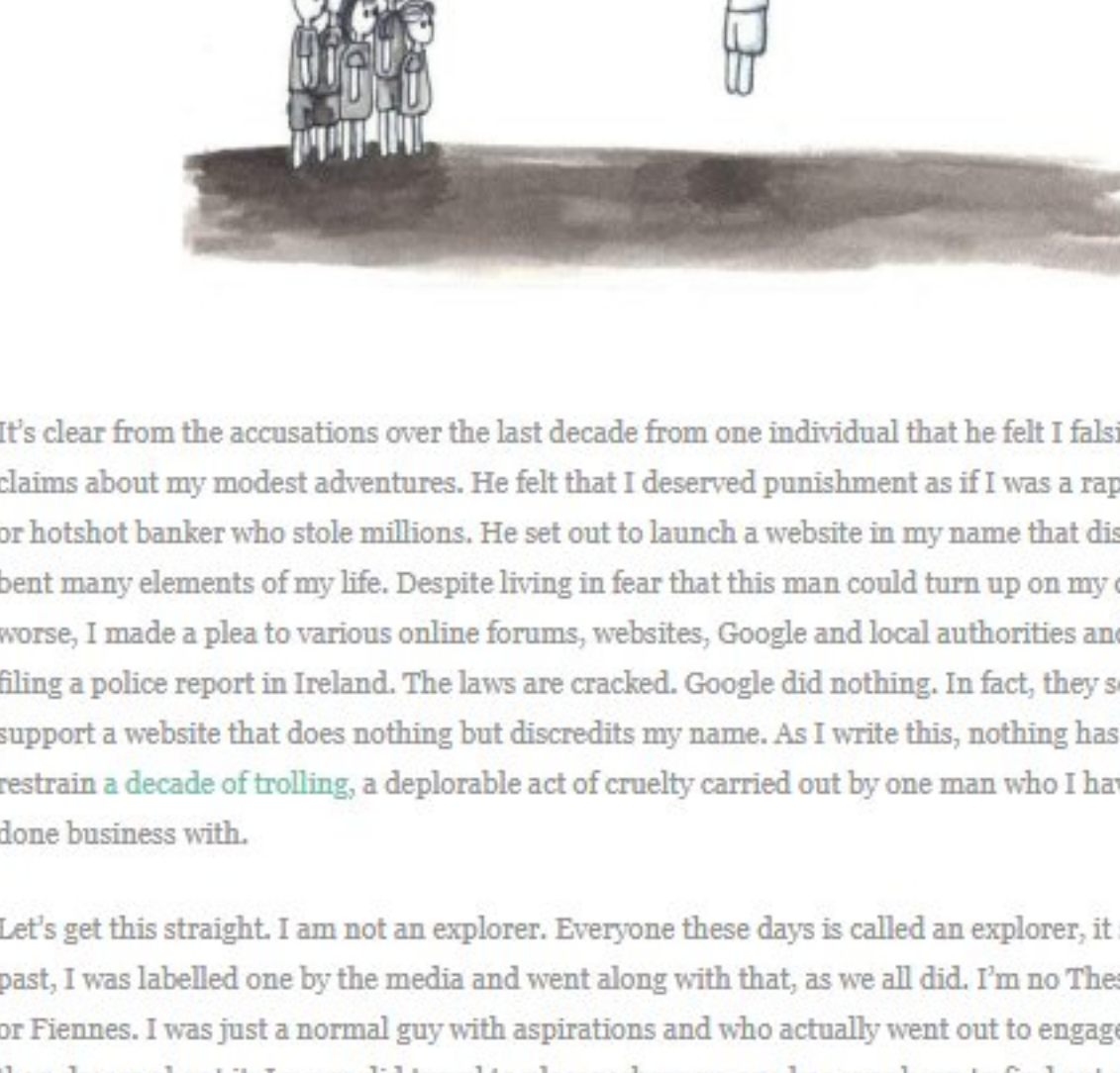


A Decade Of Trolling

Firstly, it is to get it out there and off my chest. Writing, instead of talking gives me time to think and try to feel the feelings and thoughts down, proper. There a load more to add to this story, so please come back often.

