"Predisposition To Suffering"

Written by: Mark D. Brull
Date Written: 2-9-2016
Non-fiction autobiographical

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS

This book is written about me, a convicted sexual offender who has been locked away for the better part of 30 years of his 41 year life. This book details what is is like to be in prisons full of sexual offenders and sexual offender treatment programs. This book tells you why treatment and imprisonment does not work and how foolish it all is. This book will enlighten you as to how a normal kid could turn out to do socially undesirable sexual acts. This book addresses our prudish, puritanical society and how this creates the issues we claim to hate. This book also addresses the fact that the society we live in presses people to conform to views they do not agree with and thereby making them a victim collateralistically. This book expresses the belief and opinion that not all sexual contact between sexual mature youth and adults is a bad thing or should be labeled abusive. This book also addresses societies that are not prudish and fixated on sexuality and why they are so much healthier and why I would rather live there. This book is honest and forthright to a fault and tells it like it is, rather than saying what others want me to say or think I should say. This is the truth from someone who has nothing more to lose and is not concerned about the consequences.
After being locked up now for 19 years I have decided the truth must come out regarding those who's attraction's and their sexual orientations include people who are under the age of 18.

Those who work in the clinical field of "treating" sex-offenders would like the public to believe they can and are helping people to "control" their sexual desires. One would think that after decades of research and exposure to reality that people would stop being complacent and accept reality. Finally we are starting to see that homosexuality is either a predisposition or connected to programming we received during our formative years.

People like what they like, whether it be colors, foods, people, places and other things. There is many reasons of why we are the way we are and more often than not this is a permanent thing. Due to concerns relating to prosecution, discrimination, oppression and general survival needs we often find ways to be secretive or create a facade so that others never get to know who we really are.

America prides it self on the pursuit of individuality and yet being yourself often times means life long imprisonment. I know this by my own experiences.

Then to make matters worse we have these greedy people who can now turn someone else's suffering into financial gain. For that matter the money is so easy its hard to be honest. The courts and the justice system force people to attend treatment under the guise of protecting the public. Who would be crazy enough to expose the truth, when clients are handed to you.
I suppose I and other's should be thankful that people claim that sexual orientations can be changed, modified or manipulated, but I am not. It never is a good idea to deny the truth and live in fantasy. The only hope any of us have is to face reality and try to find a way to meet our needs and wants so that we are not being offensive in the process. I keep hoping society will wake up but I am not seeing it.

There was a time in the last century where people could privately indulge in their desires through nudist magazines and with others who are also nonconformists and who desire the same. But like everything else we go through these fads and we decided to fight some noteworthy cause. In the end we end up hurting more people than we ever helped.

We simply fail to realize in this society that not everyone is all created equal, does not think the same or desire the same things we do or that we think they should. People are all different and in fact they would be even more unique if allowed to grow and develop naturally. But in this society we start controlling, forming and manipulating before the person can even attempt to have any kind of individuality. We all think we know what is best, but we do not. Everything we do know was pressed upon us at a early age and we just accept whatever we are told as being the truth and a fact. We never actually challenge our beliefs or opinions on anything. I have challenged people about their beliefs and they simply can not justify their positions. That's because they are not thought out or considered, just preprogrammed.

In this book I will outline my personal experiences so you can see why I believe the way I do and maybe help you to challenge your thinking as well.
Please understand I am not advocating for rape, child sexual assault or any other sort of exploitation. I believe that it is WRONG to force anyone to do anything they do not want to do. That said I also think it is wrong to prevent two people from doing something they want to do. I also think it is equally wrong to abuse power and authority to manipulate or pressure change where it is not wanted. A lot of innocent acts are criminalized, the same as consensual anal sex between two males used to be. Just because we do not agree or understand does not make it wrong.

I have yet to meet anybody in my life who woke up one day and wanted to commit any act that would put them in prison for life. Apparently society remains under the illusion that laws prevent people from eventually being who they are.

The sad part is some of us never thought to get the hell out of this country and go somewhere we could be accepted or be ourselves among others just like us. Hindsight is always 20/20.

I am writing this in a prison setting and one never knows if a typewriter will be available or if he will be able to get a typewriter that works or if the prison will be offended by the matter written about. There is always lockdown and other unknowns to be considered but I am wanting to try and get my thoughts out.

Before I get started, I want to also say that even writing this further will ensure I never get out. That being said someone is always part of the solution to a problem in the end, rather than a part of the problem. I will suffer what needs to be suffered to bring out honesty and change. Someone has to do it, why not me or you?
Chapter 1

About me........

I am a forty-one year old bisexual man. I am divorced by reason of love and being locked up for nearly two decades. I have one son who will turn 19 next month and one who died the day after he was born due to complications and ignorance at the time of his birth. He was born brain dead and I was forced to remove life support because there was no brain activity. My son was perfect and looked like he was asleep. I was married for twelve years to the woman I met when I was fourteen, my first love.

I have been locked up now for 19 years. I was held in the county jail from January 1997 till October 1997, when I was sent to prison for eighteen months and released from prison in April 1999. I was release from prison and sent back to the county jail to be civilly committed for what I might do sexually in the future. I was sent to civil commitment in August 1999 and remained there till October 2013 when I was federally indicted for yet another sex crime. I am now in federal prison till at least July 2021. That being said I never plan to return to Kansas regardless of the cost.

Life has never been easy for me. I was born with severe Ad/HD (attention deficit and hyperactivity disorder). As a result my parents believed me to be a bad kid and treated me as such. I however think they did the best they could with what they knew and were told about me by so called professionals. Everyone wanted to help me sit still, stay calm and pay attention and learn. All of these things were so impossible for me to do. I tried, I really did.

Sadly my room at home was turned into a prison cell as far back as I can recall. All my toys and possessions were taken away and or donated or rotten in the basement that flooded when it rained.
I was locked into my room at night to prevent me from going to get a snack. My parents did not keep snack food around so I found myself one night trying to cook a can of peaches. My father found out by smelling the burning and stopped me. I would also try to steal crackers and Mayo to have something to eat. My parents tied my door closed when I learned to pick the lock. They put a rubber snake at the bottom of the stairs, I was too smart for that to work. My parents also over dosed me on Ritalin and would get the doctor to write more prescriptions under the guise of losing my pills. These pills has the opposite effect on me.

My parents nailed and glued my vent shut and my window. I was a bed wetter until I was twelve or thirteen and even when I learned to wake up and use the bathroom I could not because my door was locked. As a result I learned to urinate in the vent or out the window which turned the paint yellow and stained the crystal chandelier below my room yellow.

I was so bored at times I would take things apart, such as my fathers electric razor and experiment with it by hooking the cord up to the switch, which started a fire. The fire was caught right away and put out by my mom. My bedspread was burned and that was the extent of it.

My mother was not compassionate or understanding about any of it. My mother gave up when I was about five and my dad kept trying until about ten years ago. I think the situation made my mom feel like a failure. Even my birth was hard on my mom, it was a long painful surgery. Forceps and blood transfusions were needed. It could be that I was damaged at birth too. One never knows.

What I do know is my parents did not have the time or energy to deal with me.
My parents needed someone else to deal with me. They had big plans for business and financial wealth and stability. I was not helping.

My parents fought a lot about money, overworking and me. Their fights were not violent just traumatic and dramatics. Mom would threaten to leave and would try to drive off in vehicles, farm machinery, mowers and the like. Dad would try to stop her to prevent her from driving aimlessly till she ran out of gas. Dad would disable the cars and other forms of transportation.

Sadly we pick up on our parents coping skills whether good or bad. I seen myself doing this in my own marriage in attempts to keep my wife from leaving when she was angry.

My mother and father both had their own businesses and were managers and active in the local community. What they displayed in public was very different than what they displayed at home.

When I went to school the teachers pushed me so hard and I just could not sit still and pay attention. This all backfired as I would eventually take off and run wild in the school and hide. I would pull apart plumbing in the school bathrooms and steal from the teachers desks and steal snacks from the other kids school lunch boxes. My mom never allowed me any deserts or snacks of a sugary kind at home or school so I had to steal or dig moldy donuts or cakes from the trash, if I wanted something tasty.

I was not allowed to attend birthday parties or after school events for fear I would act out or wet my pants. So my home life was nothing short of a nightmare. I dreaded coming home and would try to sabotage the buses, unhook wires and the ignition switches and flatten the tires by removing the valve stems. I wanted to stay away from home.
When I was at home there was endless amounts of work to be done as we lived on a non-conventional farm. We did not have farm animals. Rather we restored cars, wrecked and burnt combines and other machinery and implements. We were mechanics, plumbers, we cut seasonal crops, such as wheat, milo, soybeans and more. We traveled every year from Texas to South Dakota from May through August and harvested other peoples crops and got paid by the bushel.

This was all very interesting and exciting to me, except when I had asthma attacks due to the dust from the crops or had a hard time staying on task and paying attention. I am no stranger to hard work. I worked hard my entire youth and felt like I should be retired at 18. Some of the medications I was on made me photosensitive and I burned very easily in the sun. My dad did not care as work came first. All that said I have alot of mechanical skill working with tools and machinery. And for that I am grateful.

As a result of my behavioral issues at school and troubles at homes I found myself in group homes, mental institutions and mental health facilities, military schools, homes for the mentally ill, juvenile detention and shelters, and behavioral-special education classes.

This is where things got really bad. Being a young kid I did not know that the other kids were there for all sorts of issues ranging from murder, to rape, to being abused, abandoned, AD/HD, depression, abusing others, drugs, alcohol, parents abandoning them and the list goes on and on. I thought they were all just like me.

It is said that kids with AD/HD are known to be more sexualized than other kids. I noticed that I was very sexualized at a early age myself. It did not help when other kids took all their clothes off, tried to involve me in sex or talk about it.
Then the doctors and nurses were always giving me exams and having me do blood work related to the medications I was on. It seems like no matter where I was whether publicly funded or privately there was another boy or sometimes a girl who wanted to interact with me sexually. This was the life I had so I joined in and went along with it. Sometimes I was the one who suggested it. The other person would typically feel guilty later and tell on me.

These places I was in never provided any real treatment unless you consider forced psychotropic medications and seclusion and five point restraints as being treatment. They were just dark and gloomy places away from friends and family. They were places to be exposed to odd and curious things done by people who acted out, we had people who ran way, I did also a few times, you had people who tried to harm their genitals, pull their hair out, cut their wrists, bang their heads against walls, talked to themselves, inhale foreign substances and more. You name it it happened. One patient even killed a music teacher by strangling her.

I was very lonely, alone and afraid during my youth. I used to pray for death. My parents and family were not there for me. In fact they had me restricted from using the phone. So I had no one there to help me.

I learned that love was met by sexual interactions. I found that sexual interactions was the only kind of attention I could get and the only pleasure I was to have. It was available to me even when I did not want it, such as when I was trying to sleep. Them medications made me very sleepy and drowsy at all times. So my inhibitions were nearly non-existant.

It wasnt long before sex was all I thought about every day.
I thought about sex when I was at the baby sitters home and there was other young people around. I thought about it when I was at family gatherings. In fact I would suggest it and would often have others who were willing to engage me. I was no good at sports or games due to my AD/HD issues and sexual contact was simple and easy.

I was very curious about everything, still am. So seeing someone nude or sexually aroused has always been something I like. These places catered to and enabled these sorts of things. People are so uptight about sexuality that it was never addressed or dealt with. I would be moved or the other youth would be moved but that was the end of it.

I was propositioned to perform anal sex on others, I was given oral sex while I was napping or sleeping, I was expected to disrobe frequently for exams. I was around people who exposed themselves to me and others constantly. I was exposed to sexual dialog from both females and males. I was also asked for sexual reciprocation from females in these places. It did not matter whether we was in a swimming pool, on a outing in the community, showering or toileting. In one place a kitchen staff tried to get to let him anally sodomize me at gunpoint. He was supposed to be taking me to a dance at a mental hospital, instead he took me to the back of his brother's junk yard. Luckily he only got me naked and got me on his lap before I convinced him I had to get back to the mental home. I contacted family and police and the director of the place and was ignored and told to quit telling lies. I had to run away only to be punished by being put back in the state hospital till I was 18.

Even worse I grew out of most of the AD/HD stuff by the time I was 15 but by then It was too late. I had new issues that would
haunt me for the rest of my life. There was brief discussions with my parents about sexuality. But it went no where, they did not want to discuss it. It was taboo. Then when they discuss it they claimed "if you can't do it in front of your parents or the priest you should not be doing it." The problem with that is neither was ever around in these places. When in Rome do as the Romans do.

CHAPTER 2
My sexuality Causes Me Grief

As I said earlier this sexual stuff continued with me at home too. I recall getting caught with my cousin who was a male and a year or two younger, I was maybe 5-7 years old. I wanted to see his penis. Then when I was on the special education bus I would try to get other males and females to flash me or masturbate around me. Most of the time I did not get caught. When I did it was just a shaming me process.

I was frequently getting shots for misbehavior and allergies and it wasnt long till I liked having a needle stuck into my buttocks. Then I began putting the water house from the flush valve on the toilet into my rectum. I guess I was into enema's as well. Then I began listening to sex talk radio and trying to see nudity on PBS programs and catalogs. Sex was always on my mind.

When my parents were on vacation and I was left in the care of a babysitter and there was another girl or boy around I could not stop thinking about sex with them. It preoccupied me. I would try to engage them usually to no avail and or get slapped. This occurred even during harvest, when I was left in the hands of the farmers family and they had people my age as kids.

Here again I do not know what other people thought about when they were my age, because it is not safe for people to admit these things. I just know I had it bad.

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When I was 16 I ran away from home and was placed in Foster care and the same thing happened, I was focused on sex and wanted to engage all the boys around me and girls too but there wasn't any around. I found myself wrestling with the local boys and trying to grab their crotches or discuss sex with them. They did not like this and vandalized my bike to the point it wasn't able to be recognized as a bike. Then when I contacted the police I was told that if I pressed the issue I would have sexual assault charges pressed upon me.

When I turned 18 I was sent to vocational rehabilitation school. While there I was exposed to endless dysfunction and sex. So I naturally tried to have sex with females and a male friend of mine. I was also dating my then girlfriend and who would become my future wife. She lived about 1.5 hours from me. I had borrowed a car for sexual reasons to meet with this female, we had sex. The male friend was a christian and he did not want to be sexual and rejected my attempts to talk and touch him sexually.

I did not last at the vocational school and tried a job where you travel around the USA and stay in fancy hotels and sell magazines. This job was a hoax and was used to defraud people out of their money. Many of my coworkers were arrested for soliciting. They would drink and drug and have sex with each other in the evening. I did not last at this job and took off.

I finally got back to my wife and we moved in together. I started sneaking around to gay bars looking for sex with other young men. I had many experiences of one night stands with random men. I also was having sex with my wife. There was never enough.
I would not like to make a liar out of a young person. So I told the truth. Apparently she also had grown up in state custody and had sexual issues of her own, even her grandfather had complained about it when she sat on his lap. I was unable to stop my sexual instincts. To much had went wrong, to much history. I also touched the vulva of another young female, that never was brought to light.

Some people view things differently. Some are taught that all sexual touch is bad. Different people, different viewpoint on the same situation.

For this I got two years of probation and thirty days in the county jail. The probation had typical restrictions; no access to minors, no pornography, no contact with "victim", pay about $300 worth of fines, hang out once a week with about eight other sexual offenders, report to a probation officer and have my every action scrutinized by her.

The interesting thing was that all the guys were still engaged in their sexual "deviancy". It was something that was talked about before we went into groups with the others. One guy was dating the therapist, one guy was watching his granddaughter shower, one father was hanging out with his daughters both who were victims in his trailer and in his truck, their mothers were well aware. I was bringing the teenager I met in a club to the group with me and he and his friends would drive my car home. Everybody more or less learned to say the right things and play the game.

I was also going to the YMCA and there was endless boys and men running around and exercising and swimming in the nude. The men did not keep it a secret they enjoyed looking at the young males. In fact it was not uncommon for boys to engage the men in sexual talk or even acts. The men also had sex with the other men. The YMCA was a very sexualized environment.
I rarely ever engaged in sex with men or people under the age of 18 while at the YMCA. I was content with enjoying the view.

I was also finding friends who were young adults who were willing to be sexual with me that were friends of my friends. I was very active sexually. I looked for sex when I was traveling, at auctions and just about everywhere else I went.

