

Christopher Duntcsh <duntsch@bellsouth.net> ¹⁸
Re: Fwd: Occam's Razor
December 11, 2011 11:42 AM

I hope you read this and understood this and it grabbed your heart in the right way.

It would be impossible or at least a great deal of work to build this clinic without you.

But everything else either is replaceable with a bad ass professional admin asst, or necessarily avoidable including several other things that do not need to be mentioned. My point is that outside of the clinic, (primarily because of my heart), it is much easier to be without you than with you on the fence and all over the place with your feelings. It is even easier (and of course better) to do the same with you deeply in love with me and rolling with me like my mother fucking soldier. Either get in, get out and just run clinic, and I will even let you off the hook on all of the above if you protect my heart, but if you can't do that then you can't do anything other than run the clinic in relation to me. Not because I am some terrible person with no heart, but because I am a wonderful person with a sensitive and big heart (size of Texas by the way). And most importantly, your words are beautiful but have a tiny fraction of the significance of your actions towards me in so many ways for some many reasons with so many meanings and implications attached to each one.

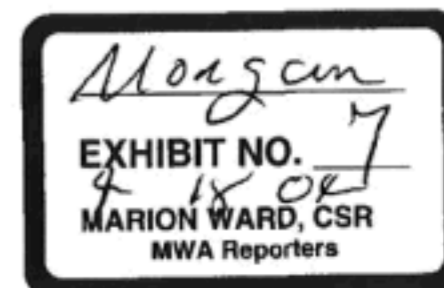
From: Kimberly [REDACTED]
To: Christopher Duntcsh <duntsch@bellsouth.net>
Sent: Sun, December 11, 2011 11:06:43 AM
Subject: Fwd: Occam's Razor

Kimberly Morgan, Ed.D, FNP-C, RNFA
Texas Neurosurgical Institute
The office of
Christopher Duntcsh MD, Ph.D
469-443-0446 Ofc
469-443-0456 Fax
972-529-0480 cell
MAJ US Air Force Medical Corp
Adjunct Professor, Texas Woman's University, Graduate School of
Nursing

Begin forwarded message:

From: Christopher Duntcsh <duntsch@bellsouth.net>
Date: December 9, 2011 4:01:06 CST
To: Kimberly Morgan <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Occam's Razor

Kim,



There are three ways to explain this to you.

Directly, bluntly.

Verbose and kind with analogies and subtle yearning for empathy if I can just get you to understand.

Whoop the shit out of your heart and mind and soul.

Before you read the word "before", your entire face was painfully grimacing in confusion and that "what the fuck are talking about look" that you give me around 47 times a day.

I am going to choose bluntly, and if you still don't get it then we can sit in a dark corner and I will explain in great detail some other time.

And if you still don't get it and your actions continue to follow me or run ahead or simply walk on me then out of love I won't whoop the shit of you. But it will change things in a sequential manner. I already have. But each step has been anything other than what is in my heart for you.

Unfortunately, you cannot understand that I really am building an empire, and I am so far outside the box that the earth is small and the sun is bright. And I have around 3 minutes left to change my mind and go back, and of course I always do. But that is something that you probably are again scrunching in confusion over yet you know what I mean. The funny thing is you are likely alone reading yet still scrunching ... but for who? Yourself?

Here is the deal.

I have about 6 companies in play. And about 80 people I have to talk to daily or weekly.

I have three lawsuits.

I have 1M in debt, 10M invested, and 22 years of pain in misery already on the table.

I have 6 chances at making enough of this and that to do what is next.

I do not have the patience to put all my money on one horse.

Anyone close to me thinks that I likely am something between god, einstein, and the antichrist. Because how can I do anything I want and cross every discipline boundary like its a playground and never ever lose. But unfortunately, despite the fact I am winning it is not happening fast enough. What is the problem Kim? It is simply that everyone else is human and there is nothing I can do about it. And so I pick and choose my humans and try to help them and show them. Give them patience and kindness. And never harm anyone unless they even think of doing the same to someone I love.

