"Down Oceano Road" is a non-fiction account of crime and its spoiling wrath.

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When visiting America, Charles Dickens was heard to say: "There's only two things that I wish to see, the Niagara Falls and Eastern State Penitentiary." Like many others in the 1800's, this celebrated author was spellbound by the infinite rumors surrounding that thick fortress of silence.

I recall the proverbial line that Jack Nicholson spoke in the movie, "A Few Good Men." Nicholson cornered his adversary and barked, "you can't handle the truth..!"

Poised as the architect of natural observation and swirling in the ebb-N-flow of life's uncertainties, what follows is an ill-bred saga of American jurisprudence echoing my toxic perspective in this Machiavellian maze of misery, malice, and things best left unsaid. So I ask as we hesitate in these cross-hairs of illusion, "Can you handle the 'real deal', or will you shrink from the silver bullet of truth..?"

Cringing in the fever of a hangman's stench as adjustments are made to the noose, this artillery of expression resonates around two people. One was a meek outsider in his young and unstable world. He was not a member of the "cool crowd," and was not one of the popular kids in school. He had very few friends, minimal family support, and bright hopes-N-dreams not unlike all teenagers his age. The other figure in this boiling brew was an astute old judge who was owl wise, dignified and honest, or at least that's the translation he would tell. With the crimson eyes of an alpha-wolf stalking schizophrenia, the monster of Germany, Adolf Hitler, once confessed, "Tell a lie enough times and somebody will believe it..."

My most frightening thought is the stark probability of dying in here. This sinister cesspool of shattered minds has nothing good in its veins. It has nothing good in its wicked web which offers no measure of rehabilitation, and no concern for those souls lost in its menacing wake.
With Socrates holding the roster at the gateway to Hades and Icarus calling my name, the fearful aroma of fire and brimstone electrified the air around me. As the police car turned into the parking lot, I had no concept of risk or penalty, no rhyme or reason to the noxious evil in this plutonic tomb of which I now entered. Shuffling down the main corridor of the world's largest walled prison, I read a colorful sign hanging over the first set of sliding electric doors. "Through these gates walks the finest officers in the system," declared this scribble of painted words.

Leaning on the Devil's pitchfork, these administrators ignored the infernal facts of prison life, and failed to mention that the bulk of illegal drugs being sold on the Big Yard were smuggled inside by rogue employees. Plus there's the habitual flow of street knives, bottled liquor, and green money creeping through the front gates the same way. Divorced of all pretense, still deeper in this rabid scent of passion strolls some of the women employees who masquerade as "working girls." Harnessed by a foiling enchantment of rife, these "soiled doves" sell their sensual pleasures for a price. I once asked a friend who was a notorious drug-dealer how much these favors cost...? He smiled and replied, "The ladies-of-the-night were fifty-dollars, and I paid a hundred-dollars for each load of drugs that an officer delivered to me."

Burrowing through this dirt of bribery and misconduct is a factor of the universe that money owns the town. Oh yeah, I was quite amused at how cheaply these "wanderers" were corrupted. Stirring a rude and sadistic gumbo of delight with a sharp twinge of invasion, there was that despicable rape case where predator prison guards preyed upon female prisoners for as long as several years. In fertile fashion of denial, after a barrage of court dynamics the State of Michigan agreed to some multi-million-dollar settlements. Like a phoenix rising from warm missions of sin on a frosty, three-dog night, this pungent discovery harkens those words
long-ago spoken by a Detroit news reporter who smugly remarked, "If you want to see the scum of the earth stand in front of the state prison at shift-change."

Wearing a trick-or-treat costume of loose character and lost values, and with all these moldy horrors being exhumed, it should duly be noted that these seamy officials are a scarred minority of the civilian work force inside that compound. Most of the employees are ordinary and respectable people who happen to work inside a prison rather than a factory, or some other blue-collar job. In this flourishing society of America, we must have a network of police and prisons to assure the safety of its God-fearing citizens. For to not have such a system, we would be living in a wild-west world where the fastest gun rules the town.

I was a humble and naive teenager when I first entered the quagmire of state prison. I had never been in any trouble as a juvenile, and had never been inside a jail. I was the youngest of five people involved in a "counterfeit check" ring. The police retrieved most of the stolen money. Then, like the winged-stallion Pegasus taking flight in fable, somewhere in this muddy reserve that bundle of cash disappeared. The money was in the possession of the county sheriff as this clammy moment unfolded and, to my knowledge, there was no investigation ever held in this boggled perplexity of larceny and riff-raff. Engineered with a slippery sleight-of-hand, someone in that police department knows what happened to that evidence. "Not me, not me," said the cockroach to the flea, "Not me...!" This case is an atomic measuring rod of motive, mockery and scorn. "Fair is foul, and foul is fair," declared William Shakespeare in a momentary flicker of insight.

Was it the furor of John D. Rockefeller, or perhaps the charming Donald Trump who disclosed the crux of the problem as he quipped, "If you want to see a person's fallacy in character, put some money in the equation." Plunging down the staircase of moral strife and ethical preservation, isn't this mixture the flawed recipe of man which has been a trait and custom since the dawn of the human race 'til now...
Since those eroding days, I have endured, and at times, suffered a revolting misadventure of hardship and grief as the chapters of my life exploded full-thrust forward. Straddling the razor-wire of this diverse culture and feeling as pensive as Rodin sculpting "The Thinker," living in these prisons has made me old and philosophical. I envision the magnificent things that I have missed during these agonizing years in a cell. Still haunting me as old memories often do, I cannot retract or change any of it. While once being interviewed by Geraldo Rivera, the gruff and plain-spoken journalist, Jimmy Breslin, adamantly proclaimed, "I know where crime starts, it all starts in the family..." Most criminals come from bad families and broken homes, and quite frankly, so did I. In my formative years there was no father, a scathing and pathetic mother, no money, and no goodness in our lives. I have now slammed 40 calendars in these cold-blooded snake pits. Since my senior year in school, I have been free for only a brief vacation, and that was while still a youngster. I have no future, no achievements, and no meaningful substance to my credit. Prison life is ruthless, and it's a rugged, raw-dog survival each day.

The imagery of "gangster" has been distorted to such an extreme that, like Mickey Mouse, it has become a colossal joke. Accepting their station in life, and courting the vehemence of a prison cell or shallow grave, most of these apt pupils are not the genuine article. What they lack in courage is warranted in group bravado with role playing fantasies and a virulent character of constitution, for a pack of wolves is a pack of cowards--anywhere in the world...! In their alarming cycle of exploit and blunder, many prisoners prove to be extensions of Judas who resign their souls to an existence of complacency, concealing themselves in a guise of grandiose as they swagger through their cartoon trilogy of plastic-people, wanna-be gangsters, and legends in their institutionalized minds.

Flagrantly blazing a master-stroke of unsettling abundance, the United States
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holds the largest incarcerated population per capita in the industrialized world. Once these repositories are built they will most certainly remain full, no matter what the cost to humanity. In tainted bluster, this modern system, with its cookie-cutter prisons, has become a "business empire" which is not always operating in the best interest of the public, and is lacking in its catastrophic contribution to mankind. I've studied the mechanics of prison much as a scientist would examine a humanoid race found on another planet. The arsenical picture reflecting on the screen is inherently dysfunctional, and one's blind faith in justice seems sadly misplaced. What the experts garner is fringe learning ripped from perfumed textbooks and other academic systems. However, what I've perceived in this school-of-hard-knocks came as courtesy of a molten and suffocating regime inside some tyrannical prison facility.

Energized by a fleeting wind in this cocktail of intoxication, let it be said under umbrella of witness as we draw upon a comprehensive quote, for in here there are no goldfish, and every bandit in this tank is a shark. Some are prone to be more destitute than others, and some are definitely more dangerous, but they all spawn from a sordid species of depravity, spoil and deceit. Stumbling through these turbulent years, I had morphed into a decaying apparition who knew no bounds to my feral and disquieting madness.

Earnestly digesting the meteor-shower of documentaries, books and files, I became a self-styled "crime connoisseur," and with envy absorbed the writings of literary lions such as Tolstoy and Dumas, Mailer and Capote, along with a library's list of acclaimed masters who reached the pinnacle of their craft in recording history, molding great novels, and recounting fabulous tales of true life.!

In any event, one should only speak on matters for which one knows best. Being judged a reject and branded a killer, I would certainly find firm ground was I to attack the myths of crime and justice, prison and punishment, freedom and death,
even mayhem and murderous rage. Wielding sable swords of gladiator times causing iron-hearts to falter, in some twisted manner prison seems not unlike a school, a gutter-university, an animal shelter that breeds game and gangsters, mice and men, junkies and junkyard dogs. This draconian community is an impaling receptacle which grapples the grim measure of life. Where one must face the icy depth of treachery and become adept at controlling the villainous nature of man. A surreal death-lock of doom, the essence of prison was once well-defined by the infamous outlaw, George "Machine-Gun" Kelly. "Prison," said Kelly, "takes away all that makes life real..." This vile and desolate colony which knows no mercy, no remorse, no compromise, and little hope to anyone trapped within its smothering grip. Prison, in rancid terms, remains Satan's sin-castle here on Earth..!

Ignoring all rules of engagement, in moments of brutal confrontations I've had tear-gas sprayed in my face, both my food and water were withheld for days as I lay in a sweltering slammer-cell in detention with a notice attached to the outside door instructing all officers to not open this door for any reason, per orders of the deputy warden. Unruffled, and with the dripping fangs of "canis lupus" targeting my rivals, in a snarling response I pledged total retaliation as I squirted urine from a lotion bottle and hurled bowls of feces on any official foolish enough to step within my throwing reach. Combat zone, combat ready, orchestrating the art-of-war this battle raged for about six months until the Director of the State Department of Corrections issued a "Special Handling Order" against me.

Soon I was transferred to the Michigan Intensive Program Center which operated as an innovative "behavior modification program." Still bouncing off silent walls of defeat, it was further ordered that I not be allowed to participate in the program since I'd gone through this engrossing procedure "two times" in recent years. Snagged by a mind-bending aura of resignation, to the dreaded segregation-
Having in operation only a few similar facilities in the nation, I was once told that this special program, known as "MIPC", and located in Marquette, Michigan, on the picturesque shore of Lake Superior, had been designed by the titan of the trade, B.F. Skinner, a highly regarded behavioralist from Minnesota. It is said that during World War II, he developed a weapon using pigeon birds housed in the nose-cone of a bomb to guide this flying missile into enemy war ships. At any rate, the climate inside this facility was not degrading or inhumane in any way. It presented a domain which was influenced with a trickle down process of privileges, demonstrating both comfort and compensation to the prisoners enrolled within its evaluating debt and goals of fruition.

Aggressively spearheading this program was the chief psychologist, Dr. Richard Walter, whose motto was "firm but fair." Years later, he would be one of three founding fathers of the "Vidocq Society", which is a professional crime-solving club based in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. This virtuous group is a treasure-trove of unsung warriors, brilliant forensic experts and bloodhound detectives whose crime-busting prowess draws from the devoted ranks of FBI profilers, psychologists, scientists, hardened homicide cops, pathologists and well-seasoned prosecutors. These street-wise sleuths specialize in the unique harvest of unsolved murders. Members are selected by invitation only through a committee vote. This superb Society is named for Eugene Francois Vidocq who ironically, had once been a criminal himself, but later became a renowned French detective. According to a story aired on "Court TV," Dr. Walter, with the fortitude of a charging locomotive, has solved more cold case homicides than any other member in his journey of justice and resounding providence.

While doing time at the MIPC facility, Dr. Walter and I had several discussions about crime and prison, and I absorbed candid truths and revelations from his keen
wisdom, knowledge, and intellectual wealth. On two occasions, Dr. Walter urged me to talk with the FBI Behavioral Science Unit from Quantico, Virginia. I signed the consent form but was transferred out of the prison before the interview could take place. Then the second time they were not able to make the slated trip to Michigan. Soon thereafter I was sent to a downstate facility and never heard from them again. This intrepid unit of the FBI are the people who tried to get Hannibal the Cannibal to help identify the deranged psycho-killer, Buffalo Bill, in the mesmerizing movie, "Silence of the Lambs." A tenacious team of agents, today better known as "profilers", was established after the 1972 death of J. Edgar Hoover, who refused to allow its inception into the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The two pioneers of this elite squad, John Douglas and Robert Ressler, have in recent years both retired from the Bureau, but Ressler, who originally coined the term, "serial killer", went on to become a wizardly member of the Vidocq Society.

