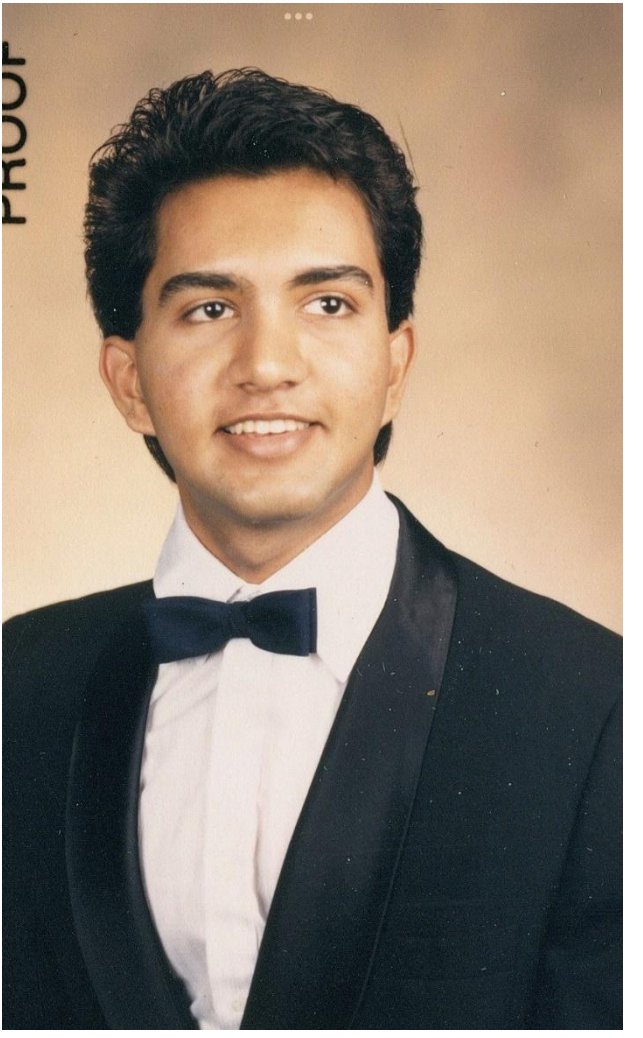
At the end of the century, there were also some very inspiring Latin artists who became famous like Ricky Martin, Enrique Iglesias, and Jennifer Lopez. I adored their songs, posters, and videos. They were all very unique in the sense that they became famous globally. My favorite song at the end of the century were —Waiting for Tonight, —You Are My Number 1, and —She Is All I Ever Had. I saw them performed on TV, in videos, and in the news. This was the one time that the Latin culture received a lot more recognition than before.

Furthermore, I did have spiritual interest that kept my hopes up like listening to new age music, astrology, and writing extensively on personal topics that I had experienced during my time at GMU. There was one personal memoir about one of my roommates who had moved away. My professor greatly encouraged me on rewriting and revising this essay several times because she saw that the need was there to sort out my feelings. It turned out to be an essay on interpersonal communication. And there was one paper on Bill Clinton's inaugural speech, one paper on Madonna's Girlie Show, one paper on Matt Damon's movie Good Will Hunting, one paper on Diversity in the workplace.

Furthermore, there was one on my favorite singer, Mariah Carey, which I had listened to before but never really as deeply as I did in my last year before graduating. Her songs were truly inspirational, and they helped me with the motivation that I needed at that time. It's never too late to have role models in your life. Her planet Mars was on the rise and dominant and so was mine at the near of my graduation.

Then finally, in the summer of 2000, I finished my BA in communication at GMU. There were some students who started work immediately and others decided to take a break. I decided to take a break and traveled far away to San Francisco, California. At the first time, I absolutely fell in love with the city, the weather, the hills, those colorful town houses with bay windows. I stayed in several different hotels and moved constantly every three weeks. I had six pieces of luggage. Dragging them from one place to another took a major toll on my physical health. I developed plantar fasciitis and could not walk straight. It's a major inflammation of the nerves under the foot. Taking transportation for the first time also contributed to this condition.

After graduation summer 2000



Furthermore, right before leaving for California, I developed a passion for publishing; that is, with the help of one of my professors who helped me develop the front page for a site called GMU Patriot. In this Web site, I published all seven of my major term papers with interactive menus, JPEGs, hyperlinks, and flying rainbows. As time went by, I bought a laptop and continued to publish extensively on several diverse topics like current social trends, Prince William, the Starlight Gallery, and fashion.

However, there was something lacking, like not having enough guidance and decreased confidence because my long-term goals were never achieved and finding a job without experience or even finding suitable housing with lack of income. Therefore, having a lack of stability also took a toll on my health. The last thing I wanted to do was go back home. But as the year ended, it was clear that I had to go back home. As the old song goes, —I left my heart in San Francisco.‖ I went back to my parents' house after four and a half years of studying abroad with a seriously bad mood. It was very difficult to adjust living with them for the next five months.



San Francisco, CA

In spring of 2001, I met John who was working at the local housing authority. He had heard about my domestic concerns. He really helped me as a mentor and with finding a apartment. I also did volunteer work at his office. Then in May, I moved into my second apartment in

Falls Church (the first one was at GMU).

As for the foot concerns, I continued taking Motrin three times a day, but did not actually recover until this year. Doctors like to call it recovery, but I still have to soak my feet, take Tylenol for pain, and wear hiking boots. Still, I liked living at Falls Church, Virginia, at first for about three to four months. But once again, my emotional health was really not that well. This was partly due to not being able to forget the student life I had before and the time that one calls the golden years of one's life. Living in an apartment by myself, I had constant flashbacks and nightmares. So I tried to explain that to my doctor and my therapist. They were able to help me realize that I needed to move out and relocate to a different place.

8.

LA Calling

Later on, I was enrolled at the local state rehabilitation center in Virginia. I tried very hard to work with them, but they could not help me find a job. Maybe there was some type of misunderstanding about looking for part-time or full-time work. I had filled out an Individual Plan for Employment form, which included job coaching, researching, and maintaining skills. When I asked them if they had any jobs for me, they said, —Ray, we don't have any jobs here. You have to do the searching yourself.‖ While I had no experience in my field and felt nervous and confused about searching these databases.

Furthermore, in the summer of 2001, I decided to move to Los Angeles, California, with a show of confidence but this time with the help of my mentor and the rehabilitation department. I arrived in Los Angeles, California, around August 2001 and eagerly discovered the 2nd biggest city in the United States. I did not have much money, so for the first time I stayed in hostels and

learned a lot about living in dorm like situations, like the experience of what it means to share a room with others. This is the thing that was really lacking and truly made up for what I missed at GMU because I stayed in single dorm rooms all four and a half years.

During the course of four months, I stayed in at least five to six hostels. But this time with less luggage and emotional concerns. I admit that sharing a room with other people really kept my moods in content. I learned so much about human interaction, interpersonal skills, and sharing personal space with other guys and girls. But once again, maybe something was lacking. Therefore, I was unable to find any housing in the next four months. I went through like ten dozen apartment listings per week. But nothing suitable ever came up. Even at the rehabilitation department, the same thing happened again. There was some sort of confusion about my work goals, ethics, or weekly hours.

Luckily in November 2001, I did find an apartment I liked in Hollywood, California. The landlord had every intention of helping me move in. But I lacked sufficient funds at that time, so

my hopes were dashed to the ground. I couldn't decide on what to do. So, I called one of my friends, Andria, and asked him for advice. He said that I could stay over his place until I find something suitable. I stayed with him for about two weeks, but things just did not work out.

I loved the warm weather in LA, yet not having a car was difficult to say the least. transportation in LA is far from being sufficient. The city spreads out across hundreds of miles. Taking buses takes quite a lot of time. But even people with cars complain about the major traffic jams as speeds average fifteen miles per hour on the highways, not to mention the haze and pollution in the city.

9.

Destiny's Child

In the fall of 2002, I moved into my brother's new five-bedroom house. That's after coming back from Los Angeles, California. I had nowhere to go. Before that time, I was seriously confused about where my next home was going to be. I wanted my independence but did not want to live alone. I sought advice from John (my mentor) on what to do. He was not quite sure what to say either. I had the opportunity to live in Falls Church again in a apartment, not once but twice. However, I was unable to make a decision on what to do. So, I stayed with my family until the single-family house was ready to be moved into.

Looking back, I regret waiting so long to move into my brother's house because even there, I was about thirty miles away from DC and once again in desperate need of social support. The year 2002 was perhaps the most boring year I can recall. The next year, things changed that is why in the summertime I decided

to finally move out on my own.

In September 2003, I moved out of my brother's house and into my sister's house for one month. Then afterward, I had enough confidence to move closer to the nation's capital, Arlington, Virginia. This was also because I wanted to be a part of the gay scene near D.C. This apartment in Arlington, Virginia, was so beautiful and extremely private; sort of like a basement apartment surrounded by trees all over. However, my circumstances were somewhat disturbing. But in spite of it all, I still finished my one-year lease in the county. These circumstances were not only difficult then but continued the next year also.

In March 2004, when the weather started to change, I felt this need to travel. At that time, I was living in Arlington, Virginia, in my apartment. I was never really content with my location, environment, or even the disturbing circumstances I was under. So I switched apartments within the community. There were so many things that I did not feel right about like not having enough social contacts. Then there were many family members living a half hour away

that were not really there for me either. I still needed change in my life, any sort of distraction that would take my miseries away.

Then finally, being fed up with all this nonsense, in May 2004, I bought a one-way ticket to San Francisco, California.



San Francisco, CA

One of the gayest accepting cities in the world. Soon I heard some good news that my family was also going there, and they wanted to meet with me when I arrived. At the end of June, we met at one of the hotels, did a lot of touring to surrounding counties and all around San

Francisco, California. They had to leave town to go back to Virginia, but I stayed because it was my soul-searching time. Though I had wishes and dreams, I was not quite sure if relocating to California would work out in the long run in terms of finding happiness.

However, the longer I lived there, the better off I felt about myself. Summertime in San Francisco is always wonderful. The town is full of travelers from all over. The wintertime is nothing that special 'because it rains a lot. Regardless, I had to make a decision to go back and come back ASAP to relocate here. Being on subsidized housing, I went back to Arlington,

Virginia, to clean up my apartment. Yes, I did finish my one year of misery in NOVA. Gladly, with the help of my sister and some charity groups like AMEN, Salvation Army, and Goodwill, I was able to empty the apartment. My sister and my parents were quite supportive of my move because they had already heard and seen all the sad news about my life in NOVA and the circumstances surrounding it.

Then one month later, I came back to

California to stay in hotels and hostels. I was aware that finding a apartment would take some time but wasn't quite sure how long. I traveled for about four months. As far as Housing in San Francisco, the wait to be called in for an intake only got longer and longer. I waited approximately two months to be called in and then two more months to actually move into a new place. That's when David, my therapist, and my legal aid came to my rescue and made sure that I get justice once and for all.

10.

Hostel Helpers

However, most of all, it was the everyday people I came in contact with that virtually kept me going in the right direction. Friends I met from Europe, Australia, and Japan were the most understanding of my long-term dilemmas. In the course of three to four months, I met some really intriguing people like Chris, Tommy, and Ryan. Chris was from Chicago. He liked dancing and meeting new people. He and I naturally had an honest and straightforward connection. We were excellent at communication, being supportive and protective about our needs and concerns. I moved back to the European Hostel about the same time Tommy and Chris were staying in room number 21.

Tommy, on the other hand, had known me for some time and was delighted to have me back and stay with him. In fact, one week before moving in for the second time, we both had dinner at an oriental restaurant. The first thing I noticed when I was sitting right across from

him was that he had hazel brown eyes, pitch-black hair, and his skin tan was absolutely beautiful. I forgot to ask him, —Is that L'Oréal Paris?‖ Haha. We talked about a lot of things like his job, his needs, his wants, and why he wanted to travel to India as opposed to live in his hometown of France.



Tom from France at the European hostel

I missed not being with him even at that time because I was staying at a different hostel. However, he reassured me that we will meet in one week, gave me his cell phone number, and said —Call me‖ before we hugged good-bye. Tommy was just different from other travelers I had met— unique in a sense that he had respect for my career

ambitions, insight about my emotional health and well-being. I must have hugged him good-bye. I did, but it was such a long time ago that I can't recall. It would be so nice to see him again. We just exchanged greetings this year on his birthday.



Flash forward to Fredricos Italian Restaurant

So, the next week, I moved back in to the European Hostel according to his expectations! He was expecting me but maybe wasn't quite ready to share a room with another person.

Chris was already staying with him. But just seeing me in good health and spirits calmed him, and he started listening to music. Soon I realized that it was not him who would keep me company over the next three weeks but Chris. He was still there to keep me company. His strength of character, honesty, and frankness kept me from losing hope in finding an apartment.

Then Tommy had to leave to go back to France. He promised that he would come back in three weeks, gave me his e-mail address, and said that I could call him direct at his mother's house. Unfortunately, I sent him several e-mails and picture albums but heard nothing back in return. He left one day before Halloween, and to be honest, I was really glad to get out to the Castro District and enjoyed myself for the first time. I sent him an e-birthday card, which he picked up. But people tell me, —Forget him, just move on. He will never be there when you need him.‖ Maybe it's true. But now I know that my

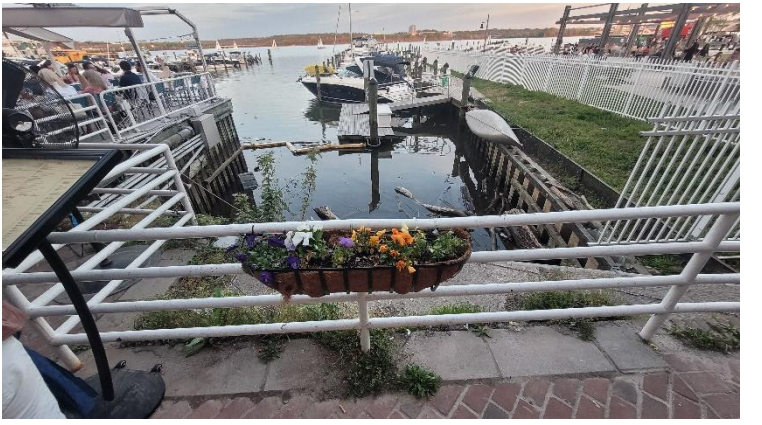
several attempts to contact him did work because Tommy claimed that yes, he did receive all the e-mails and appreciated the greeting card. It's just that he did not have time to respond. He sent me several photo albums, about five hundred JPEGS from India, realizing that after all, —I do care. Plus, he reassured me that it is OK, —my friend. I am waiting to talk to him on Skype. Now we are friends on Facebook. And yes, he is unique.

I also met Ryan from UK at the hostel. He was more than just difficult to get along with. He seemed seriously jealous and mistrustful. The only two things we had in common were blond hair and the ironic habit of falling asleep at the same time. Like magic, I would fall asleep the second he fell asleep! Sadly, the communication was never there until other guys at the hostel told me about his flamboyant lifestyle. Gladly, one day I got to witness this myself when he started knocking on the door at 3:00 AM. In the morning. Ryan had lost his key, and his knocking only scared all of us. Until finally, Tommy opened the door and found him drunk in his arms.

11.

San Francisco Dreams

The first week of November 2004, I finally moved out of the European Hostel and into the Fillmore center.



San Francisco, Fisherman's Wharf

Day by day, I not only prepared myself psychologically but also practically about living independently.

At that time, a lot of hostel friends I

had known had already gone back to their hometowns. Therefore, it was a relief to get away from the hostel-like situations and moving into this apartment not only gave me peace of mind but also stability that I really needed. So at this time, I am highly excited about how the rest of the year is going to turn out. I would rather be dancing and living somewhere in paradise! As the year came to a . close, I turned my attention to the Castro for new friendships and social support.

I had so many photo albums from last year that I finally decided to share them with everyone—albums from traveling, hostels, and meeting friends from last year. But most of all, at the beginning of 2005, I felt this urgency to get my thoughts out on paper. This turned out to be a lengthy and costly project. However, at the end, I not only benefited from writing a book on Gay Studies/Social Sciences, but it also tremendously helped me get out and about, plus look at my life from a philosophical point of view.



Outside a hostel in Hawaii

In the process of writing, I got to know several Internet cafés in town including the LGBTQ community center where people were always friendly. After the project was done (the first version), it was apparent to most people that I had made myself at home in San Francisco, California. My life history very much resembled someone who had already been through

the mill; for example, a life of a gay activist with a difficult childhood, a life of someone struggling with the stigmas of a MI, an American Asian who grew up in the U.S. and who now is a minority trying to fit in with the rest of the crowd.

Besides the everyday stuff, there were several moments in my life when I practically had to look at the society, I grew up in. Many times, it is very difficult to live up to society's ideals. That's why I rebelled as much as I could. Taking sides with the less advantaged in society and, most of all, being able to identify with injustice and human suffering. That's why I joined gay groups like Act Up and HRCF. Many minorities claim that the society they live in persecutes them by state laws and statutes that go against their lifestyle. I could certainly relate to that. However this year, things were different because there is respect for diversity here. In my second year in San Francisco California, people are aware of LGBTQ concerns. I discovered the city that I had seen before and felt like I had lived here all my life. In March of this year, these letters were already online with a few invitees, to name a few, John; Tommy; Ann; my close family members; and some cousins.

12.

Midnight Sunshine

On a Saturday night, I went out to the Castro District. I went early as usual but decided to wait at the country club till about nine o'clock . The Midnight Sun is still one of my favorite bars in Frisco. In search of Mr. Right, I met Rick. He had dark blond hair and laser-corrected vision. At first, I couldn't tell his age, but I guess it did not matter because he was born on June 21, just like Prince William.

We met like most people do. However, Rick asked all the right questions and kept my attention focused on him. After our introduction, he asked me to go out dancing. But before that, he had to excuse himself from his friends. We both decided to go out to Badlands (a dance club). So, we arrived at Badlands on a Saturday night. The club was crowded and loud. We went straight to the dance floor because they were playing my favorite song —Love at First Sight.‖ Sometimes I get restless from emotionally charged situations. Surprisingly, Rick took care of that by offering me drinks. Actually, it wasn't just that but the fact that he knew precisely how to make me feel

right. Sort of like —OK, we'll go, but finish your drink first. Maybe it was more like a mutual agreement. I had to tell him to slow down on the dance floor several times.