But everyone of them fail me nearly on a daily basis. Their loyalty comes and goes, they lose huge amounts of money, they kill deals, they disrespect me, they can't pull their weight, they don't have patience, faith, they don't believe. Except of course when I put 100K on the table or strike a deal with biotech the size of texas while I take a nap and design the next design for something. Then everyone believes. And when they do, its all love and respect and honor and yes sir right away sir. But give them one week and suddenly they forget and greed grows on their skin and they begin to believe this is their work, their ideas,

their 22 years and 20,000 hours in the lab and OR and at the table doing real business with the people in charge of what the fuck ever I want to do business with.

You, my child, are the only one between me and the other side. I am ready to leave the love and kindness and goodness and patience that I mix with everything else that I am and become a cold blooded killer. The sad fact is that I would go faster do better and catch more respect and honor by fucking every one in the brain, emotionally and mentally controlling them in a manner that borders on abuse, taking no prisoners, and sending everyone in my way, and especially that fucks with me to hell for the simple fact they thought they could much less tried.

You stopped me dead in my tracks. I found a beautiful woman, a deep heart, a charismatic jedi mind fuck natural who was smart and capable, and that fit into my personal life and real life like a glove. And for about 1 week I suddenly changed my opinion of the world. It was no longer me rolling like this and growing like that and what the fuck ever needed to be, it was you and I doing that, and doing that as two people that acted like one. Two people that don't have to speak, just see into each other eyes and have conversations that are a semblance of a calculus based physics russian novel by Dostoevsky that was revised by Newton then Einstein then when he died in bed with a pencil and paper desperate for a theory of everything he died without the one thing he had to have, and Neils Bohr fucked him because he was right, and so was Einstein, buy Bohr did not have to touch each electron in its cloud at a given point in space and time to believe in quantum mechanics, but Einstein did and never could have so he did not believe and died lost. And he died alone and miserable and without honor. Because he could not see.

1 week and then everything unraveled. At first I thought it was simply my world and that it was too much for you. Then it seemed that it was nothing more than boring to you ... so then I thought it was my vodka bottle and neurostimulants, but I watched you closely and besides concern for my healthy you were chill and rolled with me on that. Then I thought I was to you just a crazy old overweight out of shape unhealthy 40 year old and without something more physically you were bored of me faster than I would ever admit. I still believe that is likely true. Drive and hurt and life and people have ruined me and I don't even care. Then I thought you were scared that I was too diluted, or it was all too crazy, or that of all the things I need to take down one at a time, the one you needed to go fast the most was going to get fucked.

I am going with the last one. That is why I stopped on a dime. Stopped trying to impress you or show off or even share with you what the 100 emails and 20 calls and 50 texts on a given day are about. Because its seems that while that goes on, as long as I keep you out of that mentally and physically and ideologically, and keep moving in your clinical world with me, you are blissfully ignorant, or simply ignore the rest. I did that. It worked. So I am fairly certain I am right.

But here is the deal. At any given moment, you can never make up much less know the pain and anger and frustration and genius and drive and destruction and architecture I have put down on the table when it was time to do so, and all just before I showed up to wherever you and were supposed to be.

What is the point of all this.

You don't know Kim. And you don't know me. And you expend a lot energy making simple complex. And complex things ridiculous.

This is what you have got to do for me.

Keep it simple. Never ever fucking argue with me and banter or what the fuck ever in front of anyone. When we are alone, my love for you will let you do so because that is your nature. But not in front of my lawyers and accountants and partners and employees and friends. And never when I not standing there.

You were a major in a military organization, and that is the only reason you can have a slight inkling of the manner in which I want you to treat me and respect me.

There was a moment in time where you owned me, and I looked you in the eyes, held you in my arms, and said I am so in love with you, but my god I am so in love with the way you treat me, with respect, and honor. Like a man among men, who run a world that is filled with children.

But then that all just went away one day and has not really every come back.

There was another time where you met me at the door of the hospital, and took my brief case, and walked me into some ghetto sled pretend grand rounds, and showed me more honor and respect then you have in the last month combined.

I love you dearly. But you are not the woman I thought you were, you are strong and tough and brave and good and real, but you are still a small helpless child that sits in my lap and decides when to smile, when to scream, and when be small and quiet. That is fine. But at some point you will lose me or gain me, but either way you will realize I hold you in my hand. And that any weakness or reality of my own humanity I ever showed you was out of respect and a trust that I could be that real with you and would not change your thoughts and feelings about me. I was wrong.

This is the simplest way I can tell you what I need from you.