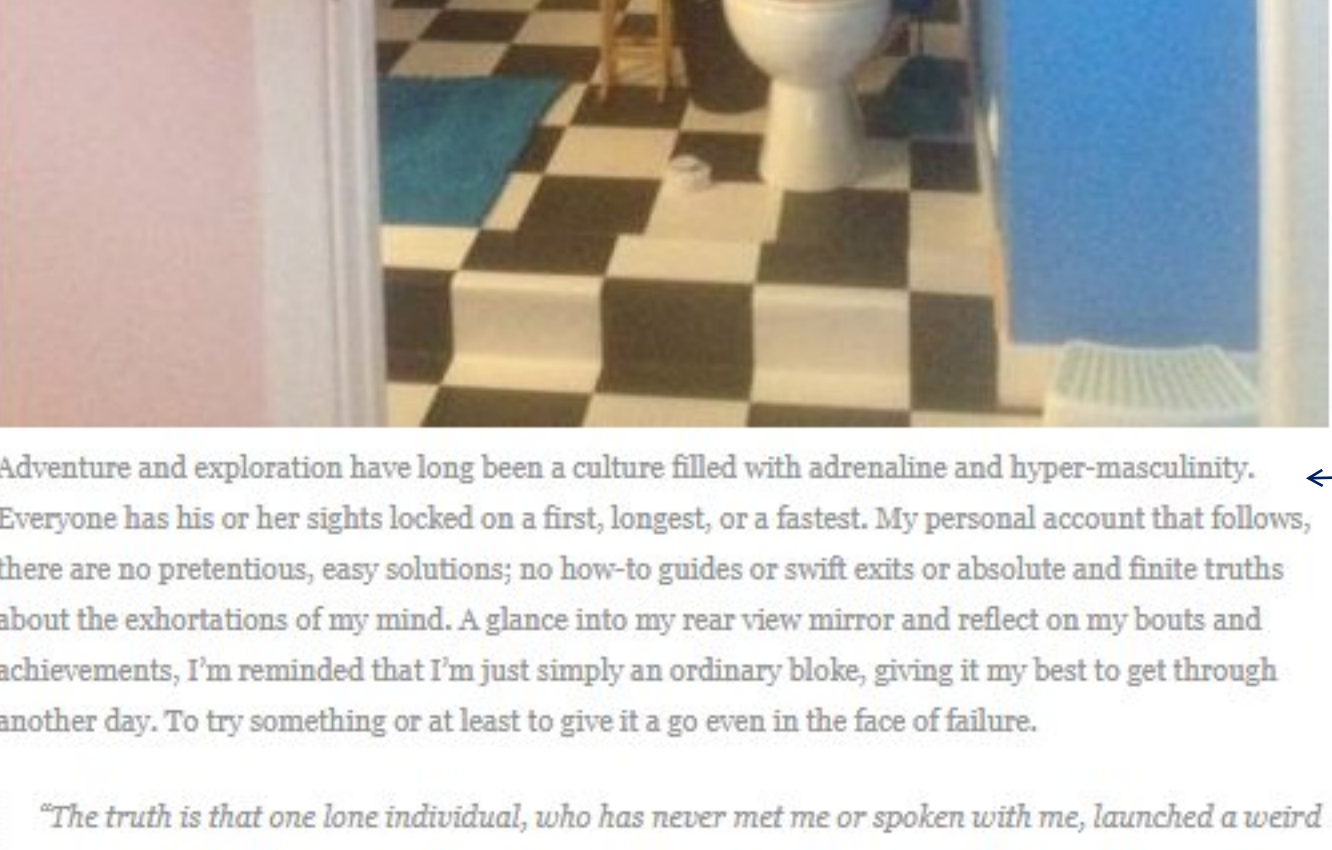
Secondly, if my experience can help anyone going through the same shit, even if only one single person then that would make me happy.

Thinly and perhaps the most important one for me personally, to try and thank and show my appreciation to the people that helped and are helping along the way. I'm usually not a very person dependent person, but this has really proved to me that not everyone wishes to share the same opinion as another sick man.



It's clear from the accusations over the last decade from one individual that he felt I falsified some claims about my modest adventures. He felt that I deserved punishment as if I was a rapist, murderer or husband buster who stole millions. He set out to launch a website in my name that dissected and e-blasted many elements of my life. Despite living in fear that this man could turn up on my doorstep or worse, I made a plea to various online forums, websites, Google and local authorities and went as far as filing a police report in Ireland. The laws are cracked, Google did nothing. In fact, they seemed to support a website that does nothing but discredit my name. As I write this, nothing has been done to restrain a decade of trolling, a deplorable act of cruelty carried out by one man who I have never met or done business with.

Let's get this straight. I am not an explorer. Everyone these days is called an explorer, it seems. In the past, I was labelled one by the media and went along with that, as we all did. I'm no Thengier, Burton, or Patek. I was just a normal guy with aspirations and who actually went out to explore in life rather than dream about it. I never did travel to places where no one has ever been to find out what is there. However, I did seek knowledge but that was more a personal thing. Back then, I was just involved in a few fun adventures, as many other aspiring young people were at that time. England has a solid culture of adventure and exploration, and most young men and women, probably like me, watched documentaries, read books about great adventures, and were inspired. I see the same flame in my children.



Adventure and exploration have long been a culture filled with adrenaline and hyper-masculinity. Everyone has his or her rights locked on a first, longest, or a fastest. My personal account that follows, there are no pretensions, only solutions, no how to guides or profit seekers or absolute and finite truths about the subterranean of my mind. A photo into my rear view mirror and reflect on my bouts and achievements, I'm reminded that I'm just simply an ordinary bloke, giving it my best to get through another day. To try something or at least to give it a go even in the face of failure.