I recall in my lucid conversations with Dr. Walter a tiny tale of intrigue that I once related to him, and how his listening ears enjoyed every word. This fiasco happened in 1976, the bicentennial year. I was living in an apartment building owned by a reputed mobster named Louie Linteau. The address was located next to the Airport Limousine Service on Paddock and University Drive in Pontiac, Michigan, a business also owned by this nefarious character. Be that what it will, Louie "The Pope" Linteau who, along with that mysterious telephone call, secured his claim to fame when the white-hot finger of the FBI pointed in his direction and dubbed Linteau "the missing link" in the Hoffa case. James Riddle Hoffa, whose nickname was "Little Hammer", vanished from outside a restaurant in Oakland County, slightly north of Detroit, in 1975. Never to be seen again, this case, including that private telephone call between Jimmy Hoffa and Louie Linteau, which had not been monitored by any law enforcement, set the tone for one of history's most baffling crime mysteries.
Bolstering this classic enigma, a few years later Linteau was found dead in the living quarters of the Airport Limo Service. Louie's wife had recently left him for a new man. Fraught with emotion, still pending were charges levied against Linteau for hiring a thug to assault his wife's new lover. This intimidating "bully", it was soon discovered, turned out to be a police officer. In September of 1976, our fervid band of outlaws had crossed paths with Linteau in such a manner that he stepped very close to being shot dead. Setting all that mafia folk-lore aside, our vindictive nest of vipers was as lethal as any soldier they had in their troops.

The last time I seen Dr. Walter was several years ago in yet a different prison. He had recognized my name on the transfer ride-in list and stopped at my cell to say hello. He'd recently enjoyed a tour-of-splendor around the entire world, and recounted to me the many countries through which he travelled. Before leaving, he inquired did I still do my "running routine" which began during my athletic sojourn at the Intensive Program Center in Marquette. "Yes," I replied. Through the years I conditioned myself into an accomplished distance runner who, in my most prolific season, had powered 18-mile runs every day, some 125-miles-per-week which, I must stress, required a strict level of discipline, especially under prison conditions where a high-nutrition food supply was not available to me.

Even those hurdles seem minor when compared to later challenges where I endured an emaciating thirty-five days with no food. I have been chained to a bed with 5-point restraints and have worn both bellychains and legirons for 25 days-N-nights in a cold and bare seclusion room inside a psychiatric-unit. Rubbing elbows with an immense fixation, I hanged myself in the course of artful manipulations on six separate occasions. Only five of these incidents are documented, since one time while swinging from the door on the night-shift, the officer was negligent and just kept walking down the hallway. Letting the cards fall in a pondering proximity, this stuff is dwarfed by the most devastating period in my geological survey of
pressure, time and self-indulgence. With my wary stomach churning like a gluttonous bag of worms, this suddenly became a daunting test of wit-N-grit between myself and an unyielding psychiatrist when I hanged from an air vent and was placed in a suicide garment known as a "Sam-Bam" suit. Cuddling a darker shade of faith, fear and fire in one's gut, I rejected all food rations for the next nineteen days and further refused to drink water for the last nine days of this famishing debacle. My physical welfare was on the brink of irreversible dehydration with my mouth and throat areas badly parched and swollen. Languishing in this gallery of insurrection, I have sustained the rigors and plunders of prison life, and know its great sufferings quite well...

In a flurry of savage activities, another prisoner had his throat slashed, the prison's hearing officer was deftly assaulted, and a prison counselor was twice stabbed with a knife that I clutched in a hand so eager to kill. Then the judge's gavel rang, affirming its voice of damnation as the tenth-life-sentence fell upon me. Still showing my torrid contempt for authority, I was further levied "one additional year" after trying to over-power two armed transportation officers with a gun carved from a bar of soap. Snared in this strangle-hold of decision, in a later episode I received a 50-75 year sentence for hijacking a big-rig and ramming the 18-wheeler through some heavy perimeter fences in a roiling escape attempt of dire consequence.

Exploring the culmination of my haggard self and feeling tremors of a derailed mind, I tumbled down the cosmic tunnel of darkness devoid of human interaction or dreams. Then, in a miracle aftershock of resistance, I found the spring-board of propulsion which returned my soul to sanity.

Shouldering a relentless attitude, my embittered soul has logged an aggregate of fifteen years in various segregation-units. We prisoners commonly call this extreme custody, "The Hole," since one remains locked in a cell at all times with
no free-movement mobility whatsoever. Its realm seems almost a grey fog, a void of disturbing privacy, perhaps only a melting mirage as I desperately seek refuge from a life whose smoldering affects feel both somber and severe.

On the human scale, registering a dime's worth of atonement and a pocket full of hostilities, the prisoners locked long-term in these oppressive conditions can easily flirt with disaster, since the cloud of suicide and the fear of psychosis are always in the fog-lights of this pulsating conflict with claustrophobia and other demented things. This is grueling for those men whose spirits are now broken as they lay chained to a concrete slab with steel restraints controlling their every move, while still others drink their own urine and eat their own feces in this vegetated metaphor of pardon and unsurpassed surrender. Looming in this volatile arena, two prisoners known to this writer actually severed their own pen and threw it away like a piece of unwanted meat. One of these guys used a razor blade, while the other employed the heavy lid of a steel footlocker as he smashed its rough-cutting edge down on himself. "Severe sensory deprivation," someone once said, "is the tranquillizing venom which will reduce one to a grinding ritual of non-existence." There's a 1973 murder case of a prison guard at that old dungeon in Marquette, and the killer is still in the hole to this day.

In a caustic pot of deception, these prisons are functioning as soot-blackened "hate factories" that will hemorrhage one's mind away from decency and bleed one's heart of all merciful acts. Prison, most days, is Hell-on-Earth and everything worse this side of a tombstone and grave as it radiates a truth so raw yet so realistic, and full of life's trials and tribulations and lies.

Be that as it may, prison does deserve one high mark. It captures the sense of time. It affords one the intimate opportunity to study the past, and to glean a vivid insight through one's illuminated scope of discovery. I grew up in this horrid prison world, and while in early adulthood had never scrutinized its
rudimentary law, let alone reflecting if such fundamental basics might apply to my own shadowy life. In leaps-N-bounds, I evolved from forgery to the furtive league of robberies, kidnappings and murders. One dog-day afternoon, a partner and myself went so far as to play a game of tic-tac-toe in a pool of dead man's blood. Weighing the verdict of an executed plot, on another harrowing day we made a man dig a grave with his bare hands before shooting him and burying his body in a remote gravel pit. Like blood-thirsty hounds from Hades, we were roving marauders in fast-stride as death's ugly eye gave direction.

Michigan's northern territory, with its abundance of wildlife, is residence to the Tahquamenon Falls--the second largest waterfalls on the eastern side of the United States. In 1889, the last stagecoach to be robbed east of the Mississippi River was in the Upper Peninsula of this state. Some people were killed in the heist, including the driver. The highwayman, a German immigrant, was hunted down by a posse and narrowly avoided being lynched. He did, however, serve the next 24 years in prison. Further, there are the strategically located "Soo Locks" which connect the two Great Lakes of Superior and Huron, and in whose neighboring reaches off Whitefish Point is the site of the shipwrecked "Edmund Fitzgerald," which sank in a bewitching storm in November of 1975, and was later immortalized by the gifted Canadian singer and songwriter, Gordon Lightfoot. Lastly, this state's western upper region is the home of "Copper Country," and experts believe it is where the bulk of copper was mined and then shipped back to Europe. After being smelted and mixed with "tin," these alloys became the captivating new metal which fueled history's "Bronze Age," adding another chapter-N-verse to our early civilization.

As a youngster, I lived in rural northern Michigan in a quaint farming community called "Ocqueoc," some fifty miles from the scenic Straits of Mackinac. I was raised by my grandparents while my mother also lived in the house. I attended one of the last "country schools" still used in the state. It was named, the
Vilburn School, after a family that lived nearby. It had one teacher and one classroom for all the students which, I believe, went to the eighth grade. It had a wood-N-coal furnace and a belfry on the roof, and the older kids took turns ringing its bell. One day the teacher came to our house for some reason that eludes me. As she stepped from the car she was bitten on the leg by our dog. She threatened to seek a lawsuit, but Grandma said we were safe because there was a handmade sign nailed to the big tree in front of the house which warned all strangers to "beware of the dog." Then there happened the traditional Christmas play which was held at night while the adults and young children crowded in the darkness of the classroom and enjoyed the amenities of this warm and old-fashioned landscape. Seems poetic to say that we treasured those awesome days of adventure in this place of beauty and bountiful things. I cherished this portal in time for the first couple years of my schooling, and still retain precious memories from those sentimental seasons of innocence long ago.

Grandpa was a hard-scrabble man who married Grandma in the days of the Great Depression, served in Europe during World War II, and survived the tragedy of the Cedarville, a huge ore freighter that collided with another freighter and sank near the Mackinaw Bridge in the summer's fog of 1965. It was one of the largest ships to sink in the Great Lakes, and it claimed the lives of ten sailors, three of whom were never found. There is a 2000 documentary titled: "Tragedy in the Straits--S.S. Cedarville remembered." I was told by a close relative that it mentions Grandpa's name in the dialogue of the film.

So here we lived in this contagious hovel crawling with filth and bed-bugs. No one cleaned the rooms or prepared a good meal. Beaming a stale vitality for the joys of life, in the worst times there were twelve people living in that deplorable mad-house, including my two aunts and their children. Walking a blurred line between moral fiber and bad energy, as an insult to humanity no one got married, so
none of the "illegitimates" got a father. There was no maturity, no responsibility, no communication, and none of this Amazon tribe being held accountable. The proof was in the party, for their lack of ambitions eclipsed any level of logic or parental obligations. With stained impunity, not one of these jaded sisters worked a job, and they all contrived "clever excuses" for this warped and acrid chemistry which they created and tried to disguise. Then, with a whistle of posture and fragrance, every weekend these rowdy alley-cats scurried to the local bar to chase some carnal fluff and fancy in their taboo cravings of escalation.

In a torrential twist of life's lottery these kids, feeling inferior to the world, were cast to the wounding winds of stigma, and no adult in their barbarous circle seemed to notice. Adrift with barnyard manners, it was determined that these youngsters didn't need a father, or income, or clean house, or good food. Oh no, they didn't need a "real mother," or family structure, or security, or the intrusive inconvenience of genuine concern. Trying to stay afloat in an ocean full of fiends with not a pittance of pity to be muttered, the cruelties of abandonment ran wild in the air as some throw-away children felt the stinging bayonet of their murky and disgraceful surroundings.

With a smirking scourge of gratification, their forked-tongues produced a cannibal's feast of hedonism, profanity and sloth. "Everybody knows we're doing all we can for our kids..." Or so the big lie went...! While some alienated youngsters were made to struggle in this contaminated cauldron of torment, defect and delirium.

With peace-N-harmony never allowed and in a demonic dance of euphoria, my imposing mother, now hog-tied to her own fascination, would storm through the house spitting at people and starting fist-fights, slamming doors so hard that it knocked plaster out of the walls, throwing food across the table and slinging chairs across the room. Parading her macho standards of an unhinged etiquette, this voracious
reptile, enjoying a bliss in her reign of terror, would then claim to be badly injured in that last rumble, and therefore she cannot clean the house, cook a meal, or go get a paying job. So it went year after year as my grandparents allowed this thundering virus to fester in that dreadful pig-sty of carnage and ripe deterioration.

While in elementary school, I once asked my mother for some help with my school work. Spiralling out of control, she hovered over me and roared, "ask the school teacher, that's what they pay that for...!

Inevitably, another crucifying moment reared its unholy head when around eleven years old I tore two long gashes in the inner-arch of one foot as I stepped on something sharp while splashing in a down-stream stretch of the Ocqueoc River, not far from the twin falls. The cuts were indeed serious and required medical care. Absent of all compassion, my lewd mother, in front of family, friends and strangers, went into a frenzy of vulgar names as she shook her fist and screamed a melody of vengeance. Then, with an ashen breath of unforgiveness, she refused to take me to the hospital, even though she had Grandpa's car sitting there in the parking lot. One of my aunts carried me to the picnic table of a lady whom we did not know, and she was kind enough to drive me to the hospital. Mired in a glowing wisp of lunacy, when I got home my mother, unable to veil her domineering vendetta, announced that I would not be getting any crutches. "You can hobble around on that foot until it gets better," she shrieked in a hideous howl..! My aunt, exhibiting a shield of care and concern, later rented me a pair of crutches from the same hospital.

When I asked to go to Boy Scouts the request was staunchly denied. Growling a surge of chilled affection, the reason given by both Grandma and my mother was that they could not afford to drive me to town once a week. Yet this was the same town where my mother, the soulless pariah, faithfully went to the bar to pursue lack-
luster jollies of forfeiture and disrepute.

No, I could not join the Boy Scouts, but in those same years I was covertly guided to a bedroom where my toothless and erotic mother ordered an easily coerced child to caress her bare buttocks as she lay on the bed moaning in pleasures of approval, with the door locked and the light out so as to mask these clandestine violations in secrecy. Then to make things fair, at least in her crude mind, this moonstruck hobgoblin rewarded me with a piece of chewing gum each time. I, being so young, was not able to stave off the obsessions of this cloak-N-dagger carnivore. Conjuring the stealth of an apex lizard, she called these episodes "back rubs," and as I grew older she stopped doing it, probably for fear of me telling the wrong person and her facing the ultimate radar of public exposure and reproach.