Everything you do is perfect, except when you and are together in certain contexts. In some you are a kitten purring in my lap, in others you are wonderful and fun and fill my heart with joy. In others you simply fuck me repeatedly and not in any way that I would consider enjoyable. And I let you. But my patience is thin these days. If I turned to you, when there was no where to turn, and then you turned on me, even once, then where do I turn. This probably confuses you and maybe you think I am being dramatic or what the fuck ever.

What I am being is what I am, one of kind, a mother fucker stone cold killer that can buy or own or steal or ruin or build whatever he wants. And only other people and his heart have made it difficult. You showed and made me believe and then took my mother fucker away. You took my girl away. And I won't forgive you for that for a long time.

But nonetheless. I love you desperately. And think the world of you. And will cut a mother fucker down who looks at you twice in other manner than love and respect and honor. Whatever you want from me you will get.

But only if you do the following:

Show me real and extraordinary respect in front of others, at the very least.

Never put my name in your mouth with others unless you are showing me respect and setting a precedent with them.

Never collect my lawyers in scientists and friends, etc, as you do. in any manner that involves a perceived sexuality by gestures or even innocent flirting. You are a princess, and you can do the same with your brain and subtle not overt.

You are my girl. I own you, that is my nature, or you are not mine. I own what others think of you. And if your mannerisms make Collin and Edward think you would ever be on their team, or Rimlawi think he can walk into my clinic and sit with you for one hour and disrespect me, or every other male think of you as any thing else other than someone that I hold up and pour love and respect on, and the only one, then you are fucking up and and I will not be here for long. I will always be here, but not like that.

You are a child in my hands, and you are safe, but you won't be the woman I turn to if you can't stop being the girl who was abused somehow by some guy some time and that hurt makes you treat me in ANY OTHER WAY THAN WHAT YOU KNOW I WANT FROM YOU. Whether you lash out or simply sulk when the time comes to step up for me.

If you don't get this, that is the same as if you did but don't care. If you do, then walk softly and be very concerned. Not about your job, I will never let you go. But about my heart, and whether our hearts continue to be in the same room for the same reason. That is something I can't control, but that you are in control and not doing a great job of.

Let me simplify things:

Jedi mind fuck with your brain, not your breasts or sexual euphemisms

Never ever let a one man get away with one bit of disrespect to you, or to me through you.

Never every argue with me or banter with me in front of people I know or don't know.

Do your very best to make everything as simple as possible.

Do not participate in anything beyond the entirety of OUR practice unless I ask you too.

Convince me that you are or are not desperately down for me and love me and want me. Because all you really do is go back and forth, or split the difference, so I am always in a fence and never in or out, and yet want that so badly that I sit here like a bitch and it is not a good use of my time.

Despite the way this email reads, there is more love and respect in it than you have had in your entire life.

I love you babe, there is only one of you. But you are double edged sword. And you can ride with me or for me and that is entirely your call. And you are making it every day.

Either way you do a great job at protecting the base, but there is so much more that you don't see or don't want to. I will take the base, but the other 93% of me has a great of traveling ahead of him. You are welcome to stay at the front desk, or in the OR, or on call when leave town for some reason. If that is what you want. Just be clear with me. My heart is so beat to death it barely works and you step all over it.

Do not reply to this.

C

Michelle Shughart

From: Christopher Duntcsh <duntsch@bellsouth.net>
Sent: Thursday, October 20, 2011 7:41 PM
Subject: Re: TNI new numbers for phone an fax

I think after a weekend with a pregnant girl and a plate of C and 3 bottles of vodka and "I am going marry this woman" ... that statement will not go over well with my Dad when TJ passes it along. And he will. Help me babe. We have enough press. I want to own all these mother fuckers and even keep people like TJ rolling on our behalf without that going on . . . Must less Collin, Bearman, Moffat, Sanjai, the Ankle Biters, Other Docs, Jerri Garrison. Where I came from I ruled the fucking world and crushed every fucking thing that looked at me twice and was always hidden and behing the scenes. And it controlled about 60 men and ~ 30 women at the same time for years. I never had one problem, one public event, one issue. Not in 22 years. (except the black girl, the crash into my home, the kidnapping, the police, the defamation, the nurses, the hospital, the psyche eval, the 2 years of drug testing, the two years of lying, the two years of fearing some bullshit like that would ruin my career, then my best friend testing for me, then my best friend extorting me for \$3M, then me telling him to fuck off, then he and another guy filing two law suits against me for 30M\$, then Eddy and Collin beating the fuck out of the second one, now comes the last one). That (secanario of events) has cost ~1.1M\$, some very good reputation built over 20 years, gave me enemies amunition to fuck with me, and it still is not over. One more law suit, almost over, and I am whooping ass. So what do you think, overpayed or underated, quiet and the mother fucker or loud and give all the bitches a shot at me, hmmmm. I prefer things the old way, but websites and billboards and dallas medicine makes it hard to be stealth.