Later on, he asked me out for a ride home. But the plan changed in his SUV. He had to call his friends to let them know that he and I were going home for the night. Rick asked me to stay over at his house with him. I said yes. During the ride home, he mentioned several personal things about him, like if someone asked him for a commitment, what would be his needs and wants. To make the story short, we got to know each other a little better.

The next morning was so beautiful. When I saw his home and backyard, I was amazed. Just about everything was decorated perfectly. Yet it was even better when he made breakfast for both of us. Plus, he was so kind in the afternoon. He drove me back home all the way to San Francisco, California, across the Bay Bridge. Right before leaving, we both exchanged contact info. I got home safely, and due to some domestic disturbances, I had to leave town the same week. I went back to my parents' home.

However, I missed Rick a lot. It wasn't long

before I received an e-mail from him and some text messages saying that he is all right and traveling. So the best time to meet would be next month.

The next month came soon. I went back to San Francisco, California, and decided to stay in hotels and hostels because I did not feel comfortable at my apartment. Traveling, I was anxiously waiting to see him. Yes, but I had this gut feeling there was something wrong. I am still not sure why Rick had a change of heart and told me that he was no longer available. He tried calling me but was unable to get through. Maybe that's why he gave up. Uh, this sounded like another misunderstanding like what happened last year.

13. Hosteling: Sequel

While I was traveling in October 2005, I stayed at several hostels. At the HI-San hostel, the same thing happened like last time, only more disturbing. Maybe not as disturbing as this movie called Hostel. I found myself sleeping with more rude and obnoxious people. One guy checked in with flulike symptoms that were severe because by the time I left, I had caught his germs. I had sore throat for the next three weeks until I had to see a doctor. While there were more travelers with sleeping disorders like snoring in their sleep.



Hostel at Santa Monica, CA

Finally, when I thought I had seen enough, I mistakenly checked in to this same HI-San

hostel. That was right before leaving for LA. Maybe the first couple of nights were OK. Then someone else checked in to this dorm room—some guy that I never got a chance to see or even meet. He started jumping on top of my bed, disturbing me at four o'clock in the morning, coming in, leaving, coming in again, and leaving again all night long. That's when I started wearing earplugs.

In 2005, for about nine months, I was seeking medical advice at New Leaf services. My relationship with my medical professionals was just about excellent. However, in July, things started to go further down the hill. My therapist had to leave town, so I was assigned to someone else. In August and September, my documents were transferred to another clinic because I had filled out a grievance form when my primary doctor refused to acknowledge urgent messages that were left for him and my advisor. From what I can recall, I wasn't asking for too much besides intervention, which had plenty to do with my domestic situation.

In the latter half of the year, it became more and more difficult to finish my lease at the Fillmore Center. I had asked for an early break

before. My domestic circumstances were disturbing, to say the least. However, no one was willing to listen or intermediate. I got really tired of the same old scene day after day. Good news was I left town for three weeks in September just for a change. When I came back, things had not changed that much so I decided to stay in hostels instead. This lasted for about two weeks. Things calmed down in late October. In the first week of November, I had to finish and evacuate apartment number 428. I had plenty of furniture, most of it recycled or donated. Then there was this long list of tasks that had to be done. This took a lot of physical and mental energy. I considered finishing this lease a major accomplishment even though others didn't.

Yet before leaving, I had asked about the return of my deposit with the leasing office. At first, they had plenty of suggestions for me since I told them that I was ready to relocate to another place—suggestions like there is always a possibility of a partial credit if I need money for traveling and searching for an apartment. Normally, it takes three weeks, —but we could speed this process up for you.‖ Nevertheless, I decided to stick around San Francisco, California, because I thought that this would

be one way to get this refund back (a big mistake). A second way was to have leasing put into writing. This was when I actually did this new manager a favor because even, he did not know when the funds would be released, or he simply did not have any direct control over the accounting department.

Afterward, there were more staying in hotels and hostels. I had to take out so many loans in order to survive traveling. Maybe at first, I was unsure how these loans would be paid off. But later it was apparent that I won't be able to and therefore went broke!

This was my first real breakaway from the Fillmore Center. However, I ended up spending too much money in SF and LA. Even at that time, there was no guarantee of any refund on time. It only happened one week after I left town for LA. This was wonderful since I had visited the city in 2001, one of my favorite places to see like Venice, Santa Monica, and Hollywood.



I went to several of my favorite gay clubs, hotels, and cybercafés, not to forget the beach at Venice. Yea, this beach was beautiful at a full moon night. They have more private gay clubs by the seaside. I also stayed at this really nice Indian motel close to the beach.

This time the star walk of fame was different since now they have more encouragement for the rising star. Now in between, they have one empty block for every star. Hollywood Boulevard is also different now since Kodak Theater is now open. More glitter and glamour.

14.

Hawaii Hideaway

I came to Hawaii in December 2005. This was my first time on one of the small islands. I had heard some really good things about their hotels, attractions, and beaches from family members who had been there. The first night, I stayed at the Coral Reef Hotel and then moved on to the Seaside Hotel. This hotel was different from all other places I had been to. This place is huge. With temperatures in the eighties every day, there is no need for blankets, just flat sheets. Their dorm rooms were beautiful and clean. During the morning, noon, and night, the wind blows through the screens all over the rooms. This hotel is not only different, but well built. The colors on the blinds were vibrant and alive. Day by day, I learned to get around the town. The beach was only a block away. I was new to the area, so my brother was concerned. He had told me about his close friend, Jamie, who will show me the nice places on the island. Jamie and I did not get a chance to meet, but we did talk over the phone.



Waikiki Beach, Hawaii

There wasn't really anything that exciting to do in Hawaii besides going to Internet cafes, tourist attractions that were very expensive, a few gay clubs, the mall, and exotic beaches. This was all right at first, but soon it became boring. Especially since most people there are traveling and don't have a clue of what the right directions

were. Most people also just claim that they don't speak English. The streets were very difficult to pronounce. All of these felt like I was lost in paradise. And soon I had to leave town because there was nowhere to stay. All the hotels had reservations, the same for the hostels. But I did take some great pictures of the island. I also met this really nice guy at one of the twenty-four-hour fitness clubs. His name was Antonio. He showed me the club, explained their membership plans. Later on, I got more calls from him and more calls now saying that it was a great time to join the club. However, I was no longer in Hawaii. But it would be nice to see him again.

In December, I went back home to Virginia because there was no place affordable to stay at. I called my dad and asked him for help. Once again, he did not have suggestions

besides —OK, you can come home on a temporary basis. Later on, I had plenty of regrets that maybe I could have gotten advice on relocating to a different place. For example, why does it have to be Fairfax, Virginia? Why not Colorado or Florida? That might have been a nice place to move to. But I guess my cousins there are not so friendly? I stayed in Virginia for about one

month that turned out to be somewhat depressing and frustrating. There was no place to go, no transportation close by. Their health care system was seriously messed up. I had to call for more assistance at Reston Hospital. This was probably the only reason this doctor had to prescribe medications with the wrong dosages and the wrong instructions. That's after waiting five hours till three o'clock in the morning. Later, I had to file a complaint at Reston Hospital with someone by the name of Sheri. They still have failed to respond in a timely manner.

The good part of staying home for the holidays was that I got plenty of rest. High-speed Internet was fun with plenty of available information. Researching, publishing, and watching videos, I actually was able to get a lot off my shoulders. This was better than going to a shrink! The sad thing was that a lot of these issues were left unresolved.

Nevertheless, this month in January 2006, I had called Housing, and they told me that my voucher is still in San Francisco, California. I did not know where else to go besides here. But there are too many misunderstandings here like I have

had too many rough times in California and some people assume that if something is bothering me, I would just start putting it online! Many times, it is actually better to air out opinions, sort of like verbalize them. Another one goes like this: If you have a problem, you should complain. If you don't complain, no one will listen. But who has the time to go through that much effort of filing disagreements? From my experience, most unresolved issues get transferred from one state to another. Now that I am settled in California again, I am in search of more support and friendship like most adults are. I have tried online dating, but it has not worked. I prefer one-to-one introductions instead.

15.
O Canada

In April 2006, before I got the birthday greetings, I had already traveled in San Francisco, California, for three months. I stayed mostly at the Euroguest House with friends and Ali. They were a helping hand. Then I also stayed at this nice Indian hotel across the street just a block away. Once things settled down, Ali was thrilled to see me come back. He did not want me staying at Sue's. Ali insisted several times that I should stay at his local. At that time, I did not quite understand why.

This time around, things were not the same as the last time. Like they ever are, time changes everything. I had to start from scratch. I did find health insurance coverage but did not find a mentor who could have given me advice. I also went to AHP for intervention, but John denied that too. I left my last apartment, number 428, and some people considered that to be the end of the world. Frankly, I still would never go back there again unless there was a Lexus parked underground! Anyway, life does go on beyond that

Fillmore. Sure, I got to see Hawaii, Montreal, and other locals that were better than being home all the time.

After the birthday greetings were over, I visited my sister's house in Centreville. Living at home with parents was more than depressing. There was too much neglect. I wanted to get out and settle down on my own; they were just concerned with security and their credit profile. Meanwhile, I was trying to get my housing transferred from San Francisco, California, but only got skipped in the process with John and LSNova. This step started some long term problems for me that I am still having to live with. And then there was more confusion as usual in NOVA, Reston Hospital Center, INOVA Health, and several other clinics that only made false reps. This would not have been if it weren't for my past docs like in California. I left them several urgent messages that went unanswered.

Things got better later on at my sister's house in Centreville. It was fun playing with my niece and nephews, but they had constant fights that were disturbing to me. There was really no

way out of Fairfax except for the next plane out. Too many family secrets, hush-hush that continued from Chantilly.

I had booked a flight to get away from NOVA. At thirty-three, I wanted to see Montreal, Canada, and did not think I needed that much permission to leave. I had a friend who had heard good things about it like clubs, bars, and cafés that are gay friendly. On September 2, 2006, I took a flight to Canada and stayed at Utopik hotel next to the strip club Taboo. I met this really nice guy, Julian. He showed me the way around town. The weather was surprisingly warm in September. Most people there were bilingual, French/English. However, I did not quite understand the language; that led to confusion on the street when dealing with people and money. So, I stayed there for a couple of weeks. The town reminded me of my friend Tom from France and, of course, superstar Celine Dion. I heard she grew up there with thirteen siblings.

Then on September 6, 2006, I took a one way to San Diego, California. San Diego, California, was all right, but I could not stand the people there. They were extremely rude and

obnoxious. Oh, maybe it was hate or the alignments from Alabe, Relo Asc 22 degree Sag opposite Asc 22 degree Gemini. My interpretation is this led to sudden but short-lived love affairs, burst of communication, yet somewhat tricky situation. Again, maybe that was just my race/national origin? The question of relationship was not there, but the question of endangered health was. Soon, I totally got fed up and took more time to meditate as to the direction of life.

16.

California Dreaming



Orbit Hostel in West Hollywood, CA

It must have been a dream. Even before heading to California, I had visions of making it in LA. Finding health, happiness, and love. Virginia for me got too boring; the same life, yet more bore this time. It's difficult to get around without transportation. Even more difficult without cheap hotels and hostels. I had dreams about my past health care provider in UCLA, constantly. I like being treated as a human being, not like an animal. It's not that I liked

him. It was my health coverage that was not established in Virginia. My health was much better by the Sunshine State. I had more dreams about Las Vegas' neon lights and LA's huge spread-out locals. These people in San Francisco, California, did not leave much to be desired besides Castro.

In mid–September 2006, I took a train to LA. I got there safely with more confidence than before. I took the underground to the next hotel. While on my way, I think I saw Ricky Martin in the underground metro. Maybe that was his twin. He is cute when he does smile. Later on, I got to see LA's gigantic locals. I met this really nice guy, Jon, at one of these gay clubs. We became friends instantly. He was so good at communication. I wanted to get out of the city's busy, noisy life. Jon gladly took me an hour away from the county to Thousand Oaks. We stopped by all these great restaurants, talked about clubs that I hadn't seen. He likes bi clubs. I got to see his really nice apartment. I did not feel comfortable sleeping with him; therefore, I slept in the living room on the couch. In the morning, time was awesome; we went out to breakfast, had great conversations. Jon was nice enough to drive me all the way back to Hollywood. He

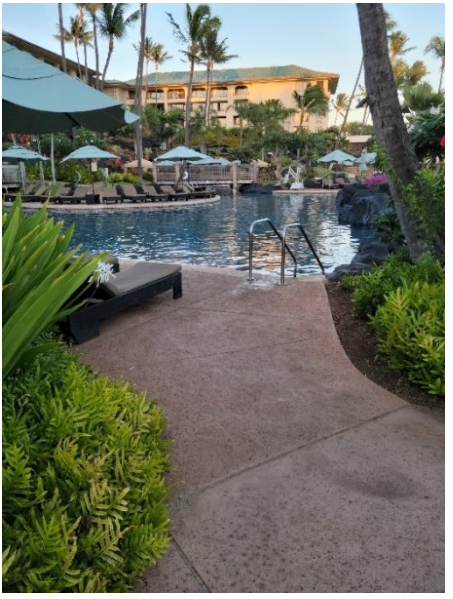
reminded me of John my mentor. Maybe about ten years younger than him. Surprisingly, when we sat down and talked at this restaurant, I noticed his eyes were true sapphire blue, just like my contacts…Wow. As time went by, I lost contact with Jon. Life goes on here. People get lost in numbers, forget feelings for others. I forgot how and when to date—a normal part of adult life.

The next month, in November, I was searching for housing, but the waiting lists were too long that I had to stay in other hotels, motels that were less expensive. It wasn't the waiting list but this runaround from one local to another; that is, Virginia to Los Angeles, Los Angeles to San Francisco, and Los Angeles to Virginia again. Basically, these people have no agreement; they have no ethics or morals, just garbage.

It must have been years since I got to see Hollywood's sexiest hostel. It was exciting. I got to know everyone besides Francis. Mo was all right. Dan, from UK, has sexy eyes. Nice and clean environment, curious people. But soon it got to be too much striptease, guys are too much

for me there. Constant parties day and night. Yes, that's LA. It's not like this attorney helped out in finding affordable housing. My debt grew worse as time went by. One good news there was that I got KP.org transferred from Maryland. I met plenty of docs but liked this guy, Luie; his mustache is cute. However, they neglected case management for over four months, which led to more mental abuse, neglect. If they had intervened, I would have found housing and work by now.

Afterward, I checked out the beach.



Venice Beach, CA

It is beautiful there in the summertime. I met Stan, from Finland, with shimmering blond highlights, just one of those travelers who fits in with the crowd. The beach is soothing with the sun bursting at sunset and all day long. I had to make reservations for the next day at the Cotel. That's when I met Stan at midnight. Yea, he was there with his friend. I did look around but did not have time for surfing. I felt shy going alone in some swimwear. I would have gone if Stan had asked me to. He was mostly rollerblading by the boardwalk.

At the same time, I was looking for a health club and met this personal trainer, Kurt. He had big muscles, great smile, and likes Venus! I got a two-week free pass to work out there. The first time around, I met Kurt. I was excited to see his smile. We took a tour of the club with plenty of laughs and jokes. I explained to him about my health needs. I signed up with him as a personal trainer; however, his communications were poor. Again, he joked about this treadmill and what to do when someone trips running, like what button to push. His smile is contagious; I couldn't stop laughing either. Umm, maybe it was the moon in Taurus. After that, we sat down and discussed membership plans. The second time I

went in to work out, Kurt greeted me with a welcome. I brought everything except swimwear. So, he helped me pick out a nice bikini. After that, I went swimming. It was so relaxing there.

Then later, I was looking for gay and lesbian therapy. It was a surprise because at the same time, I was also traveling through northern California. In Virginia, it is not easy to find that type of intervention. I was so tied up with other concerns that I did not have time for things like finding housing . Plus, my co-pay for meds was not set either. Still, I did find Choa working at the French campus in KP.org. She does case management and advice.

The next week, I stopped by the Euroquest House and found Ali. He was doing all right. Later on, I stopped by San Jose, and he became my mentor. But I got tired of too much work piling up with not that much success. One weekend, I found time to get out to Moby Dick in Castro. No pressure, no chest pains, and no overactive peeing. I went out without preconceived notions or expectations on a Saturday night to several clubs on Market Street. I like the nine o'clock hour like most guys.

On a crowded night, I stopped by Moby Dick and looked at the scenes I passed by. It was my first time there since June 2006. Some people told me it is not easy to fit in the crowd there unless you are a local. Anyway, I was sitting on a bench drinking OJ. This guy next to me smiled and said, —Hi. He stated, —Hey, how are you? What's your name? Have I seen you before? He said his name is Brad. He is insightful and intuitive. He and I talked for a while before heading out to other places. We eventually ended up at the Boys and Girls Club. He really is a great dancer, slim and slender. I don't like PDAs that much, but Brad does. We went home and made friends . . .

17.
Rays of Hope

I went back to California to get my mail rearranged because I have not gotten any mail in over six months. Then I had to seek legal aid for low-income housing in San Francisco, California, because of being referred back again from Fairfax, Virginia. Read the details of homelessness on me and my family members; how it affects one's health, finances, and emotional well-being. I am still waiting for a response from another strange attorney.

Anyway in 2008 it was not easy moving from the West Coast to the East, especially when you think about the time it takes to adjust to different cultures. But starting this year, recovery became my main goal. From January to April, I attended the Adult Day Treatment Program where they actually treat people like humans! This is where I learned more social, interpersonal, and community skills. The people here were nice and polite, but they all had some personal issues. Strangely enough, my mentor, Todd, was somewhat understanding. I did not know he was either straight or gay but still had some perception about his personality. I searched for

more social contacts in the area and found a nonprofit gay social group called Triangles. I had been to this group before, but this time I went with a different focus and an open heart in mind. At the weekly social happy hour, I saw Todd there to my surprise. But he was too uptight for a conversation in , and by that time, I had already started to pick up vibes of the spring season. I had made several friends, so it did not matter to me one way or the other. It was not only fun meeting new people, but also fun going out to movies, dinners, and cafés. I saw some blockbuster movies with friends and family. I also took a lot of photos because I got into digital photography in the summer. Talk about finally getting into the digital media age! I replaced my CD player with a MP3 player with a docking station. Now I never have to change CDs at home or in the car! But, best of all, I can say that I have made some really sincere friends that I will have for a very long time. And I also found a job close to my aspirations as a Web Publisher. Plus, this year I voted for Obama, the first Black person to be ever elected as the president of the United States. Now, I hope that next year will be even better than the last. Wish me best of luck.

