

Aug, 2012

1.

Post.

Friday 10,  
August, 2012.

The creator of this web site says "Sometimes you may get negative comments," "it's best to just let them go." I'm not sure how my blog looks, so, I've decided to format the blog chronologically parallel to my life. I've already had some entries and musings and apologies. Of course everyone feels that their apology is the most important, the most emphatically heartfelt, the terrible pain I caused some folks, Of course spending my life and death in prison ??? First time, forced at gunpoint to drive on acquaintance to a burglary, 16 months, and a lifetime of regret and remorse, he just threw the generations of family photos in the trash. It makes me sick to have been any part of that over 20 years later, 2nd time of courtship in a to-be-in-manipulation story for stealing \$1,300<sup>00</sup> alcoholic? Yes! my, tired, broken? Yes, so 7 years straight, and groomed by the CDC, poor inadequate education, so apart, I tried so hard and I walked into 4 different

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weapons, just madness, sadness, drug addiction, and gave the tellers separate notes, walking out with a total of

16,000 which i now pay restitution on plus 4 life sentences (4-25 to life sentences), under 3 strikes, I am now no longer homeless, I have food, I have a little "room" - a little Buddha altar, an 80<sup>00</sup> guitar that sounds like 2000<sup>00</sup> some books, a T.V. My step father and my only true friend on Earth my sister Rose bought for me, and although i have never attended a funeral for Timmy my baby brother, or Phillip my big brother or Richie my middle dear brother or my father or step father, step mother, or My very own heart my Mother, some how this padded concrete slab i call a bed, is just wonderful. It is in preparation for death, I was raped and contracted HIV, I have Hepatitis C I have had lung cancer surgery I have degenerative disc disease and constant pain. I miss my sisters voice as much as i would miss drawing my next breath. There was a time when i was the sweetest, kindest, Am i gay? am i straightest wannabe peace loving hippie wanderer on earth? What happened?



On May 9 1956 Marwin Rodall Chaplin 10 pounds 9 ounces was born in the Bartholomew County hospital in Columbus Indiana, I was my Mother's 6<sup>th</sup> Child, she was 25 years old. My Mom & Dad divorced within 3 years of my birth and relatively soon, myself, Jimmy and Rosie, left my Dad, Marwin 'Bearcat' Chaplin and his new wife, Norma Jean Baker, and went about 100 miles North east of Columbus to Centerville Indiana on Route 40, 105 South Morton Avenue, an old hotel, me, Mom, my new stepdaddy Jemille Hale, Christina, my big sister, Phillip my biggest oldest brother and Jim Rose, and soon our newborn little brother, Richie Len Hale, Jen worked 6 to 3:30 at Phileo Ford, Mom worked 4 to 11:30 at Jody's restaurant. So Centerville we will start here, Muggy hot Indiana summers, big green trees, shade everywhere pushing my little trucks down the street. I have permanent scrapes on my elbows, a little park where in summer movies were shown, I saw my first film, 'Rebecca of Sunny Brook Farm', on a giant screen, lying on a grassy hillside, lightning bugs everywhere, there was a church in Centerville that chimed their hour and hour, bom, bom, bom, bom, bom, bom, bom, bom.

1 boy 2 boy 3 boy, whatever, Centerville had Victorian houses 1800's ambience and poverty, I smuck out the bedroom window wearing only jockey shorts at 4 years of age, when the "Beats" came on.

Ed Sullivan, I began singing their songs. There was a poor family "The Fabers" Willie, Cliffy, Mary was in a wheelchair and I would go there to their house down the back alley into the poverty and sing to them. Mary loved for me to sing to her.

Centerville, for a minute I had a best friend who was African American named Billy and he moved away it was meaningful to me because he smiled so big and hugged me.

2 dirty little kids, making roads and stuff playing "cars" in the alley. I began to think that my stepfather hated me, he sat in the dark after he got home from work, I only remember eating when my Mom was home.

We found out years later, CPS had taken his first 5 children and his first wife was locked away permanently, Mom gave him an almost instant 5 more, then 6, then 7. I

suffered molestation in Centerville to young to fully understand and when the police caught us, it seemed he hated me even more. I was 7 when it ended 5 when it started. But Centerville was

so much more than "bad" memories, I didn't really know they were bad, I slept on the floor from my earliest memories, to keep from being in between, Phillip & Jimmy, nothing terrible just no sleep. My memories of Rosie were mostly due to her quinds down the street, the Greens, Ms. Green played piano at home and in the church, Rose loved it, when I think of Rosie, I think of a little girl who cooked for her mother's husband & children from a very young age a girl who never ever had a father, though she had 2 of them, an accidental pregnancy at 16 to one of the ugliest boys in High School, she was drunk for the very first time. She told me "He ~~pubed~~ pubed when he touched me. Mom made her Mary ~~him~~ him, when the little girl was born it was the very first true happiness my sister Rose, experienced, maybe me too, cause the baby was a beautiful, beautiful blue eyed little girl, I got to hold her sometimes, rock her, Rose married and moved into a life with a guy she didn't know, who hit her and drank all the time, he was a hard worker though, half the time, he got me in the bargain and there were 'some' o.k. times. After they bought a house, he mostly stayed away, lot of rumors about another girl. Finally after giving birth to the cutest little boy ever, they

divorced; I know my sister has been loved by a man, but unfortunately not by either of her husbands. I hope she has found someone, as of this writing, she stopped sending me letters. I worry, but I have no right to worry. I deserted the one person who never, closed a door on me or refused me a meal, and I sob in my dreams and I sob ~~in my~~ when awake for the girl who knew me and who I knew, truly unlike, how any other may have perceived us, we knew one another's truths dreams, hopes, failings, and in an innocent normal way, not the perverse way of the twisted world we grew up in. As brother & sister, I can only pray she is doing alright. 1. August - Thursday - Aug-23-2012.

So I am looking at this writing. It's barely legible; but it's all I can do. I am in prison, the resources are few. I will do better. We moved from Centerville to Pershing Indiana, I was going into 3<sup>rd</sup> grade. MOM, was really happy about the 3 bedroom brick house we were moving into. I have a drawing here somewhere. It's been several days of over 100 degrees but it's finally cooling down. I'm out of paper. ITS 7: A.M. I'll be back - Love You.