About two years into my probation I was at a club on my ex-wife's birthday and met a young teen male. We got to know each other over a period of two hours, talking about cars. At the end of the night after sharing alcohol in coke cans, he and his 17 year old friend asked me to take them home. I did. About two weeks later the younger one called and wanted to hang out so I went to pick him up on a Saturday morning. I met his overly friendly mom and after we talked for a half hour she told me her son was asleep in the basement. I felt my way around the pitch black darkness and finally heard music playing. I had to turn the light on to see as I was getting no response by calling his name out. I seen two males in bed naked, one black a eighteen year old and the other the young teen I met at the club. Apparently this persons dad was a manager at the club which is why he was there in the first place.

I told the person I would be waiting upstairs and that the police sale started soon so hurry up. I then return upstairs and continue speaking to his mom, when the youngster comes walking by with a erection poking out his boxers in front of his mom and me. When I got to the car I did not start it up right away. I asked about what I had seen in the basement and the erection in passing. He could not understand why I would even ask and wanted to get going, he asked me "have you not seen a erection before"? I told him I had but not amoung people I did not yet know.
We proceeded to go to the police auction and had a good time. I also advised him I was a convicted sexual offender who was not allowed legally to be around minors. He claimed he did not care if I did not. We became great friends over that summer. I will always reference that as being the best time of my life.

Over that summer we had oral sex and masturbation and we did phone sex chatlines and watched porn movies, smoked and drank alcohol. He wanted me to buy Pot but I refused and we had a huge verbal fight over this. He attempted anal on me but did not like it. We had sexual contact while driving at high speeds as well. We had sexual contact while on the hood of my cars. We played truth or dare and spin the bottle. I took him on road trip and his parents did not care when or if I ever brought him home and told me as much. The last time we hung out I took him to meet my dad during harvest. My father liked him and they got along well. I decided that I no longer wanted to risk our friendship by having sexual relations, he blew up on me and would not speak to me the rest of the way home.

I had become friends with a older friend of his and we worked on cars together. I had been told him and the eighteen year old black guy regularly had sex. I asked the guy and he was shy at first but was willing to receive oral sex and to have anal sex with me and let me attempt it on him if I would buy him some Nike sports wear. We remained friends, his mom and his younger sister both had the hots for me and I was not going there with either and I told them about my past and they still trusted me with the threat of death should I do anything sexual with his sister. His mother was not easy on the eyes and had been married numerous times.
His sister made it very tough for me as she was very sexual and had large breasts and would show me frequently without me asking and she would have all her young friends flash me as well. I was asked to take her places and her brother would leave her at my house so I would refuse to go in and instead stand by my car in the driveway. I have a lot of respect for females and their feelings and I know that sex can lead to babies and what not. I was tempted but always turned her down.

Anyhow the eighteen year old black male was harassing the young man I am speaking of as he was trying to date a female his age and I was called upon for advice. I told him to call the police if the guy did not stop. I was not attracted to the black guy and I was trying to steer clear of him rather than hear his desire to have me stop by for sex.

The police was called and the black guy told on himself and when the police questioned him he also told about what I was doing.

As a result I was given eighteen months in prison after we calculated time served. I was given five years post release as well. I was locked up in jail and prison from Jan. 1997 to April 1999 for this.

The young man I met at the bar claimed the police threatened to put him in prison and polygraph him if he did not admit to our sexual contact. He called me the night we was interviewed by the police. He was crying and very apologetic. I told him under the law that it was all my fault. I did not speak to this person again till 2006, a very bittersweet phone call. We never spoke again as he said he was married and having marital issues relating to his wife and her cheating and could not speak to me and have contact with his kids.
He seemed genuinely upset that I was still locked up and he claimed he had looked for me but could not find me. I think we were still friends at that time. And had I have gotten out we would have remained friends. He went on to tell me about his sons etc.

I have never spoken to my first "victim" even though I miss the family and her so much. We all were so close, they loved me so much. That is one thing I regret and wish I could have made a different choice. I just was not in the right frame of mind to resist her.

After I got out of prison and am in the county jail awaiting civil commitment I was told that the multi-disciplinary team rated me a high risk because; I did not complete sexual offender treatment in prison (because I only had 18 months and I got started late and was moved from one prison to the next and lost a few months and the program was 18 months) and because it involved a male (apparently its harder to overcome the inhibitions of a male rather than a female) and because they thought my emotions for the first victim was a facade. Its clearly a joke of a situation, its all subjective and based on some statistical crap that has nothing to do with me as a individual. Then the courts are afraid of being fair as they are elected individuals and letting a sex offender go free would ensure a media firestorm and the judge would be unemployed. My lawyer told me a jury would hear I had a prior and they would go ahead and commit me without thinking twice so I should just be complacent and sign the papers and go to civil commitment for 15 months. Thirteen years later I was still in that hell hole of absolute hopelessness. I never stood a chance. My life was over in 1997, plain and simple.

I will discuss what civil commitment was like later in the book. I want to discuss my criminal sexual stuff first.
While in civil commitment they tried to charge me for exploiting a minor via a cellphone dating application. This teenager thought it would be fun to place him on a gay dating site. I did not know and tried to reach out and ask for photos. He blew up, deleted everything and told his parents who called the police. The long and the short of it is that I knew enough criminal law to give the county prosecutor a run for his money, there was not any criminal intent nor any evidence whatsoever that we ever even had contact. I made a fool of the prosecutor, he tried to sneak it through and offer me a plea agreement to a misdemeanor and I refused. I got the case dismissed with prejudice.

Then in 2011 I gained access to a proxy who was willing to maintain my social networks such as Facebook and Twitter. At this point a black male who claimed to have been born in 1987 showed up on my page with a fake profile. He was deleted by Facebook for posting a gay porn video on my proxy's Facebook. My proxy was a mentally and emotionally slow person. He had an appetite for young boys at his church and by looking at photos. He claimed he could not tell the difference between a 30 year old and a five year old who was nude.

Anyhow the guy with the fake profile suddenly reappeared as a 15 year old black male. He apologized for lying about his age but explained his parents were anti-gay and christians who claimed all gays go to hell. He asked me to be his friend and I agreed as I had and continue to have nothing to lose. I did not have the ability at that time to access my email or social networks. So whatever was done had to be done by my proxy. Eventually I gained access to a Smart TV and a WIFI card so I had very limited access like what is available on applications on basic cellphones.
I do not recall seeing photos of this young man nude. He sent photos to my email and apparently they were deleted by someone who managed my accounts for me. Apparently this young man had sent these photos to all his adult gay friends on Facebook, I was the only one in the USA. I did not actually see these photos until I went to court under a Federal Indictment that carried life in prison more or less. The photos appeared to be of an older hairy black man. I was not in the slightest way attracted to this young man. I have to give him credit he was honest and told them I never asked for any photos. The police in his area tried to make me out to be a bad guy all to no avail. But that did not stop the Feds from trying to lock me up for life. The lawyers they gave me weren't worth a crap.

After I was in jail about 3-4 months I started to care about the case. I demanded to see the forensic disk and immediately my lawyer found the photos were all taken before I ever met the teen. They had to drop the bulk of their case leaving me facing 15 years. I did not want to plead to accepting photos because I had not done that either. I was set to go to trial. At the last minute I accepted a bogus plea claiming I had sent him dirty adult photos, which I had no means to do. The claim was there was adult photos on my social networks that the teen had been exposed to (I guess the millions of porn websites he could access 24/7 amounted to nothing). In actuality the only crime I had committed was sex talk on the phone and answering his gay sexuality questions.

None of this would have ever came out but the teen was looking at porn on his Tablet and left it on there and his mom caught him and a fight ensued wherein the police was called and the mom used them as a show of force and they were given consent to search the electronics.

I feel so bad for the guy and wish him no harm.
So much for the horrible things we do in the name of religion. I do not think I would be doing prison time if it wasnt for the hatred and ignorance of his parents. Forgive them for they know not what they do. The young man was such a great person. I really liked him and do not regret reaching out to him.

For my efforts I received 10 years in prison, three years of post release and $100 fine (court fee). Yet I still may be returned to commitment in state or federal at the end of this sentence. It never ends.

CHAPTER THREE

Treatment Based
Hospitals and Prisons
For Sexual Offenders

Now comes the biggest and most expensive joke of all. For the last twenty years plus I have been in and out of prisons, jails and locked hospitals all of which have religious services and sex offender treatment services. These facades cost tax payers millions every single year. What do they accomplish? Nothing!

In every single place its always the same. Find God, study God, Talk about God, Go to church and Bible studies and hang with others who do the same. These people all learn and or know how to talk the talk but cant walk it. This is why I no longer go to Church and doubt very seriously that God is real. I think God is a made up person for weak minded people, giving them hope of something better than they had in life, after they die. So sad.

The same concept is true to the sexual offender classes. It is likely also true for every other kind of addiction treatment. In reality these people are trying to change their biology and someone is making money trying to "help" them.
What treatment is good for is to allow people to tell all their deepest and darkest sexual secrets from their childhood and adulthood. It's good for shaming and humiliating yourself and if you disclose enough you might even get more charges. It's also good for filtering your every thought and feeling and making them all bad or deviant. Then you can help feed the sexual appetites of the other sexual offenders around you. Most of which, at least in my case have engaged in things I have never even thought of.

Treatment is also good for learning all sorts of carnal sexual and otherwise things you did not need to add to your list of socially questionable behaviors and thoughts. Every single time I have ever been in these places I have come out with more things to think about and do. The law has a problem with all of them.

At first it is shocking to hear guys discuss things like; sex with dead people, sex with infants, sex with objects of every sort imaginable and unimaginable, sex with dirty under garments, sex with fire or about fire, painful sex, sexual torture, sexual kidnapping and rape, child pornography receipt and distribution, sex between animals and kids/adults, exhibitionism, peeping, sex with feces, sex with urine, watching people relieve themselves on glass tables, and the list goes on and on.

Then when these places try to take away the stimulus they are most attracted to they begin using magazines, books and movies. If those are not available they draw their own pictures of the above, they write their own stories about the above. They become experts at finding movies that have nude kids or other forms of things I described above. These people in no way are stopped from getting their sexual needs met. One way or the other. They are typically caught with stacks of cutout of kids etc to masturbate to. Some even use the case law computers and their descriptive cases of sexual crimes to get off.
And let's not forget about the nonstop conversations that are had all day long on these topics and areas of carnal sexuality.

There is no escaping any of it.

Then the facilities have a ban on age appropriate sexual materials. The facilities also penalize sexual behaviors that happen daily between other inmates, some exploitive and some not.

Basically guys are stuck with what they know and what is in their heads.

They always can go to the classes and discuss it all day and complete the meaningless classes and programming meant to change ones programming or biology. But in the end it changes nothing. I have repeatedly taken all these classes. I have given the lip service. My behaviors have been modified enough that they think I have become a new man. But in reality I still am who I have always been. I have been totally and completely transparent. I have held others to the same standard. There were many times I was the only one really trying to apply the garbage they were feeding us. This caused me to ostracized even among my peers who have some similiar traits.

I remember all the crap I was taught but at the end of the day it does nothing to stop who and what I am as a sexual person.

What I am is a bisexual man who would have consenting sexual interactions with someone who was equally attracted to me and was sexually mature enough to comprehend what was being done. I would also look at a young attractive youth who was nude or sexually aroused out of curiosity and the beauty of innocence and youth.

My age of attraction for sexual interactions is about 12 to 60 so long as they are in shape and take care of themselves male or female.
I will not be ashamed of who and what I am. I did not choose to be something society would not like. I do not choose to be offensive in my sexual actions. I do not care to hurt anyone. It is not my fault I came out this way or have learned these things. I have learned at the hands of other sexual offenders, clinical staff and my peers all under the guise of treatment and care.

Recently I read a study where people are now trying to call other children pedophiles because they are attracted sexually to younger children. The study was claiming that kids should be ashamed and receive treatment for their problems. So now young people who are trying to work through all the other stresses of growing up now also have to fear criminal sanctions and oppression and discrimination from others for liking others. It's crazy that we are so hypocritical that it's ok for adults to have relationships with people who are decades apart in their ages, but not ok for young persons. I know some claim that people under the magical age of eighteen are not as able to make clear and healthy educated choices in life. The same could be said for people who are of any age group, even mature elderly people. Maturity is not just based on the date listed on one's birth certificate. People will make mistakes and have regrets their entire lives whether it involves relationships, jobs, money or anything else that is important. The problem is that we are a sick and fixated society, focused on sexuality to the point of insanity. The human race is responsible for making this a issue.

I often wondering what it would be like to live in a society that applied biological common sense to decisions related to sexual matters. Then you take into consideration that young people are going to experiment whether we like it or not, you suddenly realise the issue is larger than just the age of the parties involved. The real issues then become, sexually transmitted disease, pregnancy,
loss of virginity (if that this an issue for your culture) and other incidentals. In the end it all comes down to trial and error. Sometimes what we do ends good, sometimes it ends bad and sometimes it simply does not matter. The only reason this matters in the first place is because we make it matter.

Let me be clear on something, I am NOT advocating rape, kidnapping, exploitive sex, sex with someone with no cognition, sex with preadolescents or any others who are not sexually mature. I am advocating free choice without social pressure to be sexual with who you choose. This is not a government's choice. This is not the choice of someone who is a outsider. This is not the choice of a parent or caretaker who believes they own the bodies of their young people under the age of eighteen.

We cannot claim free choice when will fill someones mind with the belief that something is wrong or criminal or against God or for some other unproven-unfactual reason.

Sex is supposed to be a fun thing that people can engage in to satisfy attraction, curiousity, sometimes boredom, receational sex, intimacy, love, consumation and procreation. There is times where it is done for fun, for serious reasons and other reasons. There are times we will regret it and there is times we will have fond memories of it. But when others are allowed to become involved and put their two cents into the equation then it can become a bad thing. It is not right to manipulate or force people to reform their opinions on a situation just because you dont agree. This is dishonest and causes people to say and claim things they really do not agree with and feel.

Again at the end of each day people are attracted to what they are attracted to and that is just the way it is.

Nothing we can do, there is no way to erase this natural thing.
Back to the Chapter discussion at hand. In these type of institutional settings where sexual offenders are being managed you have staffing that more often than not have so many sexual hang ups themselves. They don't like or support homosexuality or anything outside missionary style procreation purposes heterosexual sex. So before it is all over the Bible and Bible educated people are the standards by which people are expected to govern their lives. All of a sudden the institutionalized person is in conflict with all their natural predispositions.

Then you have the one size fits all treatment milieu. So the so called treatment provider have their statistically based book smarts of what a sexual offender does and thinks. More often than not this is all so far from the truth it is unrealistic. If you research who and what these studies were done on and where you will find its a very biased group of the "worst of the worst" who are doing lifetimes of prison time and institutional time for the very sorts of sex acts I am not condoning or advocating for. No matter what you say, no matter what your history is it must fit within the confines of the statistical model. I never have fit this model and do not believe I ever will. That being said I have noticed that being exposed to the so called treatments and other sexual offenders opens a pandora's box of carnal knowledge. What I am saying is that I have had many things shoved into my face and now those things are part of my life and the memory cannot be erased. They were not part of my life or cognitions prior to being put in treatment.

While in treatment people have obtained child nudist films and at first I rejected them and did not want to see them. However after being around so many people who had seen and possessed this type of media and the fact my situation remains virtually hopeless what did I have to lose? So I stated looking out of curiosity.
When you hear about things like this everyday on the news, among peers, in group therapy etc., you become curious. Then there is the taboo's placed by society and the thrill of seeing something society says is wrong and horrible. My first exposure to child nudist films were by a distribution group out of California, a legal company. These films showcased for education purposes what it is like to be a nudist adult or young person from these cultures around the world. It seemed to me like these people do everything we do on a daily, seasonal and annual basis but without any clothing on. Its all fairly innocent, with the exception of the fact I live in a culture that believes that type of living to be odd, wrong and criminal. So its not them that has the issue, its not me that has the issue, rather it is the pressure to conform to our societies norms.

There was times I found the teenagers attractive, there was times where a partial erection was showing or a clear view of genitals was on the screen. There was times I might allow myself to be come arroused and or masturbate to what I seen. This usually was a replacement\textsuperscript{for} what I would have prefered to have which is sex or sexually arrousing materials involving young or otherwise attractive adult males or females. We are denied natural forms of sexual behaviors and or what this society considers normal.