Mustering a two-handed resolution, at thirteen I was engulfed in the skill of self-reliance and went to work on my cousin's nearby dairy farm. The work was rigorous and the hours were long as I diligently tried to improve my life. I was paid forty-cents-per-hour which earned me five-dollars a day. This money equated to about one-fourth of the legal minimum wage in those days. So here was I, a resilient, honest and highly-principled young guy who went to school and held a job. Stretching my meager resources, I bought my own clothes, paid for my own food at school, got everybody in the house a Christmas present, and even had some cash in the bank. When my rigid schedule permitted, I went in the kitchen and baked cakes and brownies from the pre-mixed box. Always on the prowl for creature comforts, the adults eagerly helped themselves to those sweet and tasty treats. All this while my misfit mother, and other parasites, slouched around that trash haven watching TV and concocting repetitive faults and fiction so as to not work a job, or contribute anything significant at all. One of my mother's most common lines was, "You're gonna have to learn how to go without." Apparently practicing
what she preached, she even refused to earn enough money to buy a set of false teeth...

Entwining her heart with a fractured mind and a dwindling identity, on another occasion my mother and her youngest brother had a scuffle which ended with the front windshield being broken in Grandpa's car. In a mode of swelling conspiracy, instead of getting a job and ordering a new windshield, my mother elected to lie to the insurance company as she fabricated a story which fingered some unknown suspect, and in turn allowed my conniving mother to receive a free windshield for the car.

In 1969, I was allowed to buy a rifle and go deer hunting. Trying to be frugal, I didn't buy a hunting suit until the following year. That second season a deer came sprinting down a fence-line towards me, and I opened fire. It was a "button-buck," which because of the short antlers must be tagged with a doe-permit, and I did not have one. An uncle and I gutted the little buck and hid it in some bushes. Working in concert, the next morning a trusted friend helped retrieve the deer in the back of his old Studebaker pickup. Later that evening he returned to our house with some of the venison and a story to go with it as Grandma ridiculed us younger hunters for failing to get a deer. Nevertheless, the only reason that I did not claim this trophy was because my mother would call the game warden, and would have gotten a seismic thrill out of it. As the years unfurled, this proved to be the only deer that I bagged in all my life.

At sixteen, I received my driver's license and purchased a car with my own money. When I brought it home, Grandpa rushed to the front of the vehicle and was actually leaping in the air as he waved clenched fists and cursed foul language in my face. He then threatened to get a hammer and smash the windows. In this brief synopsis let it be known that Grandpa expected me to attend college, and demanded that I pay for this education with my scant savings from working on a small farm.
while he never put a penny in the package, and being hobbled by his own weakness, couldn't collect the strength of mind to tell his grown children, including my mother, to find a job and earn some money for this family's practical purpose and benefit.

Describing the black-light strobes of a morbid epidemic, to put this anatomy of a ruptured mind in its deep-seeded context, one must merge between "One flew over the cuckoo's nest" and "Dante's Inferno", since to compose my mother's true-life biography would require only two taunting words: "lie-N-deny!" In a ruse all her own and never trying to mend her stifling disorders, she cast over this family a pallor of pain and dejection with a scowl on her face and a vapor of detestation choking the air. Unwilling to conform to society's orderly review, she became a disaster of implosion who trapped her soul in the fumes of turmoil and cheated herself out of life. Then the county paid for a pauper's funeral and her days of derision were no more.

Understandably, as a youth, living in this rampant war-zone was very discouraging. Being pushed towards the path to violence, I ingested a stressful mood of struggle, strife and sacrifice which diminished my desire to be good. Leaving their lurid footprints in the wet concrete of time, from that declining household all three daughters birthed "black sheep" children. In a forest-fire of disgust, my one aunt birthed FOUR children out-of-wedlock with one of them dying under suspicious circumstances. Going downhill at a high rate of speed, from this rough-shod family three of the boys went to prison and three of the boys spent time in a state mental hospital. Also, one girl and one boy were involved in wanton and grisly crimes, including murder. At least six people from this house have bummed off welfare for extended periods of time. Fermenting in the sewage of this dragon's lair, one night I caught an uncle trying to molest one of my little cousins. With a penchant for defiling affairs, he later twice burglarized the
parsonage of the nearby Baptist Church, and each time stole only the under-
panties of the pastor's wife. Rapidly deflating in human morality, this perverted
phantom, now nicknamed "Pants Thief", was then committed to the state nuthouse for
a couple years.

Another uncle broke into a local tavern and stole some beer. The owner
identified Grandpa's jeep fleeing the scene. Grandpa interceded and reimbursed the
damages to keep his son out of jail. When it happened again at a different tavern
he was sent to prison. Another hodge-podge juggling act was when Grandpa's brother
burned down a public school in Ocqueoc because he did not get the job of bus
driver. By any stampeding measure, in a cyclonic magnitude of shock-N-awe, we were
the redneck neighbors from Hell...! Braving chambers of judgment and opening the
flood-gate in the frailties of life, I now ponder what worth was expected to
sprout from these poisonous roots of mania...?

Thick as thieves, in the naked light of allegiance our courts have adopted the
supremacy of ancient rulers in their thirst to be hard on crime. In a jigsaw
puzzle of obscurity, the United States is so assuming that it boasts "the greatest
judicial system in the world..." Wasn't it the Harvard law professor, Alan
Dershowitz, who not so subtly said, "No money, no justice...!"

What a prophetic testament of global truth those poignant words do tell. My
first conviction stemmed from cashing bad checks. I had "NO JUVENILE RECORD," but
still was banished to the insidious world of state prison. They had the option
and could have sentenced me under the "Holmes Youthful Trainee Act," which was a
program conceived for troubled adolescents. Or they could have offered a pivotal
judgment and sent me to the Army for a few years. Most likely this would have
directed me down a different road in life, especially since I was a germinating
17-year-old and could still be salvaged from the elements of crime. Now here I
rest in my darkest hour, both a hated and hateful person.
During those years our closest neighbor was the Baptist Church, which I had once regularly attended but never was warmly greeted or felt welcome. So where were those self-righteous and noble citizens of our community when a downtrodden child, and my vulnerable younger cousins were growing up with nothing? We strove to survive in this dehumanizing family which had no role models, no mentors, no camaraderie, and not one person intervening on behalf of the children living in these squalid and unruly conditions. Moreover, treading through this pseudo-paragon of paramount civility, not one church member, nor any county official, ever gave a hoot!

In this mano-a-mano autopsy of a punctured heart and a homemade knife, I ventured the game-of-chance to its demolishing end. Since high school I have tasted freedom a total of seven months. Savoring the spices of nostalgia, I often wonder what happened to that wholesome farm boy who worked so honorably for everything he had in those days. I'd like to talk with that youngster and tell him not to come in here, tell him how a life in prison will turn him weary and desperate and vile. Yes, I'd like to talk with that teenager and tell him so many things, but I can't talk with him because he's gone, and what's left is a tortured soul trudging down this forbidden road carrying a pine-box sentence of doom.

While still a bungling teen, I entered a perilous journey and made some radical choices which, as I now reflect, seemed to fall in place like a line of dominoes hell-bent on destruction. Gauging this compass of destination, with 58 years behind me it is now my autumn of life. Be it nature or nurture, most criminologists agree that there is a solid correlation amidst poverty, crime, and a garden variety of other unbalanced fodder. Suspended by an indeterminate ripple effect, and facing the volcanic wages of mortality, I often ask, "am I a casualty of my environment?" Wallowing in this paradox of social affliction, I was never a drug-addict and never an alcoholic. I did not go to the bars. I have no uncanny,
amoral or insatiable habits, and have never committed any sex crimes which, according to national statistics, is rare in the wretched world of criminals. For we are the dregs of society, the repulsive underdogs that most people don't want to know.

There's a timeless beacon in the Amish community which holds a prized pearl of truth: "You need not summon the Devil," this doctrine warns, "for he will come without calling." Delving deep in malignant matters, if Webster's dictionary placed a picture next to the phrase "Jekyll-N-Hyde," it would be the mug-shot of my former crime partner, Jerry. This scavenger had a persona which was always smiling and debonair, but his gracious facade was only a well-polished scam. While in prison he conned every woman with whom he had contact, and married, then later divorced, two of them. Laboring with his wish to be free, Jerry piloted the most riveting escape plan that I have ever encountered. Recently returned to prison with a lengthy sentence for robbery, Jerry, with a loathing air of fresh confidence, recruited the services of a friend about to be paroled as this lawless whirlwind shoved forward. In a diabolical gasp of obscenity, Jerry, the defunct sociopath, had shown his elusive profile as a suave touch of narcissism and malicious adrenaline rush of a gambler's fleecing intent gained momentum.

Skillful as a surgeon's scalpel, the underhanded plot required that the parolee go to the home of Jerry's mother and kill her, which he dutifully did. Following this homicide, Jerry, with the atrocity of a determined mind, would apply for a "funeral visit" which must be approved by the Warden. Once on site, the parolee would pull a gun to out-muscle both escorting officers and liberate Jerry. As this dilemma unravelled, the parolee was stopped by the police in a traffic violation which somehow led back to the dead mother and a murder conviction for him.

Though never suspected in this bizarre and selfish scheme, Jerry's request to
attend the funeral was denied, and the murder of Jerry's mother was for nothing. This chilling game of roulette proved to be hazardous for all concerned, and to my best knowledge is the only such case in United States history. Jerry, the epitome of a jailhouse-mouse, went on to serve almost three more decades in prison. Floundering from hepatitis with a tumor on his stomach the size of a watermelon, in the spring of 2002, Jerry was granted a "medical parole" and died two days later.

Trying to articulate this litany of stern realities, my mind reaches back to an incident where myself and a co-defendant were separately being sentenced to life in prison on a murder case. Upon returning from the courthouse, as my crime partner passed my cell he stated, "The judge told me that if I had some money, I could get out of this." And the under-sheriff who was escorting my partner prudently remarked, "The judge shouldn't have said that..!" Flaunting his greed and power, this was the same ambassador of arrogance who sent me to prison five years earlier for cashing bad checks. The under-sheriff, while guarding me after sentencing that same day had patted me on the shoulder as he scoffingly laughed and said, "That's what they call 'all day', isn't it..!" With a lightning bolt of doom flashing in his direction, less than two years later and now the elected county sheriff, he was mortally wounded by a crazed gunman who, in the piercing claws of irony, had recently been released from a mental hospital. Then, in feudal response, a deputy shot and killed the impending attacker. Years earlier my mother had dated this damaged individual. The fallen lawman, Duane Badder, was the second sheriff to die in the line-of-duty in the State of Michigan.

Unprincipled, uncaged, and on the hunt, at 21-years-old, I gravitated from cashing bad checks to a seething ghoul who randomly butchered human beings. With the Grim Reaper hissing from the shadows, I feel those eternal flames scorching my bones. At times it seems like I've earned a doctorate degree in the "darkside of
humanity.” Feeling blood in his eyes and black-powder in his veins, like a Greek Odyssey kissing the gem-of-ruin, his life slipped through the hour-glass of karma as a death rattle fouled the air. Removing all chains from this paralyzing presence, here was a ghastly specter riding fast down Resurrection Road as he became entranced in these mystical dimensions on a collision course with fatality and beyond. Commanding life’s throttle and letting all forceful things spark ignition, man’s onslaught of good, bad and evil erupted from this sputtering engine of climax as I transformed into a road-rage wrecking machine firing on only cylinders spewing hatred, fury and failure. Relishing in my rot, what a master of malfunction was I, since most of my life had been a cannon-ball run with bad people and the bad seeds they sow.

Attesting as it sounds, prison taught me how to be a criminal, how to hate, and how to kill. Immersed in this stew of blood, sweat and bones, our sterile jurisprudence has no rationale in its overwhelming hunger to punish. There’s a staggering divide between a forlorn and introverted teenager committing a frivolous theft as opposed to John Dillinger and the annals of hardcore crime. Still, with no adversity or prohibition, an over-zealous judge will hastily send youths to prison, while other avenues were readily available but sourly ignored. Knowing this to be true, our frigid system refuses to incorporate a safety net to prevent this achilles heel from happening. With Caligula’s face carved in one pillar of stone and the Ten Commandments chiselled in another, our grand halls-of-justice mirror old Roman ruins leaving many silent wings to flutter.

Clenched in the bowels of this decomposing beast, prison is the backstreets of Purgatory, with its vultures, thieves and desperados running wild in this empty portrait of shrewd possibilities and enhancement. With gestures overtly racist and fierce, we adhere the tooth-N-claw, the primitive code of the jungle. Living among these lepers of gleeful impulse, one must maintain an alert eye with total
awareness of one's surroundings and the imminent dangers herein, for lifeblood in these jails runs penny cheap, and destiny will call only once.

Entering the theater of this smoky abyss, here be I astride that biblical pale horse as we pace in lock-step with the grimacing face of death. Prison, it has been said, does three things: It makes you bitter, very bitter. It brings you to the crossroads of life where big decisions must be made. Then it kills you. Prison is over-rated and under-estimated all in the same breath, and is thriving with ignorance and exaggeration throughout its turbid and diseased structure. Yes, this perpetual chaos is real, and it's too late for me to benefit from change, for the true campaign must begin with properly raising the children.