"The truth is that one lone individual, who has never met me or spoken with me, launched a social hate campaign against me, and tried to influence others to his unique point of view. I was in Denmark at the time planning a crossing of Mongolia (basically, just a long walk with a wheeled trailer). At some point, an American stranger appeared out of the blue and accused me of being a fraud because he thought it was impossible to get a three-month visa. Apparently, he had some experience of the country through helping his wife run holiday pony trips there, and despite all his contacts he could not get a three-month visa. Therefore, because he could not get one, I couldn't get one, meaning I must be a liar. As I was resident in Denmark at the time, the 'Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of Mongolia to the Kingdom of Sweden' confirmed a 90-days visa for me - on two separate occasions!

So that was the basis of his initial attack. Afterwards, I discovered that he was an old man and his pony trekking holiday life was over, while I was a fit young man and mine were just beginning. A bit of a familiar story? From that single point, this guy became totally obsessed with me and expressed to go berserk, creating his claims of fraud covering my entire life, starting as a school kid. He contacted high school friends, old girlfriends and asked anyone to help him with an article he claimed he was writing. You can imagine the shock and disbelief I experienced when he created a website to broadcast his bizarre claims, plus another one attacking my wife (she was a legal secretary, not an adventurer). What he published was nothing more than the products of a crazy imagination. But he didn't stop there, he began emailing all my friends, employers and associates and invading their space with inflammatory emails. I was just an ordinary young man, full of energy and adventure, and could not comprehend what was driving this stranger's sustained hate attack. I had never heard of anything like this in the history of adventure. It was horrid. He started sending me SMSs late at night. It's still ongoing 8 years later!"

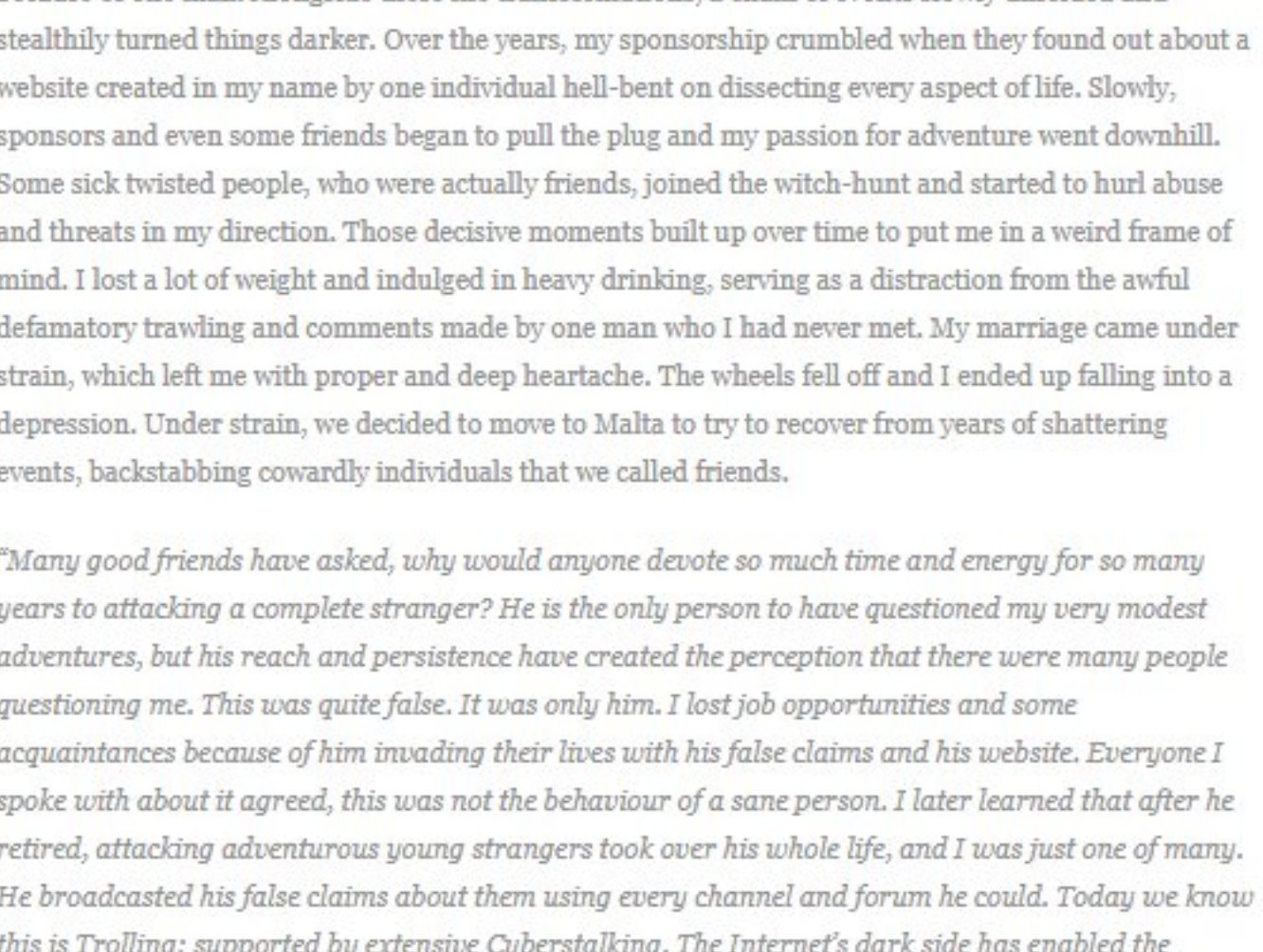
For many years, adventure was a ubiquitous presence in my life. I was literally obsessed with it. In 2009, I hatched a plan and began a lucrative hunt for sponsorship, which included some innovative and exclusive products. With this support and my own drive to be an adventurer, I used savings from modest employment ranging from forestry to fly-fishing to kitchen porter and went on carving a path that enabled me to realise a dream.