I do not and will not be ashamed or embarrassed that I found a person who is younger than eighteen to be sexually attractive. They are beautiful and if both parties were willing I might enjoy exploring sexuality with them. Honesty. I wish others could be honest without being shunned, ostrasized, oppressed, hated or locked up. I am already locked up. They can do nothing to me. I have a pass to be honest.
The other thing I noticed in these video's which has had a very profound and powerful impact upon me is they are comfortable with their bodies, they do not worry about fashion or presentation. The people in these video's do not have sex and sexuality on their minds. They are carefree and do not worry that someone might be attracted to them or their kids. They do not have to worry about buying or washing clothing or hanging it up. They do not have to worry about what they will wear to this event or that event.

I think given the chance that most boys and girls of any age would go around skyclad (nude) if they had a choice or they lived in a culture where it was permitted. But we will never know in this society.

The young people painted each others bodies as a form of artistic expression. There was no visible arousal as this occurred. These people massaged each other with no sexual arousal. These people lifted weights, boys and beautiful women worked out together and there was no sign of sexual arousal.

I think they best thing I could do for myself is to go and live in a culture where people did not wear clothes at all and further desensitize myself to all sexual stimuli. I would love frankly to have no sexual drive.

There was other video's I watched that were from the Ukraine and they were all boys from say five on up swimming, using a sauna, wrestling, camping out, playing any and every kind of sports etc. These boys at some stage in each video were nude whether in showering or in sauna's or play. Based on the social views of this society I think these video's could cater to people who were attracted to boys of whatever age group. These videos left nothing to the imagination. The boys were not engaged in anyway sexually. But the screen shots were revealing in every way.
In these video's there were many of the boys who were attractive. Some of them very well endowed. They had beautiful skin, beautiful muscle tone and their bodies were not marked by age in any way shape or form. They are beautiful to the naked eye.

Once again I noticed the marks of innocent and carefree living and not worrying about what others thought or felt about it. Again I think young people if allowed to do as they choose would not wear clothing in whatever activities they engage. But then again the society must not pressure shame or tell them it is wrong. In our society it is a big deal.

I think these videos had the largest reality impact on me. Clearly my eyes and mind can see a beauty others claim to be blind to or deny. I realized that I was different somehow and would be forever punished and suffer for what I see as beautiful. One of the boys Vladik who was a character in most of these films dies when he was 18 in a car crash. Very sad. What I noticed was the countless memorial videos done in his name and the people around the world that had grown to love him. The video's were beautiful and very sad. I know am I not alone as a result of those video's.

However because I have seen this type of stimuli and I liked to see it for a multitude of wholesome reasons and some reasons our society claims are not so wholesome, I am considered a deviant and need help and I am dangerous to others, according to the so called mental health experts.

I cried and cried when it finally came over me, while I watching the memorial video's for Vladik. Those of us who had tough childhoods or were raised by conservative parents who were no fun can really see the beauty of the lives portrayed in these films.
It seems to me like people who are prone to poverty or only know poverty find ways to have fun and relax that many others are clueless about. When you have nothing you learn to make due with what you have. For example, friends and family are cherished and there is loyalty and they work to keep the relationships well.

I have always experienced poor people showing more love and giving more freely of what they have than others.

I watched a nudist video one time that was coed young people involved in a pageant show. Nobody had clothing on. They just walked on the stage and walked off. I could not understand what in the world they were looking for. None were all that attractive in any way. A girl about 11 won the pageant. She was chubby and not at all attractive. I tried to see what they found winning in her. As I rewatched the video I noticed she had the prettiest smile nobody else had that type of smile.

Another thing that is common in these institutions is photos of people under the age of eighteen in underwear and bathing suits. These photos at times are the only thing people can find close to nude. For me there is some that have beautiful bodies and others who are just average in every way. These photos do nothing sexual for me.

In some of the non-prison institutional settings you find video's and movies and pictures of people under the age of eighteen who are nude or involved in sexual situations or its implied. The films from foreign countries are the most realistic and real to life. The rarely hold anything back. When these movies are allowed in the generally have some sort of sexual stimuli for people who are interested in youthful nudity or sexuality. These are something I became aware of and ended up watching myself. I prefer foreign films over American because they are real and not edited by the
standards of puritians. It is also refreshing to see that not every society in the world is so warped that everything is taboo. Life is reality and reality is life. There is nothing we can do to take away from what is. Sadly from an American standpoint and programming during our formative years, when we see these types of things we make bad, weird odd things that are innocent.

For example I saw a French film with a family of three boys twelve to seventeen and a father and a mother. While they ate meals the sometimes rubbed each others feet under the table, the father cuddled and slept with his sons (non-sexual) and the family went skinny dipping with the boys girl friends etc. In the film I am talking about, the older boy was dying of AIDS and he wanted his younger brother to take vacation and spend time with him. During this time the brothers cuddled up when sleeping or lay on top of one another in their underwear. It was very nonsexually intimate. I had a friend warn me before watching the film that it would be culturally different and it was.

Another movie was about two brothers who shared a sexual relationship when they were young teens until they were adults. The film had simulated homosexual sex scenes. They were very intense and at first I was shocked at seeing this but then I realized that this can and does happen in real life. Even if we do not speak of it and it is illegal and taboo, it still happens, always has and always will. We do not understand but we dont need to hate or let our ignorance rule us. Or maybe the real issue is that we cant be honest about what we do for fear of being rejected or imprisoned etc. In the film I am discussing, the sexual and relationship ended/one was gay and hurt and one was heterosexual and life went on. That is reality and life. Live, grow, learn.
No matter what age we are 1-100 we live, learn and grow. That is a fact of life. But in America and a few other places we cannot sit back and allow nature to take its course. Things will be ok, some will live, some will die, some will fall, some will get back up and some will stay down. That is life yet again.

One cannot be unique and free unless that are allowed to be.

The next thing that is available in these places, usually gotten via internet devices and cellphones is media called or referred to as child pornography. I had heard the therapists discuss this and offenders talk about it for years. I did not know what it was. Almost daily we heard about it and cases like it or having to do with it on the news. I am curious and that is normal too. When it is all around us why not see what it is. I do not know what I intended to find when seeing it, but what I see was two young people more often than not engaging in sexual acts they chose to be part of. I think most people do these things as they grow up. Its part of life, curiosity and growing up and sexual development. The difference there is a camera or video camera recording the acts. Beyond that I see it as something beautiful and innocent. Its not like things do not happen like this. Granted some people will claim there is a older adult who is running the camera. That does not take away from the fact that sexual exploration is normal. That does not take away from the fact that young bodies can be beautiful and attractive too. So then people claim these youngsters would not be doing this if and adult had not suggested it or paid for it or pressured it.

I remain dead set against rape, pressure or exploitation. I do not remain dead set against reality and biological normalcy.

I have seen the other video's where children are in pain.
The children are being raped, forced to ensure sexually painful acts, are being drugged or have been kidnapped. I do not enjoy seeing this sort of thing. I think people who act out this way are truly out of control and heartless and should be stopped in whatever way required.

There was a boy overseas who was kidnapped and trafficked in the sex trade. In every one of the photos I see where he was nude or sexually aroused he was crying or scared or had fear in his eyes. I never could understand why someone would like that. He was a beautiful boy. Anyhow on Youtube there was videos that memorialized his death and then suddenly there was one where he was found and being driven in a car back to his family. His beautiful blue eyes were so full of energy and happiness. Why anybody could ever try to hurt a child like that I do not know. I believe every adult and child needs love and children can give a lot more love and deserve a lot more love. But to hurt them, I do not agree at all.

Nowadays children have their own internet devices that have camera's and the like so these youngsters are recording their own pornography—if thats what we want to call it and they post it to each other and social networks and what not. This again is life there is nothing we can do to ever stop it. It will get more and more normalized as time goes on. Its innocent to want to share ones body with another whether in person, sexually or by any other media forum.

I have seen videos of all out heterosexual and homosexual activity between youth. Some of it is pretty exciting, some of it causes me to become aroused. I had many things I was curious about and one thing was: do young people respond to sexual stimuli and now I know they can and do. They very much enjoy it just like adults do.
I think it is a beautiful thing when one learns how to make his body feel great. A very intense feeling of arousal and sexual intimacy. Its beautiful to watch someone experience that. Its a raw response that is uncontrolled or manipulated by others.

All that being said a society that is so fixated on sex and thinks so much of it is dirty probably will never be able to see it for what it really is a coming of noise and a thing we just are going to go through. We cannot ever dirty what is beautiful. But we wont never stop trying. We therefore keep making the monsters we claim to hate. Thats what happens when there is no means to express ourselves sexually in a way that is private and safe for ourselves. When you press someone in a corner and tell them they cant be who they are it will eventually come out in a way you wish it had not. That is my fear.

As a parent I would never want someone to harm or cause life long trauma to my son. That being said I believe the only way to change is to stop the ignorance and open ourselves to what is real and biological. And stop perverting things that are not at all perverted.

What is laughable is when we give out prison sentences of 15 to 50 years to life trying to make a example of others when someone is found to be a sexual offender. These sentences will NEVER stop people from being who and what they are. You cant hide from your reality for long. The money spent to imprison people like myself does nobody any good at all. Everything I have ever learned sexually that society does not like, I learned courtesy of tax dollars, for the purposes of treatment and the protection of society. These places are like a college for all the deviance and criminality you can imagine. I dont think that society would be very pleased knowing what they expect to get and
what they are actually getting for their money.

There is also the people who get employed in these places to seek revenge, to make life hell. They have some bone to pick and they think by being cruel or disrespectful to people who can't get away from them that they are getting even with someone who did them wrong. Many of them are bullies or have been bullied their entire lives. That is all they know.

They think that they are the moral police and have all the answers to life's questions. This only compounds the issues the incarcerated person is dealing with. This is often times when anger and violence issues begin to pop up. Then a person is forced to learn law, contact outside agencies to advocate for their rights and or protect us from abuse. It is a never ending mess. I have been so angry at times that I wanted to do great harm and would come up with ideas of how I might do this. It has torn away from me all the hope and joy I once had. It takes your spirit away and changes you in ways you could never imagine. You know you are being done wrong and even your best qualities are now being taken away one piece at a time. Before long you do not even know who you are. After a long time you do not even care about who or what you are. You deal with suicidal thoughts and plans. The real of your life is too much to bear. But taking ones life is not an easy thing to do. So many claim ignorantly that weak people commit suicide. Not true one has to fully give up and believe there is no hope of things ever getting better. I am not suicidal but I do not value my life anymore and hope I do not live a long drawn out life. I would not try to treat cancer if I had it and I would refuse all life saving interventions if I have a choice. I get envious when someone dies of illness or old age, at least they are done suffering.
When I was young we had many pets who would get ran over by farm vehicles etc., on the farm. They would all still be alive and gravely injured and in pain so my dad would ask, "do you want them to suffer or do you want me to end their suffering." Obviously, I have a heart and would not want anybody to suffer, so I would tell my dad to end their suffering.

Sadly humans are not as lucky. I have been suffering in these types of institutions since I was a 6 year old off and on all my life. I have never meant to cause any sort of harm to others but others have no issues inflicting harm on me.

When you have those who misuse and abuse their authority and they can have you tied to beds, cuffed, beat up, medicated, locked in rooms, deny you access to mail and phone and any other sort of torture you can imagine it is very scary and hopeless as hell. I have experienced it all. It never stops and is likely to continue forever.

There is no real oversight in these places. They are good at covering up their tracks and they bond together and lie together. You are out numbered and its a miracle if you can get anything changed. I have come damn close to getting the truth out, but it was all a nightmare and they kept postponing and denying the real facts and truth. Lawyers and the courts do all kinds of shady stuff to keep their crap under cover.

I am so surprised that this all has not made me into a cold blooded evil revengeful murderer etc. I have seen how this effects many I am locked up with and it is so sad. They seem so dead inside and they dont care about you, themselves or anybody else. That is what hopeless and darkness does.

Even worse is people in the community have a hard time believing that anybody is even capable of what I am saying here. They are a cellphone camera's are finally proving it.
Sadly however we have no ways to record what happens in these places so it all stays secrets. Many of the most corrupt people are in the positions of high authority. It is a dog eat dog world and you have to go way over and way beyond to reach the top. People dont realize what it takes to be the richest and most famous and most popular and most in control. Most normal people are never that well liked because to really be real with people means you will piss many off along the way.

I try to stay clear of the huge dangers of these places but at the same time you must eventually stand up for yourself or you will be walked all over.

Then there is the people who work in these places as a means to hide their true identities. They hide behind the deviants as their helpers and treaters so nobody expects them. There is many who have college degrees, high positions of authority, medical professionals, police and other officials who use their positions to divulge themselves in their so called deviant apetites. Nobody ever expects them. They can do what they do everyday, have their cakes and eat them too. Imagine your doctor or a police detective of sex crimes getting their sexual needs met by looking at you or the body of your child nude or in a sexual pose. It happens every single day.

Its the ones that you least expect and trust the most. Those are the ones who have uninhibited power and authority over you and yours. They can do anything they want and you will never know. I often think of people who run funeral homes. Who holds them in any way accountable for what they do when they are along with bodies. Most of us dont even want to think about it. But here is the reality, people are human they like what they like no matter what. Always be real and the truth will become known to you.
Yesterday the Bureau of Prisons posted a memo/policy relating to the Adam Walsh Act for Civil Commitment. The act basically provides for the evaluation and definitions of what constitutes a dangerous sexual/offender/predator. The largest focus is those who have actually had sexual contact with a minor (under 18). However people who write books like this one are also a risk of commitment because I am not in agreement with the laws against sexual stimuli or interactions with persons under the age of 18. Most people are too afraid to speak the truth about what they really think and feel about this matter. I obviously do not wish to be locked up for life either but I am not going to be a enabler of a cause based on ignorance and puritianism. The issue does not get better by being silent or passive.

I look back to where I was cognitively and mentally in 1996 and I was so ignorant to advanced sexuality and carnal matters. I cannot say the same today. I wish I did not know what I know now. Having the knowledge and experiences of the last 20 years alone are a serious problem if you plan to be part of this society in America. Then if you compound that knowledge with the experiences and programming of my childhood I really do not fit in.

The programming and treatment is all about changing ones cognitions and precursors to behaviors. The belief is we lack empathy for others and the insight to to see the potential damage and trauma having sexual contact with minors will cause to the minor. Although this is all hypothetical, when one considers the peer pressure and the puritianical and narrow mindedness level of ignorance this society makes its choices by, its sadly a reality.

If your core beliefs are based on information that is not
accurate or false and or someone like a police officer comes along and tells you that you are a victim and there is no other possible way of looking at it, well then I guess you are or they will keep you in "counseling" or "treatment" till you admit and make them believe that you see it the same way of the ignorant social majority.

This is something I really want to make a point about. NOT EVERYBODY IS A VICTIM. NOT EVERYBODY FEELS OR BELIEVES THEMSELVES TO BE A VICTIM. NOT EVERYBODY WAS PRESSURED TO BELIEVE SEXUAL ACTS BEFORE THEY ARE EIGHTEEN, WITH OR WITHOUT ANOTHER PERSON AGE 1-100 MAKES THEM A VICTIM. NOT EVERYBODY HAS THE HANGS UPS OTHERS CLAIM TO HAVE ABOUT THEIR BODIES OR SEXUALITY. NOT EVERYBODY THINKS THE SAME AS OTHERS WHO ARE NARROW MINDED.

NOBODY HAS THE RIGHT TO FORCE YOU OR MANIPULATE YOU INTO FEELING OR THINKING OR CLAIMING YOU ARE A VICTIM! NOBODY HAS THE RIGHT TO QUESTION YOU ABOUT YOUR SEXUALITY OR THE SEXUAL ACTIONS YOU ENGAGED IN AND CONSENTED TO AND ENJOYED. NO PERSON OF AUTHORITY HAS THE RIGHT TO ABUSE THEIR POWER AND INFLUENCE TO TWIST, MANIPULATE OR PERVERT WHAT YOU LIKE, ENJOY OR CHOSE TO DO.

Sadly there is endless amounts of people who work for the courts, institutional settings, counseling services, mental health agencies, schools, advocacy agencies, the media and other highly influential and mind manipulating agencies that try to plant ideas into each of our heads about how we should think and feel about everything. They will'n t stop till you begin to admit they are 100% right. The police and the government are the worst at this. They will say and or do absolutely anything they can to get you to say and or think or do as they want you to do.