All I can say to you my little one is that 7 years and 1.1M\$ because of one black girl, on one night, got drunk and crazy, and yelled some bullshit in front two lesbian fat bitch fucks who simply repeated verbatim what she yelled at me when they drug her kicking and screaming to the police car and took her to jail. And I cried watching that happen. I bailed her out. I paid for her attorney. And I gave her 8K\$ because she needed it and I felt pain in my heart that I made her that crazy once upon a time. The funny thing ... I did not do one thing wrong. And she deserved to be on the road and out of my life. And yet she fucked me like that with one sentence at the wrong time to the wrong people. My dad was going to call Foley and I fixed everything just 3 days ago. Please help me. The safety and calm and peace you give me is worth my life. But it has to be consistent, thoughtful, and very very smart in the best sense of that word.

. . . he (Christopher) was rambling and at 0400 (4am) . . . I (I was up at 4 am with him on a worknight) was working with him and (he, he and I, I was, or ?) in (it?) was not so coherent . . .

From: Kimberly [REDACTED]
To: Christopher Duntcsh <duntsch@bellsouth.net>
Sent: Thu, October 20, 2011 6:38:16 PM
Subject: Re: TNI new numbers for phone an fax

I was referring to me not u. I was not coherent to understand

Kimberly K. Morgan
EdD, APRN, FNP-C, RNFA

On Oct 20, 2011, at 18:23, Christopher Duntesh <duntsch@bellsouth.net> wrote:

What the fuck does that mean. Don't tell anyone we were working at 4 am and I was not coherent and rambling. Especially after the weekend I just had with my parents. You are killing me.

From: Kimberly [REDACTED]
To: Christopher D. Duntsch MD <duntsch@bellsouth.net>
Sent: Thu, October 20, 2011 5:08:59 PM
Subject: Fwd: TNI new numbers for phone an fax

Kimberly K. Morgan
EdD, APRN, FNP-C, RNFA

Begin forwarded message:

From: Kimberly [REDACTED]
Date: October 20, 2011 11:23:45 CDT
To: TJ Johnson <[REDACTED]>
Subject: Re: TNI new numbers for phone an fax

Talk to C about the running man logo please he was rambling and at 0400 I was working with him and in was not so coherent.

Kimberly K. Morgan
EdD, APRN, FNP-C, RNFA

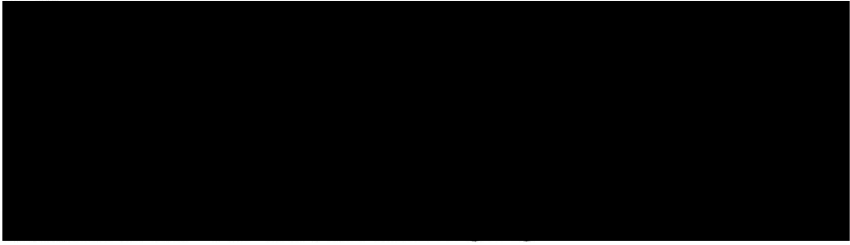
On Oct 20, 2011, at 11:16, TJ Johnson <[REDACTED]> wrote:

Got it... I'll work on business cards today.

On Oct 20, 2011 9:50 AM, "Kimberly"
[REDACTED] wrote:

Everyone
The following is the new phone and fax number effective
10/31/11. They will be turned on on the 27th (jeff it's ur deal after
that so no pressure)

TJ and Layton and everyone
Main number is 469-443-0446
Fax is 469-443-0456



If you don't know what a hunt group is I will tell u later and it's super secret.

That is all I have right now.

Please acknowledge that each of you have received this email.

Kimberly K. Morgan
EdD, APRN, FNP-C, RNFA