

THE BACKEND OF US

Unmasking Domestic Espionage & Reclaiming Sovereignty in the South

INTRODUCTION: Boiling Down the Noise

Down here in the South, a low country boil is how we process life. We take a chaotic, heavy mess of different ingredients—the sweet, the spicy, and the downright messy—dump them all into one massive copper pot, and let the heat do the work until we're left with nothing but comfort and the honest-to-God truth. For fourteen years, I believed I was living a normal life. I was a neuromuscular therapist, a mother, and a daughter holding my family together through devastating, back-to-back personal losses as we buried my father, my brother Ricky, and my beloved grandmother Mimi.

But while I was navigating those wild physical hurdles and walking through the crushing dark of grief, a shadow world was operating right under my shared roof. A covert architecture of domestic digital surveillance was quietly built beneath my feet. It was a digital cage designed to keep me disoriented, dependent, and constantly questioning my own eyes, my own ears, and my own mind.

This book is the autopsy of that deception. I didn't back down. I didn't wait for a confession that would never come. Instead, I taught myself to decipher database directories, requested server-side cloud takeouts, and extracted the unalterable cryptographic logs that proved my intuition was a steel trap. If you are currently sitting in the quiet of your home, staring at your phone and wondering if you are losing your mind—this book is your roadmap. You are not crazy. You are simply looking at a system. And you can learn to rewrite its ending.

PRE-ORDER DIRECTLY: Support this independent release! Pre-order *The Backend of Us* on our website (low-countryboil-pod.com) to receive signed physical copies, early-access chapters, and the 60-Second Security Hardening Checklist PDF straight to your inbox.

A Southern Memoir of Grief, Espionage, and Digital Awakening.

COMING FALL 2026

CHAPTER 1: The Meet Cute & The Created Anomalies

In the beginning, it was magical. Everything about that warm summer day in Savannah was just out of the ordinary—a welcome break from the usual, boring routine. I had just moved back from Savannah, Georgia, because I was missing my family. For the first time in a while, I was able to visit Casey and her kids before heading to Mimi's house to get ready for a night out with the girls. I didn't even have a car yet, but there was a sweet breeze blowing through the moss, and the world felt wide open.

Then I met Jhae. He was charming, funny, and carried himself with an effortless Southern grit. We talked for hours about music, our goals, and the lives we wanted to build. We shared a DJ tour, ran businesses together, and eventually built what felt like a dream setup by the quiet pond. I called him 'my guy,' my partner, 'my Fish.' But the ground was shifting beneath our feet, and the first discordant notes were already being quietly programmed into our shared reality.

By December of 2025, something was definitely off. My social media algorithms had changed. Facebook was suggesting friends related to Jhae—girls, specifically. Not just random girls, but people I knew from the bar across the street from our old place. Ads for dating sites popped up constantly. Feeling insecure about just about everything, I felt the distance between us like a thunder roll from a huge approaching storm. I was in pain and still trying to recover from surgery as fast as I could. He was there, and then gone, but he had checked out long before that day.

He wanted me to believe that a burner phone app, a location-spoofing mask, and a notification silencer had accidentally installed themselves on his phone. He counted on the fact that my mind was broken down by the grief of losing Ricky and Mimi. He bet everything that I would be too tired to look closely at the backend. He was wrong.

"A person who is busy performing digital forensics on their own life is too distracted to challenge the person who is actually in control of it."

CHAPTER 2: The 5:00 AM Car Run

The house was dead silent on that cold, dark morning of January 20, 2026. The clock read exactly 5:00 AM. Jhae was passed out in bed, completely offline from the digital perimeter he had meticulously constructed over five years. My heart was thumping against my ribs so loudly I was terrified he would hear it. For months, my intuition had been screaming. The face-down phone, the secret screens, the sudden AT&T account carrier change to Linda Lowry's name to hide the bills—everything pointed to a parallel reality operating right under my nose.

I stood over him for a second, holding my breath. Then, my fingers closed around his phone. I slipped down the four flights of stairs of my brand-new apartment, pushed open the heavy security door, and ran into the biting winter air. I hopped into my car, locked the doors, started the engine, and drove. I was racing down the dark SC highways, my eyes darting between the road and his screen, struggling to focus through a haze of absolute adrenaline and fear.

I parked in the safe driveway of my daughter Caitlin's home. On her brilliant advice, I registered my own fingerprint on the phone to bypass his security checkpoints, accessed his primary Google Account, and triggered the master Google Takeout download. Right then, as we sat in the quiet of her kitchen with the clock ticking toward my 11:30 AM therapy session, the server log recorded Jhae frantically trying to access the account from other secondary hardware. But my fingerprint held the lock. The Takeout compiled. By 9:51 AM, the master password was changed, and his entire five-year technical blueprint was resting securely in my hands.

I was terrified, I was exhausted, and I was deeply ashamed that I had to invade someone's privacy just to verify my own reality. But as the files populated on my laptop, the code began to speak. The 'glitches' died. And for the first time in fourteen years, I held the master key to the truth.

Thank you for reading this exclusive preview of 'The Backend of Us.'

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