These sorts will bribe you with food, they will scare you or take advantage of your fear in the appearance of comforting you or protecting you from harm or conjured up monsters. They will lie
They will try to act like your friend, they will try to act like they care about you or have your best interests at heart. They will introduce you to others who are ignorant or have been manipulated into believing the same way they do. They will show you videos of people who have been victimized. They will probe your genital area's they will make you feel very uncomfortable. They will have strangers "examining" your naked body and steal away your privacy. Who knows these same people may be getting sexually aroused by hearing you tell them what happened or by viewing your naked body.

There are literally millions out there who feel confused and weird because they wanted to have sexual contact with someone and all these other people are claiming it was wrong or bad. They really liked the person involved and cared about them but now they can no longer admit that either because it would show they are sick.

I am not afraid to ask these people how they really feel about being "abused or molested". The answers more often than not are all the same. First they say what they were programmed to say and then upon asking it again and gaining confidence they tell you how they really fee about it all. Its so sad that we live in such a society. We truly are not the land of the free in any shape or form. Mind control is not freedom.

I have experienced this reality my own self when taking the polygraphs in these places. I have disclosed consensual sexual acts from my childhood and the one giving the polygraph believes I was victimized because of where I was or a few years age difference.

I have also dealt with this when I have done sexual history disclosures. I put the stuff down and they will focus on it and claim I have not made any progress till I claim I was a victim when I was not. Again nobody has to believe they way others want you too.
In treatment is is believed that sexual offenders are master manipulators. They claim we will say and do anything to get a minor or adult to do what ever we want them to do. We will offer money, offer gifts, use or size and build to intimidate, use our position of authority, use or relationship or trust etc.

Apparently there is no limits to what we will do to get a minor to have sex with us or exhibit their naked bodies for us.

I got news for you, I do not do these things and I was the exact opposite. I did buy my friends gifts on occasion, I did pay for meals, I helped people buy things etc. All of which is normal in every type of friendship or relationship. I do not want to pay for sex. I never wanted anybody to ever have sex with me out of fear or pressure. That would be not fun or enjoyable. I am most turned on when I know someone else is enjoying thierself. Its so easy for the experts to twist everything we do to make a better case for themselves and ensure they have a career.

There was times I would have enjoyied kissing, holding or anal sex etc. These things I often times never got to do because I did not want to make anything uncomfortable for the other person.

The other reality is that I was there I know what happened and did not happen. The paperwork and court documents are rarely ever accurate. The police is never interested in the truth that dont make their case look good. They want the stuff that makes the person look like a calculated cold blooded evil person and they will gladly twist the facts if needed.

Sadly the young person is so scatter brained and confused at the end of the interviews they no longer even recall what did or did not actually happen.
When you spend enough time interrogating someone and they are afraid and just want to go home they often times will say and agree to anything even when it is not true.

The evaluations that are done prior to most people coming into treatment or should I say being forced into treatment are interviewed be so called trained professionals. Often time they do what is called risk assessments to see if one presents a danger to those who are under the age of majority or if they are able to control their behaviors to no reoffend sexually.

These tests sadly are a one size fits all. They can not always compensate for human differences in personalities. Not every one or every situation is created equal. Then you have those who are good at beating the system or playing the game. Or maybe the person doing the evaluation just does not care to take the situation seriously.

Personally I think the evaluators purposefully proclaim those who are the most dangerous to not be dangerous at all. I think they want to let the worst of the worst out so they can make sure they have a income and clients. I think they need people to reoffend so laws can be made and there continues to be a huge problem or at least society can claim there is and make a huge deal with the media. And scare people senseless about the safety of their children.

It has been my experience that the worst of the worst are first to complete treatment and the first to not be forced into these places in the first place. For what ever reason they have the best success. There is something very seriously flawed about the process.
The worst of the worst are often easiest to spot. They get along best with the clinical staff. They often act as if they have no problem at all the right times, when staff are around. They have their entire family backing them. They usually have money. They usually are considered the lowest risks and have the least amount of restrictions to cope with while in commitment or treatment. They are the ones who're great at exposing all the flaws in others but refuse to address the ones in themselves. They manage to keep others on the hot seat and not themselves. They have an alliance with the care providers and are under their protection and so it is hard to hold them accountable. They seem to have alot of charisma and nobody expects them. They fly under the radar. They are the ones who commit decades of offenses and are giving chance after chance, short sentences and very little parole or post release supervision. They are also the ones who you eventually see on the evening news for things like rape and kidnapping and murder. They are the ones who these extreme laws for stiff sexual offense penalties, registration and life time supervision were created for. The odd thing is none of the ones who commit the crimes actually get a taste of the laws that their crimes helped to create. They are already doing life or have recieved the death penalty. So then the laws simply become a catch all and over kill. Sadly the ones who pay all the taxes do not seem to care or know that their money is all going to waste.

The politicians use it as easy brownie points to get elected and re-elected. Nobody is demanding accountability for these laws and whether or not they work.
Love for one's kids makes us easily blind. We will do anything that protects our offspring, even when it amounts to nothing short of form without substance.

The whole idea of let's get tough on sexual offenders is nothing more than a hoax meant to acquire your votes. I would think we would all be smarted than to fall for these age old manipulations. So many people act like cattle. They hear the bell ring and the come running believing that whatever they are to be fed is good.

The same people they least expect to reoffend are the ones who were very good at covering up most of their other secret lifestyles. They have not changed a lick. They look for people who are just like them and they develop tight knit groups and they all come together and meet each others sexually "deviant" needs. They do this by trading stories, sharing kids photos and kid stimuli they ripped from magazines etc. They also talk about what they have done with kids and what they hope to do in the future with other kids.

These people are the same online and in social networks. They are very professional and masters at finding others who are just like them and keeping others out. They are the ones that when they are caught they have millions of photos and so many victims from one part of the world to the next. They have no care about the youngsters they manipulate, lie to and exploit. They want the young person for one purpose and one purpose only, to have sex with or to exploit. I have met these guys by the hundreds online. They forever evade all detection. I have all had all out wars on social networks with these guys. You would think I would get along with them they have the broad attractions I do. But we do not get along at all.
These guys pose online as children themselves with the photo and profile to match. They have many profiles they use to do their deceptions. I have actually caught a guy switching between applications. He would type on one, then type of the other and you knew it was him but he would deny it till he was confronted. This guy was locked away like I am and I just happened to have the phone number to the inmate photos where he could recieve calls. I let him know if I caught him trying to play deception games with other young people I would turn him in.

It is not ok to act like a kid so that kids will send you photos of themselves naked or doing sexual stuff. It is not ok to start dating a kid under false pretenses. It is not ok to use the kids and then dump them when you are done. Likewise it is not ok to be a kid and take advantage of adults to get them to send money or nude photos of themselves just so you can use them and or bribe them for more money or stuff. This all happens online these days. The young people are not innocent at all they know who and what to go after and just how to do it.

I again support healthy interactions between a young person and an adult. If they both wish to get to know one another that should be their choices regardless of the end result.

There are alot of people out there who can and do think for themselves of every age group. I met one in fact he was just about to become a teen and was very open with his sexuality and his body. He was a sweetheart. For some reason being sexual with people his own age was not interesting to him but people who were older was what he wanted. I guess he felt safer that way. He has always been there for me as a friend. He is very special to say the least.
Before I got locked up I was using a chatline and met a gay youth who was 15 I think and he lived in Missouri. We had talked for hours on the phone and it was time for me to get off the phone. Before I could get off the phone he asked me if I wanted to meet him. This took me by surprise and is not something that is a good idea to do in this country. But for some reason I decided to go meet him. It was the oddest situation I ever have experienced. When I pulled up in the drive his mom came out to meet me and told me to take care of her baby and be safe and to have him home by midnight. She was a surgeon. Anyhow the youth took me to his high school parking lot and told me we could do anything depending on whether I brought a condom or not. I did not bring one because anal sex is often too much to expect to do with a young person. The last thing I wanted to do was hurt or scare him away. He brought along the type of music he wanted to listen to and we had oral sex and kissing. We also just held one another. He asked to drive my car before I took him home, which he did in the parking lot. Before I dropped him off, sadly he told me the night had never happened and we could never speak or see one another again.

It is not uncommon to get teen males and females to want to have sex or sex talk or trade photos or sext with adults online. I am shocked everytime this occurs. I guess its a new thing when a young person comes to you.

I met another person who was about to be a teenager on a chat line and he wanted to be friends. We became best friends and spoke every day for hours long. He was my buddy. He was gay and lived in a tiny town and had no friends and his parents were getting a divorce. He was truly alone all he had was his mom and younger brother. He was also shy and had many questions.
He would masturbate and we would talk about sex and relationships, his family and everything else one could imagine. We talked everyday for hours and hours. Then one day the phone bill came to his house. He was so scared. So was I. He asked me to be on the phone when his mom came home from work so he would not have to face her wrath alone. When she came on the line after speaking to me she thanked me for being there for her son in these hard times and answering his questions and what not. She also said she his sexual orientation and mine and that was ok too. She also knew I was locked away in a so called treatment facility. She did not care and told me she would gladly pay the bills as a counselor was much more expensive than our calls. Sadly I never got to see what he looked like but he sent letters and a photo of his dog and dedicated a song to me by Brittney Spears. Then he and his family were to move to Vegas but first he has to stop and live with his grandma till everything was in place. His grandma tried to stop us from talking. We still stayed in touch. Then when he moved to Vegas he called me one last time and told me how awesome it was there and all his new friends gay and straight. I told him at this point I did not expect that we would stay in touch as he would have all he needed right there. He wanted to say alot more but his little brother was near and so he could not. I sure do miss him and even hired a private investigator to find him but he was pretty much off the grid due to his age. Then the private detective decided to investigate me and stopped the investigation but kept my money in the process.
The honest truth is a lot of young men have come and gone into my life. There have been a fair share of young females too. These connections are so hard to keep alive due to the ignorance and sexual politics of America. I miss them all. Most I never got to see or meet. All of them brought much joy and learning into my life. I would love to see them again some day but I doubt it.

One young female who was 11 or 12 also from Canada came into my life on a social network. This girl was likely about to be predatorized by a man who was posing as a boy. I got myself involved and we became friends. She choose to stay friends with the person unless he did something wrong.

She was chubby and I seen a very tiny thumbnail photo of her. She was a cutter, her dad a alcoholic, she was teased and bullied at school. She used to send poems to my email. We stayed in contact daily via a proxy. When I was charged with the federal offense and told her about it she was very upset and promised to stay in touch down the line. I lost contact with her to.

My point with a lot of what I am saying to you is that sex often times has little or nothing to do with it. As humans we can be attracted to one another and want to be sexual but that is not required or needed. I have met many young people who I have never shared a sexual moment with. I have talked to them on their views about sex but we just decide that we will not be sexual with one another.

There is so many misconceptions about people like me!
In these places young adults are often brought in who are barely adults and look like they are middle schoolers. I have been locked up a very long time, 19 years as of the writing of this book. I have alot of experience and insight about the reason I am locked up and what issues we face in these types of places.

As I get older my sexual drive has went way down. As a result I am looking for something more like emotional intimacy or a social companion rather than sexual. Sadly most guys do not want any commitment at all. So I am pretty lonely all the time.

I lost out on the opportunity to raise my son and so when these young people show up I sometimes will attempt to reach out to them in true friendship. Then the jealousy and envy begins along with the hate and backstabbing. Its is endless. There is like one young and beautiful male to say 700 inmates. So just about everybody is plotting on how to get to know this guy and be his confidant. Its gets real messy.

On this yard the is guys who work in the laundry so they can speak to the young and most desirable guys first and tell them who to stay away from and offer their friendship first. Sometimes its other young guys who are the most predatorial and territorial.

Then most young guys are looking for sex, excitement and a damn good time. This can include popularity contests, drugs and alcohol etc. This can mean tatoo's. This may mean finding a relationship too. Most are scared, have alot of time and want to fit in with the safe and popular guys. Sadly none of this stops them from having the undesirable guys trying to taste the pie.
At first the young guys like the attention until they realize the attention is only skin deep. Then they start to hate it. If the young guy is decent at all I often times will try to reach out to them and give them a safe haven where they can expect true friendship and nothing else unless it evolved to something else. This reaching out is very costly as you will be the number 1 most hated guy on the yard. Your very presence stops all other guys dead in their tracks. Then others start to claim you own them, they are yours and nobody can get to them unless its through you. Then they start making stories up to tell prison officials in hopes of getting you removed from the prison or unit.

Suddenly the officers are all watching you. Its a nasty mess. Its also usually a thankless job. In the end most of the young people have just been using you. You think you are friends and they respect you and will be there for you, but they will not. Most young people want to do whatever they want to do without regards to any possible consequences.

Last night before bed I was reading the prison bulletin board and see where this book is prohibited. Apparently we are not allowed to write anything that opposes laws or the prison officials would oppose in regards to sexual offending. I guess that is where I draw the line. I have put a electronic email to the psychology department asking for clarification as to the limits placed upon my constitutional rights to free speech and expression. As I said before we are not truly free in this country.

What really troubles me about all this is the crazy ideas we have had over the generations before me like; slavery, denying women their rights, no freedom of choice, no freedom of religion, criminalizing homosexuality etc. This country does
This country does not have all the answers it would like to think it has. This country has done some very sick and shameful things to people over the decades and centuries in the name of religion, conservatism and puritanism. I am ashamed to be an American as a result. We are not the only country that does these things but we are the one with the least amount of excuses for the wrongs we have perpetrated against others.

I still see it everytime our government(s) choose to do wrong or ignore serious issues that impact those who are least able to change it. These realities become clear when they feel like the only way to be heard and be paid attention to is to bomb and open fire in public places including schools. Rather than address the problem, we see ourselves as the victims and demand justice. That was all the people who killed others wanted was justice too. Not everybody has the money and or time it takes to litigate against the government when they are dealt with in a unjust manner. Its sad but I can understand.

We not live in a society that is so far from actually caring about another person it is not funny. We are so selfish, self focused. We are running such fast paced lifes that we do not see where those around us are hurting and lost and may be contemplating unthinkable solutions to their problems. I think we are all responsible when people begin to feel like this. Everytime people around them are interviewed they all say the same thing, they noticed something was different or odd in the persons behaviors but they ignored it. Oddly enough when the bombs and the guns start firing and bodies start to drop they are no longer ignoring it then. Suddenly its poor me, let me get a moment in the limelight and maybe someone will send me free money.
Anyhow back to the young inmates that come into prison. I have two experiences I would like to share from 2014 and 2015. Both ended badly but I was unable to not try. My heart is too big for my own good sometimes.

Anyhow Chris came to prison in about April 2014 with a sentence of 90 years. He was a karate instructor who used something he was trained in called "NLP" which is an advanced form of manipulation or should I say taking control of others and getting them to do whatever you want them to do. I guess it was taught to him so he could gain clients easily for the school. His clients were little boys 5 to 12 and he was their karate instructor. But he was also instructing some of them on masturbation techniques and how to be nude and sexual in from of Chris' video camera/cellphone. Chris has all the people playing a part in his manipulation from the parents to the other siblings, the owner of the Karate school and others.

He has one boy's sister believing he was dating her just to have easier access to her little brother. The boy was under the impression that he and Chris were lovers. Chris claimed the boy was so smart and so well advanced, beautiful in every way. He claimed they made love frequently and were constantly in contact with each other. The boy had anal sex with Chris but not the other way around as Chris is well endowed.

All of the sexual acts with up to three boys was recorded on Chris' cellphone which was subsequently and accidentally found by Chris' own mother. His mother told her then boyfriend who then contacted police. Now his outdate is 2091.

Chris is blond haired and blue eyed, 5'3 130 pounds.
He is very attractive and youthful looking. He has the deepest blue eyes. He is college educated and is well versed on the world. He is very curious and has went to every dark space on the web. He likes seeing people be raped and killed age does not matter. The younger the better. He is a thrill seeker. He believes the world and those around him are all pawns in the game. He is a first degree black belt with kid training and he is anything but lethal. He found that he could be easily over come and subdued. I showed him this so he would be aware of the real danger he could be placed in at any moment.

He had sexual contact with all his younger friends and family members, including his baby sister. He has not been found guilty or charged for those things. When he was a young teen he got male dogs to have anal sex with him, his dog and the neighbor's dogs etc. Its hard to imagine this when you look at him. His actions at the karate school caused them to go under due to the bad reputation.