Nevertheless, with one failed and one successful crossing attempt of Mongolia, I made it clear I wasn't just another adventurer. From an age point of view, I was a late entry to adventure, a late starter, something working through his own changes. As I tried to figure out certain things in life, I decided to move on and seek a new direction.



I started having trouble sleeping, whereas my mental activity grew intensely stronger. Even though I was crazy active during the day, particularly with intense physical activity, I'd go to bed unable to sleep only to feel both physically and mentally drained. At that point, I really had no idea what was wrong.

Soon after returning from Mongolia in 2011, I was diagnosed with RRMIS. The year before, I failed to reach a goal that, after months of training and personal effort, meant everything to me. I was so obsessed with and driven with the goal that I'd devise every possible factor that could make me a respectable adventurer. My personal expectations were extremely high and that self-inflicted added pressure, anxiety and mental stress. For a long time, everything I did in life was steered toward becoming an adventurer, but in 2012, things just got a bit too serious.



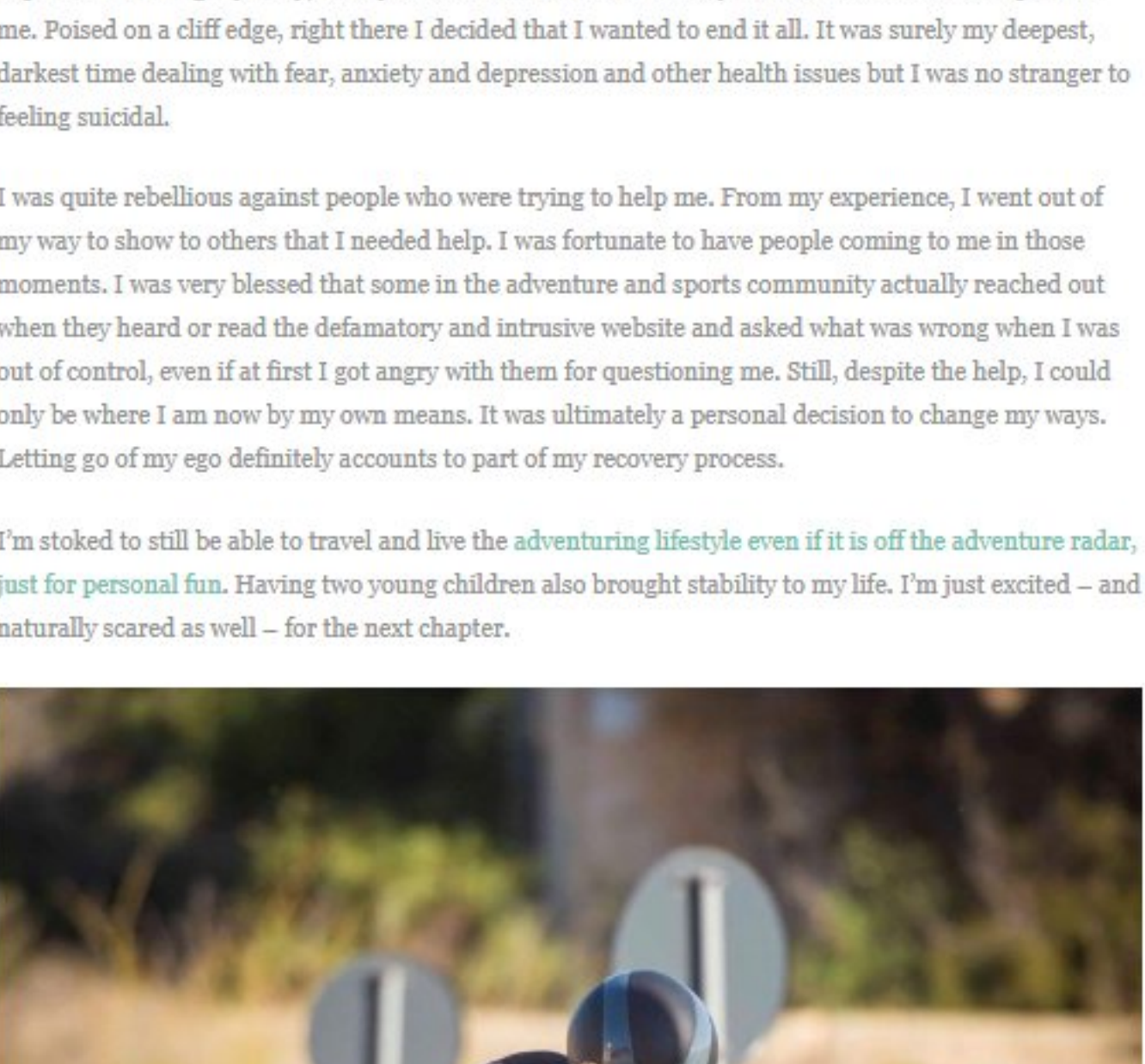
We relocated to Ireland on the prospect of a fantastic project idea. We sacrificed everything in Denmark and made the jump. It wasn't long before that turned sour because of rumours and elusive results from one man over the pond. Fuelled by a building defamatory website, everything went bitter and a business partner quickly backed out. I was fighting an invisible enemy on all fronts. I went full on focusing on family and discovered new interests along the way, gaining and then losing friends because of one man. Alongside these life transformations, a chain of events slowly unfolded and steadily turned things darker. Over the years, my sponsorship crumbled when they found out about a website created in my name by one individual hell-bent on dissecting every aspect of life. Slowly, sponsors and even some friends began to pull the plug and my passion for adventure went downhill. Some sick twisted people, who were actually friends, joined the witch-hunt and started to hurl abuse and threats in my direction. Those decisive moments built up over time to put me in a weird frame of mind. I lost a lot of weight and indulged in heavy drinking, serving as a distraction from the awful defamatory trolling and comments made by one man who I had never met. My marriage came under strain, which left me with proper and deep headaches. The wheels fell off and I ended up falling into a depression. Under strain, we decided to move to Malta to try to recover from years of shattering events, backstabbing cowardly individuals that we called friends.