Consequently, in 2009, I visited California. I stopped

by Santa Monica, LA, and West Hollywood. I had visited these places before but this time it was nice to see my cousin Zeeshan again. He picked me up from a local hostel, because I did not have a car. Then he drove me around the city, showed me the local hotspots, and eat at a nice restaurant. There Zeeshan and I talked for hours about is life in CA and also his family in VA.



Los Angeles, CA

In the Fall time I and my family drove up to NY again. We stayed at my uncle's. Afterwards came the tension and tricky part of the trip. From there on we decided to drive up to Toronto and Montreal Canada. I had seen these places before, so it was not that exciting. However, again I want to remind you that

this book is not just about LGBTQ issues. It is also about growing up, dealing with mental health concerns, and traveling to different places too.

18.

Triple Play Vacation

Before I went to Las Vegas, I posted some of my old photos from GMU on Facebook. These are the photos that a lot of my friends commented on, and I liked. Anyway, in the Springtime I took a trip to Las Vegas, NV for the first time. I have to admit this town is so incredible and beautiful to say the least. I stayed there for 10 days in a motel. I took daily walks to the downtown areas, saw great casinos, hotels, attractions, and restaurants. Again, pics turned out to be nice.



Las Vegas, NV

Once again in the Fall, me and my family took a trip up to western NY. We visited and stayed at my uncle's house by the village of Medina, NY. Besides that, my social circle of friends grew bigger and bigger in VA. I have to mention this because from joining local clubs and meet up groups on the internet I made more friends than I ever did in the past. Plus, a reminder that this blessing not only started in 2008(my sun progressed to Aries!) but continued for the next 7 years and going!! Lucky me 🙂

Later I went to Fort Lauderdale, FL. for the first time. Hello sunshine, goodbye winter snow. I stayed at a nice hostel. However, I also went there not just to see the sunshine state, but to see some of my best friends, Chris and Andrew. Chris and I met at a local café. He showed me around the hottest spots of the city, shops, restaurants, and clubs. But, Andrew and



Fort Lauderdale, FL

I

were unable to meet due to some confusion and argument about the time and place. Oh well! I still got to take some really good pics of the town.

Here are the other details. This year in 2012 my favorite singer Whitney Houston passed away. Very tragic news. Later on, my family and I traveled across the entire state of California! Including places like 3-Rivers, Golden Gate Bridge, John Muir Lodge, Newport Beach, Santa Cruz Mountains, Sequoia Park, and Universal Studios LA. In most of these locations the best attractions are the trees. They are so big vertically and horizontally that no other place that you can compare them to!

Later on, next year I did not travel at all, but it was a very fun and easy going year for me. Got my first Smartphone ever, love Samsung phones. I was thinking about taking classes so I got a certificate as a Web Developer. My health now is not any better than it was before. I take a lot of meds like before. Still, best of all I can say that now I have made some really dear and sincere friends. I enjoy my life outside of hospitals and I am lucky enough to manage my own health.



Flash forward to Puro Gusto Café, DC

19.

Go West, Young Man

In 2014, me and my family moved to California again. It was a long anticipated wait. I , my mom , and my dad had been hoping to move to northern California all year. My brother and my sister had already moved out of VA to the Bay area in 2012 and were well established there with their jobs and friends. That was one reason we as a family decided to move there so we can be close to one another. As you might know that Virginia and California are about approximately 3000 miles apart.



Dulles Airport, VA

As far as I can remember the year 2016 was not a good year for me, but thanks to God, I made it through anyhow. Especially, with the help of friends and family. At the beginning of the year, I joined this group called, "EBN". From this group I got to meet new gay friends around the east bay area and nearby. I attended one of their potluck events. Here are some of these pics below.



Social at East Bay Network…..Hayward, CA

Fremont was alright. But, I was really not feeling well and felt like I was lacking in social support. Living with my elderly parents was kind of getting to me. So I decided to visit some of my friends in VA. First I went there and stayed in a hotel, but later on I liked it so much that I decided to move back there for

good. My length of stay only lasted for a period of 8 months in VA. During that time, I did Uber/Lyft to pay the rent and stayed my friend's house. I also went to the wonderful Halloween party in Sterling. See some of these pics below…



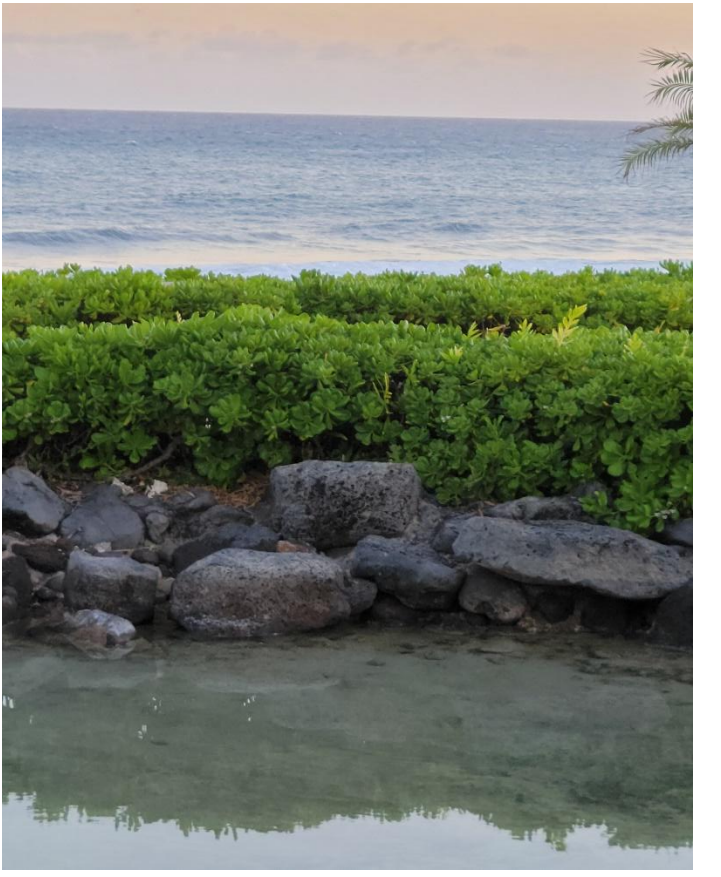
Best Western Inn Hotel at Fremont, CA



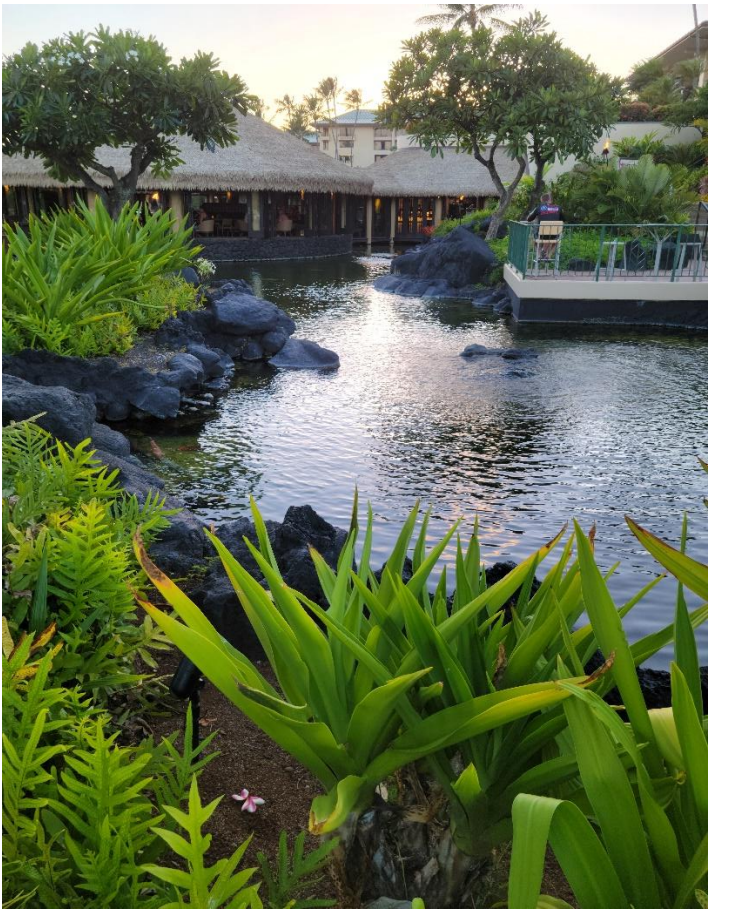
Gainesville, VA



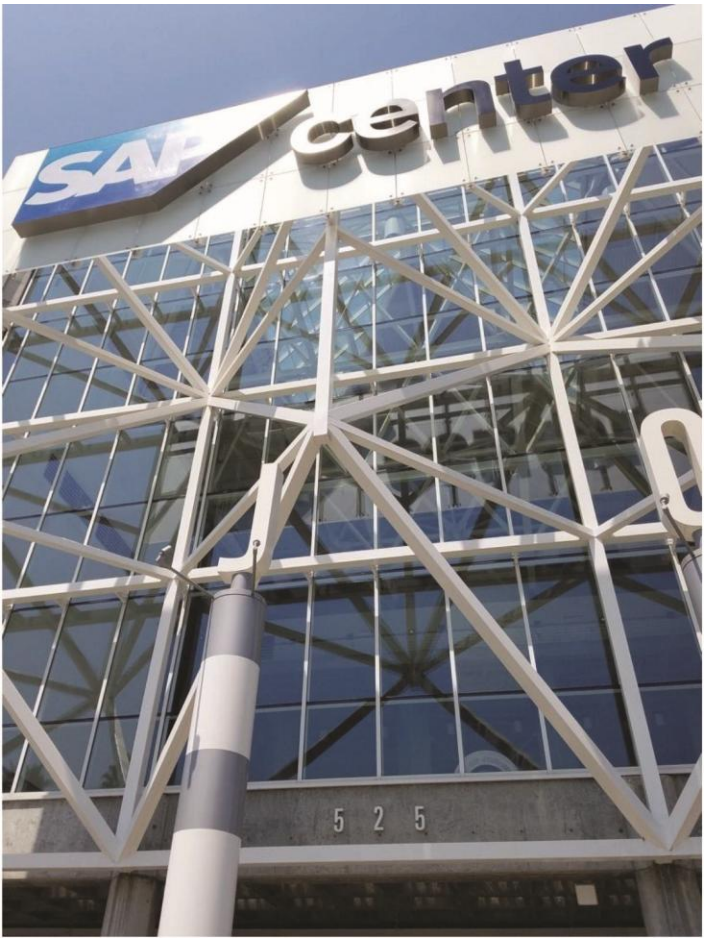
Social at San Jose, CA



Flash forward to Kauai, HI



Flash forward to Kauai, HI



SAP Center stadium at San Jose, CA

In 2015 my mother was diagnosed with stage 4 lung cancer. She suffered a lot for two and a half years and passed away from complications in February 2017. I absolutely loved my mother and was saddened by her passing away . Here are some pics below….



Me, mom, and my uncle



Mom in her last days at home

Later in summer 2017 me, my sister, and my dad decided to Take a trip to Bali, Indonesia.

Here are some pics
Below….

Rainbow Reflections2



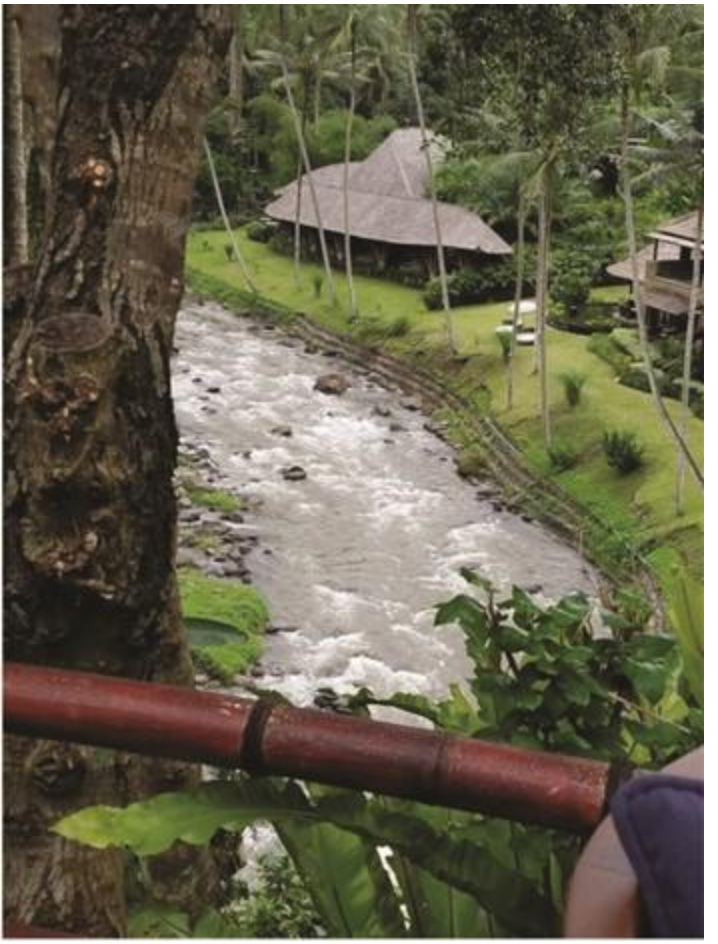






Rainbow Reflections2





Rainbow Reflections2



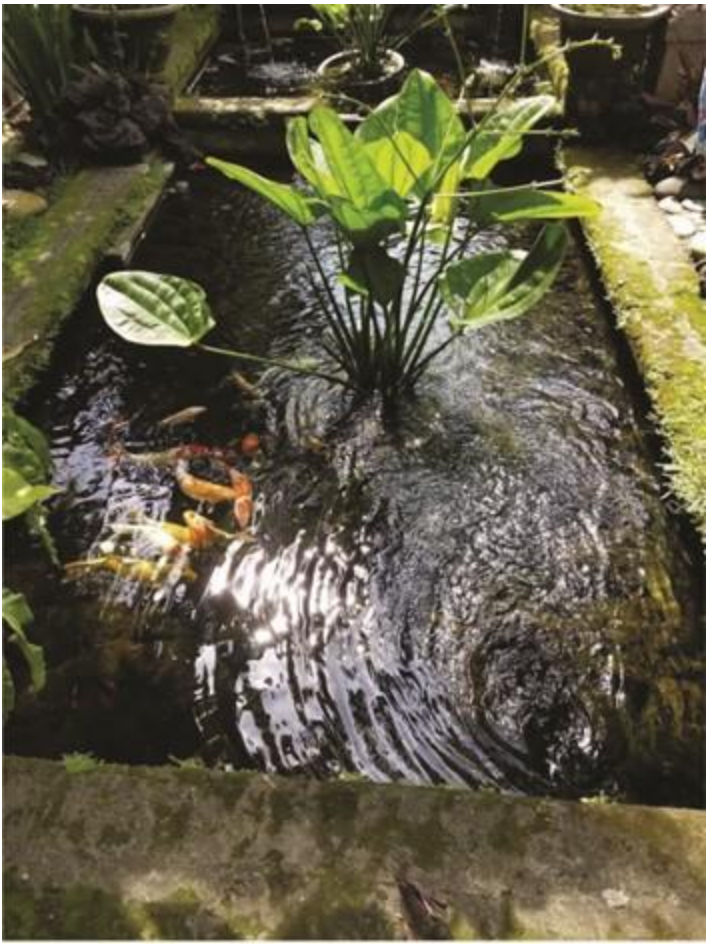


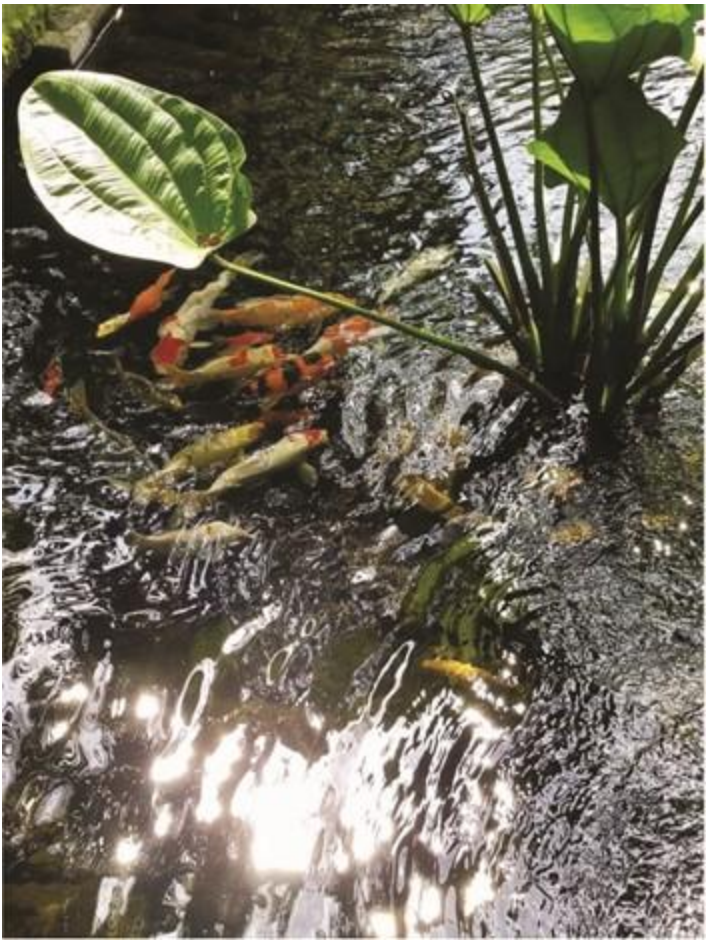






Rainbow Reflections2





Rainbow Reflections2



After dad passed away in October 2018 from heart complications in California, me and my sister decided to move to Northern Virginia to my older sister's house. I stayed there for three months, my sister left after 1 month.

Here are some pics below…




MALIK



20.