Chris seen the prison as his own sexual playground. He immediately found a younger male named Josh. They became boyfriends right away. Josh is not ugly but he is not the cutest guy either. Josh was an alcoholic, drug addict, possessive and very jealous. He admitted to molesting every single one of his younger siblings both male and female. He was also in prison for child pornography. His mom is a pastor and she has a very poor relationship with Josh. Not atypical as usual.

I waited about two weeks to try to get to know Chris, having him in the prison would have been like having Justin Bieber in the next cell. Everybody, even those who never left their cells were going up and down the stairs to his cell in the back corner of the cellhouse.
There was several reasons why I reached out to Chris. They were, he has alot of time as do I, everybody was after him and I knew my presence would stop alot of it, I wanted a friend who seemed bright and intelligent, I wanted to know what the world is like since I have been locked up so long, I wanted to teach him the ropes and help him to avoid the traps alot of inmates set for new inmates, I wanted to be a parental figure to him and help make his life better. I wanted to have a prison yard companion to hang with and have a good time. I wanted to live off of his youthful energy. I wanted to learn from him. I wanted to help make his prison stay as good as can be.

The first time we talked he noticed people would come to the door and turn right back around and leave, asked me why and I told him that I was not like the rest and was not into the prison politics and so people did not like me and steered clear. As a result he asked me to stay and come often and hand with him. As a result there was a huge division on the yard, Josh, Chris and I verses the rest of the prison yard. It was crazy to say the least. The mean mugging, the way people did not talk to me at all etc. There were some who still tried to come around including one guy who wanted to pay $100 to have a tracing of Chris' feet. Chris wore a size 8 shoe and so those who like little feet want a part of that. I told Chris to be careful as it would not stop there, that was only the start.

The guy who wanted the foot print was very angry to say the least. The other guys in the cellhouse began going to the counselor and the unit officer and the upper administration staff claiming Chris and I were having sex etc. They would do anything to get me out of the way, anything. The officers and the Captain made me aware of it.
Chris and I had very open and transparent conversations about everything. He knew that I thought he was attractive and I knew that I was too old for his liking. He told me I was good looking but my birthdate was too far off. Plus I was on friends only status. I was not opposed to being on friends only status. I accepted that no problem plus he had a boyfriend. Josh did not trust anybody with his man.

Chris taught me how to play Chess, he and I played frisbee in the rain in nothing but shorts. It was so much fun. We spent alot of time together. Josh and Chris and I also spent alot of stressful time together. They were always fighting and I was always trying to help defuse the situations and keep them from fighting. It was pointless work. They were always so sexual so I would look out for them so they could do what they would do not matter what in a safer way. I tried always to give them their privacy. They assumed I was peeking I did not. Chris was always rubbing himself and complaining that he precummed all the time and had blue balls etc. He also had his eye on every cute young guy on the yard. He had no problem asking them to see their penises. He would even ask the predators who were after him to see their penises (well endowed black me). He would have people threaten them directly or indirectly about his sexual acts in public and his requests to see other penises. It was a full time job trying to peace and keep them out of trouble.

Chris was like a little boy with no attention span what so ever. He was there one moment and gone the next. He could never stick to nothing and cared about nobody but himself. He did not like it is you called him on his selfishness. We had many fights over his inability to think about the needs or wants of others.
Chris claimed his mom was a stripper and had random sex with men to pay the bills in front of him and left her sexual toys laying all around the house. Chris began using these toys on himself at a early age. Both of his parents were drug addicts and his father and mother were not there for him emotionally or otherwise most of the time. He was focused on sex as a result. Chris felt sex was their way to love and being cared about and the only thing that would erase his pain and loneliness.

Chris even told the court that he wanted to see how the boys he was molesting would turn out after he had done what he was doing. He claimed it was some sort of an experiment. The judge claimed he was the worst offender ever that cam past his court. I guess not being loved and nurtured has many consequences and the outcome was this prison sentence. I still think 90 years is over kill but after he does a few decades in prison he will be a lost cause anyhow. Chris is down to try anything.

I grew very attached to him and would do anything to help him, protect him and to be there for him including extending my prison sentence. I do not think I ever cared for someone so much.

He had horrific back pain due to curvature of his spine. We would constantly pop his back for him. He allowed me to massage his back and the rest of his torso. I helped him shave his body for him. When we met he had athlete's foot and I kept on him and helped him till we cured that. His feet were in bad shape so we spent time scraping and sanding them down. I helped him wash his clothes and keep his cell clean orderly so his cellmates would not complain. There was little I did not do for him. He and Or I often birdbathed him because he was always on the go from the time he awoke till the time he went to sleep.
The sexual energy around this young man was way beyond anything I had ever experienced in my life. I actually had pain in my groin from "blue balls". I never had experienced this before meeting him and so I was ignorant about it till I finally mentioned it to him and he thought it was very funny. I did become curious about the size of both Josh and Chris and I told them. They claimed I should have looked when I had the chance. I explained that I was trying to be respectful and give them their privacy. So after Chris and Josh fought over my question it was decided I could see at some point when they were both around. They decided to have oral sex that night in the stairwell of education and I seen Josh who was well endowed. I did not see Chris because I was busy making sure nobody caught them. Anyhow they fought again and it was decided that Chris would show me when he wanted to. So a month later I seen it. After that Chris would just pull it out, drop his pants and masturbate in my presence. This was more difficult for me to handle as I was attracted to him but I kept myself under control. Chris however was unable to control his need for sex and he was being reported endlessly by other inmates and so the prison was doing and investigation. Chris and I had a falling out over his selfish behaviors and we did not speak for two weeks which was like forever to me. When he got in trouble and was threatened with a transfer he came to me asking for me to help him stay out of trouble. When we wasnt speaking he began talking bad about me behind my back, to be accepted by others. I forgave him and made him straighten out what he had done. It was a mess. I began to feel like a person committing crimes to protect a friend.
Finally I made the stupid suggestion that he find someone in our cellhouse to be sexual with. In the end I ended up being a party to it because I wanted to see what a orgy was like. It was a very traumatic thing to say the least. The two guys who joined us had one goal in mind, to have at Chris. The plan was that Chris and another white boy (young male adult) and an older gay male my age would pair off and have a good time. Come to find out they were only interested in Chris, one was giving him oral sex and the other was attempting to have anal sex with Chris but could not due to anxiety. So I was left to watch. So I took a chance and also tried to give Chris oral sex and was rejected. So I tried to help the situation out with Chris receiving anal sex, by using a finger to open Chris up, he liked this and did not stop me but he made it clear that I really was not to be personally sexually involved with him under the friends only rule. The whole situation became awkward at this point so I called it all off. It was painful to watch people who only wanted to know Chris for a sexual encounter have their way with him.

Chris was upset that he did not get off and tried to masturbate but could not reach an orgasm. He was angry at me for becoming sexually involved with him but he also knew that they were not being honest about their true intentions that night. Chris had lied about the situation to Josh originally. The deal with Chris always having to be number one and his needs and wants coming before everyone else's started to become a very big problem for all of us. We all began to fight and take sides. Josh and I fought frequently over the time I spent with Chris and the stuff I did for Chris. Josh said he felt like he was unable to do anything like I could for Chris because he had
no money and lived on another unit. I respected him for being honest but also told him I would do all the same for him in the name of friendship. In fact I had bought Josh a radio, a sweat set brand new, a book of stamps on multiple occasions, hygiene products, food products and many more items. He sold most of it for a cigarette. I forgave him out of respect for Chris and having a good heart. Josh was forbidden by his family to have photos of his siblings and this sadly meant his parents too. The state he was from also threatened his parents should they allow contact or send photos of his siblings to him. I think this is wrong and I got a contact of mine to get his photos from facebook print them off and send them in. The day I gave the photos to Josh he was being nasty to me, so I acted like they were my photos and made comments about his beautiful family when he finally looked over and said, "hey that is my family." He was brought to tears and hugged me. Sadly he never had any loyalty to me. So no matter what I would do for him or for Chris I was always the bad guy.

In the end the fights and selfishness and Chris' total unwillingness to make changes brought us to a crossroads. One night when we all went to watch a movie Chris would not agree to something we all liked so I gave him an attitude all night and had this mean look on my face which really scared him. The next day it was no good either. We got passed that but little did I know they were planning to kick me to the curb all together and the last straw was when I did not provide a meal at supper on the recreation yard. That evening he Chris would not speak to me or the following day either. It was very painful for me.
I tried instinctively to repair and save the relationship but I could not. It was a ugly situation to say the least.

One day Chris has picked up the wrong MP-3 player and was too scared to go find out who it belonged to I did for him. The guy who it belonged to was a very attractive black male who was 29 and 5'3 and 130 pounds and was all muscular and had a tight body and boyish good looks. We connected off the bat when I returned the player. He used to be a muslim and a gang member but then the others found out he is gay and apparently told on his codefendants to get a better deal at sentencing so they did not want him around or living with them. Oddly enough the counselor cleared a cell out for us and put us both in there due a grievance he had filed and the fact I was looking for a new place to live as well.

This guy was a fantastic lover and very passionate until they moved in a guy he thought would be tattling on us if he knew we were having a relationship of any kind. So he threatened the guy and spit on him etc. The guy was special needs and had mental issues etc. So the guy I liked would harrass him nonstop. So I would have to keep him calm and rub his shoulder to keep the peace. It was a mess and destroyed the happy little situation we had going. After that I no longer had any desire for him. The guy also needed to masturbate nonstop during the day with the slider door open and a privacy sheet draped around the bed frame. I had told Chris about the issue and that I thought he was not being honest and that he may have told on his codefendant and maybe we should not be trusting him. Chris went and told him hoping it would lead to a fight between me and my cellmate. It did not, but it caused a huge verbal fight between Chris and I.
Apparently Chris hated me so much that he hoped I would get hurt or in trouble. Many have told me that this 21 year old was just playing me for a fool, using me whenever and wherever he could. I will never know for sure. I think some of it may have been genuine. I also know all the issue caused by other inmates did not help us out at all. Then the counselor denying us the ability to live in the same cell caused us more drama and division. In the end it all fell apart.

I tried to get moved from the unit and was denied and I just could not bear the pain and suffering this was causing. I was so angry at Chris and hurt that I believed that I would eventually be forced to attack him when he was stirring trouble up for me. He literally went and befriended all the people he could not stand and that we both chose to stay away from due to their sexually abusive behaviors and desires towards Chris.

I had no choice but to check into protective custody under the guise that he and his friends would hurt me. That was not really my concern but I had to go. The situation was so bad that the officer was tearing my cell up because Chris would go and complain about me. I lost well over $100 worth of my property in the transfer process. It was very costly emotionally and financially. I think of Chris and Josh all the time and wish them well. I also wish we was able to still be friends. I know they were both very broken and damaged but yet I still care regardless.

The heart loves what it loves.

There seems to be a huge problem with the young people of this generation. They are very selfish and very calculated and often very mean. I do not think they have much innocence left in their hearts. I am trying to learn and be careful.
So here I am at this prison now and not much has changed except this place had less politics and a whole lot more drama. I am unhappy in most of the places that house massive amounts of sexual offenders. I know that sounds very hypocritical but that just goes to show there is many different levels of sexual offenders. I am almost embarrassed that I do not get along well with most of them but I can see why.

The reality is that I cannot live in a prison with mostly non-sexual offenders either. My own race will come to me in packs of 5-10 and threaten to hurt or kill me if I do not leave the prison they are in. Most prisons in America are not run by the guards they are ran by the inmates. Inmates cook, they clean, they maintain the prison, and run virtually everything. The same is true with inmate interactions. They run the show too. Stabbing and fights are very pursuasive to say the least. The ganys whether active or inactive are the most powerful and strength is had in numbers. There is inmate shot callers and go to men all over the yard. Sexual offender prisons have none of that for the most part. So often times the officers are more in the control of the day to day operations. Most sexual offenders are very passive when it comes to other adults. They are good at dealing with kids because many are at that emotional level and stay there. As a result the officers have control via control and fear based retaliation. Most sexual offenders have to fear being transfered to a prison they can not safely exist at. This is another way the officers control. The officers have it very easy at these types of prisons.

It is very dangerous to write a grievance in these types of prisons or file lawsuits as the Bureau of Prisons will ship
you to a place you cannot live and you will be harassed by other inmates and officers at every step along the way until or if you make it to a yard that is safe for sexual offenders to exist. You have to lie and make up some charge that fits the way you look any your personality that is not a sexual offense and hope nobody bothers to verify, which they will sooner or later. Usually the one to out you is always another undercover sexual offender snitch or other government informant. In reality someone is always looking for ways to keep the spot light off of them. Many fall for this antic, but I know reverse psychology and know that all those who holler the loudest about people they claim to dislike or hate, they are the ones with the most to hide. The prison claims it tries to prevent peoples crimes from being known due to safety and security issues but its also the prison guards who are telling this information so that people they dislike are hurt or killed. Its truly very-very scandalous in these enviornments. These people, inmates and staff are not far detached from one another, they think and act the same.

Like I said this is a college of criminal education. Even worse is how people come to this yard out of fear and as soon as they feel safe they are trying to be popular and look as if they have no skeletons in their closets. They start acting tough and hanging out with tough acting guys. The gang drop outs try to reorganize and become a force again. The snitches and government informants try to act as if they are the only ones who do not snitch. The "hater" white guys who have secrets try to act as if they dont have any at all. They try to act tough and appear tough and look and speak down about everybody else. The black and hispanic inmates wisely try to keep their own kind and their secrets under wraps and protected. So it is alot harder to know their real story.
Then you have those who buddy up with the officers and staff and will tell on everybody and everything in order to get brownie points so they can do and say anything and get by with it. These are the same ones who can get information that should not be given out about other inmates and passed around the yard.

Then you have the inmates who use religion to become an upstanding inmate in the eyes of many inmates and guards. Sadly reading the bible and being able to quote the scripture does not make a person a changed man. This usually is just a facade. I am not sure that they are always trying to be fake or hide. They just have unreasonable expectations. They do however use the bible to make themselves look prim and proper and safe in the eyes of vulnerable young inmates. This is a perfect way to get the best catch of young inmates for sex. It is very common. You get those people who are lonely and afraid and will do anything to find safety, so these self proclaimed religious people are right there waiting. Another reason I have rejected religion.

It's funny when you watch men step off the bus and walk the yard for the first time, they walk as if they are scared of no one or nothing. Then it becomes aware this is a protective custody yard and sometimes they chill out or they start hating so they can be the toughest, gangsterest, solidest protective custody case on the yard.

The odd thing about the real solid guys who are not sexual offenders is that most have their bodies covered in poorly done prison tattoo's, their teeth is rotten from drug use and they appear as if they are bums and have never amounted to anything and never will. They have no smarts or education at all.
They are really rough looking skinny beat down characters and they look as if they have just destroyed their lives doing drugs. They have no ability to effectively communicate, they are frankly very ignorant and that is putting it nicely. They are full of hate and elevate themselves by looking down upon others and claiming to hate and want to harm and kills others who are a different race or are social rejects.

Then you have the ones who hate child molesters but also had no problem selling drugs to kids and or recieving pay from them in the form of sex. They are the ones who destroy families by selling the parents drugs knowing full well that money should have been used to pay the rent or for food.

Then there is the ones that are sexual predators, they prey of the likes of mentally ill or scared skinny young adults who come to prison. These guys rarely have a sexual offense themselves but that does not stop them from sexual assualts when they come to prison. These guys are like snakes in the grass and will jump out at anytime in hopes of getting a new victim.

There are also inmates who look like victims, offer sex then turn around and blackmail you for money or something else they want. If you dont give them what they want they will lie on you and claim you raped or assault them and you will have that in your file forever.

An associate of mine sold someone a radio and some other items but then the guys could not pay. Apparently they both wanted to have sex and so that was agreed payment. Once the sex was had the guy claimed rape. The associate of mine is now serving 50 years in prison. He was not guilty but he has a past sexual offense so the jury found him guilty!
On these types of yards alot of guys spend their days in prison having lots and lots of sex with all the willing. Its very nasty and sickening really. Alot of these guys have bad hygiene, they are very unattractive, elderly, overweight, they have sexually transmitted diseases and the likes. Some of the guys use their bodies as payment for pictures, stories and other things considered to be deviant in the eyes of those in charge. Most have no self concept or self respect and they have been allowing themselves to be used all their lives.

Seeing these things really makes you not want to have sex anymore. You can never be sure of the motives of those who are involved either. It could all be a user scheme to get money from you.