"Many good friends have asked, why would anyone devote so much time and energy for so many years to attacking a complete stranger? He is the only person who has questioned my very modest adventures, but his reach and persistence have created the perception that there were many people questioning me. This was quite false. It was only him. I lost job opportunities and some acquaintances because of him invading their lives with his false claims and his website. Everyone I spoke with about it agreed, this was not the behaviour of a sane person. I later learned that after he retired, attacking adventurous young strangers took over his whole life, and was just one of many. He broadcasted his false claims about them using every channel and forum he could. Today we know this is trolling; supported by extensive cyberstalking. The Internet's dark side has enabled the proliferation of large numbers of these obsessed trolls. This person is just one more troll."



I was offered work in Malta, which ended before I had started when they discovered the website set up to destroy my life. My life entered a limbo. I was without work and depressed from the unfolding website and centuries of past years. For the first couple of months, I stayed idly by. During this long period, I seldom did anything. I began to train hard and work in the field of life-saving to salvage my mind. My new life, as a lifeguard team leader, came into play with a local organisation and I regained my motivation and respect. I gave work a bit of a regular job after a life-changing adventure was a real revelation to how fortunate I was for having the opportunity to save many lives.

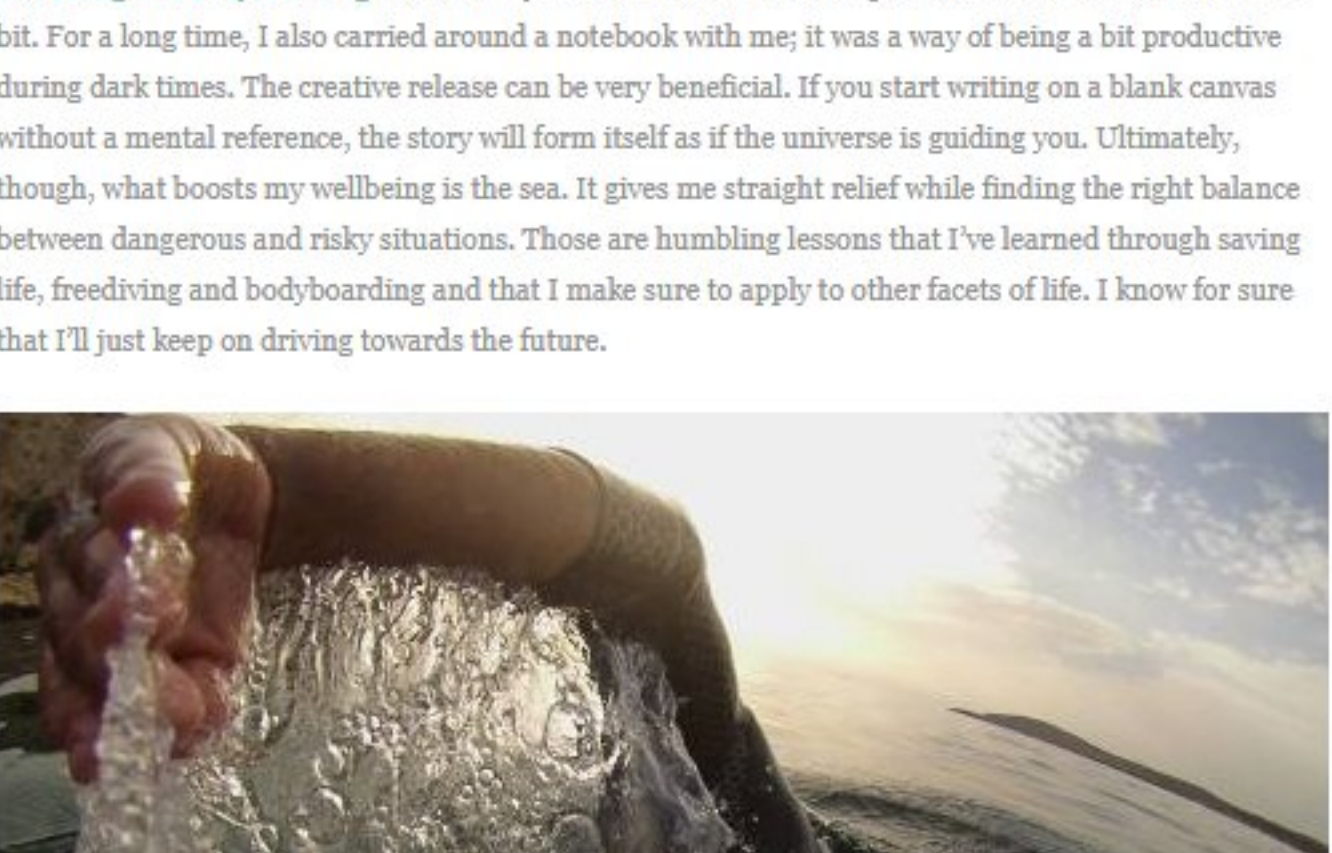
I volunteered to leave my family for the Christmas and New Year period and serve as a rescue swimmer with MADS during the Migrant Crisis in the Aegean Sea. Although satisfying to be involved in a huge humanitarian deployment, a traumatic experience left a mental scar. Being from that voluntary role while on search and rescue operations because of a bombardment of letters to the ship from a grounded individual by the very man hell-bent on destroying my life. I found myself slowly slipping into depression. I hit rock bottom yet again and felt suicidal. Soon enough, I was drinking and things got out of hand until I found work as a medical first responder and lifeguard supervisor. I slowly transformed my life yet again and began to enjoy spring and summer life. The support from that organisation and the influence on my state of mind was tremendous.