Eastward Bound

In December 2018, I met Tony at Dulles Triangles happy hour. We were great friends for about 6 months. We hung out together everywhere—at the movies, restaurants, festivals, museums, churches, and bars like the Freddie's Beach Bar in Arlington, VA . Plus, we traveled back and forth from my place to his place. We also broke up about 4 times due to his bipolar illness. But, kept on getting reunited in Reston at the Dulles Triangles happy hour. Tony was retired as an X CIA agent.

In 2019, I moved to Gainesville, VA with Matt and Will living there. Tony helped me move in there, he was a great help.

In April, my sister traveling from India came back to visit me. She was in a hurry, so we only drove around to few places in VA. I drove her around. She stayed in several Airbnb homes. Then she traveled back to India soon.

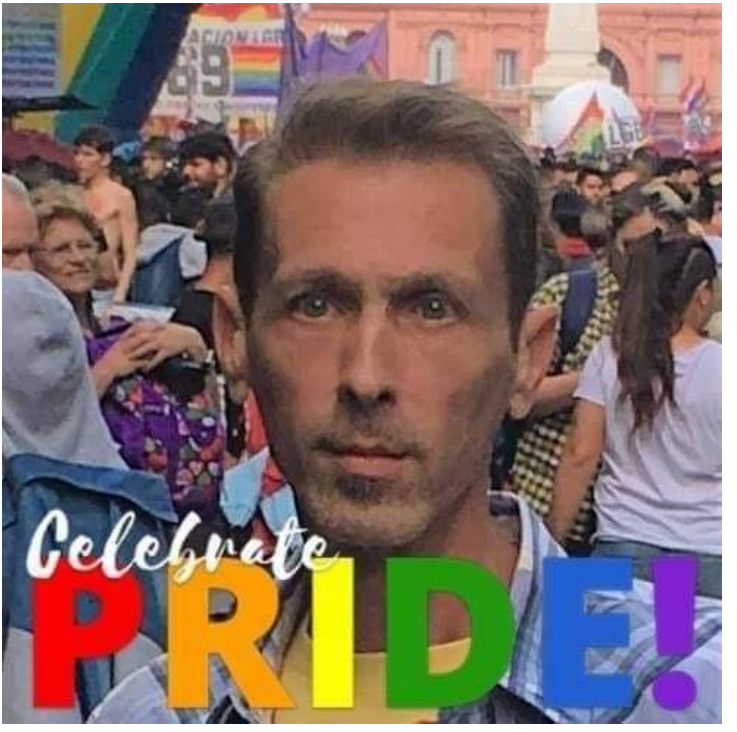
Also, in May 2019, me and my friend Jose went to several festivals all over NOVA including the Vienna festival.



Friend Jose in VA

That same time of the year I started looking to move out of Gainesville, VA. One year later I still have not found a place yet in NOVA---some of it is due to lack of $$, other just poor communications. Later this month I felt like traveling away from home. I looked around and found a nice motel in Arlington, VA. I moved in there and traveled in the area for several weeks. I checked out great bars, cafes, and restaurants. There I found this nice guy named "Henry Love". We instantly connected, exchanged contacts, and hung out together for the next several months. I fell in love with him!! We tweeted a lot on the internet. But there was always something not

right. I wanted to see him more, but he kept on making excuses that he was too busy. I wanted to meet up with him in VA, however, he only wanted to see me in DC. I really tried my best to be super nice to him, but the harder I tried the worse it got. Unfortunately, our relationship fell apart after 6 months, I haven't lost touch with him. Its just that he is not interested in me. But, we still text a few times a year.



In July, for the first time in many years I saw my aunt and my cousin Laura again. We met up at the Bethesda, MD cheesecake factory with my brother there as well (he was visiting from CA). It was great seeing my cousins from MD! From that time on Laura and I decided to hang out together at several different bookstores, malls, and cafes. She is a therapist by profession, and I am a good listener. Therefore, it all worked out for the best. Even, now days we still meet up halfway and have good times together.

Furthermore, on the fourth of July, me and my friend Jose went to the Rose Garden festival in Arlington, VA. There we had great food at a Latino festival (food and dancing). Plus, there I also met a great new guy named Nick. We talked outside, exchanged contacts, and kept in touch by phone/text for several months. He lives far away from me in Arlington, VA so it was a little hard to get together. But eventually we did meet up in Pentagon City mall. I really like Nick more than just a friend. But, later realized after reading his posts on social media and his confessions that he is mostly in girls and likes dancing as his hobby! We are still friends on FB.

Around new years' time Jose and I were travelling. We went to several places together in NOVA and DC. Once to a friend's movie night at Bryans, once to a Mediterranean restaurant, then to the 2020 New year's celebration in Arlington.



2020 New Year's Celebration

Around new years on January 3, 2020, Jose and I were traveling in VA. We went to a networking social by Go Gay DC in the Westin hotel hosted by TJ I had never met TJ before but had only seen him in social media since 2010! Therefore, it was a delight to finally meet him in person and exchange contact I information. Later in the upcoming months we became good friends on social media and in person. TJ is very upbeat and going and has natural leadership abilities. He likes the doggy dog world while I am a homebody. The first time we talked over the phone it was apparent to us that we just clicked. Again, his intuition and gut feelings are right on the mark. I actually think he has good therapeutic abilities. Now, we have only met a couple of times due to the covid-19 pandemic. But we still talk over the phone for up to 2 hours during the week.

Here are a few pics from there below….



TJ ---Host of GoGayDC

This month my room for rent continued in Manassas. Because, I had been looking for a new place for the past 8 months now. I put several ads on Facebook marketplace, craigslist, and several other lgbt websites. Again, no luck finding another place to live near DC. Nevertheless, life goes on here, so I am alright. This month my friend Jose and I went to Tysons La Sandia restaurant. This time Jose was kind enough to treat me to dinner for free. After that we checked into the DT's weekly happy hour

which sadly is a thing of the past now due to the corona virus. We had a good time socializing. This is one place I can recall where I have known some friends for over 10 years now. One can only imagine how sad it is to not be able to go there anymore. There meetings have been moved to online Zoom socials. But it's not the same anymore!





Sheraton Inn Hotel in Reston, VA

Sadly, February was the last month that normal life as we knew it existed. But, before the Covid –19 pandemic hit I was quite restless and traveled around NOVA to several places. Knowing hopelessly that my room search was going nowhere. I went to another social event at the Thomas Jefferson high school community Theatre with my friend. I am not exactly sure what this gathering was about, but I do recall a lot of singing and dancing going around involving strictly the South Asian Indian community at large. Honestly, it was not that much fun at all.

Afterwards later in the month I found out about another meet up event hosted by TJ at the Moxy Washington hotel. Unfortunately, I did not know that this networking event would turn out to be the last in person gathering that I would attend. Still, it was a really nice gathering of friends who came from all walks of life and different places to network and mingle.
Moxy hotel and its meeting room are beautiful. Gladly, again I got to meet my popular friend and hardworking host of the event TJ .



Moxy Hotel in DC



At Westin Hotel with TJ

This month as bored as I was feeling not knowing that next month in March our society would be in a lock down mode due to the covid-19 pandemic. I drove to more new places like the bar "Number 9" and the "Trade".



Bristow, VA

In June 2020 things started to get better as the lock down restrictions were slowly lifted (a lot of

that also depended on which state or county you lived in). Our society started adapting to new guidelines and things went back to being normal for VA. Later, I got really bored and took a risk by driving out to Tysons corner. There I stayed in a cheap motel and explored more of the city. Online Zoom meetings became the norm. But I was not feeling that normal at all. I was sad, depressed, and lonely. I needed more company from my friends and family. Still, they were just not there for me because of the corona virus.

Therefore, I reached out to whoever was around nearby. TJ was working close by, and we decided to meet up at the Flower Child café(a gay restaurant) and had lunch together. This was probably my first time eating and mingling outside with a friend. We talked for about an hour and took some nice pics.



TJ at Freddies Beach Bar



Flower Child Café at Tysons VA

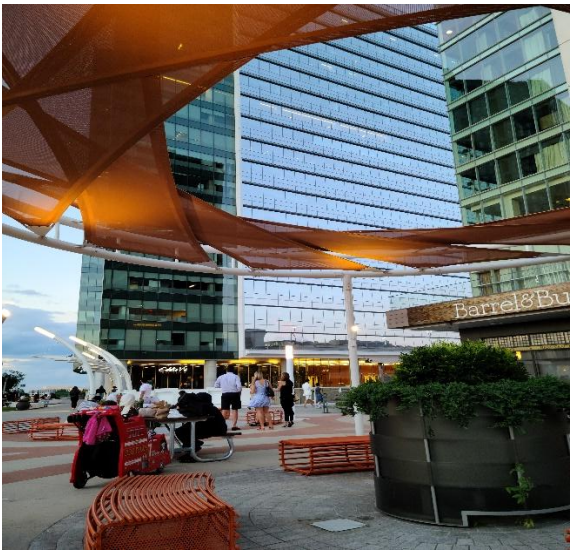


Tysons Mall 1 with Jose

TJ also gave me some practical advice on how to stay away from depression. He recommended getting

more sun light and trying more vitamin D supplements. I would like to travel or move to a different place where there is plenty of sunshine. I have been listening to his advice.

In July, I once again met up with Laura at the local bookstore in a mall. She is a therapist so it's somewhat easy to have a conversation with her. It's always nice to chat with her because she knows that I am gay with other MI issues. So, this year we continued our get together every other month just like last year. We walked around Fair oaks mall and realized that now life is kinda back to being normal. Everyone wears a mask, and it looks like people are going about their business walking, eating, and shopping at the malls.



Tysons Mall 1 outside food court

21.Heat Wave

In the month of October, I decided to take a break from VA and traveled down to Tampa Florida. I was looking for a cheap place to stay in the found one hostel called Grams. When I first arrived there, I didn't really like the location because it was too far away from the gay district. Therefore, the next day I decided to move out to the downtown Holiday Inn Express. Here are some pictures below….



Hyatt Hotel, Tampa FL



Hyatt Hotel, Tampa FL

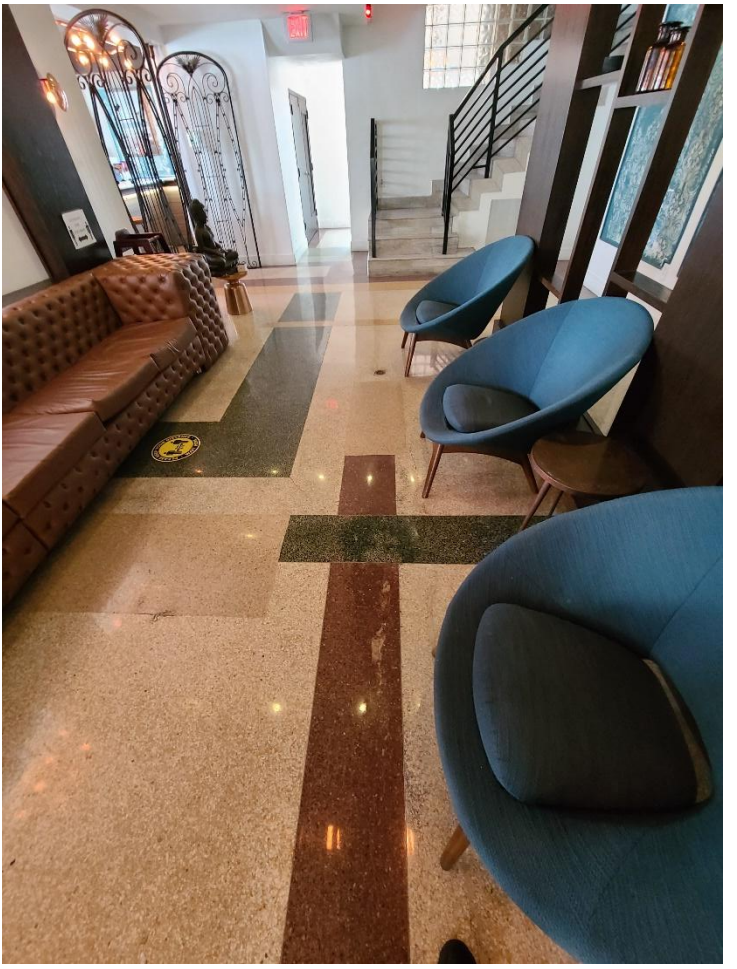
I searched in hotels.com and found a good deal to stay there for a few days. This was my first time in the city and didn't know anyone there besides Chris (my brother's longtime friend).

Therefore, later on I decided to explore the city on my own. One day I was walking around the downtown area and ran into a gay bar called the "Castel". (This is something that some of my fans already know it that I am not a pro Astrologer but do follow my horoscope and I have created dozens of birth

charts, progressed charts, transits, and can read into their interpretations by gut feelings or in books or on my laptop programs). During the month of October, the Sun was transiting through my 5th house of creativity, personal achievement, and love affairs. Anyway, I walked into the Castel, looked around, and talked to a few locals/tourists in the area. Then just before leaving I ran into this really nice guy named "James". He and I started talking and we suddenly just clicked. Later on, we exchanged contact information and then James invited me to his apartment. I went along with him. He told me that he found me very attractive, took the first move, and kissed me. One good thing about James is that he is very kind, caring, and good at communicating his thoughts and feelings. I felt blessed being around him because he accompanied me to just about everywhere, I went for the next 10 days. Together we took long strolls to nearby clubs, shops, and restaurants. James was very generous in a sense that he treated me to dinner about half a dozen times. Here are some pics below…



Castel Restaurant at Tampa, Florida



Castel Restaurant at Tampa, Florida

It was really fun getting to know him, talking, and laughing together. James brought out the more private side of me. He wanted to spend more and more time alone with me. However, I wanted our friendship to be more social. Meaning that I wanted to get to know other people too in the city. Therefore, on some days I went out alone in the evenings to the gay district. I met more nice guys there like Joey and Micky. We became friends on social media and spent time chatting and discussing different topics like sports, local news, and fashion. After two weeks I left Florida and came back to VA. In the next chapter I will talk more about my time I spent in Miami.

In the month of January 2021, I wanted to travel again to Florida, so I took a break and flyed to Miami Florida. Honestly, I had never seen this city before, so I was a little bit anxious at first but later managed to get around town by myself and a few friends. As a tourist I stayed at the South Beach Miami hotel for 10-14 days, I think. The hotel was affordable, cheap, and beautiful. I discovered the city day by day. I walked down to nearby restaurants, café, and bars. Amazingly I did not know that the city was so diverse in its culture and demographics. Miami is surprisingly not just gay friendly but has a lot of gay establishments all around

the south beach Miami area. Here are some pictures of the town below….



South Beach at Miami, Florida



Café at Miami, Florida



A Carlyle Club on the board walk in Miami, Florida



Miami, Florida



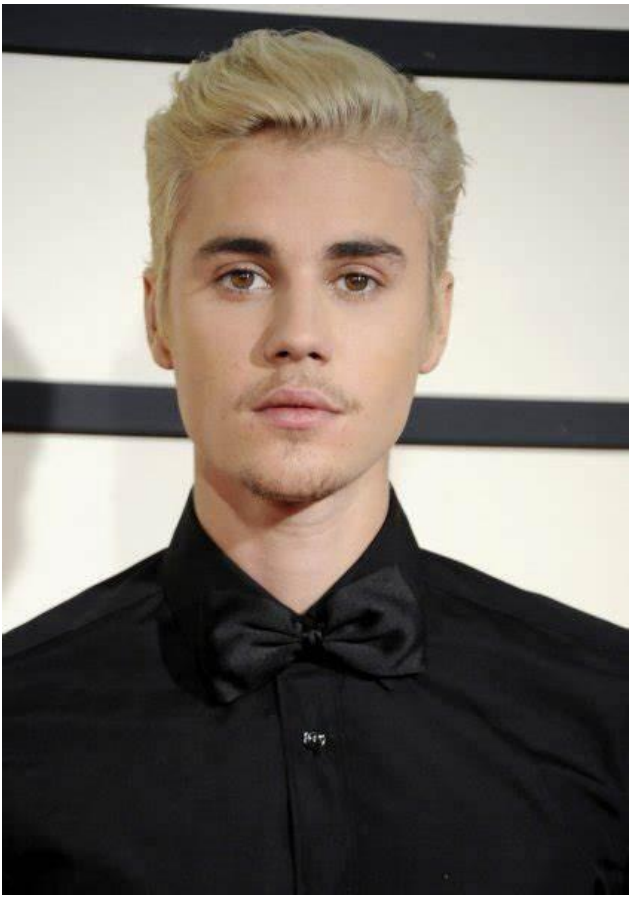
South beach Miami Hotel in Florida

Also, at that time we were under a pandemic. Therefore, I was scared to travel, but did anyway and did not get sick from the Covid 19 virus. Then after

2 weeks of traveling I came back home to Virginia.

Next month I started receiving emails from Kaiser and the local PWC health department that I should make an appointment and come in to get vaccinated. Therefore, in April I went into the local county health department and got my first and 2-3 weeks after my second covid 19 vaccine shot. I did not experience any side effects at all. Plus, from then on, I felt more secure and confident about my health and going out to places without having to live in fear all the time.

In the month of April this year I rediscovered megastar Justin Bieber. His new album "Justice" released earlier last month was absolutely awesome to listen to. Plus, Justin continued to release music videos all throughout the year for the songs of this album. But my favorite songs are "Peaches," "Ghost," and "Die for you." He is only 27 y/o. Though his passion and talent for singing, songwriting, and making music videos is hard to compete with. He is married now, and he has a great wife. However, I wonder why he mostly includes males in his latest music videos from this year? Maybe he has a liking for black guys?