So anyhow when I arrived at this yard I met this guy who I will call Anthony. I had not been here ten minutes and he comes to me and very directly and proclaims that he needs to speak to me right away as soon as I was settled in. I honestly beleived this very skinny boyish looking kid/man who is in his early twenties was some sort of shot caller on this yard. It is very abnormal to have a young person so confidently come to you in this way. I stopped what I was doing and went to speak to him.

We hit it off and he basically wanted to get to me first so nobody would tell me about his immaturity level, sexual acting out etc. I would have given him many chances anyhow, like I do everyone I meet. He is about 5'10, maybe 140 pounds brown hair and eyes. He shaves his body hair and tries to look as boyish as possible. He has the body structure of someone I would find attractive but his emotional and mental state are not at all attractive. They are repulsive.
So anyhow I was living in a cell when I first arrived that had an introverted math genius and he rarely ever speaks. He is a black guy who is rumored to hate black people. He is a decent guy but not someone I would enjoy living with. The other cellmate was moving out the following morning. There was a older man who was very needy and creepy in appearance, who turned out to be my friend and we lived together later on, he moved in the cell the next day as I was moving out.

Anthony was dating a older short and pot bellied man that lived in the cell with him. The cell was a three man cell. They agreed to have me move in and I thought this might be ok. I am a free spirited individual and I felt like I would be ok with them having sex and standing by the door when they did, which was at least twice a day. There was many things I did not expect.

Anthony collected celebrity magazines and masturbated in front of me and his boyfriend to pictures in these magazines of young boys in bathing suits etc. He did this at least once each day. He was not shy with his body, he would shave his pubes in front of us, he would strip naked and shave his body in front of us. He wanted to have sex with the older man nightly and sometimes the older one would complain about not getting to have anal sex with Anthony. Their idea of sex was farm like. It sounded like a hog might sound. Their movement was like a rabbit. They were dirty, meaning you could smell feces afterwards and they would have sex with loose bowel issues and so forth.

Anthony has traits of a autistic person and forgets to actually wash his body when he showers. He is prone to nasty infections under his foreskin because he does not wash properly after sex. Very disgusting.
Anthony had the older man rim his rectum and give him oral sex and swallow his ejaculate at least once each day. This only occurred after he wiped Anthony's buttcrack, because Anthony does not like to wipe his own butt. Anthony does not like to do anything but what pleases him. Anthony gets very upset if you expect him to brush his teeth, pick up after himself, be considerate of others, or sing loudly in Spanish to rap songs while you are resting and sleeping. According to Anthony the world should be ran by children, no child should ever be told what to do. Anthony believes all adults are bad unless they allow children to do as they please. Anthony believes that when his parents tried to get him to bathe, clean his room, go to school or eat his food they were abusing him. Anthony beleived entire childhood was terrible even though he had a late model Porsche, all the gaming systems any kid could ever want and a arsenal of paint ball guns and equipment. He also got to take cruises in at least 25 European countries.

Aparently Anthony was only happy when he was not under the parenting or control of parents. He biological parents lost him due to drug usage and he is adopted. He doesn't realize just how lucky he really is. His parents send him hundreds of dollars each month all of which he spends on used tobacco and "strips" that are smuggled into the facility. He also buys pot and other prescription mood elevators from other inmates. He goes to inmate ran stores that charge .50 cents on each dollar someone borrows in commissary items. Anthony owes out hundreds of dollars each month to these inmates. So much in fact his mom puts money on the accounts of other inmates so Anthony can spend double or triple what is allowed via other inmate accounts.
This kid is obnoxious, he uses people and he is a expert at what he does. He knows people tolerate alot from him because they want his mothers money. He wanted to smoke in the cell when I lived in there with him, but he dropped ashes on my bed, he lit huge flames of fire and let the ashes fall on the floor. He would rig up wires and pencils to plug into the outlets so he could get a spark and light what ever he was smoking.

He would leave smelly old clothing in the cell, he would leave ejaculate rags all over the floor of the cell and on the tops of the sinks and lockers. To get him to do anything what a nightmare. His older boyfriend would get all stressed out and he was way over his head in debt trying to keep Anthony happy. He would cry and tell me about how he was trapped and just about could not handle anymore of Anthony.

Anthony was always drawing nude boys with erections and buying photos of boys with hardly any clothing on and having the older man hold them for him. The man took alot of risk for him.

Anthony would talk to the older men like he was trash, spit on him, hit him, break his things, throw temper tantrums when he did not get his way. He would cut himself with a razor if need be. Anthony has no sense of personal boundaries, he would be done with sex with the older man and then stand right next to me butt naked with a erection and ask me if it bothered me. He even bought a tens unit (a unit that sends pulses to the muscles) and hook it up to his penis or rectum and then turn it on. Never a shockless moment.

I spent countless hours trying to help this young man see the error of his ways. Then he would agree and continue the same old crap.
Anthony's mom would do anything for her son. She is always buying and sending in very expensive books to Anthony. When they arrive he just gives them away and calls his mom a bitch etc.

Not so long ago he had a visit and during the visit she asked Anthony why he never called her and he claimed he did not have enough minutes because he had to call the underage boys he was having sex with prior to being locked up. She became upset because of this use of her money and the fact that he could get in more trouble for this and he got upset and called her a bitch and walked out of the visitation room. They did not speak for months. What's even more shocking is the prison officials knows he is calling these youngsters and they do not stop it.

Anthony apparently had identity crisis about every few months. He does not want any real friends whatsoever. He wants to have friends who make him more popular, more socially accepted and that make others think he is a non-sexual offender and not gay. He knows these guys will tell him anything if he gives them money and commissary. They apparently even told him who and what he could hang around with to be accepted. They also told him that if he doen what they asked he would be considered a solid dude. So anybody who was not using him, not exploiting him, not having sex with him, not interested in him sexually he abandoned them. I always tried to do right around him and help him rise to a higher standard all I got was abandoned.

Whenever he abandoned me he would follow it up by calling me names and trying to destroy my character. What's worse is his so called paid friends would fall for it so they got his money and a chance at having sex with him.

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All the messed up paid friends have now left him because he is on restrictions and they got tired of his crap. So now he has moved on to the next enabler. Someone who is desperate for his acceptance and sex. He is a drug addict and drug seller. He is involved in trafficking drugs and tabacco on this yard. He is well known for hustling contraband and that is what his crime is about. I tried to help this guy get his life back on track and do more than just read the bible but he could not do it. He talked a good game but he could not walk it at all.

The only thing he is good at is shitting and working out. He is loyal to no woman and or no man. He is about sex, sex and more sex. I never did trust him because he moved me into his cell hoping that I would be willing to give him sex. I do not like huge masculine men for sex and so I was not at all interested. Then he made a creepy comment that "I would probably not walk straight after he had anal sex with me because he is so big." I guess that was supposed to win me over. I never forgave him for that. He should have had enough respect to ask me if I was interested in having sex with him prior to moving me in. Recently he told me I was not allowed to get close to anybody until he left. That really got to me and I tried to see if he was joking and he was not. So I finally told him he was creeping me out. So now he and I do not speak.

He now spends all of his time with Anthony and Anthony's mom sends all the money for Anthony to him believing that he is protecting Anthony. I am intrigued by the whole ordeal because Anthony claims he can stand black people. But then again maybe this is his latest phase. The guy he is now hanging out with gets out in a few months. Clearly he has made no change and will be back in just a few months.
Anthony's last cellmate must have been really happy the day Anthony arrived on his doorstep. Anthony is not stingy at all and went into great amounts of debt to make sure his cellmate and Anthony eats real good.

Their is prison politics that forbid sexual offenders from living with non-sexual offenders and their is also race mix limitations. So when these are broke down then you know its about money or sex. All I know is that where there is smoke there is fire.

I have tried to make some good connections/companions on this yard but I do not see it happening. Here is why, people wreck your character and reputation as soon as you arrive in hopes you wont get anything they want. They also make people feel real uncomfortable if they hang out with someone they do not like. This yard is very clickish. You fit or you dont. I do not fit.

I have tried to get to know about 3 or 4 people as good confidants. Every single person except one I have regretted.

My one and only confidant at this time is a pre-operation transgendered 55 year old male to female bankrobber who is now serving life and 35 years in prison. She is decent to me, respectful, honest and real with me. We talk alot together, we share our personal and private matters good and bad. We share photos, we look out for one another. We also take up for one another when we are not around to defend ourselves. I do not understand people who want to be another gender that what they were born as. I do not discriminate against them or hate them. I just am not in any way attracted to that. They are people just like we all are people. The system does not wish to allow her to be a woman and makes it all very difficult. They deny her the ability to
to wear colored make-up or colored fingernail polish. They are also slow walking her on getting her sexual reassignment surgery. In the mean time she has to deal with the straight and gay men and the ones who are undercover homosexual, and wish to have sex with her. These people are looking for a "cum dump" and nothing more. Then they force her to live with men who do nothing but plot and plan and attempt to manipulate their way into her life for the sole purpose of having sex. Many of the straight men who want sex in prison feel justified if they can find someone who looks like a female. They believe their peers will be ok with this as well.

On yards like this with so many sexual offenders and yards without sexual offenders you have countless men who are in the constant look out for their next sexual hook-up. Many will rape or instill fear if need be to get sex. A lot of men are also trying to rack up as many sexual partners as they can. It is very sickening to say the least. There are guys who have managed to have sex with every person who in any way identifies with behaviors deemed homosexual. The reason I say it is sickening is because some of the guys have such horrible hygiene and do not take care of themselves. They also have HIV and other skin issues. Many believe they have so many years in prison if not life that it does not matter what they do or dont do anymore. For some reason I have yet to go that low. The ones who are desirable lose their desirability by the fact that are having sex with so many.

The transgendered person and I discuss this all very frequently and we often see it going on before our very eyes. She believes as do I that her bank robberies were all an attempt to appear tough and masculine and hide her true identity. This is what happens when we are not real with ourselves and each
The Bureau of prisons and its employee's do not tolerate people who fight for their rights or address injustices. When you start fighting you will be placed in the SHU (solitary confinement), you will have property taken from you, you will have your cell searched more than the average inmates and every little thing will be used against you, you will be pat searched frequently, you will be shipped to another prison and you may be in danger on the yard they ship you too. The BOP has many ways to address people who speak out against injustices. The government is and always has been corrupt. The courts also do their best to ignore our efforts to address issues that come up. They frequently dismiss cases and or claim they are without merit. Then you can only try your hand three times before you have no more options left. Its a very sad reality to say the least. The courts make it very difficult to address your issues if you do not know your case laws and cant properly argue the merits of your cases. I argued many cases while in Kansas in the district court system and was fairly successful with the exception of the state getting extensions and continuances and so forth. They are very good at dragging things out forever. This all wears you down and they hope you will give up or snap and do something that will end the litigation. In my case law says you cant litigate when you leave the state. So all my cases were dismissed and they get by with their injustices. I have appealed but that may not be at all successful.

When I first arrived at this prison my email was taken from me by my so called case manager. They did not give me a reason or any documentation as to why it was taken. When I tried pressing the issue for answers I was accused of being insulent and threatening and taken to the SHU for a week. I never did
get a good reason as to why my email was taken other than they claimed I used the internet to solicit minors for sex which I did not in any of my offenses. The reality is the case manager did not want a sexual offender to have email.

Right before I arrived at this prison I had paid over $70 to have a woman from Illinois handle my social networking pages. These pages have always been created and maintained by a third party. Apparently when she logged into my page she found random photos of teen males and a name that was not completely my name. I asked here to fix it all and get it in my name and with my information. She said she would and I paid enough for her to handle it for almost one year. Her agreement was to help me to find penpals. She never found me even one. But she also kept my money. I tried writing her local court house to file a small claims suit but they ignored my correspondance as well. What she did was write the BOP and make a big stink about me and my pages. The case was supposedly reviewed by the FBI and nothing was found and I was never prosecuted. But I still lost my email, my ability to communicate with my penpals, and family, I lost my phone usage for 90 days, I had my perfect record with the BOP ruined, I lost property and my name was smeared in the eyes of other inmates. They believed I was trouble. I tried to address the matter via administrative redress and was laughed at and nothing changed. Now this place always refers back to that situation and sees me a trouble maker. This is the reality of being locked up under the control of corrupt persons. It can be very very scarey at times. You are virtually powerless and have to ignore so many wrong doings just to stay alive and or to keep from being placed in more danger.
It never gets easy to overlook when you know someone is doing you wrong and you have to suffer as a result. That is hard stuff. After a while it builds up to the point where you can't take anymore. Then you start lashing out and you make an excuse for them to punish you because you did violate the rules. Then you have to be careful that you don't let these people think they can walk all over you without a reaction because they will do it all the time and there is nothing you can do about it.

Another major issue I have had to deal with is the lazy people who work in the laundry. They overstuff the washers, steal the soap and bleach, the shorten the wash cycles and as a result all our clothing and linens come back dark, dirty and dingy. Basically you send your laundry over to soak in other inmates dirty laundry, clothing, sheets and towels. I tried to send my stuff in for washing one time and it came back looking grayish and brown. I luckily was able to rinse the dirt out. Ever since then I have been forced to hand wash every last item. Many days it is so humid here in Florida it is hard to get the stuff to dry properly. Then it is against the rules to hang items up to dry so we have to face that issue and hope the officer will understand. Most staff do understand on the weekends and evenings. As a result of all the daily washing my hands are in bad shape and I have to use a pumice stone to sand the dead skin off. It gives me a new respect for women or families having to hand wash all their items. What a job.

On the positive side all my stuff remains white and looks like new. Most people who do not wash their own stuff have it looking dark and dingy.
Just about every cellmate I have had in the BOP has a very serious problem cleaning up after themselves, taking showers, actually bathing when they do shower, wiping properly, bathing all areas of their bodies such as their crotch, their but crack and rectal areas, the backs, ears and feet. Many have body odors skin infections etc. They are so used to it it doesn't even bother them anymore. My current cellmate is so set in his ways it's pathetic. He did not wash his towels when I moved in, or his blankets or sheets and they were all dark brownish and grey. He never washed his sweat shirt or pants which he wears all night long and all evening long and fills the pants up with powder which gets all over the cell and on the floor. He has to be reminded to wash everything. I personally wash all his towels, wash clothes and sheets so that I know they are getting done. When you bring this stuff up to him, he gets very upset and wants to fight and argue or for one of you to move out. He claims that he doesn't have to do my time and I do not have to do his. He fails to recognize that we live in a tiny cell of about 7 by 11 feet. and everything we do or don't do effects each other. I try to help him do everything including getting him new clothes and shoes. I clean the entire cell daily he has nothing he has to do. I expect him to pick up after himself. He is so lazy that he spills coffee and leaves it, gets powder on the lockers and floor and bed and leaves it. He can't be at all bothered to stop and put his shoes back where they belong under the bed in a orderly line. He can't be bothered to hang up his clothes in a neat manner from the clothing pegs. He can't clean the sink and faucets off when he is done using them. He takes his shoes off in such a way that they are inverted and expects everybody else to straighten it out for him.
He has had athletes foot the entire 3-4 months I have lived with him and will not let his feet air our in fear they will get cold. His skins is so unhealthy and he never exercises. He cant wait to leave the cell so he can run down and watch television every waking hour of every day. He also spends his time researching computers so he can design and create for himself a computer that is virtually undetectable by the government. He wants to be able to surf the web for child pornography photos and videos without detection. He has been locked up most of his life and has pulled off numerous robberies. His last offense was a child porn case. You cannot talk to him about anything without him getting upset and thinking you are out to get him. He thinks I am a clean free because I want to keep our cell clean and orderly. He claims he did not live like he does now before getting locked up, I think he is lying.

He is very ugly and his mind is gone due to his heavy drug usage. He likes to talk about little girls as often as he can. I try to not engage him when he does this. He claims he must have this silly routine every single day at the same exact times or he will go crazy. He must have a bowel movement nightly from 6:30pm to 7:15pm or so. I think it is more than just a bowel movement, he is likely masturbating to something. Most inmates turn the lights off in the cells so they can have privacy when using the toilet, he has them all on. The only reason for this would be to see or read something. He cant eat anything another inmate cooks in the cellhouse but he eats the food inmates prepare in the chow hall. He must get up at 5:30am to dress, brush his gums and listen to the news, even though we go to bed with the new on and it is still on in the morning on the radio and headphones I have.
He can never sleep in and he must always act like whatever he has planned for his day will happen even if everything and everyone tells you it will not happen. He still stands there waiting for a ship that never comes in. When you bring it up he just wants to argue with you. He can't seem to grasp mindfulness when it comes to being quiet, cleaning up after yourself and not taking over the cell when I may need to get in or out for a move etc. He is lost in his own world.

