

.. indoctrinate for blog. PLEASE & THANK YOU..

PART ONE...
Pg. ONE..

Experience is not what happens to a man: it is what a man does with what happens to him.

- Aldous Huxley, Texts & Pretexts

Life as a youth was struggle, I strived for understanding the world at a very young age.. My parents divorced while I was at the ripe of age of 7.. There was no figure of authority that could show me the essentials, or so, teach me who I am.. The course of going of school was of no speciality for an adolescence-seeking-guidance.. Thus, I stayed in the shadows, playing with a used trail-set.. & getting beatings with a braided-extension-cops, if I had fun with my spelling words (in) ten-fives each.. & without ever getting suspended from school; & at one point the 4th grade about a fundamental-one[!]. In the 5th grade, at an evening "parent-conference" that I had-also -- once begged my mother for attend.. & there finding, that I could not "read" literally.. My mother acted like it was constructive "ideal", "helpful" criticism, only for to be the most-painful, hurtful experience thing that I could have asked for [!]. I went thru the most tongue-lashing without the sense of rehabilitation whatsoever.. in tears I became because "mother" was embarrassed; without even an adult-plan for regroup, re-establish what was necessary [!]. Thus, getting exposed-out for not being able to read, was the only prescribed parental-method; & she never taught me either...

It is not he or she who reviles or strikes you who insults you, but your opinion that these things are insulting..

- Epictetus, Encheiridion

Going thru that, nearly all of my youth - teenage years not knowing how to read until the age of 23; the neglect, embarrassment has always been a persistent scar embedded.. My way of reading was articulated for street-life & its discretions, & undertakings [!]. For there was never a fundamental-role figure in my life.. But those that I hung around, saw come & go on the street-cops: the dopefiends, the crackheads, the pithheads - overall the one's that I sold narcotics for --

turn next please!

for them... of the many terrible, tragic stories of the urban-depleted life -- from the neighborhood junkie selling his mother's wedding ring & furniture to a field striving to sell her born (LSDop) baby, to watching family services take her child without a tear-shed... but only a sign of relief for further court her destruction... Hardships, the only sort of many, is the use of narcotics as an escape, the experiences of those that made that a way-of-life consistently... using it as a reliever for their created hardships one's life-brought about... The use of narcotics was never of way of escape, as I stealthfully listed & observed the rights, & the wrongs of these adults that also stand before, the horrors of addiction, never to become an addict...

Part 5 will be continued

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