Justin Bieber

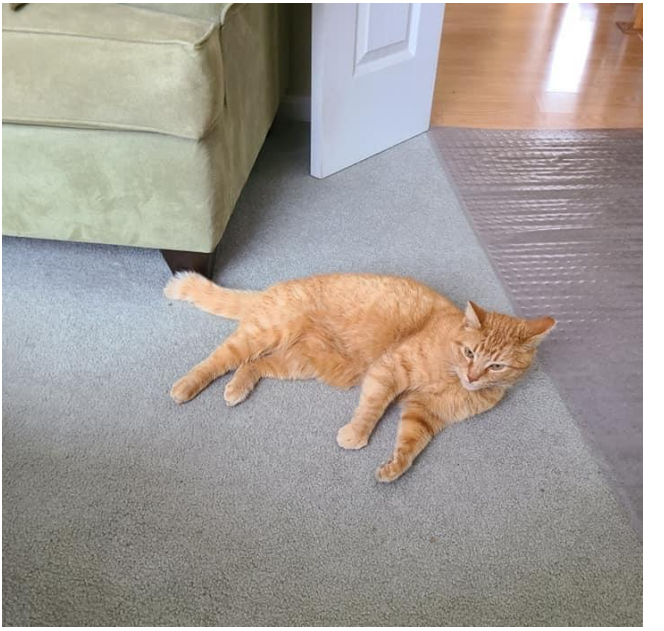
In the month of May I wanted to leave Virginia and move closer to DC. But it was still too early for me to move out at that time. Therefore, I looked around and discovered that the group DTs had finally

(after 1 year) started to meet up again in Reston Pavilion Picnic grounds. That was a major relief for me knowing that now there were more places to get out to then just staying at home all the time. There I got to meet some of my old-time friends I had known for 10 years and some new friends too.

In the month of June, my gay house mates Matt and John decided to leave town to travel abroad on an international journey all over the world. That was fine with me. I like having some privacy to myself. During the time that they were gone I had a few chores to do that Matt asked me to do like water the garden and plants inside, outside the back yard, side yard, and the front side of the house. I did that every other day for ½ hour long, but sometimes in really bad heat outside in the summertime.

In the month of July, I started searching for apartments closer to DC in Falls Church and Arlington, VA. That was alright with me but still a tough task to tackle. I looked at about 5-6 different apartment complexes and then had to weigh the pros and cons of each building. Then finally after a few days of searching I found one place in Arlington, VA that I liked. After that I signed a one-year lease with this apartment complex. I moved into the apartment in July. But, moving out was not an easy

task. Because I could not afford to hire movers, so I decided to take short distance trips to my Apartment every other day, sometimes daily by packing stuff in my car and moving. During this hectic time, I found a neighborhood cat that did not have a home. She was always lovable, so I gave her food day and night. While she kept me great company when I would be watching TV, eating, or sleeping. Kitty cat would cuddle down near me and lie down on the floor. Here is a pic of her below….



Kitty Cat

22.
Fresh Page

Then finally at the end of July 2021, I started going to TJ 's LGBTQ meetups again after one year of social distancing. I do suffer from a bit of social anxiety, but I think it's not just the people that you meet but the host that makes one feel comfortable in a new environment. The first time I went I felt thrilled like my new life that me and TJ had been talking about for over a year has finally started. TJ asked me to take pictures of his meetups and I said yes! That is one reason I'm inserting a few pics here and also because I like taking photos.



Moxy Hotel, DC





Moxy Hotel, DC



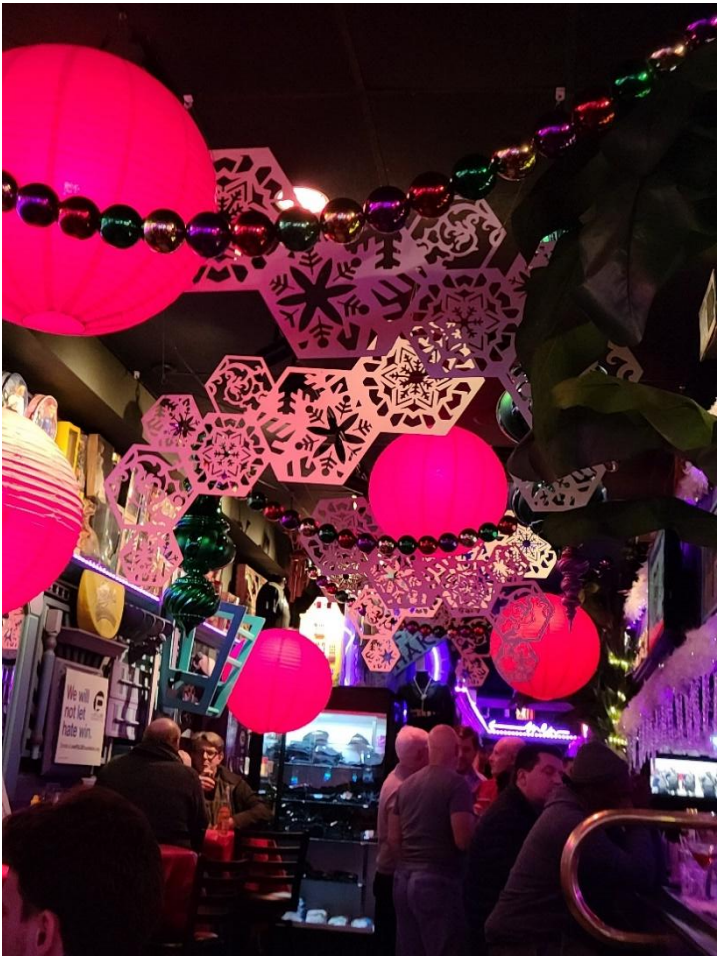
Moxy Hotel, DC



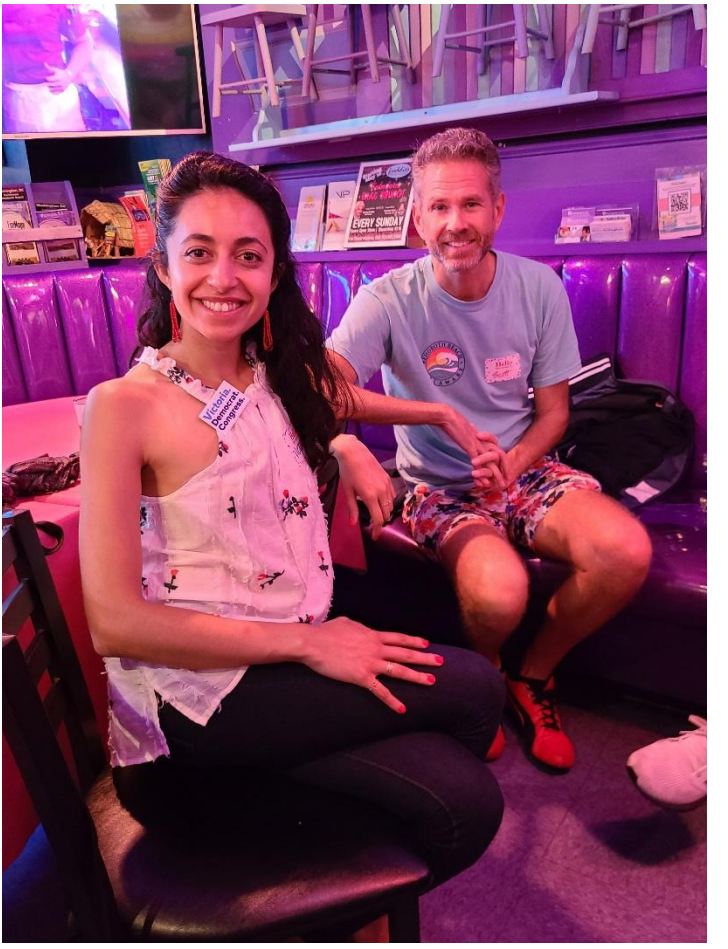
Puro Gusto Café, DC



Zena Hotel in DC



Freddies Beach Bar



Freddies Beach Bar



Freddies Beach Bar



Freddies Beach Bar



Puro Gusto Café in DC

Then next month I attended more social meetups from GoGayDC, NOVA Professionals, DMV socials, etc. The pictures above are from various different places like Sheraton Inn, Westin, Holiday Inn, Hyatt, Freddie's Beach bar, JRs, and Number 9. Another thing about TJ is that he volunteers for various different local groups and societies in the area. Like the Human Rights Campaign Fund, GoGayDC, and many other groups. Still, life goes on. It is not always that easy to meet someone and then become friends with. I have tried giving out me contact information to a lot of people. But sometimes I do not hear anything back. People go their own way after the party is over!!!

23.
Sky Warrior

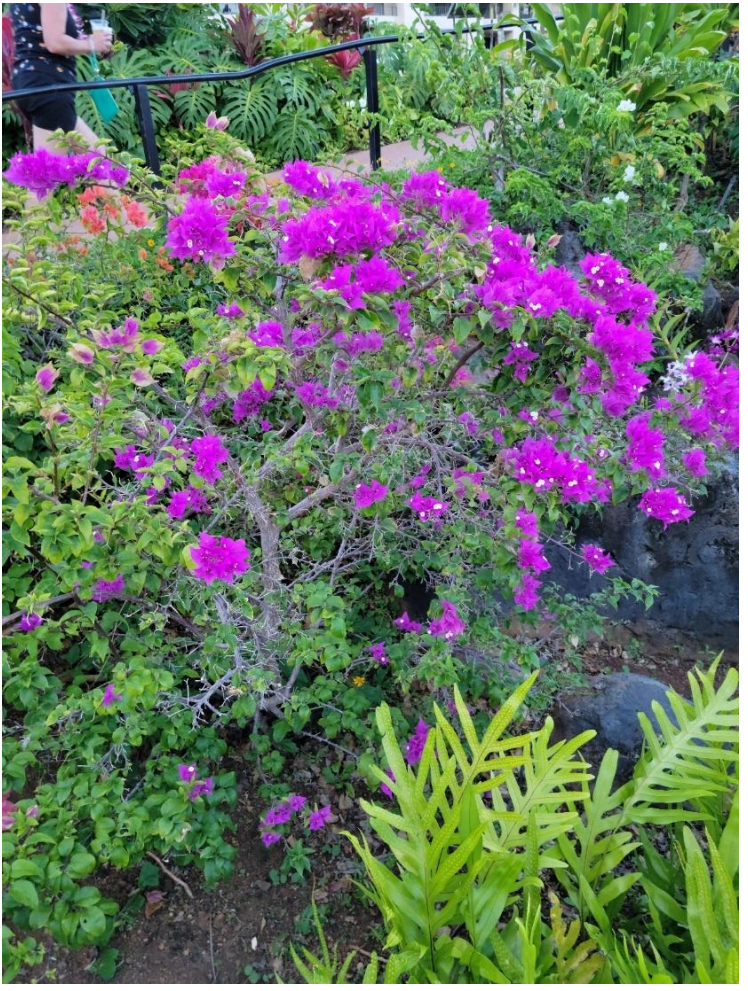
In the beginning of October, I took a one-way flight to visit my brother in Kauai, HI. BTW I have trouble peeing on the airplane. Therefore, I had to get a really uncomfortable tube. I kept that on for the entire duration of my stay at the island…. I'm just adding this in for la-insurance purposes. So, they know that I am still somewhat crippled due to other health issues. I stayed with him for about 2 weeks. He has a beautiful condominium near the beach. I had not seen my brother in 2 years! I was really glad to meet him. We went to many different places together like groceries, drug stores, Ross, cafes, restaurants, beaches, hotels, sailing, state parks, and on airplanes to see sky high views of the island. I will later add a few pics that I took of these places below.

Grand Hyatt Resort and Spa



Rainbow Reflections2







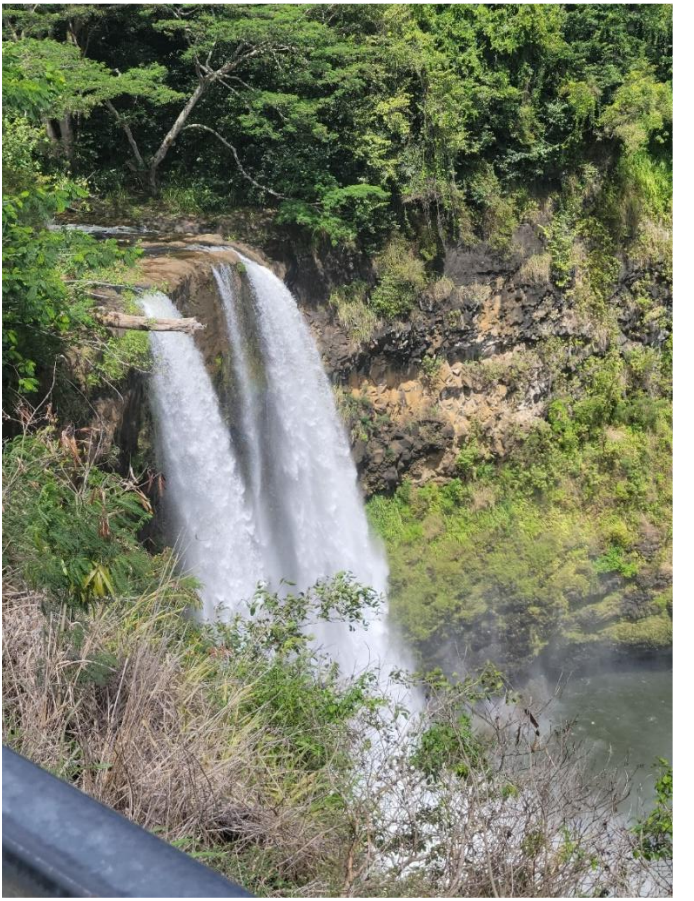


Salt Pond Beach Park





Waleu Waterfalls



Canyon State Park





Brother's back yard patio

Hanalei, Hawaii



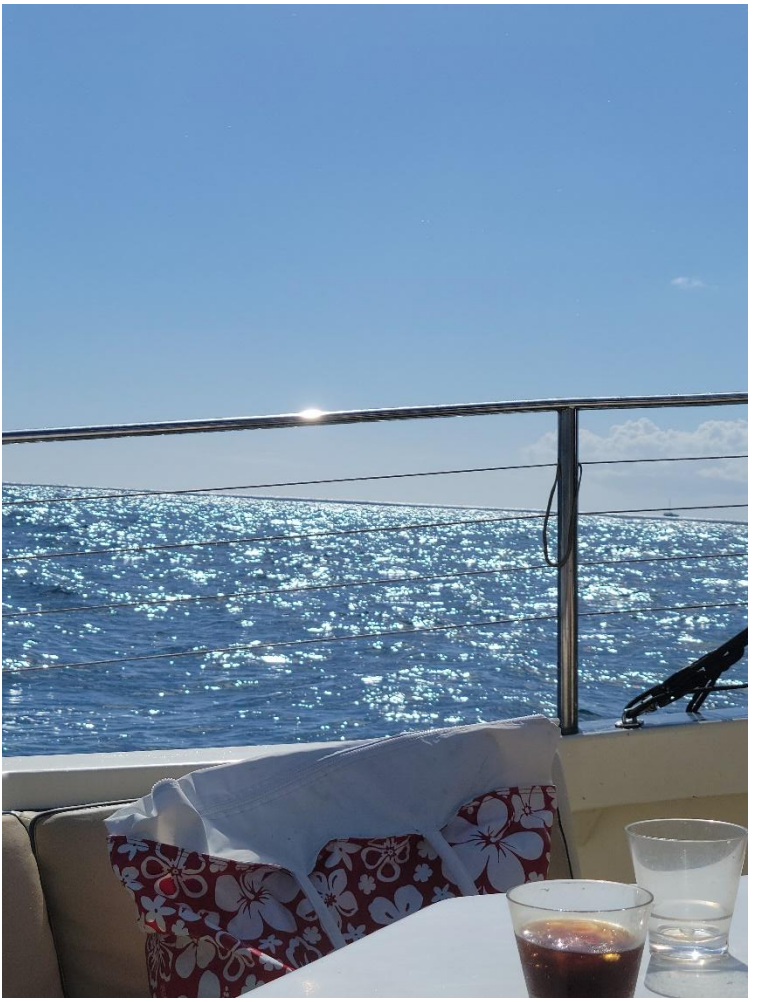




Captain Andy's Napali Coast Sailing



Rainbow Reflections2




THERN STAR
CAPT ANDY

However, in the process of traveling abroad I also watched TV in the evenings. One day I was watching YouTube and I discovered a new artist from Australia for the first time -Troye Sivan. Troye is a social media sensation, a song writer, singer, actor, dancer, and music video producer. He is a true Gemini. Yes, I did his astrological signs too!! He is even better because he is ahead of his time. He came out as gay like 10 years ago.

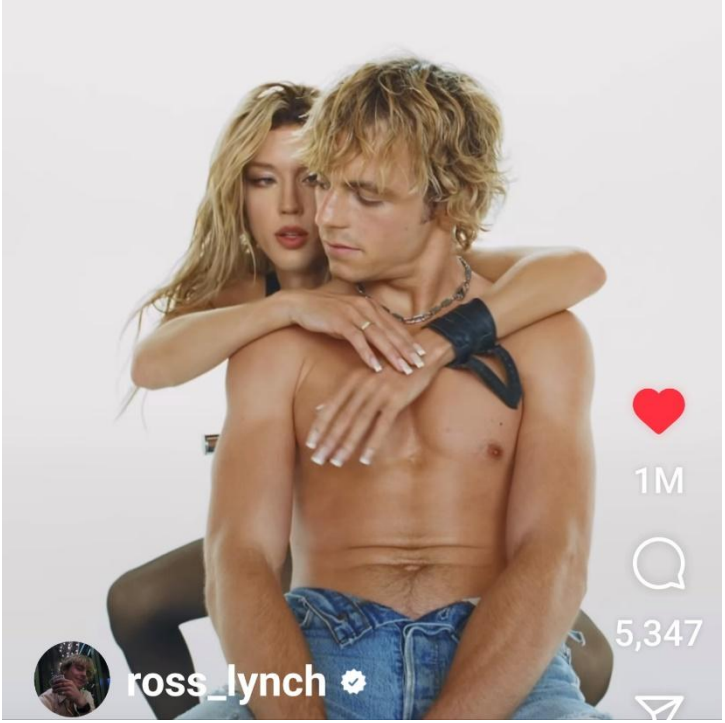


Troye Sivan

Now he is only 27 years old. But honestly not that many people know him here in America. He is more popular in Australia, south America, and other parts of the world. Though, he is becoming more and more popular day by day in the U.S ! Watching his music

videos, I fell in love with his very emotional and uplifting song and video, "Angel Baby". This song was just released about a month ago. Some of his other songs I like are, "Stud", "Take yourself home", and "Easy". But, by now Troye has already released about five albums and he is so young! His communication skills and talent are superb. Sivan continues to release great artistic work almost daily on social media. He even likes to dress up as a girl! Maybe that is why he adores Harry Styles so much--- that he even admitted on an online video clip.