I have enough issues taking care of myself and do not need to be taking care of another grown man. Sadly if I did not stand my ground I would be living in a nasty, dirty and stinky cell. When I moved into this last cell it took me three days just to clean the walls and floors and ceilings of the dust, dirt and oily skin grime that was everywhere. He never did seem to understand how bad he was living and how everything was coated in his bath powder.

What is worse? This guy is one of the better ones. I can usually get him to clean up after himself with a verbal altercation. The other guys are not only dirty, they will steal from you, they will try to have sex with you, they will have contraband in the cell (drugs, knives, porn etc).

So you are better to take on the dirty ones at least that way you don't end up in the SHU or losing all your privileges etc. This is the life of a inmate. My issue apparently is my sexual attractions. Other people have a whole list of issues. I am at a loss of how to help these people. They do not want to be helped, they do not want to change. They do not care how their actions affect you. They want to live like bums and you have to let them or else. If it wasn't for the antics of other inmates prison would not be so bad.
As I write this manuscript I find myself fearing what I am writing about in this book. Once again how can we claim to have free expression and free speech when to do so causes a person to spend the rest of his life locked away? I guess it is another thing where it is just form and no substance.

There are so many sexual offenders in this country not to mention those we do not know about, those who have never been caught violating a law. There are so many who either operate under the radar or are in a country where it can't be prosecuted etc. Don't get me wrong I do not want you to be prosecuted or found out unless you are hurting someone or forcing them to do things they do not want to do by any means.

Why all these sexual offenders do not have a voice, that is what I do not understand. Sexual offenders struggle to find jobs, they struggle to find entertainment that does not involve persons under the age of 18, they struggle to go to school or college, they struggle when they are homeless to find a shelter, they struggle to move into certain neighborhoods, they struggle to raise their kids, they struggle to gain access to the internet and the struggle to find a place to live when they are elderly and needing assisted care. Sexual offenders have no real chance to be anybody or anything. Once they are labeled it's over. They find it difficult to find love or relationships because the person they are with also have to live under the restrictions and stigmas.

Sexual offenders have every reason to be hopeless and give up. They have nothing to live for. Nothing will ever be the same for them. They have to worry about vigilante justice upon their families and themselves. They are never truly safe.
Even if a sexual offender could change his sexual attraction why would he? He has no reason. He can never be a whole citizen with all the rights other people enjoy. He can never legally enjoy or possess a firearm or any other kind of weapon. He cannot be around people under the age of 18 without people thinking something will go wrong. Everybody will be waiting for him to do anything they even suspect looks odd.

People will see his case on the internet, the news stories or the sexual offender registry. The public has decided this is a good way to keep people under the age of 18 safe.

I don't know who or why anybody would think these laws would be helpful. A GPS tracking device will not let you know if the sexual offender is in a business or residence that is not a high risk for minors frequenting it. GPS will not let you know when a minor comes to the sexual offender's house, it will not let you know when a minor comes onto an adult. The GPS cannot alert anyone to random and unexpected events, people places or things. Not everybody gives a damn when someone is a sexual offender. They simply do not care. Regardless of the laws or the fact someone is a sexual offender, they are not worried about that person being around their kid. The laws are now trying to prosecute any adult who knowingly allows a sexual offender contact with their kids, should the offender be found to be having sexual contact with a minor.

One big part of treatment is to develop a offense cycle, which is document that lists thoughts, feelings and behaviors that would occur if a person were at risk of offense. These are the prephase, the buildup phase, the acting out phase and the pretend normal phase after a reoffense has occurred. These phase break down every thought, feeling and behavior one has when he is about to offend.
These cycles include stressful events and situations that may prompt a person to be willing to overlook a law or social code in order to be sexual or come into contact with a minor. This cycle may include the way we pay our bills, what we eat, who we hang with, what we wear and what we drive.

The cycle also helps a person to challenge his thinking. So you are taught to consider any of these words to see if they can help you challenge your cognitions; justification, mental filter, poor me attitude, catastrophizing and the list goes on and on. The overall goal is to tell yourself anything that would help you to say no in the event you might reoffend.

I write these in here so you'll know I have been through the basic treatment classes. I have heard their sides and point of views and yet I still disagree. That is my right.

We are taught the basics of human sexuality, human relationships, how to cope with difficult social situations, what is considered socially acceptable and what is not. We are also taught anger management and how to overcome social unease etc.

Many fixated pedophiles feel as if they cannot relate to adults. They do not know what to say or do when interacting with adults. They feel socially awkward. They have issues with sexual performance. They do not know how to please another adult sexually. It's like they are shy. Many have some sort of retarded delay when it comes to their ability to interact with adults. Some have issues that make them forever like a child themselves. They feel very uncomfortable around all adults. Kids are so much more forgiving and do not mind people who are different or seem weird. It's easier to get accepted by a kid than it is an adult. They can get along with family and parents but only because they have always known them.
Some of the sexual offenders see themselves as inadequate, they believe them seems to look weird or act weird. They have learning disabilities etc. All these things make kids more on the desirable list.

Superstar Micheal Jackson felt he could only trust kids, because so many adults wanted his money. He wanted to people around him that would accept him for who and what he was. Who can blame him for that. Not to mention the adults around him had done a damn good job of making Micheal fear them. They were all in the pursuit of money or sex or stardum.

Micheal had to be so lonely. He could not relate to people his own age and kids presented risks and a smearing to his name. I cant even imagine what it must have been like to be Micheal all his life. No wonder he took extreme drugs to cope and have peace. Imagine having all the money and material items in the world and having nobody to share them with and love you.

This goes to show no sexual offender is created equal. In many relationships sex is eventually part of the equation. So if a person had nothing but kids as friends his closest friend was a kid, then go figure.

I have said it before, we are a society obsessed with youth and youthful vitality. We want to all look younger, have better looking skin, tighter skin, better muscles, face lifts, breast implants, mole and freckle removal and the coolest looking stuff, jewelry, clothing, cars etc. Most of this is all connected to being young.

Most people are not attracted to lose or droopy skin. They do not like people with blemishes or hair loss or huge moles hanging all over their bodies and skin. Most do not want to have sex with sexual organs or orifices that are lose or saggy.
This generation likes hairless, tight bodies that wear form fitting jeans and that show off their petite figures. This is all found in youthful bodies. Even underwear for young people has a sexual flare to it.

You don't see models who are older and saggy or overweight doing the sexy car commercials. You don't see old and ugly people in music videos. You always see someone who is young and sexy. In movies and on TV shows we frequently try to cross socially acceptable lines when it comes to how much skin and how much sexuality we can display on movies, videos and photos. The young people themselves are also forcing us to make change. They want to show off their bodies. They want to compare, they want feedback and they want to see other people's bodies. They no longer have our hang ups. Boys and girls are shaving their pubic hair at first appearance. They want to look young and fresh. They believe the hair makes them less desirable and sexual contact less fun and intimate.

The hairy buff look is not in style. Young and pretty is. We as a society are so against facing reality. We need to own up to what we really want, need and desire.

When people are searching the internet they are not trying to look up old, older elderly seniors or other terms associated with maturity. They are looking for the youngest they can legally find, which generally leads them to illegal on purpose. A person once told me that with all the porn so widely available and people so conditioned to it all, it takes something pretty strong to bring them to orgasm. There is only so much mainstream adult porn one can get off to and then he needs something else. We also have a generation of people who know there is the dark side of things and they want to see all this stuff.
Society ought to consider itself lucky there is not more sexual police out there. The prisons would all be 100% full along with all the jails. There would be tents and other types of structures being used to house all the so called sexual deviants. Believe me when I tell you there is millions more that we do not see or know about. They are skid with the newest technology to hide what they do and when they do it. They use publicly available internet services and or devices so they are not traceable. Then you have alot of mobile devices that have floating ISP addresses and are virtually undetectable. Then you have services that ghost your presense so nobody can see or find you. Then you can buy prepaid mobile data and devices that are not traceable to you. Then you have people who look but never download. Then you have people who use the ultimate in protected email accounts and storage sites that do not work with the US government. All these people are avoiding detection as well.

Then you have people who use programs that will over write any data imaginable and so the government cannot find out what you have been doing.

Then you have the careers where this stuff is given to you and you do not need the internet.

You may be a detective, police officer, childs doctor, social workers, judge, lawyer, prosecutor and the list goes on and on. The reality is some nobody will ever catch or suspect and others will get caught just because they are; they are not worried about getting caught or just do not care.

There are some who are happy driving past schools and frequenting places where kids are accessible. Maybe you have went to other countries where what you desire to do is legal. The US authorities will be waiting for you if the find out.
I do not have all the answers nor do I claim to. What I do know is what we are doing is not working at all. Nothing at all is changing. People are still being sentenced everyday to decades of prison time at a very large cost to tax payers. There is no end in sight. It just gets worse and worse. I think the internet is bringing more and more people out who have this attraction. They are more comfortable than they have ever been about their socially unacceptable sexualities.

Back to the prison discussion.... I am troubled greatly by the massive amounts of thefts that go overlooked each day. Each of us has paid taxes and so I guess some of it belongs to us and or the the people in general. That being said I do not see how any agency could budget funds when so much of it is being stolen and resold as a hustle. There is nothing here that is not for sale. There is nothing that can be bought. Everything is for sale; sex, paint, office supplies, clothing, institutional food supplies, stolen commissary, stolen radio's and clothing, stolen recreational equipment, semen, sewing, uniforms, under clothing, cleaning agents, tools, wood, metal, wires, prescription drugs, class completion certificates, oven or stove or fried foods. There is also books, porn, inmate files and info. People get paid to write and type for you, they get paid for letting someone use their phone account. They get paid for cleaning someone's shoes or ironing their uniforms etc. You can pay to have a tattoo done, pay for a massage, pay for things to be knitted for you, pay to have photos and greeting cards done up. There is the honest hustles and the not so honest. I do not mind the honest. I do mind the dishonest and when we are charged too much.
Alot of guys are involved in these fantasy and magical sort of role play games. I have no real oppinion against them. It is beleieved that many are using them to create child like characters and these characters have sex as well. Some say these guys are trying to avoid their reality and they get into these games to leave the situation they are in.

I do not like these games and do not get involved but them again I do not like being involved in long lasting and complicated games. I like easy games that make people laugh and have a great time.

Since being here in Florida I have been sick like 8 times. The tropical and very wet climate plays havoc on my sinuses and lungs. The cold, warm and hot. Then the rainy days which come all the time keep me sick. The fact that things never really dry out creates a real problem for mold and mildew. I thought I might like Florida but I do not. It might be better in southern Florida but it is not nice at all here. The bugs are horrible in the summer months. They are like tiny fleas or knats are in your mouth and nose and it makes it hard to do anything outside. I also think alot of people from these parts are not real good at being comfortable in their own skins. You look at someone and are never really sure if you know them or not. They seem to hide alot of secrets, especially their sexual orientations.

My family has pretty much abandoned me all together. They have never really been there for me in the first place. Its not a new thing. They never have wanted to take part in accepting any responsibility for the places I was sent to and the collateral consequences such as the sexuality I have now.

My parents are the type that are better than most humans I guess. They see me as a black sheep and are embarrassed by
What has become of my life. They seem most interested in finding any situation they can to abandon me all together. Our latest falling out was because I asked them to get a localized phone number so I could call them once a week for .90 cents for 15 minutes rather than $3.15 for 15 minutes. My mother replied claiming they are really busy with business matters and do not have time for a phone call per week. This hurt me and it does not make sense than anybody be so busy they don't have time to take a call from their son. I let my mom know that it is situations like this that make me really doubt that they care for me at all. I have now been unable to call them for over one year. They ignore my calls even on Christmas. They do not even send cards for holidays.

In their past communications with me they claim they are having a hard time dealing with the loss of family who are growing old or dying of cancer. I am still alive and physically healthy so I would think they would be interested in having some type of relationship with me but they are not. This is nothing new they have never really been there for me, not even in my youth, they always chose business and work over me. I would get the left overs. They were never emotionally invested. They would lie to the persons who were trying to counsel me and or get mad at me for exposing what they had done at home. I have always been on my own in this suffering.

My sister will accept my calls if I can find a time where she is not busy and she knows it is me calling and not someone she doesn't want to speak too. Point is I have a hard time getting ahold of her. She is bad about getting back with me in letters too.
My extended family is not there for me at all. My parents have told them to stay away from me and not reply to or even answer my calls. I am usually told when they pass on or are sick but beyond that I am left in the dark.

My ex-mother inlaw still writes me and accepts my calls as does my ex-wife and son who is now almost 19.

My ex-wifes aunt writes me and we have a decent relationship. My son and I get along better and he seems to enjoy my phone calls and has plenty to say to me when I do call. I would have liked the bond when my son was growing up but it did not work that way. My ex-wife has always been willing to make sure I get to see my son and have contact with him. If it wasn't for here I would not have my son in my life. She brought him to visit every time the visitation was open when I first went to prison in 1997-1999. Then when I went to civil commitment it went from once a month to about every four months. As time went by our relationship went down hill. But somehow after I filed and obtained a divorce we managed to remain friends. I am so thankful for that even when it has not been easy. I tried to defy what is usually the end of a friendship and relationship. We still love and care for one another so that helps. I want the best for her and feel for her when she is suffering. I have always done my best to send money to help support my son. I never have been a dead beat father. I love my son and want the very best for him. I am sad I never got to be there in person to help raise him. My son knows all the details of why I am locked up but does not understand why that keeps me locked up. That is my question as well. I may never know any good cause for it.
I always felt like honesty was the best with my son. I would rather him here it from me rather than someone who would only tell him bits and pieces of the facts if that. Like most young people he was not moved by it. Then again the world had yet to program him according to their opinions on the subject. My son and I speak about once a week if I can make the time out of the limited 300 minutes I have to do all my communications and most guys have email too I do not.

I have been writing this manuscript with a cold. I have had a runny nose and the coughs. I have not felt well but I knew I had to write this for piece of mind sake. This is a very rough draft manuscript. I do not have a word processor or laptop to go back and perfect my work or make sure all the details are there. I think the prisons limit our forums we can do stuff because they do not want the truth out there.

I write a few pen pals still. My pen pals come and go. One day they are there the next they are gone. This go around I have had to dump a few of them as they were too crazy. Some have dumped me or should I say simply disappeared without a trace. I try to write the ones that are most important to me and of course they don't write back for whatever reasons. I miss them none the less.

On penpal from the UK was writing me, he was a teacher for special education students. He would send me photos of his students and tell me all about them. I really liked him because he made me feel included in his world and life. A lot of his students were facing jail and prison themselves if they did not get thier lives straightened out. I had asked him to send me information on Vladik Shibanov who was the young man who was in the Pojkart/Azov/Northboy productions before he was killed
I did not ask him to send me photos of Vladik in his skin tight spandex bikini underwear, nor did I ask him to zoom into the photos and print them off and send me. I did not ask him to send him nude from the back or his coactors/friends. Yet this is what he sent. Matter of fact a great deal of the boys he sent in the photos from his student pool was in their underwear. That did not stop him from asking me to let him help me get better in regards to my attraction that involves younger males. I wrote back and was very direct in telling him this needed no more treatment than his own homosexual attractions do. I informed him I had been through years of treatment to no avail and I was done making the sacrifice and the effort. He rewarded me by never writing me again. I never did understand why he would take it upon his self to zoom into photos of Vladik and send them to me. What I wanted was Vladik's autobiography and photos from the scene of the accident and the like. If I was to be a betting man I think he has a attraction to boys as well but like most people he was in denial but slipped up by sending me those or maybe that is the more liberal side of people from Europe.

I also have had guys write me sexual letters and I have to write back and tell them I am not interested in sex letters but rather meaningful friendships. One of the guys is still writing me today. I am not sure how long we will be friends. He seems very uneasy and he was never out of the closet with anybody till his wife passed away after decades of marriage. He is very very sexual.

Another guy from Georgia was writing me notes every few weeks but he had no phone or internet and he seemed disconnected with the who world but he worked at a beauty shop.
I wanted to stop writing to him long ago but never did, finally he quit writing to me.