Triggering a carefree roll-of-the-dice, in a blueprint for disaster my nightmare started when an impressionable and gullible youngster embraced an older clan of devout rebels. This crowd of ruffians included an uncle who was 15 years my senior, as three of us cashed bogus checks, while a woman friend went along for the ride and my uncle, the scurvy and cowardly buffoon that he proved to be, would only drink beer and drive the car as he slyly pocketed some of the money as a fee from each check we cashed. Following our arrest, we were placed in a tiny lock-up beneath a county courthouse which closely resembled the Mayberry jail on the Andy Griffith show. After six weeks I pleaded guilty and soon felt the wrath of a sneering and calloused judge. Entertaining no vision of tomorrow, his Gothic hand of justice did not hesitate with a fiery decision of punishment, plague and sorrow. Even though most of the stolen money had been recovered by the police, and later went missing from the evidence vault, this old sage showed a cold indifference to the plight of a corroding teenager as he unleashed his theory of fairness upon me.

Exhausted by this coup-de-grace expedition called "life", I suffer the conquest of a corpse on Mt. Everest gazing down on my avalanche of destruction.
Standing in the haze of a rainbow's mist and seeing no horizon beyond a stagnant condemnation in prison, I have came to terms with my fate, renounced crime-N-bloodshed, and tried to make sense of this calamity. For here dwells a tarnished entity who has great remorse for the malicious deeds of my past and a crippling conscience of shame and guilt which gnaws at me like a lump of ravenous cancer.

Anchored on the trap-door betwixt Heaven and Hell, there's a sobering adage passed down through the ages giving pause to all those who dare, "If you don't want to taste the fruits of sin, stay out of Lucifer's orchard." Perhaps I am that bruised apple, for it never falls too far from the tree. Believing this sensation, and with the tart juices of anarchy fresh on my lips, I am the son-of-a-serpent gone astray.

Vowing a voodoo spell of ecstasy, I became a scholar of Rasputin as my defiance permeated its dissolving cocoon of principles, honor and worth. Trying to decide which route to follow, good guy or bad, and should I pursue the diploma of decency or the narrative of renegade acts and whispering sins as I trekked through the badlands of yesterday and trembled at the prospects of tomorrow, knowing quite well that my mind was enslaved to depravity while my heart was a dead man walking.

Be it technical or tactical with my deviant manifesto, I am consumed with this genesis of infliction. Evoking the trials-N-errors of life's enterprise, I gained confidence to analyze my fate and attained the credentials of a profound writer on this speculative subject of myself. Untangling the minuscule grain of wisdom that I can harbor, and feeling ties to an ancestor of the seven deadly sins, I urge you to not embark a career of crime, for the only message waiting at the end of this road is a cold and lonely grave.

I cannot stroke a brush like Picasso, or romance the common word like Hemingway, Homer and Poe. Emitting no hocus-pocus or magical wand in this sparkling flare of redemption, I here pen a thesis reflecting my journal of a dim
and ill-fated voyage. A gritty lesson learned on the jagged edge of triumph is that "one must be careful what one does in life, for none of it can be undone..!"

My deepest regrets are that I did not become an "achiever," I was not there to help my cousins when they needed a real friend in their fragile and formative years. And finally, as a prodigy of disintegrating character, that I launched crimes against non-criminal and innocent human beings. The word "Penitentiary" is a term from the Roman Catholic Church which relates to "Penance," and with all these decades now behind me and gone, the gravity of my actions comes to a full and frightful awakening.

Secreted in the smoke-N-mirrors on the final Day of Judgment, and hoping Lucifer doesn't know I'm there, let this be a cautionary tale to all those who wager extinction, for no matter how low we sink in life, there's still a right and wrong. Crouched in the ashes of a skeleton's retrospect, I feel akin to the Devil's shadow as I simmer in this cremation of evil and scribe my rambling memoir of ominous deeds. Swimming hard against the rapids of the River Styx as I'm swept towards the high-tide of oblivion, my blood runs cold like the watery bay on one's way to Alcatraz.

-FINIS-
CONTINUED, NEXT PAGE
"Whispers of Sin"

"Whispers of Silence"

By: DARRELL JARVIS

#134944
“Whispers of Sin, Whispers of Silence”

In subtle truth, I believe it began long ago, dare I say, this fleeting euphoria, this intimidating lesson in life which spiralled through the tunnels of time, filtering out the soiled chapters as I settle on the days when honest and humble, still a youngster with kind words and wonder in my veins, devoid of bad things that creep in the night. Now it seems I’m aware.
with conflict of conviction, as a stand in combat mode. The most silent surrender, the concept of adventure.

So stand up, stand out, and embrace the spirit of Macavity and the power of this mind. Embracing the refreshment of hope, work, and skills of prose and narrative.
fear, these genetics are meant to harness my incorrigible thoughts, and garner them in a hard-wired message which even an eccentric villain like myself might comprehend.

It's been said that "the best stories are usually about the worst people." Like a prophet's voice bellowing from the heavens, these radiant tales of mortality can curdle the blood.
Inspiring this sense of malfunction, I struggled to expose profiles of the criminal mind, and grim portraits of insight rarely seen. Perhaps to vent my warring hostilities, or maybe nothing—more than to ink my madness on paper, whether it be for one's self—ego or at the most, for the reader's rabid eye to grasp and absorb the quivering dark—heart of another.
For such a grave expression, the echoes of "hatred" rumor a deep and primal sin. Like re-writing the laws of physics at times I think it's the fuel that keeps me going after all these wicked years in this domain. Surviving a river of frenzy and sorrow, my brain short-circuited long ago, and in this relentless spirit I entered the aura of another
dimension as I strove to regain solid footing. Immersed in this calamity of crime, I've watched TV shows where a thug plundered the life of another human. Then, in anguish I thought to myself, "I hope they capture and kill that guy." Still, if truth is told, I am that jagged knife of which I speak. For I have pillaged the lives of
others as I sprinted from one crime to the next. In a cosmic dust of deliverance, I cared nothing about those people being murdered. My calloused thoughts, evil as they were, swirled around greed and my selfish desire to not be caught.

I considered myself to be "hardcore," and in many ways
That truly was the case. It was, in those days of hot ignition, running fuel-throttle forward with both barrels smoking.

"A legend," some renegade once said, "must be earned!"

For such honors to be etched in one's hard-rock persona, it must be dug from the trenches of Hell; from those
frames of finitude, where death lurks in the shadows and rules who will not live another day. This stormy danger, the epitome of bravado or bluff, will decide who is the "genuine article." And according to history's decree of declaration, such high tribute is rarely paid from the ashes of any criminal enterprise. Most of this morbid
crew have a shallow resolve, and a warped measure of manhood and grit. These hooligans have no pursuits beyond raw gratification, no loyalty, no integrity, no camaraderie, no gallantry, no work ethic or moral compass, no meaningful direction, and no quest for humane amenities. And in
their suffocating wake will leave nothing but spoils to remember.

Wallowing in this trance of deprivation, I miss the scent of a woman's perfume, and the innocence of small children, still so trusting, and naive to the world beyond. I miss the barking of a dog, and the appetizing
indulgence of pancakes, eggs and bacon, all served at the same time. Savoring these "ghosts of emotion," I feel the breath of a Phantom Gaze over a field of tall grass, bending each blade in its travel. I want to sit on the steps of our house as brilliant colors paint the horizon from a sun sinking.
low on a picturesque
mid-summer’s eve, I miss
the smell of warm apple
pie, always delightful to
the senses. Like a nomadic
philosopher, I hunger for
the presence of “ordinary people”,
as they laugh and revel in
life, recounting the ecstasies
and agonies of one’s journey.
Facing this litany of loss, five family members have died during my term of detention, and one of these people was special to me. I could not be with her in the final hours, and was not able to say goodbye. I miss her beyond words, and her passing was quite painful to those who cared.
I yearn to walk through dense forest and sit beside a blazing campfire. I crave a roasted turkey at Thanksgiving, and the magic of a tranquil Christmas morning. I thirst for the treasures of a small town's parade,
and our once-a-year picnic at a nearby cafe on a sparkling Fourth of July.

through the wind and
sparks of friendship.

these moments which made life's simple pleasures in time

are the creative

work.
and strong character. Oh, the mesmerizing joys of freedom in this grand illumination of one's mind! I've festered in these cages forty-one years. In this realm of unchained disorder, for me to retain any level of sanity is almost a miracle.
After hammering for decades in this diminishing beast, I'm still amused at the mind-set of these guys. In a somber moment Einstein once said, "The definition of insanity is when you do the same thing over and over, then expect different results." A majority of prisoners are compulsive eaters, especially the junk-food junkies.
Many are grossly obese, and with these proclivities entrenched in their values, will eventually eat themselves to death! The daily menu is a chronicle of rotten teeth, sluggish exercise, life-long drug addiction, and most have twisted sex offenses in their garbage can complications.
Following the whims of these dynamics, most don't even wash their hands after using the urinal or toilet, and will eyeball you with strange regard if you properly clean your hands. Yet another polluting story which defies all forgiveness is when prisoners purposely defecate in the shower.
Lost in the Thunderbolt of time, somewhere between the wrath of Spartacus and the clammy hazards of perversion lies an arena of misfits and monsters. Swirling in this cesspool of dysfunction is an unrestrained mayhem of illegal drugs, deviant sexual encounters, and other weaknesses.
around rampant creature comforts
too numerous to mention, and
too carnal to control. Most
are illiterate to one’s core,
and have no desire to learn.
Malicious minds, malignant
manners, most prisoners,
especially the young crowd,
have an inherent sense of
entitlement. They are in
This colony of reckoning and consequence, a lost generation of pampered and pathetic little kids. One day, while walking the Big yard, I overheard one prisoner tell another that "you have to shoot a woman to get in our gang!" What a nest of wormy, heartless cowards! These
wanna-be gangsters are trivial
pawns in a role-playing
circus of fantasy. These
"jailhouse jokers," who have
no discipline, no gruel in
their gut, and not enough
maturity to face the truth.

Further down this path is the
contagious residue of homicides and
suicides, weirdos and wackos, and
all the crazies in between. There's
an infection smothering the house
when someone jams ink pens inside his stomach until it
eventually kills him. Deeper in
this muddled scenario is the
guy who fashioned small torches
from toilet paper, inserted these
items in his rectum and applied
a lit match to the equation.
As the heat intensified, he'd
thump one foot on the floor, not
Unlike a spasmodic reaction, or the involuntary mimicking of a rabbit's bizarre behavior, then there's the "tough Indian biker" who for reasons never explained, developed the habit of sliding a shampoo bottle up inside his anus. One day the bottle got stuck, and he had no option but to request that a
medical doctor do an extraction.

One rage that strikes a nerve
in this dude who, according to the
prison grapevine, was a high-ranking
karate expert who claimed his
only weakness was sexual
obsessions. So one day he tied
a length of dental floss around
his testicles, secured the other
end to the top frame of a
bunk-bed, and then he jumped.
With poisonous sins and proverbial voices, there had been more than a few employees murdered in here during my years of observation. One female officer was raped and murdered, and it was suspected that both an inmate and another officer were involved in the crime. Especially since some of her prison-issued equipment was found outside the confines of
The facility in the employee parking lot. She had a family with children, and this was a bad crime by anyone's standard. There also happened an unruly guard who smuggled drugs and other contraband inside the walls for more than 20 years, and was never arrested. Adhering a corrupt code of conduct, he was so ruthless
that he placed contract-shots on prisoners with whom he had conflict. Further in the abyss lurked a "correctional specialist" who would search cells to find homemade wine. Instead of confiscating the "hood," this officer would urinate in the wine and leave the beverage for the prisoners to later drink, totally unaware of the forbidden fruit which had just taken place.
It's been said that "idle hands are the Devil's play things." And of course, the prisoners are not without guilt for they are a blunder of outlaws and ruffians who never put to rest the savage brutalities well-known to breed in this community of disease and decay. In haunting temptations of
gamble, two prisoners murdered another guy inside the victim's cell. Every few hours they would enter this cell and re-arrange the dead body to make things appear normal. After a few days the body started to stink and the killers were taken into custody. It is a true fact
That death clings to criminals.

Life is smoky, leaving no trace.

On a prison, a prisoner slipped inside.

Yet another colorful day.

A vehicle leaving the facility.

Unfortunately, the escape was not set in motion.

To make good on his horror, the truck entered another prison.
The same town where he was soon apprehended. For the rest of his life he carried the nickname, "Boo-Boo." I recall a humorous incident when a less than savvy dude was shooting heroin in his arm while hiding under the bed in another prisoner's cell. As the Turbulence
unfurled, an officer randomly selected this room for a search. Then the officer summoned another guard to this location, and both officers stood there discussing job-related matters while the prisoner, not one to panic, continued injecting heroin, well concealed beneath the bed. at any
rate, this housing unit was double-bunked, and someone alerted one of the guys assigned to this cell. Relegated to a wheelchair, the crippled man sped to his room and demanded emergency access, claiming to need his oxygen tank. Without delay, both officers left the
well, and had never looked under the lid. Slicing through the perils of past damage, and bracing for the dangers still to come, I feel a word removed from the splendors of civilized man.

We are a maze of culture in this theater of Titanic masters. We encourage our
art, music, and literary rewards. We inter our dead, and in remembrance we honor and celebrate them as well. We contemplate the secrets of our universe, as we cherish its lessons of understanding and glean the strength to defend for ourselves. But in here,
with piercing eyes from a
graveyard now forgotten, I am
a serpent of stealth lost
in the fangs of vengeance —
bitter, abandoned, and totally
insignificant on life’s scale.

