

WANTED



Life Prisoner seeks outside contact for sincere long-term friendship based on principles of openness and honesty. Are you that special someone willing to exchange letters? If you are interested in intellectual dialogue and have an exuberant personality, I have a strong desire to expand my horizon ~ if you will write to me at:
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People only see what they are prepared to see.

You must pardon my brief hiatus from blogging my life story. My T.V. broke and in my boredom I've stirred-up the hateful black-muslims here it seems. I've been packed, strapped and booted for a few weeks now expecting their fear, ignorance and superstition to ... well, this is still a very intense situation that has the guards and inmates alike on high alert — so we shall see if fear, ignorance and superstition win over my endearing Mirth.

In the mean time tho, the show-and tell, must go on. Where did I leave off — early last month some time? Let's see: 13 to 17 ~ I had caught a black monster under my bed and I ended up being thrown into the hole for assault, (um, I wonder if re-stimulating that memory has any bearing on the mischievous-ness that has the black muslims in such a fury?).

Let's see, I recall that in my boredom I was chipping my way through the wall with another great escape in mind... but I was released from the hole instead. This is where I went from being nick-named "fingers" by my friends at home, to being named "Crazy White" by the miscreants in my new environment. Crazy White ... boy! those were the days. Miscreants respect crazy for some crazy reason and thus the mis-adventures continued. Central; L.P.; Wayside Juvies, developed a reputation of a fierce white boy.

Well now, I must have went to Court for escaping from that family counseling unit. Six-Months placement in a Boys Home was all I owed at 13 yrs — but I wasn't discharged from that sentence until I was 17 yrs, and Ten or so escapes later from half-dozen different boys homes.

My first boy's home placement was deep in the Mountains. A mischievous hierarchy of older boys terrorized the younger and weaker boys, as is the natural phenom. in such communities. I think that it was my first night there when a power outage put us all in the dark and the terror began with a few bullies running through the housing-units and rat-packing someone here

and there, and then running on to the next housing unit to raise a ruckus.

My new room-mate had some tools and stuff under his ~~bed~~ bed for just such occasions I guess, and he gave me a long screwdriver and then crawled under his bed. Strange in deed, I thought to myself. Never the less, I crouched next to my bed and put my back against the wall gripping my screwdriver tightly and not knowing what in hell I've gotten myself into.

One of the kids in the next room was getting pummelled in the darkness and my heart was beating like thunder as I waited to plunge my screwdriver deep into the first screw-ball who dared mistake me for a victim. They moved on though and after my heart beat slowed down a beat or two, I mustered up the courage to feel my way outside the unit and WOW! I've never seen so many stars before — so close and vibrant! I'm standing there in awe ... gripping my weapon while the hoodlums ran about terrorizing each other. The Universe was beautiful and it seemed that I was invisible in this chaos.

My fear dissipated and I began to walk around to investigate this new — and exciting boy's home. Nestled high in the mountains, there are four or 50 units with four bed rooms with four beds in each, I think. A large dining hall, and counselors quarters were on the outskirts next to the camp office where the probation officer uncuffed me earlier that day.

Nice. Things settled down eventually and I made my way back to my unit and went to sleep holding the screwdriver tight under my pillow.