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☺ "FRiends & LOVERS"

\* may 2011

I need a best friend and a wonderful lover, and companion to be w/ me through this journey of life.

All these things I need you to be, & I be together through good times & strife.

I need to be able to look into your eyes and see our dreams in there.

I have a heart w/ no boundaries, a soul that knows no fear.

I'm looking for someone who can be w/ me side by side, shoulder to shoulder, eye to eye & forever hand in hand.

I'll always walk beside you, often times behind you so I can watch over you when you have a troubled mind.

I have a need for someone great & I promise my love will be true.

You can be my sweet heart and I'll be your hero as I give my heart to you!

\* By: Precious ☺

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Life as a Day



In Prison...

... To learn the true story of a gay prisoner w/ a positive outlook on the future read on.....

.... From birth till now (Sept. 30, 2010) this is a story of my life. May this hopefully inspire as well as motivate someone out there to never give up and to always pursue their dreams/goals proudly. May this encourage that their not alone in this world.

These are life experiences I've faced, I went through some have shattered, broken, even scarred my life, but through each one I became stronger.

I went through life hard, I'm miserable as the end resulted in me finding my true self. It was then I was happy w/ life.

My parents divorced when I was 2 yrs. old. My mom re-married the man who became my step-father. My birth father went to federal prison for 27 flat years then. I was only able to know him through a few letters & pictures. By the time he got out I was already in prison myself. He died a few years later from a gun shot wound. My mom ended up spending a few years in prison because she was busted w/ him.

I was raised off/on by my mom and stepdad as well as aunts/uncles and friends of the family. During my childhood I was abused physically, mentally, sexually, & emotionally. I'd get beat w/ tools, iron, wood, belts, & chains, even kicked and stomped, & thrown across rooms, & was even threatened to be killed for making any mistake at all. There was no room for mistakes.

Alot of my family was in gangs, sold drugs, got high, always fought & carried a gun and in trouble w/ the law. I always watched and thought, is this how life is? I always told myself that my life will be different, but ended being raised <sup>that</sup> the streets were part of life.

At a very early age I found myself curious as well as a desire to be close w/ boys & men. I was attracted physically, mentally & even emotionally. I always kept these feelings bottled up inside me, as my own little secret. I was scared & afraid to tell my family or anyone out of fear of being rejected and physically hurt. I force myself to push aside these thoughts and tried telling myself its only a phase I'm going through. Years later I came to find out it was the true me wanting to just come out and be free. It left me wondering why I wanted to be around more boys/men than girls. Even in school I acted on these feelings w/ other boys. We'd kiss, fondle, & rub our bodies against each other w/ our clothes on. I even had a secret crush on this cute boy! I found myself wanting even craving his presence, or touch. It always gave me a feeling of happiness, my heart would race just seeing <sup>him</sup> up close. Around 12<sup>or</sup> 13 I'd look at girls but couldn't get excited like I did w/ boys. I'd talk and look at girls just to hide my true self, & realized once I was older that was only done to hide the mask I was wearing to please everyone else.

As a child & teen I was molested by my mom & step-father. one day my mother was in the upstairs bathroom and we were the only ones at home at the time. She grabbed me, pinned me up against the wall & was naked, and yanked my shorts down and shirt off & rubbed her body against mine, touching my penis and telling me to suck her

tits as she slapped my face and made me get on top of her. This went on for years. Then my step-dad would call me into the bathroom or bedroom and tell me to suck him off, slap me in the face w/ his cock, push me down, making me swallow his cum, & take advantage of me anyway he could. I tried telling my mom but she laughed and molested me more w/ my step-dad.

As a teen I had sexual relations w/ boys & girls. I lost my virginity to a cute black boy ~~was~~ a little older than me & far more experienced. I'll never forget him either. So handsome & sweet & gentle! He cooked me dinner and slowly kissed me and caressed my whole body for seemed like hours! How he did I'll never know but opened me up so good as he slid into me and we made love. From then on I was in love w/ men my age, but more older as well. Older men know how to treat a boy!! 😊

Then the times I was w/ girls I never was into it, or liked it, sure they were sweet & even beautiful but just couldn't satisfy me emotionally or sexually. It always felt something was missing. I hid in my little closet cause I thought I had to please everyone else in the world so the true me was kept hidden.

All that time being hidden inside and just wanting to come out and be free & just be loved I was miserable. I figured at age 16 I could at least trust my parents if no one else, so I sit down and told them I was gay and was attracted to boys/men. That was a mistake that resulted in me in the hospital from being stomped & beat and all my clothes thrown in the street due to the disgrace I was to my family  
(over)