The destructive pattern from one man goes on. I have lost jobs, opportunities and friends. My career went to shambles and I went silent for months. I felt like I was going to die. Years of mental stress and depression ruining my body, really helped to and I had an anxiety attack that scared the crap out of me. Put on a diff edge, right there I decided that I wanted to end it all. It was my deepest, darkest time dealing with fear, anxiety and depression and other health issues but I was no stranger to feeling suicidal.

I was quite rebellious against people who were trying to help me. From my experience, I went out of my way to show to others that I needed help. I was fortunate to have people coming to me in those moments. I was very blessed that some in the adventure and sports community actually reached out when they heard or read the defamatory and intrusive website and asked what was wrong when I was out of control, even if that got angry with them for questioning me. Still, despite the help, I could only be where I am now by my own means. It was ultimately a personal decision to change my ways. Letting go of my ego definitely accounts to part of my recovery process.

I'm stoked to still be able to travel and live the adventuring lifestyle even if it is off the beaten radar, just for personal fun. Having two young children also brought stability to my life. I'm just excited -- and naturally scared as well -- for the next chapter.



Nowadays, I rely a lot on physical activities to keep my mind healthy. Running, swimming, hiking, freediving and bodyboarding has been my saviour in life - it's a simple release that resets the brain a bit. For a long time, I also carried around a notebook with me; it was a way of being a bit productive during dark times. The creative release can be very beneficial. If you start writing on a blank canvas without a mental reference, the story will form itself as if the universe is guiding you. Ultimately, though, what boosts my well-being is the sea. It gives me straight relief while finding the right balance between dangerous and bodyboarding and that I make sure to apply to other facets of life. I know for sure that I'll just keep on driving towards the future.



This whole experience really drove home to me that you never know what people are going to do to hurt you. How they can turn in an instant without having an opinion of their own. They would rather listen to the opinion of a stranger than have an opinion of their own about you, having actually met my family and me. I have no time for people that choose to make an opinion based on his opinion. Those that do, are equally worthless.

I have accepted that there's nothing I can do to stop this man or remove the damage he's done. That twisted redneck can continue as far as I can control.