I write a priest and a monk, both have been in the service of Christianity for their entire lives. They have been good friends. They listen to me and pray for me, what more can I ask for. One is openly gay and finally left the church due to the hatred and the fact he wanted to be a true gay man and have gay friendships and relationships. The Episcopal church accepted him. I am glad he is happy now and that he remains my friend. I have written numerous priests and monks since I was a young teen and I have never regretted that choice. One of them was accused of molesting boys at the covenant house in New York when I was a teen, I found out years later. But at the time I was writing him I was simply told I could no longer write him. I had to wait over a decade later to find out. He never spoke to me in any kind of inappropriate way. I don't think people should be ripped from our lives like that. I really needed the support systems back then.

I have another friend who has been writing me for over ten years so far. He is a retired gay farmer and he has really been a good friend to me over the years. I am so lucky to have met him. He helps me in any way he can and shares with me his own struggles. He loves big hunky men so we have that difference. I dread the day he passes on and I lose him.

Beyond those people the pen pal world ended with the internet. The social networks and email are so much faster but not much can replace a hand written letter. I have tried over the years to get people to help me maintain my social networks but that is too dangerous, they claim. Never know who is on the other side.
Most recently I tried to develop a yard companion relationship with a 29 year old male here in prison that by birth has roots in Pakistan. This guy was not all that attractive, but not real ugly either. He rarely smiled, chewed his nails all the way off. He was always involved in drama of some kind. He was always a step away from a fight. He apparently burned all his bridges with family and friends. He is very flirty with everyone mainly black men. He had athletes foot when I met him and I told him how to cure it, but he fought me on every level every day when I told him what he needed to do to cure it. The shoes were used and came the bacteria in them but he did not want to wash his shoes he did not want to air his feet out or let sun get to his feet. He would get really nasty and had a hell of a feminine walk about him. He was always in debt and I paid his debts and made sure he had everything he needed. He just went and got in more debts. But I tried to set boundaries and rules for him to better himself and keep out of debts. He also could not stop his flirting with others while he was with me. I kept telling him he was about to burn the bridge up with me and he just did not seem to get it. I would have done anything to help him but nothing I could offer him was ever enough. It seemed that he lied about everything, even his own mothers death to gain sympathy from me and others. I could not trust anything he said. He was not romantic nor did he have passion. It was no good for me. The only think it did was cause me stress and to spend money. He had nothing to offer me. When I told him it was over and we were done he did not get it. I think he hopes he can repair it all. I wish he could I really do. Its hard for me to give up on anybody.
His life sucked so badly he had to make things up to keep it interesting. I think he was good at drama and giving sex, that is all he knew how to do. I never had sex with him.

I tried to make a few other friends while here; one of them apparently is a gang drop out, a undercover sexual offender and he is a boy lover and has a crime with a boy. He seems like a great guy and I spent most of my days talking with and hanging out with him. He apparently lies to all others on the prison yard about his crime. However he was not loyal, he could not take the heat he was getting from other hispanics about speaking to me and he asked me for time where we did not speak so he could think of how he might leave me or get away from them. This really tested our friendship to the max, but I forgave. Then one day he asked me to help him have sex with a person I spoke of earlier in this book, who was autistic and could not even bathe correctly. That really did it for me. I was not about to be part of his exploits. I knew he just wanted the young man for sex and otherwise did not care for him all. Then suddenly I started to see that this was his motive all the time. Use people, use them for sex. The boy he is doing prison time for was a free spirited kid and did not mind being nude or being sexual in front of a trusted friend. The boy even allowed him to photograph and video record him in sexual and nude poses with the understanding the media was just for them. This boy really loved this guys and was very loyal to him. The boys family all loved him too. They trusted him without any exception as well. Apparently the guys need for more child pornography outweighed the boys right to have his stuff kept private, the friendship not withstanding.
The boys photos, nude, sexual and otherwise, renamed the "Sponge Bob collection" was made available to the whole world. To me this is abuse of a relationship, abuse of trust, loss of loyalty and this will mark this boy and his ability to reach out and trust others for the rest of his life. This is the real issue with these situations. This guy had no business misusing the boys trust.

The man got caught because of sending the photos out in trade.

Another friend I was partial to here seemed to love playing mind games and keep total control of the friendship. He had so many issues that he tried to project on others. He would give me hell for trying to get someone to improve their life condition, hygiene and sanitation. He claimed I was trying to control these people even though I had to live with and put up with their nastiness.

We hung out all day. talked about everything. Then one day I found someone I was attracted to on the yard and I told him about it, he responded by giving me hell and claiming I only want to have sex with the people I reach out to. I told him this was not true at all and that if I could not love him emotionally I would not at all. This guy offered himself sexually to me but would not be in a relationship with me, so I turned him down. I know what I want and do not want. As I get older sex just does not control me anymore like it did when I was younger.

I want fire and passion, togetherness, sharing, trust and loyalty and understanding. I want a committed relationship!
I am no longer interested in just what the eyes can see. I want what the eyes cannot see, what the heart can feel and can cherish. I want a love like no other. A powerful connection so strong that no amount of suffering can penetrate the joy and togetherness I feel with this person. I want to be on top of the clouds, when I see this person I was to cry tears of joy. A love so powerful I would die for it rather than do without it. A true and total spiritual love connection. I want no secrets I want to be open and honest with the person, sharing all aspects of me and having the same shared back with me. This is what I want. I want a love so powerful that I do not need anything else to make me whole, nobody, nothing. I want a love that caters to all my senses. A love that takes care of all my needs, leaving me wanting for nothing.

I think there is a love that goes way beyond our comprehension and I want it. I seek it and have alway sought it out. I think it is still out there somewhere some place.

I can also hope this person is beautiful to the naked eye as well. I can always dream for the whole deal.

I want someone who is intelligent, street smart and a little bit on the innocent side. I want someone that makes me whole and I also make them whole. I want someone who is not at all afraid to be who and what they are. I want someone who is not burdened by the opinions and social view points of the world. I was someone who is truely free.

While in prison I have been trying to work out. I have had alot of success and am proud of my muscle growth and the looks of it all. I think working out makes us mentally as well as physically healthy. Sadly some people get lost in working out like one would in addiction. So I have to be careful.
My body does not always cooperate with me. My joints and muscles frequently get to complaining. Then the weather doesn't always pan out or the recreational yard is closed for some unknown reason. I have stopped during the coldest parts of the winter months and will start again once it warms up and the weather is more stable.

I started shaving my body a few years ago but never liked the break outs from irritated follicles. When ever there is skin on skin friction and sweat it don't work out so well. Then you have to be careful not to get Staff infections. It takes forever for someone like me to shave my body. I have stopped the last few months. I may start again when I get back to working out again. The body looks so much better without the hair.

I have been sunbathing for the last few years as well. I usually try to get sun on about 98% of my whole body. This makes some people very upset with me because I pull my shorts up and I make sure the private and butt crack are covered but that everything else gets plenty of sun. It looks very good, I feel better and I look good. I am not sure how healthy that much sun is for my body. I may cut back this year on the sun exposure, but I am not sure. As I get older I like to do all I can to look my very best.

I know I like what I see in the mirror when I work out well and have a good tan. I am one sex beast if I must say so myself. I have not ever in my life liked myself more. I recently faced my male pattern baldness issues and keep my head shaved every two or three days. I like it and wish I had done so sooner.

Sometimes we have got to try new things because we might like them.
I also do not drink any coffee or caffinated products. I don't like to drink tea or use things others seem so addicted to while here. I am trying to get off of sugar and all other unhealthy food items. I am slowly going the distance. My body doesn't like sugary foods anymore anyhow. I get a bad case of indigestion when I eat it and Tums don't cure it anymore. So I have to cut back.

I try to see addicted behavioral patterns and cattle like behaviors and refrain from it at all costs. It's so easy in these places to observe others and see where they get in a trance mode. People seem to lose all their sense of individuality.

Many of the guys you meet in prison lack the most basic of skills. Like consideration for others. Mindfulness of how your actions will impact others. Standing in the path way of other who are trying to walk next to them or around them. The loudness and total disrespect in association to how far away you can hear a conversation that should be happened with just the two people involved not the whole day area. People throwing trash down in common areas and walk ways and think nothing of it, taking huge portions of food rather than taking enough for you to eat and leaving some for the next guy. Skipping line and jumping in front of others who are waiting their turn. Very childish behaviors. Stealing so much stuff from work, contraband that is a public safety issue, to the point of nearly losing that prison job all together. These types of behaviors are just to many to list. Just about every thing that was good in prison inmates have gotten taken away due to misuse and abuse of the privilege.
But then again prison never was about rehabilitation anyhow its about taking us out of society and warehousing us. Many inmates do not feel or behave like they are in a punishment situation. They are doing the same exact stuff they did on the streets just in another way. I am shocked anybody would ever beleive this was a meaningful way to deter any crime or criminality. This is a mean to teach people how to be better criminals and partake in more criminal behaviors not less. But then again its all a very profitable industry. It creates jobs and its good for cheap labor by inmates to manufacture crappy goods and materials.

Sadly there is no work ethic to be found, no skills, no training and most everything is done sub par. I would hate to have most of the inmates do anything for me. The job is always so poor I have to do it over again. They claim they are doing a poor job because it is for the government. This is not true the poor workmanship affects inmates, their living area etc. There is no pride, their is no show of skill. Its all work that is shameful. Those of us who do work hard and do our best and do it right are hated upon because we set the bar much higher and people say we might cause them to lose their jobs. Oh well!

I often have written my father and told him he done alot to teach me work ethic, manners, standards and principals but he done nothing to teach me how to deal or live with people like I have in these sorts of places.

This can be a very dangerous place not to fit in. If you do not fit in you are deemed a liability to what the others are all doing and engaged in. I cant stoop that low no matter what, It is not worth it to me.
I never wanted to upset anybody writing this book but I am sure I have. The truth is never easy to print. But the truth is valuable beyond any measure. I think in order to resolve any kind of problem we must first find the truth and know the realities of said problem.

This is not a new problem, this is not a new attraction, it has been around since the beginning of time and will be around as long as time exists. I wish I could tell you differently. We have embraced it at times and rejected it at times. We go back and forth on the issue.

People want to hate, they want to punish, they want the issue gone. But it never will be. No matter if the penalty is execution, it will never stop. People will always be who and what they are in some way, shape or fashion.

There is no threat or no punishment or nor fear that can change human biology and pre-programming. Nothing. What we can learn to do is except some of it, find some sort of acceptable compromise. We must allow those who wish to be involved to have a choice in the matter and not try to convince them otherwise. Just because you truly do not like or agree with something does not mean everybody will agree with you.

I am not the first person in history to suffer for being who I am and I will not be the last. There is no greater honor than to stand and die for a cause and suffer for it. I do not enjoy the suffering but I would not change it for anything. I have no regrets.
Throughout history we have done horrific things to each other in the name of ignorance, prejudice, simple mindedness, science, experimentation, treatment, public safety, religion and so forth. This is nothing new, it will never stop. I have been known to watch movies and read books on subjects such as the Holocaust, black history, treatment of the so called mentally ill and insane. They had it worse than I ever have. They believed that what they were doing was the best for all involved, how they could ever come to that conclusion I will never know. That is the sad part, insanity lies more with the so called mainstream society far more often than it does among those who are deemed odd, crazy, weird or insane.

For those who believe there's a Christian God, you know God does not make junk. Everything he ever designed or made is way beyond perfect and does not need adjustment or change. So why are you trying to change anybody or anything?

I know that you only want to protect people who are young from all perceived and real dangers. Nobody can fault you for that but at the same the children will be fine. Undoubtedly some will get mixed up along the way, some will have traumatic experiences, so will be abused beyond a shadow of a doubt, some will lose their lives. Nature works that way, you cannot protect everybody from everything. Life is about ups and downs, horrible and great experiences are part of everyone's lives.

We need to help people go on, move on and not stay stuck in past trauma's or disasters. We need not make issue where there is no issue. We cannot be forcing others to think as we think or believe that is not right. Do try to fix what is not broken and do not break
What is fine in the first place. Forgive them for they know not what they do.

Young people are famous for their innocent curiosity. They are not held up by what holds the rest of us. They experience and then they move on. They rarely give anything a second thought.

We as a society give birth to every trauma, every horror, every abuse, every terror and every nightmare. We need to let go and move on, help people get up, dust off and walk on. We live in a poor me world. We have complete societies of poor me. We have groups for every single thing we do not like in life or disagree with. Its like a badge of honor and acceptance to claim "I was sexually abused." It is part of the new fad, the new in group. For those of you who really suffered evil, such as rape, torture, beatings, heartless pain rituals and experimentations I am not trying to down play what you are suffering. I cannot imagine your pain. At the same time you cannot hold on to it, you have to let go before it destroys the rest of your existance.

There indeed are millions of people who wanted to do the sexual things they did with someone when they were a kids with no regards to the other persons age. NOBODY has the right to try to force feed them to believe they were abused. This is not right you cannot make that decision for others.

When you force someone to believe as you do, you confuse them, you open a void, you create shame, you create drama, you oppress, you divide and conquer, you are the ones who messes up their lives. Nobody but you. The sexual act was not abuse. What is abuse is when you put in your two cents worth. Then it became abuse. You have misused your power and authority and influence to wreck someone elses life. Shame on you!
A truly enlightened person challenges every single one of his beliefs based on facts and reality. If you are not double checking and rechecking the things you believe in you are a disservice to self and others. You are part of the problem rather than the solution.

If we as a society do not like the fact that child pornography is on the web, then we should remove it. We can and we are able. I think we want it there because we can use it to catch people up. If we do not like child pornography then we should stop the kids from making it and posting it around the world. We can do it.

On the other hand if you have a problem with a nude body or sexual arousal or sexual acts regardless of the age, well then you might want to stop and realize these things are all part of life and the world we live in. It is only a issue because you believe it to be. Once you stop being worried about it then it will no longer matter. We innocently enough create the focus and give power to all the things we claim to hate and want gone from our world by focusing on it, talking about it on the news, radio, newspapers, on the web, in books, in publications, in groups and classes, in schools, in sex education courses, on television, on sexual offender sit coms etc.

Societies that are comfortable with their bodies, nudity and sexuality are not plagued about such small and unimportant matters as being nude or sexuality. Nobody has to sneak around there if they want to see nudity of any age or group. They get so used to it there that sex is truly used for the purposes of procreation.

I wish very much that I had not grown up or lived in a world where sex and nudity is the constant focus of everything.
Dont create a problem and there will be no problem! Simple as that. I am not sure how we reverse this all. If I ever get out I am going to a country where this is not a issue and I will sit at a nude beach until I have seen everything and anything and till it no longer matters. The and only then will it all cease to matter and all blend in together.

For those of you who think censory deprivation works, shame on you. That just makes people want it more and seek it more. Its like putting a bulls eye on every child, man and woman that is in anyway attractive, nude or sexually posed etc.

And for those of you who believe prison will fix this or any other criminal or socially unacceptable behavior, you are the biggest fool there ever was. These places are playgrounds for the criminals to play, to teach to educate and become better criminals and to learn even more things to upset and effect society. Just think it helped me become the man I am today.

Guess what... America, we are not the leader, we are not at all intelligent or smart. Nope, we are the ones who make issues for ourselves and when we foolishly try to fix the issues we only make them worse. That does not show growth, progression or enlighten-ment in any way shape or form.

As for me, well I am who and what I am. I have tried every thing to become like you want me to. I have dealt with the abuse and the trauma, the shame and the suffering. I have lost all I ever had. Now I have nothing. I live with nothing but criminals and the ones everybody considers socially undesirable. My family has all left me. I have no hope of any kind of future at all. I gave up on all that long ago. My life is now in prisons, jails, institutions
and the like. I cannot escape, suicide is not an option. I simply must sit back and wait till I die. That is how we treat others in such a sick and god forsaken society. I would say I am used to it but I am not, never will be.

I have/had goals and dreams and people, places and things that I wish to pursue but that has all come to a halt. Now I am simply tasked with trying to make the best of prison life and all the wonderful (sarcastically speaking) things one can learn and find in prison.

Now you know why I named this book "Predisposition to Suffering.

Mark D. Brull 2-9-16

YOU CAN CONTACT ME AT: Mark D. Brull Reg# 22657031
Marianna FCI
P.O. Box 7007
Marianna Florida 32447-7007

OR

Mark Brull
C/O Lisa Ruark
P.O. Box 234
Coffeyville, Kansas 67337
email; lraurk@yahoo.com

OR

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Thanks for taking the time to read this book! Hope to hear from you.

Please consider reading "Suffer Me Forever" By Psuedo-author "Vladik Northboy". It will tell you the rest of the story. (xlibris.com to buy)