and they hated me. Never to have anything else to do w/ me. I stayed where I could, <sup>at</sup> friends, in vehicles, abandoned houses, under bridges & shelters. One day I found a job which helped me afford a motel room here & there, until I was able to save up and rent a small place. I've been on my own since 16 and am 30 now, it was a very hard struggle during my childhood & past. I tried selling drugs as a teen (marijuana) just to have a little to live and survive, at times I was forced to eat from restaurants the food they cooked and never used. Inside I was hurting, scared, when all I wanted was to be just loved & accepted for a person. I was so miserable then I was tired of life, I thought love wasn't a lot to ask for in life, so I fell into deep depression and ended up w/ two suicide attempts. one w/ pain pill overdose, cocaine, & alcohol. which resulted in getting my stomach pumped. Second attempt I was in the hospital for a few months due to a sliced wrist. I eventually came to terms w/ myself I should just be myself regardless of what others think. I figured I had lived all those years being hurt and scared w/ no one caring or loving me, so I started holding my head high, being positive, keeping a positive outlook on things and being proud of who I am no matter what this world thinks. Because out of every bad situation there's always good in it. It may not seem like it at first but if you truly search for it, it's there, and you will find it. And when you do it will make it all seem worthwhile. Now I don't hide my desires/attractions for another man, even tell those who hate me. I'm gay & proud & happy! 10 years later I was doing good, was happy & content w/ life itself w/ a nice job, & my own place. I didn't have a lot but

I went from having nothing to having a little. I felt I came a long way, and it made me happy cause I did it all on my own!

One day I ended up being arrested and later sent to prison for a murder case that was self-defense. My apartment was broke into and someone spray painted very hateful words on my walls, then came back later and told me since I was a faggot I deserved to die and tried to stab me, but there was a gun close by I had for protection. While trying to get out of his grip it accidentally went off. I was sent to prison later. I really feel bad it happened, but I thought I was going to die and didn't know what to do. When I got to prison in 2004 I knew it would be a rough environment for someone like me. So w/ no family, friends, or anyone that cared about me I made my mind up I'd once again do whatever possible to survive on my own. At first I slid back into my shell, my closet, (which didn't last long). Before too long people knew I wasn't like others. I was unique. I eventually came across a few other gay inmates and we were like one big family, always looked out for one another & stuck together. Some places though are not so friendly. In prison we are labeled as different people. and are treated badly at times. They refer to gay prisoners as "girls" due to our feminine ways & always looking beautiful!! I've been treated harshly, roughly & even severely just cause I'm gay. I've been beat up, raped, my belongings took, some men have even tried to make gays belong to them as their property to be used, abused, & took advantage of, even sold for sex as they keep the money. There's also a few bi-sexual men who look at us

as female figures and at times results in them being ones husband. Its just like a marriage out in the free-world. Some of these men are even gentlemen!

In 2009 I was married w/ one of those wonderful gentlemen! He was loving, caring, & the sweetest man you could meet. (even ate!!) But because of so many hating to see two men in love & happy, falsely lied and meant my husband being sent to lock-down, seperated, then shipped to different units never to see each other again. So I sit here waiting to get out of lock-down to general population. Hopefully by next year this will happen. As a gay, people hate me, don't talk to me, lie on me, try to use me due to my big heart & my kindness. If some one gay has money these men "act" all nice just to get money and sex and then betray you. Since I have no friends, family, nor money, they don't even say one word to me. Even officers hate and tell you to your face they have authority to do what they want cause I have no rights. I've been threatened physical harm and not even being ~~fed~~<sup>fed</sup>. But I still respect and treat them nicely.

One day I know I'll be free and know life itself will be happiness. I can now say I'm content/happy w/ life ~~now~~ now, and know one day I'll get lucky and find someone who will love me and accept me for myself. I really have alot to offer someone when they come along. Now I don't hide behind no mask, I let the true me show & smile. I'm very open w/ my life and proud of the person I am & have become. True I've made a few mistakes in life and I'm not perfect, no-one is. and theres lots of things I wish I could go back and change in my past, but all I can do is focus on a better future. once I'm released  
(over)



I plan on trying to help others as myself so they'll know they're not alone, as well as speak up for all LGBT's world-wide to ensure we all get our rights as people, maybe even be a hope, an inspiration, and help motivate others to achieve in life and to be proud of who they are and to feel & know there's people who really care and love them. For the ones that are locked up, help see they get letters, photos, cards, & stuff they need, cause I know how it feels to be in this situation w/ no family, friends, or anyone out there for help & support. I plan on supporting all our rights & to be a voice heard world-wide to help us achieve, & conquer even more laws and rights passed for our benefit. We are all people and are equal to anyone. We can do anything a straight person can, it's even proven if you were to research it, LGBT's have a high intelligence level.

But through all this I can actually say w/ a doubt I did get lucky while here. I came across another gay prisoner who is a lot like me, & is the best sister I've met in here so far. She is real sweet, loving, & caring. She has given me so much support just by being there emotionally, & mentally. W/out her I'd really be lost and couldn't even imagine it. Her name is Chyna. She's not only a best, loyal, devoted friend, but is my family.

So all who read this, may you always keep your head up & be proud of who you are no matter what someone says. Hope fully this gave someone a little hope or inspiration & know I love you all and support all my brothers & sisters out there and in here.

♡ Kisses To All ♡

By: ~~Chris~~ Chris Rogers  
AK/A  
♡ Precious ♡

Feel free to write/ask questions/comments  
may be sent to me at the following:  
I look forward to hearing from you. Thanks for  
taking your valuable time to read my story.

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