Using Lucifer’s looking-glass
as I drink from the water-falls
of truth, in the lives of
most rebels there comes
a season where responsibility and redemption calm one's character. Now a model with fading visions of hate, I know this is the time to grow a conscience and be a real man, to be accountable, and to reflect a beacon of decency as a seed.
both meaning and compassion in life. Frozen in the corridors of one's mind, prison is a difficult battle, and its sinister cloud is a threat which never leaves. Following in footsteps of the original sinner, my escapades ran the gauntlet of stablings.
staff assaults, escape activities, and the camouflaged death of another prisoner. Down this dirty road I've seen it all, with the exception of Death Row; and stand witness that being in there does not make you a "cool dude." It does not constitute anything good at all. And when you're locked in that cell, and all alone, the dreams
of illusion and the gruff of
machismo will not lift that
prison sentence off your soul.
you stray dogs should hold close
to your heart this wounded
call from the wild. "Prison",
for those doing big time,
"is a wretched world with
few rewards, then a cold
death of indifference comes
your way!"
One's harvest of inspiration surfaced when the world-class author and adventurer, Ernest Hemingway, drinking heavily as he entertained a tavern, was challenged to pen a story in "six words." Never one to dishonor an iron-willed moment, Hemingway, the globe-trotting cowboy and Renaissance man,
muscled bright ambitions of flash-N-Gone as he bent the boundaries of envy and conquered the task at hand. Hoping to match the caliber of this unique and brilliant man, I fumbled to grasp his creative art as I morphed the venoms of prison into this forbidden vortex of words.
This crude verse, with a melody of intellect, wisdom and will, is one's warning to never enter my lair.

"Evil sins, harmony of silence, apocalypse of treachery here awaits you."

In this epilogue of contemplation, I ask why we commit such horrid acts?
For intoxicating excitement?
Possibly in great? The enlightenment of hate and hostilities? The pains of deep poverty? Do the formative years really matter, and should one's daily environment be deemed all that crucial? In any event, I believe a strong family
structure and unified support system will vitally shape one's young years. For should such elemental needs not be met, and should the drama of survival come to full-thrust, then it must be understood that the rancid stench of ruin had already tainted the meat! Be that
as it may, with compelling vigor, the surge of lawlessness plaguing our landscape has flooded these prisons beyond range, and from this menacing cycle has emerged a nightmare of rude and vicious minds. Yes, the issue of violence has forever played a role in the criminal
Scheme, and for many it remains a way of life. But today there explodes a fiery wrath that has ravenously ripped apart the very fabric of America.
CONTINUED, NEXT PAGE
“Bloodlust”

By: Darrell Jarvis

ID: 134944
The rampant frenzy attained a frightening speed when the kidnapped victim was forced to dig a grave with his bare hands before being shot and buried in a lonely gravel pit. The chilling incident took place in northern Michigan, some fifty miles from the Mackinaw Bridge. Spearheading this recipe of doom was Darrel Jarvis who, like a whirlwind from Hades on the eve of destruction, wasted little time unleashing this tragic cycle of robbery and wanton killings.

Darrel earlier served time for check forgery and prison escape. Less than one month after being paroled he was caught with a sawed-off shotgun and returned to prison for another two years. Resembling a rhapsody of livid tribulation, Jarvis was then once more granted his freedom.

With nowhere else to live he paroled to his grandparents home and worked at a small rustic sawmill for a couple weeks. In late June, he found a ride with a former crime-partner named Jim Wilson as these nomads travelled downstate to the Detroit suburb of Pontiac where Darrel was allowed to live at his Uncle Lee's house, along with Lee's fiancee.

Lee was employed at a Clark gas station, and Jim Wilson also got a job there. Soon a check disappeared and Wilson, the wormy chameleon, secretly blamed Darrel for the theft. Days later, Jarvis confronted Wilson about these false declarations and a fight ensued.
with Wilson requiring medical attention for his injuries. The job opening now went to Darrel. Shadowing the trap-door betwixt Heaven and Hell here was he, young and poor and fresh out of prison. Earning a meager eighty-dollars-per-week he was striving to secure a better future.

After working a few weeks Darrel was fired when forty-dollars vanished during a shift-change. Darrel, however, did not fret for he'd now teamed with other souls who, like himself, agreed to work in criminal-concert in an effort to enhance their depraved lifestyle.

Janice Geiger, an aunt of Darrel's who lived in Pontiac, was the girlfriend of Garwood Turner who'd recently been released from a state prison. One humid afternoon some beer was stolen from Janice's apartment and a feud erupted with a wino who was a member of a rowdy band of alcoholics from the neighborhood. Darrel, a girl named Kathy Hall, and two newly-found associates, Bill and Randy Seibert, all drove to a friend's home a few miles out of Pontiac for the purpose of obtaining some guns. Upon return they were stunned to see the street filled with police cars. It was soon learned that during their brief absence a volatile crowd of characters had, in a drunken stupor, stormed over to Janice's apartment to engage combat. The hostile gang was armed with crude weapons the likes of baseball bats, steel pipes and empty wine bottles. The impending threat was very real and Garwood met the invaders on the front porch as he levelled a long-barreled 12-gauge at this menacing troop. The fierce exchange was suddenly blunt as death loomed heavily in the air.
"That's him," shouted Dave McCoy as he identified Garwood to be one of the people who'd beaten Dave earlier that same day. "Get the bastard...!" someone commanded from within the fervid ranks of the crowd.

Taking leadership of this suspended moment was a man named Frank Land who was known by the unique title of "Snooks."

"Give me that gun, you damn punk...!" snarled the boisterous Snooks as he lunged forward and grabbed at the barrel.

Showing no hesitation, Garwood gave it to him as the fatal thrust of a bird-shot load caught Snooks square in the chest. Blood sprayed Jim Seibert who, while watching death arrive, was stationed in close proximity to the shotgun's roar of decision. Garwood ran inside the apartment, threw down the weapon, and fled before the police were summoned. After cruising the neighborhood in an unsuccessful effort to find and assist Garwood in his escape from authorities, Darrel, Kathy Hall, and two of the Seibert brothers returned to the murder site. On the tiled floor was a large, thick pool of blood which had coagulated into a sticky substance of brownish-colored paste. Darrel, in a mode of morbid thought, used an index finger to etch parallel lines in crossing intersections the span of the dead man's blood. He then challenged Jim Seibert to a game of tic-tac-toe. The tasteless episode ended in neutrality when neither the two could out-wit the other. Later, Darrel used a toothbrush to remove the congealed blood from beneath his fingernail after teasing his girlfriend a bit.

Garwood Turner was captured and eventually received a life
sentence for the murder of Frank "Snooks" Land.

That same month Darrel Jarvis and two-of-the-three Seibert brothers, Bill and Randy, chose to orchestrate some horrors of their own. It was a mid-August night as this vicious trio, in a cruel and calculated spirit, prowled the county in pursuit of easy prey. Around eleven O'clock they settled on a small Quik-Pik convenience store being operated by a young female. After watching several customers patronize the business their golden opportunity arrived. Bill had earlier reconnoitered the store and reported that there were no cameras, no armed guard, and that the cash register was "full of money!"

As they neared the store Randy began breathing erratically in an effort to maintain both confidence and self-control. At the moment of entry Darrel pointed a sawed-off shotgun at the cashier and ordered her to the floor while Randy looted the cash register. With some tainted exhilaration they kidnapped the woman as they jumped inside the Chevy Impala and told Bill, "LET'S GO..!"

Like travelling the path to Resurrection Cemetery, Bill followed a route of old roads and settled on a secluded gravel-pit located near the tiny village of Clintonville which, incidentally, was only a couple miles from the robbery scene. Later it was learned that following this crime some mystery man entered the store, discovered it to be deserted, and then brazenly stood behind the check-out counter and sold merchandise to several customers who entered the business "after the robbery had transpired..."

The traumatic situation soon went from bad to worse as Randy,
showing his penchant for defiling affairs, proceeded to rape the woman. Then Bill climbed into the rear seat with her, but never was it determined if he likewise committed rape. Having a girlfriend back in Pontiac, Darrel declined to participate in this sexual exploitation of a woman in fear of her very life. The victim's name was Elizabeth Mojica and she was a pretty, petite Indian woman who, in her twenty-four years, now carried the responsibility of a small daughter, Bobbie Jo, along with an upcoming marriage to her fiance, Stewart Crawford -- not to forget her demanding college studies and the late night job at the Quik-Pik store.

Once an abduction was confirmed, the police mounted a massive search of the entire district. The chief-of-detectives from the Waterford Police Department, Carl Solden, personally instructed a patrol car to explore the exact gravel-pit where the robbers now rested. In some confusion, however, an officer misunderstood the radio transmission and therefore confirmed this vital area was already "cleared", when in fact no cruiser had searched the critical region.

After some discussion the trio elected to eliminate the only human witness to their despoiling dark deeds. The fate of Elizabeth Mojica was in imminent peril as three lewd bandits plotted a judgment which would wash their wicked hands of all forbidden sins of this evening.

"Where you wanna put the body..?" whispered Randy Seibert as he sought more details to the woman's pitiless disposal.

"Let's just bury her down there inside the sand-pit where the digging is easier," offered Darrel. "Hey Bill, get out here and open
the trunk," snorted Darrel in his haste to complete the grisly job and cleanse themselves of a grim and ugly sentence.

"Yeah, what's up, Darrel..?" inquired Bill as he stepped from the vehicle and approached his two comrades.

"Is there a shovel in the trunk so we can dig a grave..?" asked Darrel. "We gotta get this out of the way before something bad happens," reasoned Darrel in his sordid quest to move things along.

"Ain't got no shovel, but we'll find something in here," assured Bill as he keyed open the trunk lid. "Damn, I sure feel good tonight, boasted Bill in delightful elation. "No joke, you guys, this is the most exciting day of my life -- and we got away with it," laughed Bill Seibert in a hideous howl of euphoria.

"What about this jack-hook..?" questioned Randy as he grasped the steel instrument and scrutinized its potential use. "I'll go down the hill over there and give it a whirl," he remarked.

Randy soon dug a hole in the lower reaches of the pit and Darrel escorted the woman to this site. As Darrel aimed the shotgun Elizabeth raised one hand to form a religious cross of symbolic gesture. She then entwined both hands and began praying aloud. This sudden show of emotion was not anticipated and Darrel did not discharge the weapon. Instead, he remained mute as Elizabeth passionately spoke to her God.

"What to hell is he doing..?" swore one to another as they watched Bill plunge his car into the bowels of this sand-pit and the engine began to labor.

"Come on," bellowed Darrel as he snatched Elizabeth from the
make-shift grave and ran towards the car. "He's getting it stuck," declared Darrel as they neared the struggling Chevy.

Deftly unloading the shotgun, Darrel threw it on the front floor and told Elizabeth to jump in the back seat as he slammed the door shut behind her.

In frantic desperation, Randy and Darrel lifted and pushed until the vehicle was again on solid ground. Then it simply bogged down and sank to its rear axle in the quagmire of loose sand. Realizing their plight, Bill switched off the engine and collected his fleeting thoughts.

"Why did you drive into the pit...?" snapped Randy and Darrel. "You know damn well a car can't make it through that sand...!"

"I'll walk over to Uncle Bob's and have him pull it out with his farm tractor," countered Bill in a futile attempt to soothe the friction now between them.

"Let's do it," retorted Randy. "We'll be hiding near those trees so Uncle Bob won't see us. Don't mention me or Darrel to anyone," warned Randy in open concern.

Lying in wait of Bill's return there suddenly appeared a set of headlights. Bill came scurrying down the trail and the group hurriedly discussed the new developments in this chilling crisis. Uncle Bob was not home so Bill persuaded his sister Sharon and her boyfriend to drive Bill to the gravel-pit under the guise that he must retrieve his tape-player from the Chevy before going to hire a wrecker service to pull the car out of the sand.
After Bill departed, Darrel and Elizabeth and Randy returned to the car and assessed this bitter taste of reality.

"If the cops come back here we're busted for real," spat Darrel with a hiss of sour despair.

"We ain't caught yet," commented Randy. "If they even dreamed we were here then this place would be crawling with cops..."

So they watched and talked and smoked cigarettes until so much time elapsed that both Randy and Elizabeth fell asleep. It was cold in the Chevy since Bill didn't leave the ignition key and therefore the motor could not be started for heating purposes. The moon-lit sky painted a ghostly mood as clouds passed over its white glow. The night was serene and devoid of all motion like even it was savoring this warped drama and waiting a final verdict of events. Sitting pensively in the front seat and himself resisting a drowsy instinct, Darrel caught the unmistakable gleam of headlights as they flashed and danced across some distant treetops.

"COPS, COPS...!" shouted Darrel in a state of alarm. Throwing open his door, Darrel grabbed Elizabeth by the arm and sprinted for the shelter of some trees on the far side of the pit. They no more than reached cover when a spotlight flooded the entire valley. Almost simultaneously there was heard behind them the echoing clamor of a police-band radio as it squawked an urgent message.

"Don't move," Darrel told Elizabeth as he lay upon her trembling body and used one hand to cup her mouth.

