

## The Sex-Trafficked sex-traffickers

I usually don't remember all the sex offenders that I have come across back in the day, that end up getting turned out and trafficked themselves. But every time one of them is exposed and another comes up with the "well how do we know" excuse, it always reminds me of old Lois.

I can't remember his real name, but it was something Lane, and Lois just naturally came to mind, so I called (him) that. But I remember when he first came in, he had sex offender written all over him. nervous look, unsteady gait, thick coke bottle glasses. I was playing chess as I seen two of my homeboys jam him up before he ever made it to his cell. "what ya in here for" Rocky asked him, at which point he promptly shoved his glasses up on his forehead and replied 'I'll tell the right person when they come along'. Which, needless to say, said everything there was to say.

So Rocky and K.P. run the whole prison head games about how all the guards are so corrupt, they tell us what everyone's in for, etc..game. Ole Lois's resolve faded pretty quickly at that, especially since they threatened that if they found out the hard way it would make his life difficult. So he blurted out, loud enough for me to hear from quite a distance away, "I'm a child molester!"

I'm not a predator, and I don't particularly like exposing people or making anyone's life hell. But neither will I risk my neck for a child molester or anyone else for that matter that is destined to catch a ride. At his confession Rocky and K.P. slid back and immediately ole Lois was surrounded by a horde of Mexican and black offenders. I remember looking at him on the bench and he had one on either side of him and three in front turned around on the bench facing him. They kept asking him questions but as he was having a hard time answering cause another of them would be sticking their fingers in his mouth before he could speak. Others were groping him on the butt.

I guess he was quite the hipster in the free world, cause he would be throwing his little black-power salute and they would have him rapping under the TV for hours. Then somehow the Mexicans got him and made him ride with them, which is prison slang for become a slave. They had him washing all the homies boxers and socks, they tried to make him into a flagrant homosexual, but I think he was too stupid to catch on. He eventually wore down the efforts of the most determined of them to do so. Not that they weren't screwing him of course, they just couldn't make him play the role of the girl. They had a Mexican punk that was real feminine, can't remember her name, I called her Sopapilla, don't know what that means but she looked like a sopapilla, so it's what I called her. They would

always be like "lois, go sit with (whatever her name was) and talk about girly things!" Like I said before though, Lois was too daft to understand their intentions.

Not that his 'men' were much better. I passed the table one time to hear them making him discuss his crime. Turns out he got busted fingering his two sisters age 7 and 4 maybe? Bragging about it talking about "I was fingering that cat." While one of his 'men' was hanging on his every word. Not much difference between the sex offenders and the sex-offender traffickers sometimes, in my opinion.

But after all this was going on, and i leave out so much debauchery concerning this dude, my Homeboy Bullethead comes and sits down at the table as I'm playing chess with somebody else. He has this confused look on his face. Course he's not the brightest since he has a metal plate in his forehead for sticking a gun under his chin one night and blowing off the top of his head! But he survived of course...but I asked him what's wrong.

He says "ya know, I dont think that dude is really in here for being a child molester." I'm like 'Come on Bullethead, he said it loud enough for the whole pod to hear him!' He just shook his head and looks at me with a straight face, and tells me "I just think he tells people that cause he likes the attention."

Ha! Ha! Some people won't believe anything. What a twisted world we live in sometimes....

C.V.