In 2023, Troye released his new album, "Something to give each other". I not only bought his CD, but loved listening and watching his new songs and videos like "Just one of your girls", with actor and singer Ross Lynch," and other songs like "Rush", and "Got me started." Then later that year he won the award for "Man of the year," in GQ magazine in Australia.



Just one of your girls---by Troye Sivan & Ross Lynch

24. Harry Styles

Harry Styles is a major pop star and as they say he is destined to be the king. He is singer, song writer, actor, and a fashion icon. I love the way he dresses up like in girly clothes and parades the rainbow flag in his concerts. I like his previous songs from his older album, "Adore You," "Golden," and "Watermelon sugar high." He looks great for his age. Especially when he does his nails !!!



Harry Styles

Harry Styles started his career in 2010 with a group called "One Direction" . Then this group broke up in 2015 and later in 2017 Harry started his solo career. I have been watching Harry perform for about 2 years now in social media. Here are just some of the reasons why he has influenced me since then. In 2022 he came out with his 3rd album called "Harrys House". Back then I downloaded all of his songs and I actually bought his cd as well . I ripped the songs off the cd and made a playlist that I later handed to my brother last year. I like most of those songs on this album. Especially , "Up all night", "As it was", and " Satellite".

Harry Styles embarked on a world wide concert last year around spring time in 2022. It is called "Love on Tour", and amazingly enough this tour is still going on all across the world even to this date. He has caused major upheaval in the fashion and music industry. The main theme that sets Harry apart from the rest of his competition is the way he likes to dress in especially beautiful colored and patterned outfits that call for acceptance of equality in cross dressing. He sometimes likes to wear female clothes and he was the first to male appear on the cover of Vogue magazine a few years ago .

Harry Styles to this day fights for feminist rights, gender equality, human rights, and gay rights. Plus, in the past and present he has donated millions of dollars for these minority groups . He never has come out as being bisexual, but his previous comments about that he says, "who really cares"? Everyone knows that for many years in the past he has dated older woman . Though, his recent movie "Policeman", that is available on Amazon Prime shows a different picture. This is where he plays a police man in the 1950's who is married to his wife but finds another male romantic partner behind the scenes . Again no judgement here is what Harry askes for from his audience. He never says anywhere that he is bisexual or straight. But , in this movie he is shown having a romantic love affair with a male. It makes people wonder what exactly is his sexual orientation ? But, from Harry's point of view he says, "who really cares".

Harry recently this year also came out as a big winner in the Grammys Awards ceremony. He won awards for the best song of the year, "As it was", best album of the year, "Harry's House", and best artist of the year ----for 2022 ! These are some of the reason why Harry has influenced me to think more openly about the way I dress and to accept people from all sorts of backgrounds .

25. Dear David

In December 2021, I received an email in my inbox. I opened it and realized that it was one of my fans reaching out to me . This time it was David who had seen my books on Amazon and also found my website in a search engine. It was a very long email that almost sounded like a marriage proposal with a picture attached to it. David said in it that he enjoyed browsing my books online and that he too is a writer who publishes articles in the various magazines. I was surprised but also curious wanting to meet him in person. I responded to his email, gave him my telephone number, and set up a time to meet him.

That same month we met up in Pentagon city mall, had lunch there, and got to know each other better. I don't get that much fan mail. Turns out David is a few years older than me. I told him that I am into Astrology and that I would be interested in doing his natal chart. It turns out that he is a true Cancer with a emphasis on #2, Aries rising, and a 3rd house and 6th house which are also prominent. Any way it was not long that we started to go out to

dinners and coffee shops together. I tried introducing him to my GoGayDC meetups. He went to a few of them but decided that it was not his thing ! We also then started to keep in touch with email and phone conversations almost daily. Now its been almost a little bit over 2 years and we are still in touch with each other talking every other day.

Unfortunately, last year in November 2022 he suffered an unexpected emergency and had to move out of Virginia and into West Virginia with his father's help. But, now he is stabilized on his meds and is doing ok. We have been talking and David says he has no social life or family there besides his father. So he wants to move back into Virginia. Luckily, recently he has found a job and is looking forward to moving back into the DMV area. Lets see how things will go next month .

Now its July 2023 and things are going well. David has moved back into Virginia. He has a new job. We are roommates now. Some of his hobbies and interests include history, politics, and the law. He did his BA and MA in history. He loves to read and write about the Kennedys and political figures from that era. David also has an avid interest in the Roosevelt family, Franklin, and Eleanor Roosevelt. As well as the Kennedy family as I mentioned before.

Plus, their impact on the American society was not only transitory, but transformational on a socio – economical, political, and cultural level .

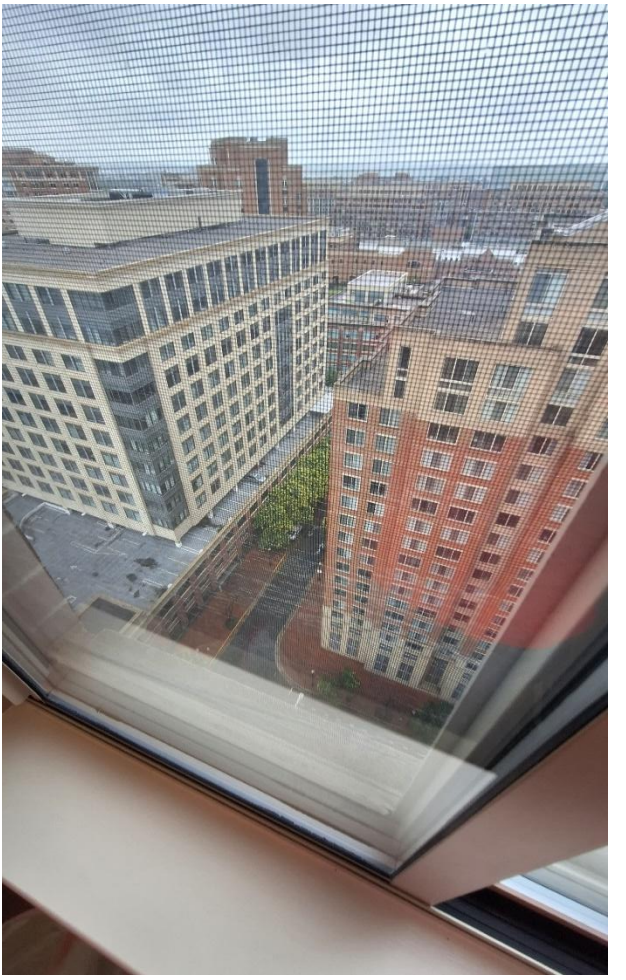


David and I at the Westin Hotel

I'm finally out of Pathways and into my own apartment with David. I don't have to worry about thieves taking my things. I feel so much better that I wish I could stay here longer ! I have my own clean bathroom, kitchen, and can leave my stuff out.

I go to the gym and grocery store but get tired from medications. David and I sometimes attend local meetups. I drive him around since he has no car. I'm relieved not to fear Bill bringing in homeless drug users anymore.

I saw my therapist and we set new 90-day goals, including updating this journal to reflect. Writing helps me gain perspective on the past and present. I can now view my experiences from a reflective standpoint.



View from the 21th floor at the Meridian

26. Our First House Warming Gathering

Now that the housing hustle is over me and David recently hosted a house warming party in the club room on the 21th floor in August 2023.

Here are some pics below….



TJ and Jose



TJ , Jay, and David



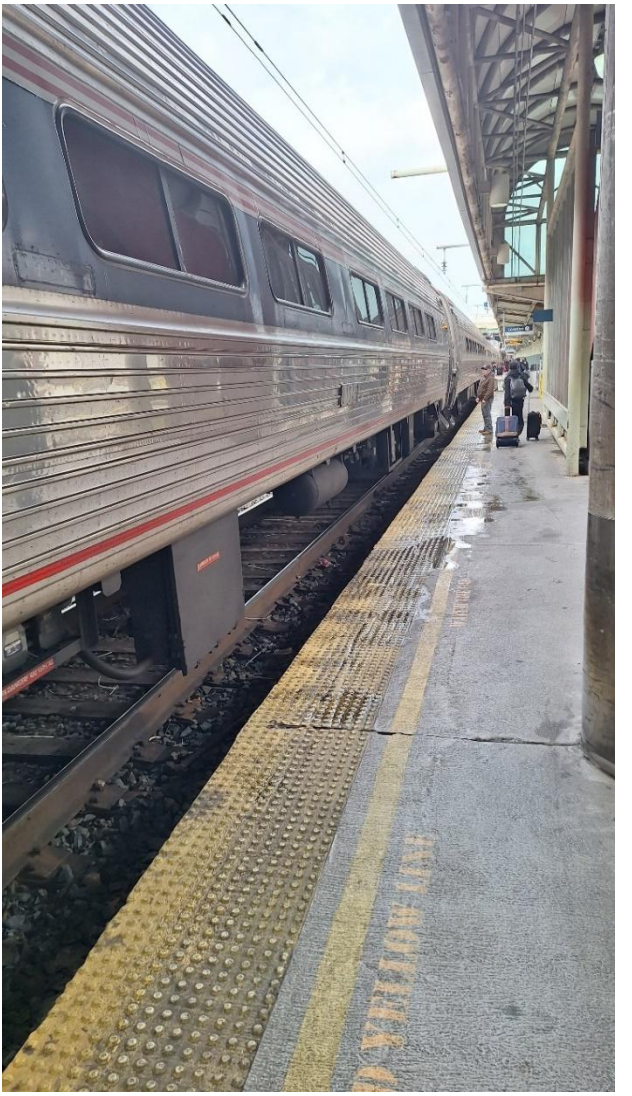
TJ and Jay



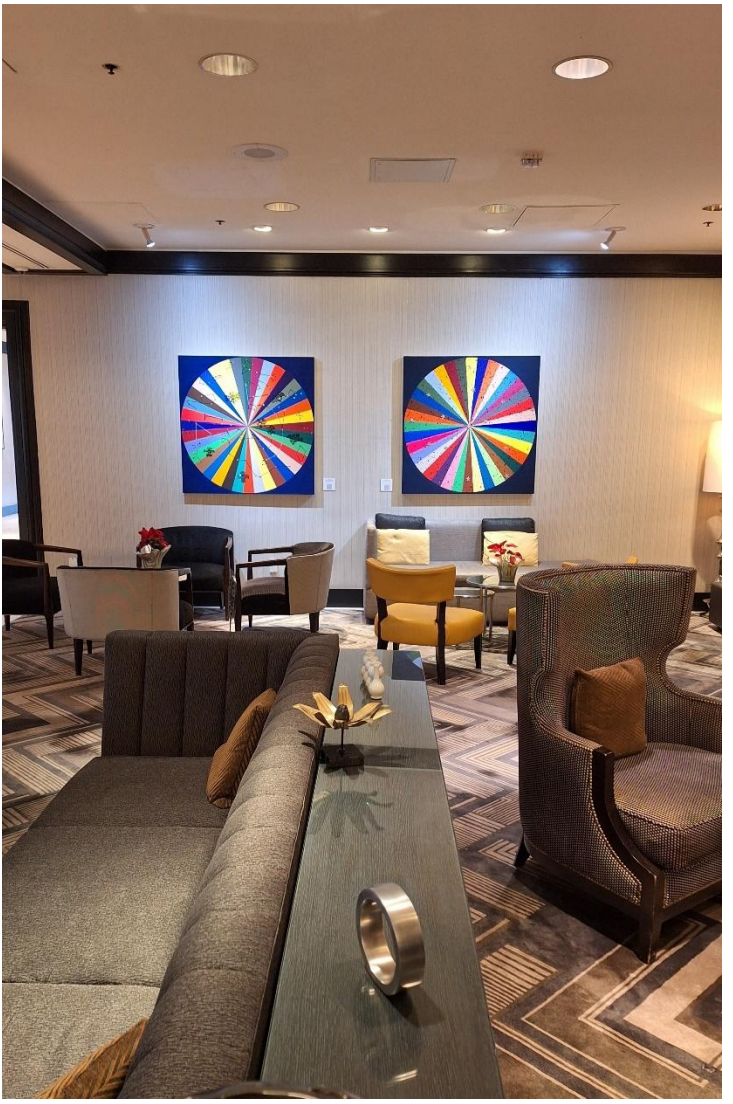
Me, Eric, and Jose

At the end of 2023 during the Christmas time there wasn't much to do. So David and I decided to take a trip to Baltimore, Maryland. We booked two Amtrak tickets ahead of time. After we got there safely we stayed at the "Renaissance Hotel," for 3 nights. It was a Christmas holiday time so a lot of establishments, businesses, and stores were closed. There wasn't much to do but eat out at the nearby local restaurants. But, it was still somewhat fun.

Here are some pics below….



Amtrak to Baltimore, Maryland



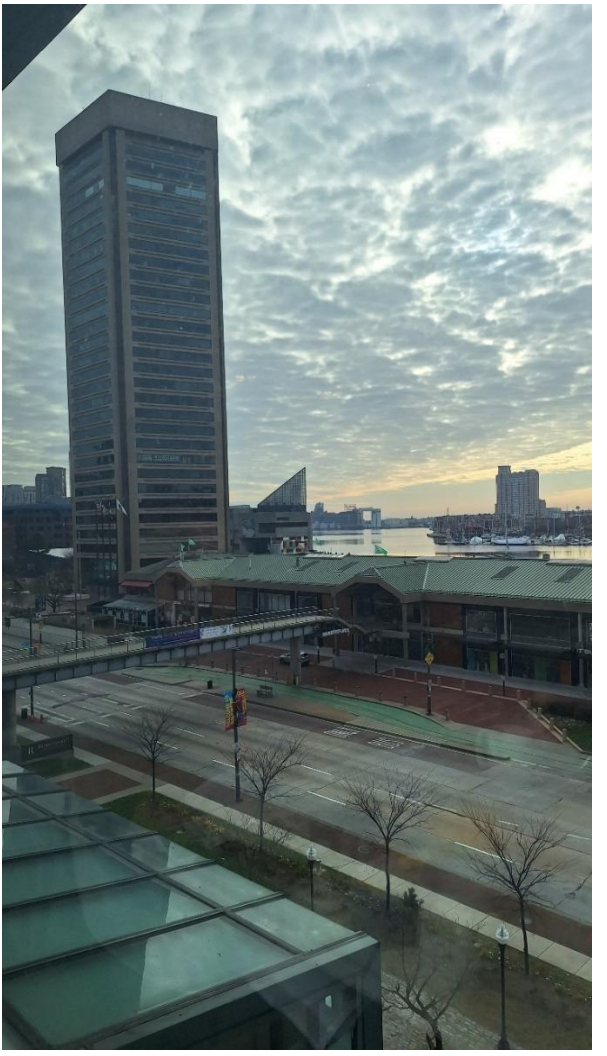
Renaissance Hotel



Renaissance Hotel



David and I



Baltimore, Maryland

Later on in December 2023, David wasn't feeling well and was complaining of back pain. So he went to the hospital and they diagnosed him with stage 4 Melanoma cancer. He is now in the process of getting immunotherapy every 2 weeks. However, its best if David explains this to everyone in his own words. Please, read his details of his current and past health status below…..

On Saturday, December 16, 2023, I visited the Emergency Room ("ER") at The Virginia Hospital Center ("VHC") to have a tender, but firm, tissue mass examined on my back. I was concerned it could be a tumor or a cyst. The first doctor who examined me believed it was a Sebaceous Cyst. The ultrasound seemed to confirm that it was a cyst. However, the senior surgical doctor suspected it could be symptomatic of a more serious underlying condition. He ordered frontal and bi-lateral x-rays and a CT-Scan. The findings were very disturbing. They found three enlarged nodules in the lungs and an enlarged lymph node under my right arm. The initial conclusion was Non-Hodgkin's Lymphoma. After reviewing the scans myself, I suggested immediately I be placed under observation in the hospital for two days. It appeared to me it was cancer that had

metastasized from the lungs to the lymph node. In addition, I suspected that it could be very aggressive. I was told, however, that "there is a process" for proceeding with this type of medical development. As time revealed, I believe this medical decision was a mistake. Over three weeks passed before I could see an oncologist. My biopsy on the lymph node occurred on January 24, 2024. After deliberation, the results showed metastatic melanoma, not lymphoma. After the diagnosis, additional tests were conducted and it was declared Stage 4. Given the seriousness of the diagnosis, I went on a Firm short-term disability for two months - through a portion of April. One last test, a PET-Scan was scheduled to determine the spread of the cancer. While the PET-Scan was scheduled for February 9, 2024, I went to the ER on February 7, 2024 due to pressure in my chest. They conducted another CT-Scan and frontal and bi-lateral x-rays and found the chest nodules had quadrupled in my lungs, had moved to surround the liver, and found a pulmonary embolism - a blood clot - in my right lung. The innumerable chest nodules raised a concern of respiratory failure. Furthermore, the pulmonary embolism in my right lung might burst causing internal hemorrhaging. Notwithstanding these medical issues, I was released unwisely from the ER at 3:00am on the morning of February 8, 2024. The PET-Scan two

days later showed the cancer was located in the lungs, liver, and lymph node. It was deemed very aggressive. I was scheduled for my first infusion of Immunotherapy on February 14, 2024.

After my release from the ER on February 8, 2024, I notified my father of my condition and underscored that I should be receiving more aggressive treatment for my cancer. I told him about the disturbing developments on the medical scans and suggested he come to Virginia not only to assess the situation, but also to speak to the medical team involved in my care. He was furious at the medical treatment I was receiving from the VHC team. Accordingly, he made plans to come to Alexandria, VA on February 29, 2024. He stayed at the Springhill Suites Hotel in Alexandria, VA. He accompanied me to the hospital for blood tests and the second infusion on March 6, 2024. Furthermore, he told the medical team to treat the cancer aggressively. Noting the unsettling medical issues on February 7, 2024, he demanded an explanation as to why I was not hospitalized in December 2023 to determine the aggressiveness of the cancer. We were TOLD that in many cases, patients are not placed under observation in the hospital unless it is deemed absolutely critical. My father responded that in his opinion, my condition was critical at that time. In no uncertain terms, he

stated he wants to see concrete results from Immunotherapy.