"We're done, Darrel," exclaimed Randy in a choking sob of surrender.
"Bill must have ratted on us..!"

"That's not a cop car up there, Randy. It's a damn wrecker," Darrel replied with a long sigh of relief. "We ain't done by a long shot," remarked Darrel as he regained some degree of composure.

"What about that police radio we just heard..?" rebutted Randy in a shaky note of concern. "That radio noise was behind us and ain't got nothing to do with this wrecker..!"

"I don't know what to think, Randy. Where's the cops..?" injected Darrel as the two fiends tried to make sense of this contaminated trilogy.

Then, because he was so familiar with the surrounding area, Randy suddenly remembered a weigh-station located on the nearby I-75 Interstate.

"That's it, Darrel. A radio sound would travel farther at night and I'll bet my life that's what we just heard," Randy blurted in a wave of ecstasy.

"Let's stay right here and see what happens," coached Darrel. "Maybe it was just a fluke and we'll still get away," reckoned Darrel in a voice that made them both feel a flushing swell of security and comfort.

So Randy and Darrel watched with intent as the wrecker winched the old Chevy out of the sand and Bill drove away. The group earlier agreed that once the car was free of its bonds Bill would drive out one road, then circle the region and return to the gravel-pit by course of another passage for the purpose of transporting the victim elsewhere prior to
putting her to death. Like nocturnal wings in silent flight, the three were clutched in the elements of a frosty and dreadful circumstance as they awaited Bill's return. However, after many hours passed it was acknowledged that Bill, showing his true craven colors, had abandoned all allegiance and left Darrel and Randy to fend for their own survival. The betrayal would prove to be a long and exhausting test of sheer wit and resolution. Darrel got extremely cold but still allowed Elizabeth to wear his jacket. They soon ran out of cigarettes and began smoking some cigars which Darrel had a habit of carrying. The yellow-rubber gloves which they wore eventually ripped to shreds and Darrel placed both pair in a secured pocket, along with all cigarette and cigar ends. "Can't be too careful in times like this," quipped Darrel as he diligently collected all evidence.

"There it comes, Darrel," pointed Randy as he glimpsed the first rays of an early morning sun. "We just might get out of this mess after all," muttered Randy not to anyone particular.

With all tobacco gone the solace of a warm summer's day did much to boost their deflated spirits. It was now the crucial stage of mortality which would end this rancid and vile suffering. In a sobering conspiracy that the time of decision was here, Darrel, with the clammy fingers of damnation, removed the shell from the shotgun's chamber and directed Elizabeth to step into a maze of trees and tall brush. Snared in the fury of a quicksand plot, Darrel savagely struck the woman over the head with the weapon. Elizabeth fell to the ground, but moments later regained consciousness. As she gasped for breath Darrel swiftly
delivered a heavier blow of finality. Doing his part, Randy flipped open a small pocket-knife which he'd earlier borrowed from Darrel's cousin, Junior Jarvis. With this inept tool Randy stabbed its blade into the woman's chest a few times. Then, in a cloud of reeking nausea, he turned to Darrel and declared, "I can't do no more. You have to finish her off..!"

Not one to shun his duty, Darrel grasped the knife and thrust it repeatedly into her throat. Like a death rattle ringing the air, the sounds of a severed windpipe violated the vivid tranquillity of this peaceful nature setting.

"She's dead," commented Randy with the sorrowful voice of one still in awe. "I think you cut her jugular vein or something. That's how it looks..."

"No," replied Darrel, "there's hardly any blood so it ain't no jugular hit..."

"Let's get to hell out of here..!" said Randy in a whistle of revulsion.

"Grab ahold of an arm and we'll pull her farther in those bushes," commanded Darrel in a somber swell of caution.

After the corpse was well-concealed the furtive killers stepped onto a path which would lead them from the loathing site. Darrel replaced a shell in the shotgun's chamber and stuffed a handkerchief in the muzzle. He then hid the gun and ammunition belt beneath a rotting mattress which someone had discarded in the tall grass. As the two trudged down a beaten trail they were momentarily startled to see a
pickup truck coming towards them. Darrel casually waved at the stranger and all parties just kept moving. Soon the two passed a church and began plodding alongside a rural county road towards the village of Clintonville.

"Oh god," groaned Randy, "there's a cop car coming straight at us...!" Suddenly caught in this fluttering moment neither knew what would happen next. "Darrel, what do you think...?" asked Randy in a frightened voice.

"Just keep walking and act normal," Darrel firmly instructed.

The cruiser was a fully-marked Oakland County Sheriff's patrol and it slowed to a snail's pace as two suspicious deputies gave a hard look at both Randy and Darrel. However, the police did not stop and question the dual who, in all truth, still had fresh blood smears on their clothing and shoes. Within minutes they reached the only gas station in Clintonville. As a man worked noisily beneath a car in the mechanic's garage both Randy and Darrel cleaned themselves in the restroom. Then the two villains, with an air of fresh confidence, strode across the highway to the home of Randy's grandmother where the '63 Chevy was parked.

"Get up, Bill. Come on, Bill, we got some talking to do," whispered Darrel in hushed tones so not to wake others in the house.

"Why did you desert us last night...?" growled Randy and Darrel as they angrily confronted the person who'd placed them in such a dire realm of consequence.

"The roads were crawling with police and the dogs around here were barking and acting wild. So I didn't want to drive back there again and draw attention," explained Bill in a way that sounded logical, yet probably false, as he tried to project the innocence of Little Boy Blue.
While Randy and Bill rigged the broken mufflers beneath the Chevy, Darrel sat snugly inside the house listening to a police-scanner, but did not glean much information in his effort.

"That was the roughest night of my life," admitted Randy as the outlaws sped off towards Pontiac. "You get some of that tail last night, Bill..?" inquired Randy in a blissful manner as he recounted how he'd raped Elizabeth. "When I told her to get naked she claimed to have some sort of disease," quipped Randy.

"What did you do then..?" someone asked.

"I told her that was okay, I like diseases," Randy said with a sly smirk on his face.

Darrel, sitting quietly in the rear seat, lit another cigarette and revelled in this electrifying triumph of stealth and repulsive treachery. In a style of utter resilience, they went to a fast-food restaurant and ordered stacks of pancakes and hot coffee. At a store they bought a copy of the Oakland Press newspaper. The picture of Elizabeth Mojica screamed from the front page. Seeing this development, they knew the hunt was on..!

The search for answers reached all the way to the state of Georgia in pursuit of a man who once lived in Clintonville and was a suspect in another local murder. Ultimately, the time arrived when detectives came to see Bill Seibert. The crux of their visit centered on the fact that Bill had once lived with his grandmother there in Clintonville. Because of this basic relation to the crime scene Bill was nothing more than one of many people who would be interrogated in general terms. Though visibly shaken from the encounter, Bill knew it was coming since Darrel had prepared him for it in advance.
In September, about one month after the abduction, the body of Elizabeth Mojica was found by an old man riding a motorcycle down a trail when his dog refused to leave the decomposed cadaver it just discovered. The investigation now focused on local residents since it was reasoned that only someone with ties or intimate knowledge of this country community would have hidden the woman's body in such remote quarters.

Then detectives came a second time to question Bill Seibert who, incidentally, was the only member of the three robbers to be approached in the initial web of the investigation. It was later revealed in official reports how Bill bragged to friends that he was involved in the murder. The homicide detectives then planted a heroin junkie known as "Bear" into this circle of criminals, but were not able to extract any useful information in the clandestine probe since both Darrel and Randy wisely tagged Bear as a police informant.

Meanwhile, this clan of barbarians enlisted the help of yet a fourth member, Chuck Brewer, as they robbed a family-owned grocery mart only a few miles from where Elizabeth Mojica was abducted some weeks earlier. However, the heist did not go well when the store's proprietor faked a seizure and fell to the floor, while the teenager beside him cried in fright, and neither the two could be persuaded to open the electric cash register. About this same moment a car entered the parking lot. Spotting a robbery in progress, the strangers hurriedly sped away. This in turn spurred the getaway driver, Bill Seibert, to sound a warning toot of the horn to his partners still inside the store.
Bill's alarm triggered a swift reaction as Darrel positioned himself to shoot any person who might enter. With no danger in sight, Randy tore the cash register from its wall outlet and the team rushed out the door. Because of this motion of events they'd been "cheated" from getting the big bag of money which was their goal, but nothing could be done about it now. As they maneuvered onto the highway the store-man was seen jumping to his feet and dashing for a telephone. Some days later, realizing he'd been duped, Darrel suggested they return to the store and simply shoot the old man, but his corrupt idea of atonement was defiantly rejected by the others.

As weeks passed, for various reasons this despicable faction of doom aborted many schemes, even a time when accidentally locked inside a storage shed on the rear of a restaurant as these wrathful vultures laid in wait for the manager. When the critical moment rang, however, it was Randy Seibert who bungled the job as he mistakenly identified the vehicle approaching in the parking-drive as a police car when in fact it was their intended target.

Then on another night they stole a former police cruiser from a used-car lot and armed themselves with a Winchester .32 rifle and a sawed-off shotgun as the pillaging plot unfolded. This thundering madness called for them to consecutively rob a string of gas stations and kill all employees in each holdup, including the Clark station where the uncle of Darrel Jarvis served as manager. Darrel was heard to explain that while he'd been in prison his uncle blatantly stole money from him. It was further told how the uncle, while heavily intoxicated,
carelessly wrecked a car which belonged to Darrel. Still lurking deeper in this hateful equation was a time when the uncle removed a tape-player and fog-lights off this car and sold these items for beer drinking money while the vehicle was still in good running condition. Then, as if to pour fuel on an open fire, the uncle callously chose to not repay any compensation so long as Darrel remained in prison and could pose no threat.

The getaway car, a very powerful machine, was concealed in a darkened space near the haven of the robbery team. One of the crew spotted a man snooping inside the Plymouth and he was caught and severely beaten. Because of this revelation the horrid spree planned for the next morning was abandoned. This decrepit character, whom everyone called "Indian George", was the hired-hand of yet another man who was employed, in a legal sense, by a reputed mafia figure named Louie Linteau who, along with Jimmy Hoffa, had owned the Airport Limousine Service in Pontiac, Michigan. Further, it was claimed by the FBI that Louie Linteau was the shadowy "missing link" in the baffling disappearance of Jimmy Hoffa in the preceding summer of 1975.

At any rate, Louie Linteau, in his arrogant and swaggering pose, pledged harsh reprisals towards those who'd assaulted Indian George. Though nothing more erupted behind this incident, Linteau's possible murder was debated by this tribe of plundering predators who had already spilled human blood.

Like young hell-hounds from Hades, they were roving marauders in full-stride. One day the police stopped a car on a traffic violation.
Inside were Randy and Jim Seibert, Darrel Jarvis and Chuck Brewer. Both Randy and Chuck were jailed for unrelated offenses.

Many more tribunals were cooking in this stew-pot of torture with Darrel and Jim still on the loose. In a heated confrontation with his parole officer, Darrel vehemently swore to still be working a legitimate job and obeying all laws, both of which were festering lies. Later that night, following the lure of a primrose snare, Darrel and Jim planned to commandeering a vehicle from behind the Airport Limousine Service, but the car's owner foiled the icy scheme when he suddenly appeared from the building and detected two strangers switching his license plates. Nevertheless, the next evening both Darrel and Jim, along with Darrel's cousin Karen, cautiously positioned themselves for the impending strike.

The victim was an ex-convict named Dave Pfaff who, it was later disclosed, had served time in prison for raping some young girls. Pfaff's wife, Patricia Moore, also told a tale how Dave had recently been tormented with a haunting premonition of his own death. Be that as it may, on this squalid November night Dave was swiftly taken hostage, at gunpoint, by three venomous and very determined souls.

Putting their last penny in the fuel tank they were soon on the interstate and headed north.

"WOW," shrieked Karen, "this is just like Bonnie-N-Clyde...!"

Eventually the gas gauge warned "empty", and Darrel pulled the car into a farmer's field. While there he used one of Karen's red-colored shoe laces to mount and fasten the front license plate since Jim clumsily lost the screws the previous night. Snagged by the grappling-hook of
desperation, early next morning they drove to a gas station with intent to rob, but the business was not yet open. Avoiding the gamble of a stranded car under these conditions Darrel, in the epitome of evil, opted to take Dave to a nearby gravel-pit and shoot him.

"Please don't kill me," begged the cowering man. "I got a wife and kids to support," wept Dave as he knelt on both knees and pled for mercy.

At that very moment Jim Seibert spotted a house through some trees and Darrel held his fire. In firm conviction the group discussed this decaying theater. Dave, sustaining life's fruits and faults, suggested they sell a citizen-band radio from his car's trunk in exchange for gasoline. The radio was traded for twenty dollars and Dave had, in no uncertain terms, bought himself a few more hours in this world. Locked in the jaws of atrocity, Dave's fate was sealed later that day as Darrel drove to a secluded gravel-pit in the heart of Presque Isle County. Ironically, across the road was a cemetery where a relative of Darrel and Karen was buried just days before.

