

Hey, ruffruff4, thanks for your appreciation. I, in turn, acknowledge your existence. You comment, therefore you are. I blog, therefore I am.

Keep in mind that it may take two weeks for me to receive your comment & two more weeks (or more) for my reply to be posted. I'll try to reply to all comments.

Ruffruff4, my fellow puppy lover (?), please enlighten me & the voyeurs as to what it was about post #12 that you "appreciate[d] ... very much." Your doing so may help me transmit the core constructive purpose of that post. Don't be shy. Then, read on.

Ruffruff4, please - first clarify what you dug then dig on.

Okay, now you can read what I have to say about that post.

Please keep in mind that I'm an internet virgin. Besides having been on some lame-o prison pen-pal websites, despite my older brother having been one of those "caffeine-jacked computer junkies" I welcomed in my intro, I've not experienced the 'net. Whew, being a knowledge freak, I envy you people who have all the world's lores available to explore. I'm stuck reading books & extrapolating therefrom to this fake real life I'm forced to live.

Some of my purposes behind post #12 were, not necessarily in this order:

1) To entertain you all with a fairly accurate* description of a pretty flagrant case of one of the types of severe personality disorders that must be navigated in this prison;

2) To reveal why the personality I described is disordered;

3) To reveal how the powers that be, such as the A.P.A., weave the web of reality we're trapped in, with the higher purpose of making you aware that this can only happen if we play along with them (much more on this later);

4) To flash my wit & skills as a wordsmith (remember, I said in the

* Only "fairly accurate" because I was forced to select from the countless details that constituted the actual event the most important ones, most important according to me; and I, of course, had my own motives, some of which I was not even conscious of nor could be, many of which may be contrary to your motives. Such selection shades what can see. Thus, although the writing was non-fiction, although I convinced myself that I was being objective & fair, my description can't help but be skewed, just as your absorption of it will be somewhat skewed.

Hey, sweeties, this applies to all of your perceptions! Don't be so confident that what you perceive reality as being is real. Question all.

box next to the poem I posted on 6/2/11, "... my writing always contain[s] multiple + intertwined messages....")

5) To set up the background for my meta-revelation about how the "justice" system + its appendages are major causes for the very disordered personalities they're supposed to be rehabilitating + which I must deal with;

6) Other purposes I'm unaware of or that are irrelevant to my present purposes.

If you dug post #12, ruffruff4, because it achieved any of the forenoted purposes, especially if it helped you to more constructively deal with a problem in your life, sweet potato! That's what this whole Prometheus shtick is about.

I learned what I know the hard way. I feel it's my duty to share it with truth seekers, who can learn it the easy way + go on to learn other things the hard way, which I hope you'll share with me.

I scratch your brain, you scratch mine.

Maybe we can solve the world's problems... or at least ours.

On a personal note to you ruffruff4, I noticed it says your comment was posted at 3 A.M. Saturday. If that's the time it was in the zone you were in + not the time it was received on MIT's computer, then, dear caninite, why were you up so late/early?

I suspect that you were up all night partying, work weird hours, or your sleep is disturbed by serious issues you face. There could be other reasons you were up so late/early stalking the blogosphere, but these seem most likely to me. Given the topic of post #12, I suspect a combination of the first + last reasons.

Not picking on ya!

Actually, I'm going to make you an offer.

First, you should know — this is hinted at in my profile page, is all gonna come out in my autobiography, + an intrepid googler could dig it up, so I'm not revealing terrible "secrets" — that I have seen and experienced every kind of child abuse + neglect that you could imagine + some you can't. No hyperbole. Despite that, + despite having been in some violent + degrading institutions for more than half of my life, I seem pretty mentally sound, right?

Remember though, "... don't be so confident that what you perceive reality as being is real."

Plenty of dumb ass shrinks thought the same, that I was miraculously unmarred by my past, possibly thanks to my above-average intelligence. In some ways my intelligence did help me cope. But I'm not a God, just a Titan. Nor did I know all I needed to know to overcome my extreme

circumstances.

Anyway, one of the most troubling facts of my life is that, when I was about 15, I had to act as a psychiatric nurse for my mom, who was diagnosed with Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (P.T.S.D.), Multiple Personality Disorder (M.P.D. - now it's called Dissociative Identity Disorder, D.I.D.), & Major Depression. Dig, M.P.D. / D.I.D. is some freaky psychosis! Very rare, very bizarre in its manifestations. Check out the movie Cybil for a clue. You could easily assume it's demonic possession.

So, do you agree that I had a tough life as a teen?

Ha! Ha! Ha!

Then my youngest brother was diagnosed with the same exact disorders.

Somebody had to take care of them, make sure they didn't kill themselves or us other kids, didn't run through the streets reliving some past nightmare, which I too had experienced.

My older brother was inept for the task. Nor was there a husband or father or boyfriend to help, not at first. You see my mom's first husband (the second was an ex-con she met at an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting. Guess how that turned out) was likely a major cause of mom's & bro's insanity, as he starved us for days, beat us, tied mom up & performed pseudo-exorcisms on her, etc., all in the name of his brand of Catholicism. But he wasn't evil. He'd just been struck in the head by lightning when younger, survived & went nutso. My mom's landlord became her boyfriend &, eventually took over the major aspects of caring for my mom & brother.

My "home" had more insanity than many psych. wards, few of which have one let alone two patients with M.P.D. / D.I.D.

I've seen counsellors & shrinks since I was in middle school, got a 4.0 in Psych 101 while attending Western Wisconsin Technical College, have intensely studied psychology (along with law, history, & philosophy) during my imprisonment, spend a lot of time considering how what I know about what I've studied applies to my world, and, my once fiancé majored in psychology after breaking off with me. Okay, the last point may no show so, but the rest reveal that I have a LOOOOOTT of experience in psychiatry, psychology, & counseling.

I say this, ruffruff4, because I suspect that you have some issues you need help with.

Talk to me. I got two strong frontal lobes, I can help. Besides, unless ruffruff4 is your real name, this is anonymous.

I'm not a licensed counsellor or anything, so I can't legally give you psych advice. But, I can share what I know, give friendly advice, refer you to professional resources, & provide capable, strong, & intelligent support.

Again, question all.

Why would I offer this? As Dr. Joseph Santoro quoted in the Preface of his well-worth-reading book, The Angry Heart, overcoming Borderline & Addictive Disorders,

"It is one of the most beautiful compensations in life that no man can sincerely try to help another without helping himself."
Ralph Waldo Emerson

Of course it's very possible that, along with much of the hair on my head, I have lost my mind & am reading too much into your comment. If so, c'est la vie, I extend this offer to sincere people in such need. As for you, ruffruff4, the exciting & enlightening conclusion to my interactions with "Mod" Max will be posted in a week or so.

Remember,
Prometheus Loves You, ☺

P.S. Gotta get back to my P.E.N. entries. Had some things that needed saying here & wanted to be polite to ruffruff4, or this'd've been shorter.

Best regards to the many people I've invited to check out my blog. Hope ya like it.