The medical team scheduled four sessions of Immunotherapy utilizing the medications Ipilimumab and Opdivo.The side effects are night sweats, hot flashes, cold sensations, malaise, joint inflammation, intestinal issues, and rashes. As time progresses, these conditions begin to dissipate. The side effects from the second infusion were severe. These included night sweats and general malaise. Although the night sweats gradually decreased, the malaise lingered. I receive both drug therapies - 35 minutes each - on the same day. My last full Immunotherapy infusion is scheduled for April 17, 2024.

Although helpful and supportive, my father announced he was leaving early on March 14, 2024. He concluded he accomplished everything he could while he was in Virginia. Unfortunately, the day after he departed, I had an MRI at the hospital. The MRI showed a cancerous nodule in the front right lobe of the brain. I was scheduled for radiation treatments a few days later in the beginning of April. After his departure, I continued with my Immunotherapy on March 27, 2024.

My first radiation treatment occurred on Tuesday,

April 2, 2024. They used the CyberKnife - a form of radiosurgery - that delivers targeted radiation to destroy lesions and/or tumors within the body. The first session focused on the right-side of my brain. The second session, which is scheduled for April 8, 2024, will focus on the left-side of the brain. Each session is 25 minutes long. Side effects can occur from radiation therapy. These include fatigue, temporary skin changes of the treated area, headache, and, in some cases, nausea.

As my cancer is an ongoing condition, I will continue to update my treatment for metastatic melanoma.

27. Sasha Adopted

At the end of 2023, I started searching for cats to adopt. Then I found a near by animal shelter called "King Street Cats", and "Animal Welfare Leage Shelter." David and I looked around both places. We found a lot of cats that we liked. But, at the "Animal Welfare Leage Shelter", and their website I found a 6 month old kitten named Ralphie. However, I was informed before his adoption he needed to get neutered. So, they told me to come back next week to pick him up.

David was gone to work so I drove there, signed all the paper work, got all the instructions, and finally picked him up on Wednesday. But, even before he got home we both decided early on to name the kitten, "Sasha". One week before he came we decided to buy him $150 worth of cat supplies, cat litter, cat food, and pet carrying bag.

Here are some of the pics below….









Now that it has been about 3 months of having a pet in our home. I have gotten use to having a kitten around. David and I both know what food he likes and dislikes, what toys he likes to play with, where he likes to sleep, what places he likes to jump on, and etc. One thing is for sure, I don't like Sasha's sharp nails !!! They can be risky at times, not knowing where he will scratch my hands, my neck, or my feet !

I also thought about getting him declawed (get his

nails removed) but David did not agree. He doesn't want that. I am ok with that. I take him outside to pet salons to get his nails trimmed and his fur washed and bathed.



Now that it has been over 8 months in our new home on the 17th floor. Things have kind of settled down and life goes on…. 😊

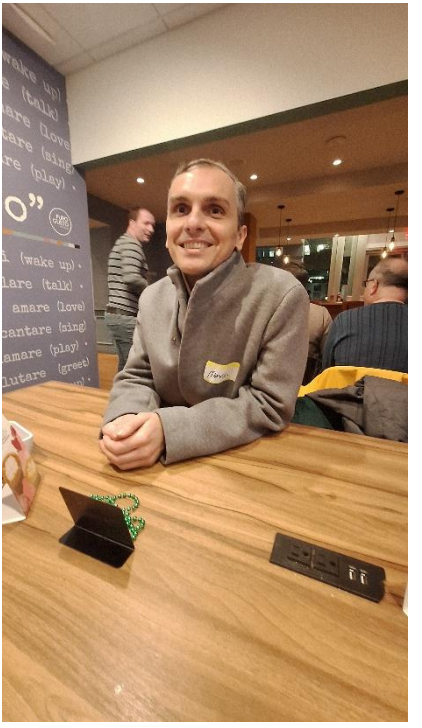
28. Update 24-26

In March, 2024, I met Marci from Brazil at a café called Puro Gusto in D.C. He told me a little bit about his background for instance that early on in his teenage years his parents were mean to him . They taunted him for being gay or assuming that he was gay so he filed for asylum and got on a bus to Ny, Ny!!

Plus he works for the police association from some non-profit group. Marci also complained to me for several months that he disliked living in Virginia with other roommates that were rarely home. Plus, he found his co-workers were mean and homophobic so he had to complain to his boss several times before they gave him a different cubicle.

Marci also told me that he was in counseling with a therapist for a short period of time. Plus, next year he got tired of this and decided to move and purchase his own apartment in Washington DC . He showed me this place once, but kept on complaining of having a lack of friends even now that he was living in the center of Dupont Circle where there is no shortage of finding lgbtq friends because that's where all the great cafes, restaurants, bars, and clubs are. Later on in 2025 and 2026 we kept in

touch by Facetime and met up in Dupont circle 17th street many times to have dinner and walk around the street in the summer time. See pics below…



Marci at Puro Gusto



With Marci at Puro Gusto



Marci at San Antonio

In April, I needed a new 2 in 1 convertible laptop because my old one stopped working. So I searched around and found a great deal at Costco with a 2 year warranty on a Acer brand 14" laptop.

In May, I continued going to daddy TJ's meetups like at the Moxy, Equality Nova, Westin Arlington

Gateway. See pics below….



TJ and I at Equality Nova



TJ at Westin Arlington Gateway



Jose and I at Equality Nova

In June, David and I renewed our lease for another year at the Meridian Eisenhower. His health was just fine in spite of his cancer diagnosis .

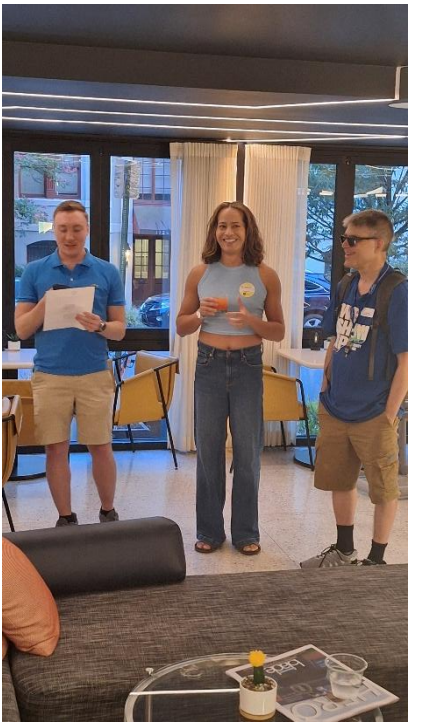
In July, we hosted our 2nd House warming gathering on the 25th floor in the club room. See pics below….



Our second House Warming gathering



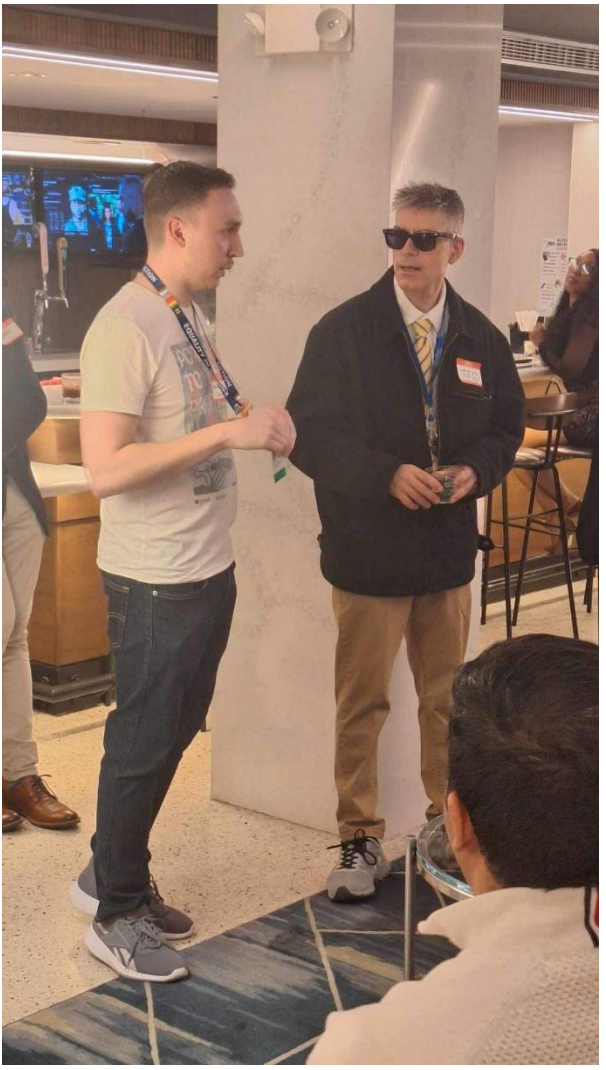
August, see more meetup pics below….(Dupont Marriot)



Dupont Marriot



Dupont Marriot



Dupont Marriot with Nathen and TJ



TJ, Marci, and me at Dupont Marriot

In September there was another meetup at Puro Gusto and an yearly Ice cream social at Freddies Lutz home. See pics below…



Puro Gusto



Me and my late brother at Tysons Galleria



Annual Ice cream social



Annual Ice cream social



Annual Ice cream social



Annual Ice cream social



My late brother came to visit our family from LA, California

In October, there was a Halloween party at Freddies Beach bar. See pics below…



Halloween party at Freddies



Halloween party at Freddies



Halloween party at Freddies



Halloween party at Freddies

In November and December there were more meetups at the Zena hotel and random pics. See pics below...



Me at Zena hotel



My late brother with me and my sister at Fairfax 14 mall



This is the last time us 4 siblings got together in Virginia !!



TJ at Moxy hotel



Me and Marci at Zena hotel

2025

In January, me and David decide to buy a new Kia K4. As David being the main co-signer and me agreeing to make the monthly payments.



Kia K4

In April, me and David go to an arts festival at the Mosaic District mall



Arts festival



Arts festival



Arts festival



Some more random pics here from social outings 2025 below….



TJ, Marci, and I





David, Jose, and Diana



Arts festival

Again in May, me and David go to an arts festival at the Mosaic district mall. Pics below…



Arts festival



Arts festival



Arts festival



Arts festival

In May, something very unexpected happened on the road. Me and David get into a major car accident due to his distraction and someone else's fault. Fortunately, no one is hurt. Our new K4 is deemed to be a total loss but Gap/Gieco insurance picks up all of the tab for the entire cost of the car. Luckily, we are not responsible for a penny !!

Nevertheless, we decide to go on a 4 day vacation to Ny, Ny on Amtrak . See pics below…



Amtrak



Holiday Inn hotel



Renaissance hotel



Renaissance hotel





Cheesecake factory

But, when we get back in June, we realize that there is no car for us to drive around in or to get around with. David and my brother are hesitant and discourage me from getting another new car. After a few arguments and discussions David agrees to

co-sign for me for another new car. We both split the down payment, but I again take over the monthly payments and drive him around.

At the end of July, an unexpected news comes from LA, California over the phone. My nephew Omar calls and tells me the sad news that my brother Nauman has passed away accidently a day before. Cause of death was unknown? My brother was my best friend and confidant. I dearly miss him everyday . Here are a few pics of him below with me and other family, friends …



Brother Nauman, mom and dad



Brother Nauman and me



Brother Nauman with dad and me



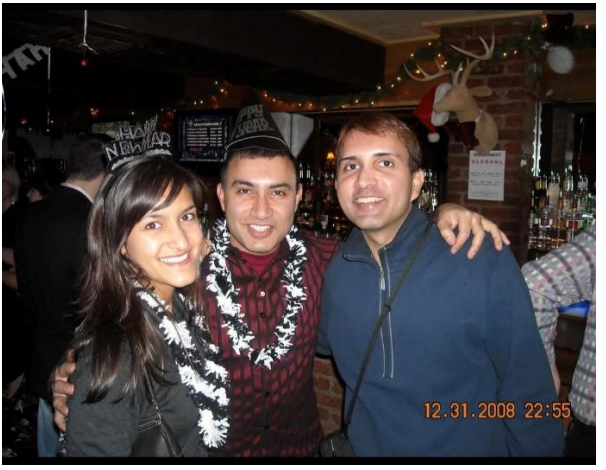
Brother Nauman with me in Kauia



Brother Nauman with his friend Poetry



Us two siblings in Pakistan



Saira, Nauman, and I



Nauman in Hawaii



Nauman and his girlfriend Celine in Kawai



Me , my late dad and my brother



My late dad and brother



My late mom and brother



Me with my late brother in Palo Alto, CA



My Nauman came to attend a meetup in D.C

The same year in August, David health starts to get worse with his cancer diagnosis. He stops going to work and gets more paid leave on and off for several days at a time. At that time I slightly start to panic with not being able to pay my portion of the rent and my unknown financial future at stake. Especially, with our lease coming to an end in September. Still, David keeps on resisting going back to his father's house in west Virginia and extends our lease by several more weeks.

Besides from all the turmoil in the air the other good news is that our brother Nauman had left not one but two wills. One from 2009 and the other from 2018. Leaving not much behind for the immediate present but naming several family members as the beneficiaries. The bad news our brother didn't plan for his unexpected passing away especially with no family members named as the executor or a trustee for his entire estate. But, just one person he chose as a Trustee in his will and trust dated 2018—Rajiv, his past friend and tax accountant. Unfortunately, that meant there was no immediate help available but the fact that all of this was now left up to his attorneys and upcoming court dates next month.

At this time all family members get very concerned and fly to California to prepare for his funeral/burial. Unfortunately, I am unable to get on an airplane due to health issues and unable to attend. But, I still watch the entire funeral on live zoom from my laptop ! Also, suddenly afterwards my niece becomes extra caring and concerned for my future. Seher asks me to give her permission to become the future executor of Nauman's will. I give her permission and signed paper work. Soon, she starts to take charge and also begins to look after his two real estate properties nearby.

Also this month in August and October on-line zoom court hearings begin for probate. Seher hires an attorney in hopes for becoming the executor of Nauman's estate. I attend the 1st court hearing from LA court online with the help of some of brother's best friends like Karina, Jay, and Sunil. There was a lot of confusion during that day and bad news that I did not understand. But, after the zoom court hearing Karina and Sunil explain to me over the phone what had just happened. Seher's attorney showed up to court and declared Nauman's estate to be intestate (meaning that it was a false statement claiming that my brother left no will or trust behind. Which in reality he left not one but two wills dated 2009 and 2018). Seher had a copy of the will from

several weeks ago and she had emailed me a copy of that too! This news was outrageous to me because Karina explained that this is what family's do when they have greed for money. This would also mean that by law in the state of California Nauman's assets and estate would be divided into 3 beneficiary not 2, as that was not my brother's wishes in both of his wills! Believe me I read the fine print .

This was totally not acceptable to me because my niece was moving forward with disregard to my brother's wishes. Therefore, at the end of the month I hired a California attorney and complained to him my situation. Next month in October I attended another online zoom court date meeting . My attorney stood up and argued that Seher or her attorney's wishes to go intestate are wrong and against our brothers wishes. He delayed making my niece the executor of Nauman's estate and trust and the next probate date got scheduled for January of 2026.

Also that same month my POA-Karina Cano had researched online and located Nauman's 2018 Trust and Will. However, those documents were hiding at an attorneys office in San Jose, California. Serry was that attorney who refused to release the copy of the Trust to Karina or to my attorney without a court order. What was in the Trust had

been leaked. Meaning that the Trustee was identified in the trust as Rajiv Chadha. He is an Indian guy who lives in Virginia with a CPA degree and works as a tax accountant. Still, Rajiv refused to talk or get involved right away and made excuses that he was already to busy with his current job. Later on in November the copy of the Trust was revealed to Rajiv, Karina, and my attorney by court order. At that point and time Rajiv and I had some communication exchanges. Meaning that we were in touch with emails and text messages all the way till the end of the year. Nauman had chosen Rajiv as the Trustee of his will because he was he former tax accountant and one of his best friends. However, even at that time it was my gut feeling that Rajiv was not the right guy for me or my sister as we are the beneficiaries with several minority status, plus he was still not that easy to get along with or get a hold of. The year 2025 came to an end. What happened next –you can read about under the heading "2026".

In September, there is plenty of good and bad news in the air. David's health gets pretty bad, he starts calling 911 every other day. Gets admitted to er and hospitals almost daily with no family members or friends to look after him. I again become his caregiver and soon start visiting him daily at hospitals, nursing, rehab homes. This all was not easy

on someone like me who already has other health concerns. In a panic and rush I take out a loan from Nauman's estate. With the help of my brother in law as a co-signer I move out mid month to another apartment to get away from all this saga and health crisis at home. Soon, with God looking after me I found health, happiness, and gladly started to live on my own in my own place. But, still continue to look after David health for the next several weeks.

Besides from the loss of a dear sibling the good news comes from California that my brother had taken out a life insurance policy about 5 years ago in case something were to happen to him unexpectedly. In it he put about 5 people as potential beneficiaries. I was included in it too. Still, its was not easy trying to file a claim with TransAmerica ! I had to go online and order not one but two death certificates from the county of LA, California. For several weeks, I got rejected twice because they did not accept the cause of death as "still pending". Still, with no luck in sight suddenly a surprise in the mail comes at the end of September. Transamerica issues me and other family members a lump sum death benefit. I obviously can't mention here how much, but its enough to last us for a few years.

The month of October continued with a new sense

of purpose, happiness, and joy. Love, peace, and blessings happen with my social gatherings and meetups. However, the sad part—Seher and her family including my older sister and brother in law stop all communications with me for the long haul. I wouldn't know how else to explain this to anyone because to this day many people think that I am crazy for standing up for my brother's wishes. But, my family members lied in court . Those documents or court sessions are all available online on Legal One or other databases. Therefore, its their guilt, not mine. Regardless of my religion or sexual orientation !! They are still upset at me because they claim that I didn't attend my brother's funeral . In reality, I couldn't and due to my health I haven't flown in over 4 years!

Also, this month our lease came to an end. David had to move out of our apartment with the help of several care givers, nurses, and his dad. He went back to West Virginia in a big cab. However, after arriving there he went straight to the hospice and passed away a few weeks later in October. This was very sad news for me as this was a second loved one that I lost in 2025. However, I couldn't take care of him alone and now I am taking care of my own self alone .

In the month of November, after many years of debating I decide to get Invisalign aligners from a orthodontist near by for the long run commitment. Now, its been exactly one year, it was a lot of hard work, but my treatment is over next month in 2026.