I can say that I don't think about it often as I have more pressing issues to deal with. Writing this whole story, as I've said, will continue to grow as I add more details, another thing dawned on me that when I googled around there were no stories about how to deal with this shit apart from the usual: ignore and block, don't feed the troll and report it. This has all failed and doesn't work for a case like mine.

Reading over this whole thing again, I seemed to have missed much of the kudos and gratitude that I do feel.

I do not want to mention people by name, because you may get a letter from this twisted fuck but hopefully, you know who you are, but in no certain order my biggest thanks go out to:

My family - You have been amazing. It's a shame that even my teenage kids know about him because they've seen their dad in his darkest moments and simply don't understand why this man would do this.

My work - Kudos everyone. Thank you to everyone that read his shit and laughed it off. They realised his account does not match the person they know and work with. And the other people in the company, and past companies, that somehow found and didn't let an ex-eydill. Most of them said that "not everything is 100% with this guy".

Friends - Thanks for the personal messages of support.

Long term sponsors - you know me all too well and continued your support. You read the shit and made your own opinion. I thank you.

My speaking agent - You have been a solid rock and supportive all through the years. Your kind words echo in my head.

<http://www.ripley-davenport.com/>

<http://www.ripleydavenport.com/old-website>

twitter: @ripleydavenport

My Nutty Little Friend

11 months ago (over 10)

This is an essay by Ripley Davenport written on his Tumblr page in which he addresses the idea of being "trolled" and "opbested" by me, Kent Madin. That Ripley is a troll who, with his wife Laura, intentionally created false stories and a website about Ripley in order to make money, get sponsorship, fame, attention, gudding jobs, speaking engagements, is unquestioned and obvious to anyone who looks at the facts. What is telling in this self-serving document is that Ripley never actually claims that the accusations of fraud are false. The Davenports held firm. For awhile, to the notion that everything they claimed about Ripley was true AND they had the facts to support those claims, but they chose not to share those facts because that was their right. Yep, that was their argument.

Now they seem to have dropped any pretense about claiming it was all true and instead just ignore the obvious questions that their program of self-promotion raises.

It was petty spite fraud when Ripley was blowing smoke of his fake fame at the Rotary Club of Copenhagen to get a speaking gig. Relatively small potence, fraud was, when Ripley faked credentials to get a teaching job at a Copenhagen private school. Convent Director for the clients who paid Ripley 7000 USD each to be guided in Mongolia by someone who fakes guiding credentials.

When Ripley and Laura farcically try to stage the Kenmare swim, with no real documentation of an event that took place (supposedly) in broad daylight and a public view over 12 hours but produced no pictures, no video and not witnesses one can rely any that at least no one got hurt. The local news reporters who wrote the story up, based on press releases from AFTER the event, have only themselves to confront after being duped. But taking credentials as a "rescue swimmer" on a boat operating in a highly publicized and controversial private ship during a period of immigrants pouring in the Aegean crosses a line, surely. People who work in Search and Rescue are trained for a purpose, not just to save the victims, but to be sure that the rescuers don't endanger themselves and their co-workers.

Just yourself, do you want your loved one to be "rescued" by someone who simply left properly trained? By someone who is pretending competency to glorify his own delusions of grandeur and meaning in life? Do you want to be rescued by someone who is taking having a terrible disease, MS, in order to generate sympathy and admiration for himself?

Ripley is rewriting history here. When he and Laura began their subterfuge they consistently misrepresented Ripley's "expeditions" as "documentarily important and significant". Ripley was a "renowned" explorer, "well known" for pushing the limits of exploration.

This is "best catching" drama which is simply, categorically, false. I have never said anything about what punishment Ripley might deserve. Laura consistently distorted the factual basis of the fraudulent actors. Nothing more.

The website, ripleydavenport.net is the logical answer to ripleydavenport.com. Each is a cheap and ubiquitous vehicle for telling a story. Ripley and Laura have chosen to write fiction. I've written non-fiction.

This is a reprehensible assertion, with no basis in fact. The Davenports actually told the Bisceman police that they feared for their lives and that children had nightmares about how I was going to come to Ireland and kill them. Providing that kind of fact in your own kits when you, yourself are the source of the lies and misinformation is tantamount to child abuse.

The police in Ireland and Google took no action for the simple reason that the Davenports had no factual basis for their claims of being stalked and killed.

And here we have the essential, self-serving, self-pleasing, self-deluded Ripley. In fact he repeatedly called himself an explorer, a "renowned" explorer. The media don't label him an explorer, he did. In his website, press releases, etc. In this paragraph Ripley suddenly checks all the bogaboos that characterized his website, online interviews, etc. and now is just a normal Joe having a lark. The facts are clear. This is STUPID.

Back then Ripley described his 2010 Mongolia trip this way "It stands to become the longest solo and unassisted walk ever completed." See the last page in this document for a screen print of ripleydavenport.com where he describes himself as a "best explorer" and list the fake expeditions that he never did.