Dave Pfaff was forced to dig a shallow grave with his bare hands. Jim, who'd never killed another human, was urged to perform the final task. With Dave in a fetal position Jim fired from the hip, and missed. In a flash Dave sprang to his feet. The sight was mesmerizing as Dave stood silent in a paralyzed crouch. Thick froth spewed from his mouth as he became not unlike a rabid animal.

"Get down," barked Darrel, "get back in the hole..!"

The second time Darrel ordered Jim to place the gun's muzzle near the man's head. The shot reverberated off the pine trees. The autumn
air was crisp with a mystical whisper of wind in its midst. A geyser of bubbling blood turned a brownish color as fluids drained from the gaping head wound.

With their hands, loose dirt was packed over the body before they left the scene. Soon they discovered that Dave's wallet was missing. Hastily returning to the grave-site, they unearthed the buttocks and plucked the wallet from Dave's rear pocket. All of Dave's personal belongings were cast in a pond of water, including his shoes. Because Jim Seibert carelessly laid the shotgun in some sand the weapon's inner-mechanics were clogged with dirt particles. Darrel, seeking a stern solution to this infected calamity, proposed they rob a gun-shop, but Jim and Karen refused.

Engulfed in this kettle of sin and saddening misdeeds, they drove to a rural grocery store called "The Halfway Station", and proceeded to rob the lady proprietor. While there a school bus arrived and a ten-year-old boy entered the poisonous picture. Like lambs for the slaughter, the mother and son were ruthlessly stabbed and beaten but somehow survived the insatiable appetite of the attackers.

Feeling not a twinge of conscience, the blustering trio returned to Pontiac late that night. Darrel's parole officer soon visited the apartment with questions of Darrel's whereabouts on the day of the Halfway Station robbery. At the front door Jim Seibert told the parole officer that Darrel was not home while, in fact, Darrel stood closeby analysing every word.

Things began deteriorating with the speed of insanity as Darrel
and Jim, relishing their reign of terror, robbed a gas station in Lapeer County. With no qualms, they abducted the employee and transported him in Dave Pfaff's Monte Carlo to a wooded area off the beaten path. Because they spotted a neighboring house when a yard-light was activated, Darrel decisively chose to not shoot the victim. After brutally pounding the man with heavy rocks, the robbers, now absent of all compassion, drove to a diner where they enjoyed a wholesome meal of steak, baked potatoes and hot apple pie.

The following day, Randy Seibert was released from jail and rejoined this relentless band of renegade highwaymen as they once more journeyed north. Spotting a disabled car on I-75, Randy, with an infernal propensity for rape, wanted to "get the girls" who were attempting to flag them down but Darrel, at the wheel, continued onward. The earlier exchange of the CB-radio steered the police in strong suspicion of more capital-type crimes and a zealous search began for the blue Monte Carlo. The robbers connected with Darrel's former associate, Jim Wilson, and for the remainder of that day they visited some taverns until all were dangerously impaired. Darrel telephoned his girlfriend in Pontiac and learned that the police wished to interrogate both Jim Seibert and himself on the Lapeer robbery.

A couple months earlier Darrel got in a fight with a guy named Jerry Hagwood. In its measure, Hagwood went to the hospital for medical treatment and that same night Darrel was arrested for an outstanding traffic ticket where his "mug-shot" was then filed at the Oakland County Jail. Moreover, this same photograph was now being used to identify
Jarvis in the Lapeer case. With no money to flee the state they decided to rob a country tavern. Testing the prodigy of a world's jagged edge the precarious scenario turned explosive as the bartender fired a double-barreled shotgun at Randy, and missed his mark. Darrel and Jim Seibert retreated to the car and Wilson sped away, leaving Randy behind. Freedom, however, was short-lived as they were captured trying to bluff their way through a police roadblock.

A multitude of charges stemmed from this raw and disquieting affair. The sinister picture of Darrel Jarvis was immediately added to a litany of condemning parolees being profiled on a pamphlet petition-drive seeking the elimination of all good-time credits for state prisoners.

Jim Wilson became a prosecution witness and received probation.

Chuck Brewer also testified against the others. He was granted immunity on his robbery charge, but was still sent to a brief jolt in prison for some other unrelated crimes.

Karen Jarvis became a state witness in exchange for total immunity from prosecution.

Bill Seibert testified against Darrel and Randy. In its course, Bill served only five years, and did so in another state so to afford him physical protection.

Randy Seibert received three-life-terms and today is a model inmate.

Jim Seibert was levied six-life-terms and is likewise a model resident inside the prison system.

Darrel Jarvis absorbed the brunt of nine-life-terms. Always the blood-thirsty baron he has, while in prison, assaulted the hearing officer,
stabbed a counselor, and fiercely slit the throat of a fellow prisoner which netted Jarvis another life sentence. His colorful escape attempts ranged from a county jailbreak with a soap-gun to some snowmobile rides through the woods as Darrel cunningly misguided the police in their effort to locate more murder victims. Then later, while at a behavior modification program, Darrel once more risked his artful soap-gun ruse, and failed. Finally, Darrel, along with a confederate, boldly hijacked a big semi-truck which delivered fresh produce to the facility and rammed the perimeter fences surrounding a maximum-security prison. One fence was knocked down as the truck was stopped by the second fence and a hail of gunfire. Darrel received another 50-75 year sentence for "taking a hostage", and has now slammed an aggregate of more than fifteen years in "The Hole", or what prison officials commonly call "Administrative Segregation"....

In early 1994, the chief-of-police from Keego Harbor, Michigan, contacted the prison and obtained a "fresh set" of Darrel's palm-prints. In question was a murder case in which Darrel Jarvis is a prime-suspect. Chief Halloway, on the threshold of retirement, was hoping to solve this old mystery which has plagued him for more than twenty years.
Continued, next page
DRACHERN
BREATH

BY: DARRELL JARVI
#134944
The wrath began to fester in the streets of Weisbaden, West Germany. Like a buzzard hunting prey, Richard Norbert Clarey stalked the city in search of money and drugs, not to forget the brutal violence which often accompanied his journey through these venomous realms of crime. Clarey's father was American, and was a career military man who'd served with a Special Forces unit in the Vietnam War. The mother, Hilda, was a German lady who, as a young girl, had survived the spoils of World War II, and was there to witness the death and destruction in the city of Dresden.

By all measure, Hilda was a good mother who'd nurtured her children to her best ability. Then, hurled in a cyclone of dire consequence when son Richard was being sought in a homicide investigation, it was Hilda who gave Richard the money to flee for the United States. Evading life's hazards, this decision, like a mortician's vault full of blood, sweat and tears, slowly opened a flood-gate which would ultimately blaze a channel through a medley of hellish horrors! Biting the rotten apple and severing its rancid juice, Richard reflected on the flaws and frailty in life's roiling adventure as he calmly boarded an airplane and took the initiative on a collision course with fatality.

Once on American soil Richard trekked to the state of Oregon where he was supposed to live with an aunt, but after she accused him of being a "spy" he quickly chose to leave. When stopped by police for hitch-hiking on an interstate highway it was his distinct
German dialect which gained the officers trust as they allowed him to continue onward. In spellbinding San Francisco he relished the seafood delights at Fisherman's Wharf. After a night-of-fancy with a black prostitute, Richard awoke to a new day, a missing wallet, and the serious dilemma of no money since the street-hooker had crept from the room with his last dollar. Caged in this sewer of sinful things and sinful means, Clarey, reflecting a voodoo kiss of damnation, prowled the neighborhoods in pursuit of the woman but did not find her there. Resembling the diverse fruit-basket of this world's challenge, he was locked in a cellar of forbidden wines and tasting the sour grapes of a grave and dreadful circumstance. Shadowing a patriarch of plundering affairs, in this last flicker of humanity he sensed the wicked winds of doom now upon him. Traversing dark trails of destinations never before visited, he was now riding fast down Thunder Road as he became engulfed in this quagmire of mystical dimensions not yet discovered. With a ravaging lust of frenzy he began to follow the white-hot finger of destiny's call.

Roaming the countryside he soon found work planting trees. With his plan to rob the employer's payroll fund being aborted, Richard yearned to seek greener pastures. Crossing the southwestern states he was offered yet another job.

"I'll give ya two-fifty for a half day's labor, and all the melons you can eat," coaxed the large man driving the truck as he waved his rough hand towards Clarey.
"Hell to you," cussed Richard in his broken tongue of English. "Not work with me, old man..!"

"That's my offer to everybody and I ain't going higher," grumbled the driver as they chugged down the rural roads. "Just can't afford more than that..."

"I get out right here," snorted Clarey in his desire to be rid of this dusty produce farmer. Calculating his plight, he began trudging down the highway but then decided to jump a train. The drama of survival soon came to full-thrust when some hours later the train stopped in the remote reaches of a hot and blistering terrain. Here was Clarey, alone with no water supply, and though he endured this torrid episode of thirst and desperation, it was a lesson which taught him well as he prepared for this treacherous sojourn in the chambers of final judgment. On another day a bucket of fried chicken was thrown at him from the window of a passing car filled with vulgar young people. Hungry to the bone, Richard gratefullydevoured the food even though each piece had already been slightly consumed. The most harrowing moment, however, was when he travelled with a man who'd some time earlier been beaten and burned on the face and body, and left for dead. During their mile together this stranger revealed how Clarey closely resembled one of the lewd bandits who once robbed and pillaged his very life. The automobile's door-handle was rigged in such a way as not to allow one a fast exit from the vehicle, and for a fleeting instant Clarey
tasted the infernal onions of fear. The atmosphere inside the car became electrifying until the man declared how Clarey could not possibly be that same villain since Clarey spoke with a heavily pronounced foreign accent.

Feeling it best to get established in a more solid environment, he telephoned some friends of his parents who resided in the proximity of Kalamazoo, Michigan.

"June..?" inquired Richard as he identified himself, "I'm here in Michigan and sure could use a place to stay for a few days. I've been across the whole United States and need a little help until I can find a job somewhere..."

"You're more than welcome to stay here with me and Fred for as long as you wish. There's no need to explain anything...," counselled June as she stopped Richard in his futile attempt to portray himself as the nice boy next door. "Here's how you find our home, Richard," instructed June as she patiently did her best to aid this family friend from another country.

Though never proven, years later while at a state psychiatric center, Richard claimed that during his many exploits in crossing America he was responsible for numerous murders of people who were caught in vulnerable situations along the way. Be that as it may, Richard, while living in the Kalamazoo area was convicted on charges of theft and given a term of probation. Upon release from custody, Clarey, of his own volition, teamed in criminal-concert with a Cuban refugee named Flavio Ling as the two car-jacked an unfortunate soul
whom they cornered in a parking lot. Clarey would later boast that he held the unique honors of having "the shortest probation term in Michigan history...!"

The victim was a hippie-type preacher who drove a customized Chevy truck.

"Stab him some more," bellowed Flavio as the two vultures pounced on their prey.

"He's dead, man," remarked Clarey as he took control of this wanton moment of rage. "Let's get to hell out of here...!"

"Help me pull him out of the truck," grunted Flavio as they scurried to leave the scene.

With the grit of a determined mind, Clarey jumped behind the wheel and stomped the gas pedal to the floor as the two outlaws sped away.

"Run him over a few times to make sure," commanded Flavio in his sordid quest to confirm the man's death.

"That dude is dead, Flavio," countered Clarey.

When he glanced in the mirror, however, the irrefutable truth was learned as the preacher sprang to his feet and ran for help. With the Chevy flashing down the wintery highway a police cruiser aggressively approached from behind. A shotgun's roar sent a load of buckshot through the rear window glass of the pickup.

"I'm hit, I'm hit," screeched Clarey as a blast of frigid air rushed upon him.

"You ain't hit," hollered Flavio as he sought safety on the floorboard.
Inside the truck's cab was total chaos as the vehicle neared the first road-block in its path. Clutched in the four points of no return the ruthless marauders were now chambered in the rifle of fate and ready for all thereafter. Violating all reason and logical thought, Clarey continued with the fiery charge of an onrushing train as they maneuvered through the ditch and back onto the highway. Snared in this black-widow's web, Clarey was drowning in a whirlpool of loss and despair as he plowed the Chevy through a second barricade. Sustaining extensive damage to the vehicle, Clarey managed to keep it running hot as they encountered yet another police barrier.

"STOP, STOP...!" Flavio cried as he cowered against the fire-wall compartment. "Let me out, please stop it now..."

"Hold on," shrieked Clarey as the gunfire erupted and the truck veered off the highway.

The vehicle, shattered by the wrecking-ball of finality, struck an electrical pole and plunged this perilous contest into a thundering climax. Flavio's legs were severely crushed and he later committed suicide in the county jail. Clarey was hurled through the front windshield and rendered helpless as angry armed officers formed a half-circle a safe distance from the menacing sizzle of the downed electrical wires. At the hospital Clarey was treated for a large hole in his vital throat area. He later reflected at how "cool" it was to lay in the emergency room, numbed by the massive dose of LSD still in his system, as the doctor closed the gaping wound and Clarey watched in fascination via the mirrored image presented through the lenses of
the doctor's eyeglasses.

Richard Clarey was sent to a nice medium-security prison in the city of Ionia, but was soon transferred to a higher security state reformatory after getting drunk on home-brewed wine and missing the crucial head-count when he fell asleep in the recreation yard. Like the roster at the front gate to Hades, Clarey was a good student of bad things who thrived in this gutter-university of collective tribulations. Similar to faceless things who live in nameless places, he was now cast into a crucible's melting pot of pain and passion.