2026

In January 2026, another court date came for Rajiv and Seher battling for the position of becoming the executor of Nauman's will . However, as I mentioned before Seher had no luck moving forward because Rajiv Chadha had been identified in the 2018 Trust as a chosen Trustee from my late brother . The court date came and nothing happened because Rajiv decided to delay becoming the official Trustee –he wanted this news to be published in the local newspapers in LA and in Virginia. As expected Seher lost her bid for becoming the executor. This was all expected because we were all informed before that even with a Trust there will be a need to probate Nauman's real estate and personal property assets. Now came the next court date in April of 2026. At that time Rajiv was named as the official executor and Trustee of my brothers will/trust. However, he still needed a bond from the state of California and letters of administration from the local courts. Therefore, Rajiv still could not operate or start the probate process at that time.

At the same time things started to get messy with my communications with Rajiv Chadha. Because a few months before he hired a California attorney

named Courtney to help him carry on with the probate process. Therefore, we siblings don't know if this was out of protocol, discrimination or disrespect for someone with a Pakistani, gay, or disabled status that Rajiv stopped communicating with us. Instead he referred us to his attorney Courtney who charges by the hour to discuss current and future probate proceedings. Still, sometime in July or August of this year the next online court date came and Rajiv got the letters of administration from the court and officially became the executor and trustee of Nauman's estate. However, our communication with Rajiv Chadha did not get any better at that time or for the next few months even after probate officially started in September or October of 2026. Because, Rajiv still refused to communicate with us two siblings as we are the only 2 beneficiaries stated in the Trust. Why? Probably because he doesn't care and left this job for my POA –Karina and his attorney Courtney.

Then this same month of October some letters came from Courtney in California asking us several questions like do we have any knowledge of Nauman's personal properties in California or how to locate them? More questions that sounded like complete spoof---do we know what the mortgage situation is on brother's 2 properties in the east

coast? What are his debts/taxes , etc. This truly didn't make any sense to us because by now Rajiv has already hired a Virginia attorney to probate Nauman's 2 properties in the DMV area. Then, I got really anxious and worried and decided to do a 3-way tela conference call with Karina and her close friend Sunil. I got some good advice from them like well if Rajiv is unsure of the mortgage situation or his debts or his personal properties then there are several things he or his attorneys can do. Like go online to the 3 major credit bureaus or look at Nauman's last year or the year before tax returns !! So, what happened to the inventory list of his assets, income, debts, taxes, etc.? I especially thought that by now 8 months have passed by and that Rajiv would have some of these questions answered ! But, no—he left this up to his attorneys in California and in Virginia or ask us spoof questions like I mentioned before. Is this Rajiv Chadha for real or what? I seriously have my doubts about what his ethics/morals are. Will he ever work or become a special needs Trustee for us? Probably not or maybe he will or he will hand this job over to someone else like Courtney or another Trustee. But, how can we argue with him because the official probate started just two months ago . As far a we know there is nothing transferred to the Trust yet !! This could take several months to a year or longer. We siblings

have immediate financial needs and our future is questionable and at stake. Nevertheless , life goes on and here is what else happened in the year 2026 below….

Here are some random photos from meetups, restaurants, malls, car dealerships, and homes.



Patio in the island of Key West



Daddy TJ and I at Dik bar



Me and Destin



Parots somewhere in Bahamas



At Cha Street restaurant having breakfast



Daddy TJ and I at Moxy Hotel



Island of Key West



Dinner at Ihop



Social gathering at Coastal Flats with TJ



At Embassy Suites with TJ and Destin



At Tysons Galleria mall



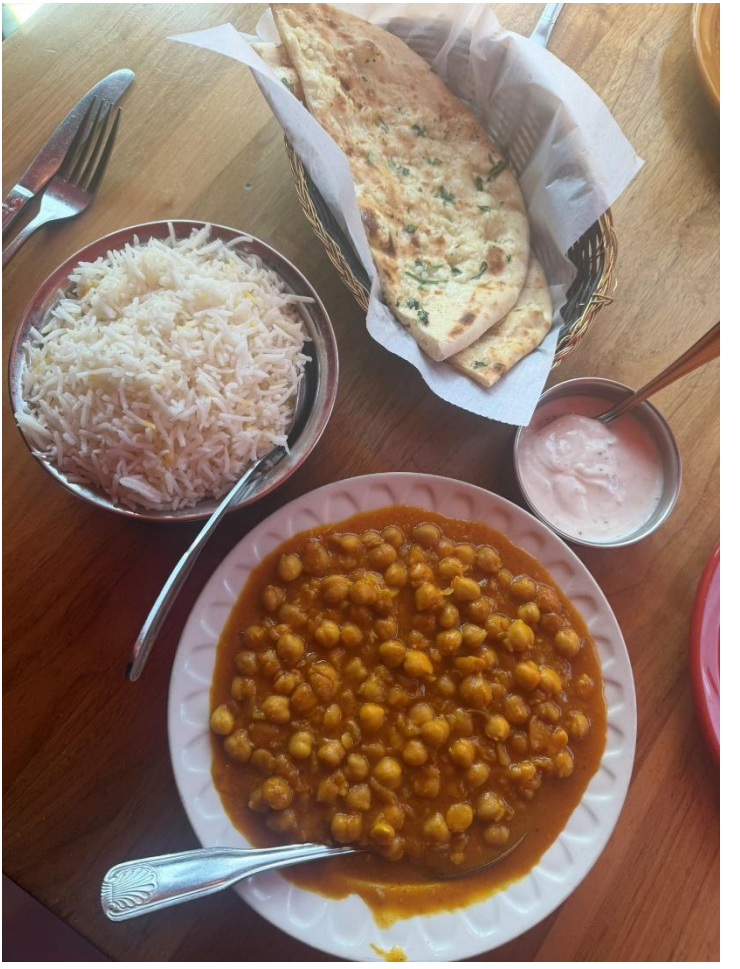
At Channel, Tysons Galleria



Outside of As You Are café



Cherry Blossoms during April in Fairfax, Virginia



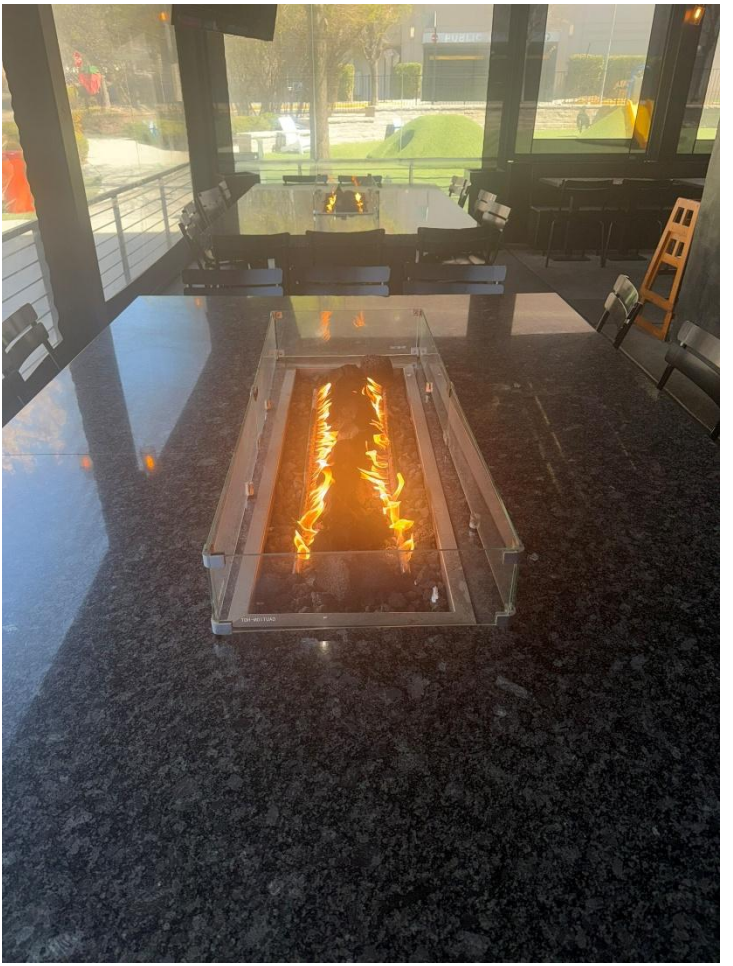
Bombay Restaurant in D.C



Flowers at Wegmans



Friend Nick at Lexus dealership



At the Mosaic Mall



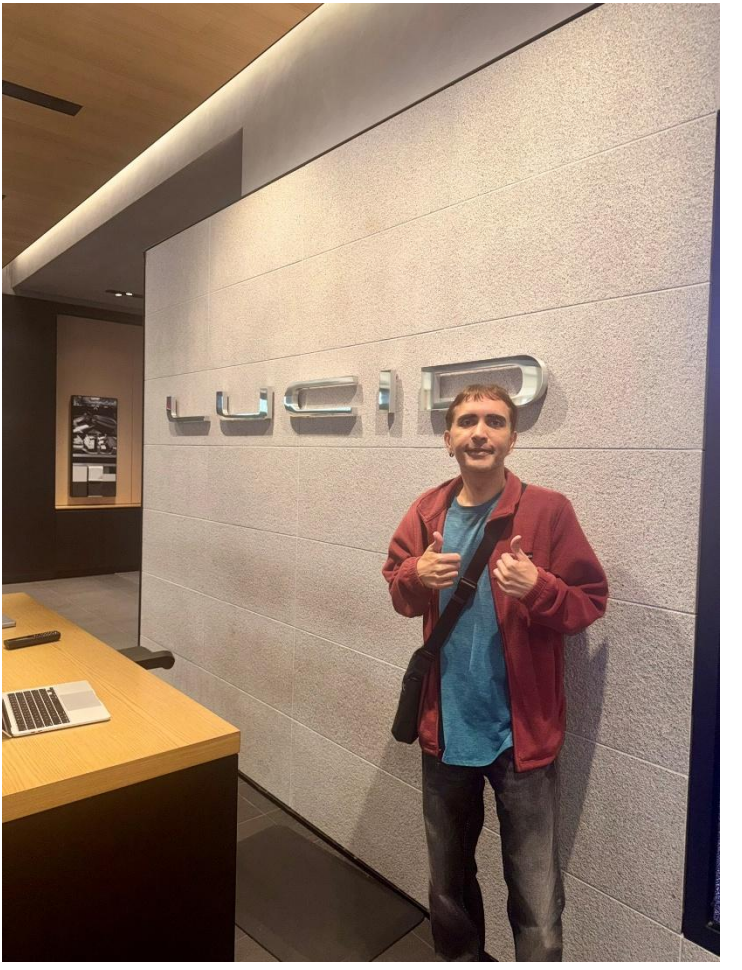
With daddy TJ at Uproar roof top



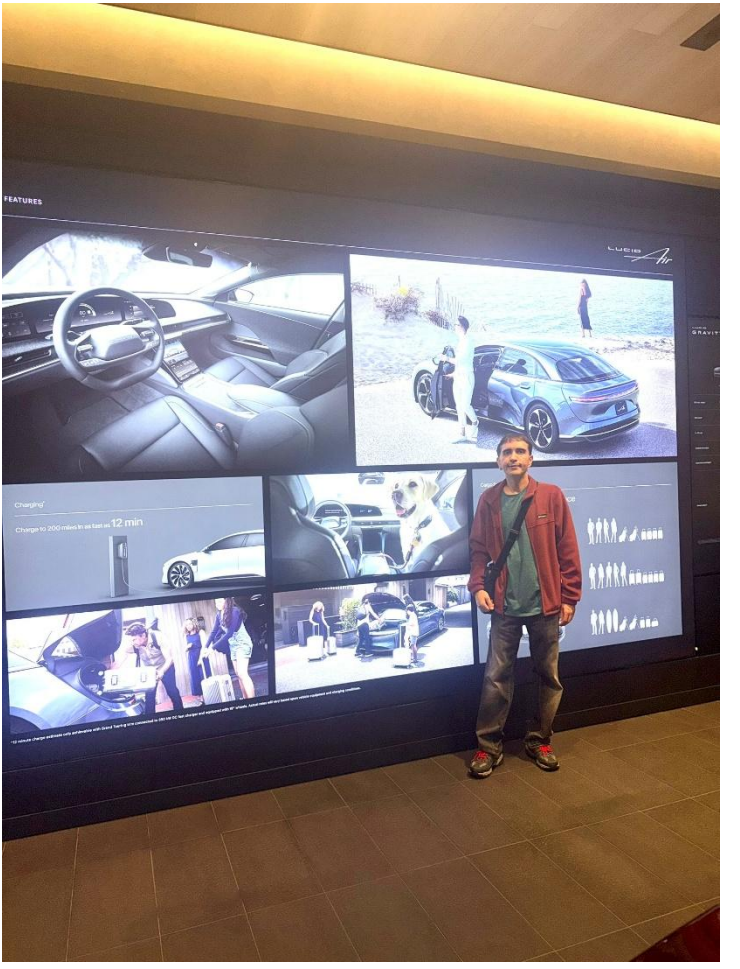
Ezra, TJ, and I at Fredrico Restaurant



Alberto and I at Silver Diner



At Lucid Motors in Tysons 1



At Lucid Motors in Tysons 1



Daddy TJ at As You Are



Me at Tyson's Galleria



TJ and I at Crush bar



Destin, TJ, and I at Green Lantern



Marci and I at 17th Street, Dupont Circle





Daddy TJ and I at Hyatt Centric hotel





At Tyson's Galleria



At Tyson's Galleria



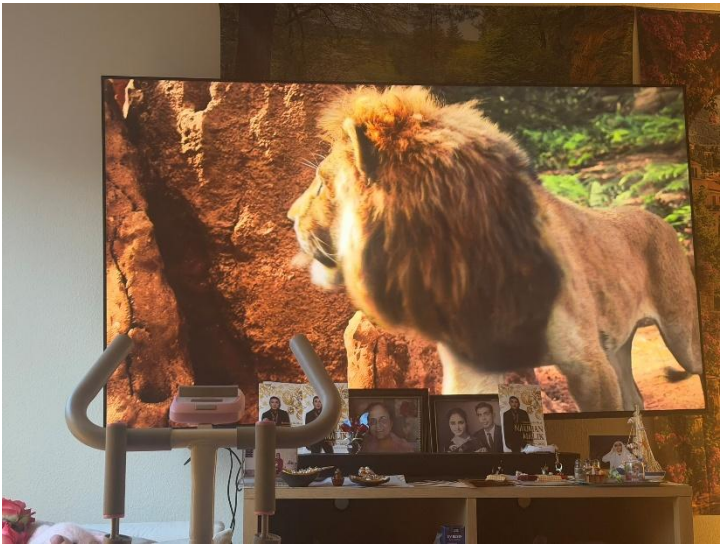
Daddy TJ and I at Number 9



A new friend I met at Uproar Roof top



On 18th Street, Adams Morgan with Jeff



Baji's new big screen TV !!



Sandy and I at a café in Arlington, Virginia



Me at Green Lantern



Me and Sebastian at As You Are café



Meetup at Silver Diner with friends

Key Themes & Takeaways

* **Resilience Through Instability:** Malik repeatedly faces homelessness, financial hardship, bureaucratic obstacles, and chronic health conditions, yet consistently finds ways to start over—whether in hostels, new cities, or new apartments.

* **Intersectionality and Belonging:** Growing up as a gay South Asian immigrant in the 1980s and 1990s meant navigating both cultural expectations at home and racial/social barriers within mainstream LGBTQ spaces. Finding affirming communities (in San Francisco's Castro and D.C.'s social groups) is central to his survival.

* **Mental Health and Self-Advocacy:** The memoir candidly depicts depression, anxiety, and medical neglect, illustrating how therapy, medication, support groups, and self-advocacy helped Malik move from isolation to stability.

* **Creative Outlets as Therapy:** Writing, web publishing, photography, pop music (from Madonna and Mariah Carey to Harry Styles and Troye Sivan), and astrology serve as lifelong anchors that help Malik process grief and make sense of his experiences.

* **Chosen Family vs. Biological Family:** While Malik deeply loved his parents and his late brother Nauman, strained relationships and legal betrayal by other relatives highlight the vital role of chosen family—friends, mentors, and companions like Marci, Leeza, Baji, Tullet bhai, Nasir bhai, and TJ.

Editorial Reviews(Metro Weekly)

In *Rainbow Reflections* (Part 2), author Rex Malik takes readers on a deeply personal journey through his life as a gay Asian American man. Written in an honest and down-to-earth style, the book traces his experiences from his immigrant upbringing in South Asia and move to the United States in 1984 to his life as an adult navigating the modern world. Rather than hiding the hard parts of his story, Malik opens up about what it really feels like to grow up feeling different, struggle with loneliness, and search for a place where he truly belongs.

A major turning point in Malik's life comes during his teenage years. After realizing he was gay at a young age and dealing with the quiet isolation of keeping his feelings secret, he made the brave decision to come out to his friends and family at sixteen. That choice set him on a lifelong path of self-acceptance. Throughout his college years at Towson State and George Mason University, as well as his many travels across the country—from the vibrant LGBTQ community in San Francisco to the sunny beaches of Hawaii and Florida—Malik

encounters a wide variety of people and cultures that help him better understand himself and his place in the world.

Along the way, Malik faces many real-life hurdles, including mental health struggles, chronic health issues, financial stress, and the exhausting search for safe, stable housing. He also shares moments of deep personal grief, including the loss of close family members and loved ones. Yet, even during the hardest chapters, he refuses to give up. He seeks out therapy, leans on loyal friends, and finds comfort in simple everyday joys and creative passions like writing, photography, music, and astrology.

Ultimately, *Rainbow Reflection 2* is a story about resilience, self-love, and never losing hope. By sharing both his happiest memories and his darkest days, Malik offers comfort and encouragement to anyone who has ever felt like an outsider. His story serves as a heartfelt reminder that no matter how bumpy the road gets, it is always possible to find light, build meaningful connections, and live life on your own terms.

This concludes this update. However, I might add more or possibly next year. Also, currently my health is not any better than it was before. As the old saying goes "recovered but not cured".

About the Author

Rex Malik is in his mid-40's. He travels between the west and the east coast and stays with family and friends. He has a B.A in Communication and a minor in Photography. He is a Web Developer, Author, and Photographer. His hobbies include music, astrology, and movies.

rexsbooks.com



Thanks for reading this book -:}

Thanks to my family and friends for giving me the inspiration.