It is true that I questioned Ripley about getting a 90-day visa. They ARE very difficult to get. The true story is that Ripley used his fake website which described him as a famous explorer to fool a local Mongolian travel company, eager for foreign visitors, into doing a HUGE amount of work for Ripley for free, including going through the many steps necessary to convince the Foreign Affairs department to issue the longest term visa. After all that and much more was done for free, it's the belief that Ripley was who he claimed to be and would bring future business to the local company. Ripley just abandoned the relationship. And no, the Mongolian ambassador to Sweden did not give Ripley the visa. The consular officer at the embassy in Sweden, acting on the instructions of the Foreign Affairs department, issued the visa.

Ripley claims that the information I have published is bizarre and crazy. But Ripley never says that the claims weren't accurate. Ripley's "disbelief" in having someone create a website that challenged the fraudulent narrative he and his wife cooked up is pretty rich. Ripley has created numerous websites and Facebook pages, all with falsehoods, fake claims, etc. etc. and now he can't believe that someone makes a website that is backed up with facts.

It is important to remember that the two Mongolia trips each had extensive websites and Facebook pages chronicling the events both before and after. Davenport has erased all that from the web.

I am convinced that Davenport does not have MS and that he and his wife made it up so that he could be a more sympathetic figure when asking for donations and support. I have publicly challenged the Davenports to produce a letter from their physician confirming the diagnosis. It does not have to be ANY MS, it has to be enough confirming that the appropriate diagnostic tests for MS have been done and the conclusion is RRMS. Consider for a minute the Davenport children. They are old enough to use the internet. Their parents have told them that a stranger may come and kill them and that their father has MS. At some point, those kids will figure out what is going on.

Actually, the Davenports cut and run. They stayed out of Denmark owing back rent and rent on a leased car. They gave their landlord a fake address for forwarding mail, claiming they were moving to Canada when they actually went to Ireland. Yes, I have the correspondence with the landlord. The business partner, Tim Lavery, after seeing how the Gobi 2011 trip was conducted and how Davenport clearly was making things up, turned Ripley.

Ripley, what is oddly missing here is Ripley's helplessness in the face of these imagined, crazy things being said on my website. If they are crazy and defamatory, Ripley could sue. If they are crazy, Ripley could answer the many questions about his claims, prove I am wrong and show that to his employers and friends. But Ripley is apparently helpless to do anything to show that the claims are crazy. Because they are not crazy.

Ripley faked his credentials as a "Rescue Swimmer", something that the REAL rescue swimmer on the ship noticed. Ripley did not tell the MADS people that he had MS. This event, which Ripley wants to wear as a proud mantle of volunteering is the apex of his fraudulent stories and other shenanigans for others and for simple decency and honesty. Did people drown during rescue by MADS? Yes. Was that because Ripley was not qualified? We will never know. But the reader has to ask themselves, just how self-deluding and narcissistic do you have to be to pretend to have life-saving skills and potentially put others who have drowned to risk?

No one wishes Ripley harm. But Ripley's problems are entirely self-inflicted. He could solve his problem by just being honest about his false claims that he and his wife have made. It would be painful no doubt, but redemption always comes at a price.

It's important to note that Ripley's fraud was revealed publicly in 2013 in a two page article, with pictures in Politiken, the Danish Newspaper. That article and an English translation can be found by googling "ripley davenport troll". That "twisted redneck" collaborated with the journalists who had to convince their editor that the "redneck" is reason was accurate and the redneck was credible.

The "speaking agent" is Sylvia Hild-Harris of the Speakers Bureau in England. Mr. Hild-Harris continues to try and market Ripley as a "best explorer" in spite of having been provided detailed evidence that Ripley is a fraud. Let's think about that. So someone like Ripley, through Sylvia, to give a lecture about his experiences as an explorer to some group. Afterwards, some members of the audience decide to Google Ripley and read the Politiken article and ripleydavenport.net and wonder if they were correct. How does Sylvia explain that?



# ripley davenport

## desert explorer



better to walk without knowing where  
than to sit doing nothing.  
*Tuareg Proverb*

None of these "future" expedition ever happened.

### future expeditions.

- Solo traverse of the Patagonian Steppe. Planned for 2013
- Exploratory expedition to Khovsgol Tsaatan/Reindeer Expedition, Northern Mongolia. Planned for 2013
- Solo traverse of the Namib Desert/Skeleton Coast. Planned for 2012
- Training expedition in the Tabernas Desert, Spain. Planned for October 2011

### past expeditions.

- Gobi "crossing" 2011 Expedition, Gobi Desert, Mongolia
- Solo traverse of Mongolia. Mongolia 2010 Expedition. Manchurian Steppe, Gobi Desert and the Altai Mountain Range.
- Exploratory expedition in the Thar Desert, India. 2001
- Exploratory expedition to the Niger, Sahara Desert. 2000
- Solo traverse of the Karakum Desert, Uzbekistan, Turkmenistan, 1998
- Solo traverse of the Namib Desert, Namibia. 1998

The last four (Thar, Niger, Karakum, Namib) are fantasies. Never happened.