With the smell of fire and brimstone still warm on his lips, Clarey pledged his life to a garden of ghastly pleasures as a loyal servant to His Majesty's satanic request. Richard nonetheless maintained a low profile in the penal community and was paroled in late 1983. Once again June and Fred allowed Richard to come live in their home, along with their teenage son, Mark, and the family dog, Ozzie, who was a fierce pit-bull with only three legs.

"You can probably find employment at the local Jewel supermarket, Richard, if you wish to work a job," said June in her subtle yet pleasant mode of conversation. "It's not much, but better things will blossom in your life if you struggle a bit and show good faith along the way," coached June with a genuine concern for the wayward young man.

"I'm going straight, June. No bullcrap, I've had my fill of crime and jails, and I ain't getting involved in none of it no more. "I'm really sincere this time," lied Richard in his casual manner of deception. But like "Rommel, the infamous Desert Fox," this sly German sprout
concealed a wormy and poisonous root of purpose. Missing not a stride, Richard began working at a large food-market, and was also dealing drugs in the region of his acquaintance. To save money he became adept at stealing the more expensive and choice items from beneath the watchful eye of the store's security personnel and camera monitors. One evening Richard went to his girlfriend's basement apartment and upon peering through a window was stunned to see the girl in sexual copulation with another man. In a surge of fervent hatred, Richard, reeling in shock and reeking of evil, found himself caught in the iron-claws of irony as he debated whether to storm the room and murder both actors with the pistol he carried. Striking the idea, Clarey strode down the street and came extremely close to shooting a policeman who approached him with questions and suspicions as the officer requested valid identification. Richard would later state that had the cop attempted a body search, then the officer would most certainly have been killed. Echoing other voices in other rooms, Clarey, with his propensity for violence, felt himself standing in the way of a dragon-powered coach as he leapt in this fire-lake of fury. Like a coffin-maker's hammer crafted from human bone, Richard caressed the cold blue steel of the pistol he was now so eager to use.

"What happened to the money you still owe me from the other day...?" Clarey inquired of the huge man driving the car in which they rode.

"You'll get it as soon as I can swing some extra cash," snarled the lubbering Robert Baranski as he tried to intimidate Clarey with his gruff voice, shifty eyes and burly body bulk.
"Well, just give the drugs back and we'll forget about any hard feelings," rebutted Richard as he released the safety switch on the automatic pistol and prepared for some real action.

"I ain't got it right now," roared Baranski as he gave a hard, threatening gesture towards Clarey.

"To hell you don't, you lying piece-of-shit. I want my pay here and now, man, and I mean business, Baranski...!"

"Ah, you're a tough guy, huh, Clarey..?" mocked the bullish character steering the car down the empty city street. "You're nothing but a punky wimp," retorted Baranski in a scoffing growl.

"You don't scare me, you big bastard," spat Clarey as he trained the weapon and fired. "The way of the warrior, bad boy, 'tis the way of the warrior...!" said Clarey in a calloused whisper of elation.

"Ohhh, god damn," gasped Baranski as a thin spout of blood gushed from the head wound into the rear seat while the dying man faced his rival. "I knew this would happen some day...!" declared Baranski in a choking sob as the clammy hand of death fell upon him.

In his haste to complete the grisly mission, Clarey transported Baranski to the shores of Lake Michigan and sentenced the corpse to a watery grave not far from where June and Fred Adams owned a posh summer home. After some days of solitude Clarey fell in union with a youngster named John Asher who was still a few years from adulthood. Cruising the territory one night the motor in Baranski's car just coughed and quit.

"There's a rest area up ahead and I'm gonna get us another set of wheels," stammered Clarey in his crazed stupor of alcohol and opium.
"You hide in those bushes over there, John, and I'll call you when I'm ready to go..."

With blood in his eyes and black-powder in his veins, this nocturnal chameleon was about to leave a scathing and lurid footprint in the wet concrete of time. Facing this menu of madness on life's jagged edge, Richard was literally caged betwixt a grey wall and cliff as the end of a long and rugged journey drew near. Shadowing a Roman arena of gladiator times whose battles left silent wings to flutter, Clarey, with the stealth of a jungle cat, positioned himself for the fatal strike. Creeping inside a camper-unit he methodically pumped hot slugs into a sleeping body. Looting the man's wallet, Clarey seized a wad of fifty-dollar bills, but was unable to locate the ignition keys so as to steal the vehicle. With death's ugly face in the shadows, Clarey weighed his convictions in this cruel conspiracy and elected to follow the corrupt route of condemnation to the bitter end of this rampant and tragic venture. Revelling in his rot, Clarey reloaded the weapon and diligently approached a van where the keys dangled from the ignition slot. Evoking a twinge of caution, Richard decided to check inside the darkened compartment of the vehicle before claiming its possession. As he carefully released the rear-door handles he was viciously smashed in the face as someone from inside kicked the door outward. Suffering a broken nose and waves of nausea fogging his mind, Clarey instinctively marked his target and fired into the mass of the charging figure. The evening's tranquillity was shattered with Clarey's relentless counter-attack as the pistol delivered its message of somber
resolution. With the victim's lifeless body protruding from the rear doors, Richard hastily started the engine and braced himself for whatever else this night could bring.

"Get in, John," ordered Clarey. "Let's go, man, let's hit the road...!"

"NO," replied the terrified boy, "I ain't going with you no more...!

With witnesses sprinting all about, Clarey raced onto the highway and soon heard the wailing sound of sirens in the distance. That explosive chase he'd earlier survived in the blustering run of a Chevy truck came haunting him now as he cursed the vivid realities of this precarious misfortune. After travelling some of the most contaminated landscapes of humanity, Clarey, with his penchant for defiling affaire, would now stand judged for the ruins and decays of a time ill-spent in an element quite close to one's heart. Stopping the van, Richard felt the queasy tug of defeat as the silver bullet of truth permeated his conscience. Braving the trail of the quick-N-dead, the insatiable appetite of Richard Clarey, like the ghost of the "Butcher of Riga", was now reduced to a cold presence in silent running as the hunt for this nomadic predator gained momentum.

Soon joining the search was a bloodhound whose tracking abilities led the police through the dense woodlands and into the state of Indiana. Establishing a command-post in the vicinity, Clarey was captured without incident after being discovered hiding in the rafters of a garage building.

In the course of legal maneuvers, Richard employed a defense of "insanity", and was committed to the Center for Forensic Psychiatry in Ypsilanti, Michigan, where he underwent extensive analysis of his
disquieting personality and volatile behavior patterns. Managing his prognosis was a lady psychiatrist named Dr. Elissa Benedek who routinely handles major crime cases and is considered a specialist in the study of murder.

With Dr. Benedek's testimony stating that Clarey was not psychotic, and did not suffer from any mental abnormalities, it was decided by a jury that he was guilty on all counts of killing the two strangers at the rest area. To avoid yet another trial it was agreed by all parties that Richard plead "Guilty but Mentally-Ill" on the remaining charge of murdering Robert Baranski with still an additional mist being sprinkled over the equation as Clarey was convicted as an "habitual criminal", and levied a total of four-life-terms as his punishment. The newspapers had dubbed him "The Rest Area Killer", and his name was soon forgotten as Clarey re-entered the state prison system at the Huron Valley Men's Facility located nearly fifty miles west of Detroit.

"Next man step up," scowled the sober-faced guard in his sober prison suit. "You ever been in prison before..?" asked the officer.

"Yeah," replied Clarey in this darkest hour of his life.

"What's your number..?"

"It's 142779," Clarey mumbled in a monotonous tone of total disregard.

"This guy will be locking in 3-Block, general population," said the shift-commander to the yard escort told to take Clarey to his respective housing-unit.

The very first day at Huron Valley was quite a show as one prisoner slit the jugular vein of an enemy inside the chow-hall during the noon
meal. The wounded man, with a geyser of blood spurting from his severed throat, bounded to his feet and chased the initiator across the room like a hyena in pursuit of a hare. The assault was life-threatening and required the victim, a convicted cop-killer, to be fitted inside a trauma "shock-suit" prior to transporting him to the medical center in the nearby city of Ann Arbor. The young attacker was transferred to the maximum-security Marquette Branch Prison and released to the general compound with the other convicts. Within days he was found dead on the upper-gallery where someone killed him with a knife. The original victim, still at Huron Valley, triumphantly bragged that he'd issued a murder contract on the guy and someone accepted the gritty challenge. However, there was firm reason to believe that the deceased got himself tangled in some other unrelated yet tasteless matters which in turn had sealed his fate. In any event, Richard Clarey was on the yard at the most-favored maximum prison in the state, and in such a relaxed atmosphere he soon found his way back in the game of chance.

"You just come here...?" asked the tall, slender dude strolling alongside Clarey as they returned to their cells.

"Yes," answered Clarey, "but it's not my first time in the joint," he quickly added.

"Well, my name is Jarvis," the bearded stranger offered, "what handle do you use...?"

"When at the Reformatory, I was called German-Red," stated Clarey. "That title came from my home country of Germany and this red hair that I got..."
"You're from Europe...?" queried Jarvis in a probing fashion. "Yup," beamed Clarey with a lucid note of pride. "We'll talk at yard time," said Jarvis as he departed.

After testing the waters for a couple weeks both were submerged in a fervid scheme to escape this diseased society. At this date in 1985 there were only four convicts to successfully escape this prison. Three were re-captured while yet another escaper, acting alone, had one night scaled the Control Center Building and was later cornered by the State Police and shot to death some distance from the prison.

Strangling on the stench of life, and not unlike a forlorn fiend who swings from the hangman's noose, the seething spirit of Richard Clarey had no intention of being buried in this tomb of mortality to which the judge just sent him. Wallowing in these quarters of misery, the bold prison escape was Clarey's warped perception of justice and revenge. The plan, though simple in design, would prove to be a trial of both wit and raw courage as Clarey and a confederate used crude, handmade knives to forcibly commandeer an eighteen-wheel truck and crash the huge rig through double-cyclone fences which surrounded the maximum-security prison.

Immersed in the naked light of truth these malicious demons were lured into the theater of doom. Throwing caution to the winds, this blueprint for disaster now swung full-circle as a lightning bolt of fate flashed in their direction. The air smelled of danger as Jarvis and Clarey strode the big yard and awaited the semi-truck scheduled to bring fresh produce to the prison this cold and rainy morning. Due
to foul weather the escape team were the only individuals in this cloak-N-dagger arena. Finally the truck arrived with a mere ten minutes remaining until they'd be required to return to the housing unit for a head-count.

While the huge eighteen-wheeler reversed towards the kitchen's loading dock the driver's door flew open as Clarey and Jarvis sprang into action. Clarey was supposed to grab the radio from the staff escort but was unable to do so when the guard vaulted from the tractor's cab and ran.

"CODE-BLUE, CODE-BLUE," screamed Officer John Blackman as he triggered a radio alert. "The Back-Dock has a Code-Blue...!"

Like grasping the wheel of a Hell-bound hearse, Jarvis took command of this boiling trilogy as he persuaded the civilian driver, Edward Roxbury, to "get it moving" as a gun-tower fired its rifle. "Floor it, put it to the floor now," ordered Jarvis as the powerful GMC roared to life.

Because another truck coincidentally parked in the direct approach to the main gates, Jarvis opted to ram the heavy rig through the double cyclone fences rather than risk a narrow passage through the sally-port and gamble a major mishap at this critical stage. With the truck in low-range it plowed through the first fence and badly damaged the second fence before stalling the engine.

"Back it up, back this damn thing up and ram it again," Jarvis swore at the frantic driver.

"We're caught, Darrel," cursed Clarey as he pointed to the
clutch-pedal lying on the floorboard after Roxbury attempted to engage
the foot-lever in his struggle to shift the transmission into reverse.
However, because the drive-train froze during the impact it was the urgent
force of Roxbury's effort which in turn caused the clutch-pedal to snap
off, thus rendering the vehicle inoperative. In real frontier fashion
there soon stood a multiple gun-squad blocking the path with the only
barrier between these warring factions being the second perimeter fence.

"Release the hostage and raise your hands," shouted Inspector
Putnam. "NOW..!" he barked.

Trying to defuse a hot situation Jarvis refused to follow the orders.
A warning shot was fired above the cab but the prisoners did not yield.
"KA-BOOM", spoke the gun as a second shot blasted through the windshield
and sprayed glass fragments in the face of both Jarvis and the driver.
Clarey, some feet from the bullet's path as he cringed on the floor in a
bawling surrender, quickly tossed his knife on the dashboard where it
bounced back and was thrown yet a second time as it struck the civilian
driver on the leg. Now in a pose of total submission, Clarey resigned
himself to an officer's control. Jarvis, moments later, layed his knife
between the bucket seats and allowed a guard to handcuff him.

In the semblance of twelve personalities in one twisted mind,
Clarey has arrogantly [defied the universal code of ethical man] in his
perpetual hunger to beat the system. Now in his second decade of maximum
confinement Richard is suffering the brunt of a judicial nemesis in
total fruition, for murder is the essence of principles long lost.