

ABOUT THE ONE WITH THE UNFORTUNATE NICKNAME: VAMPIRE KILLER-
in his own words:

To begin with, my sins are my own, and I own them. It is my firm intention Allah willing, to make restitution to all the victims and victims' survivors. This is a priority for me before I die. I want to pay what I owe, before I go. I am fully aware that I have worked an enormous injustice on lots of people. I only write the following as an explanation as to how I arrived at this point with so many people offended.

I am not a vampire. I have done evil vampire-like things, but those evil behaviors I virulently eschew now. I am a product of childhood torture. At the point in American history where I was developing as a child, what is commonly accepted as protections for battered children nowadays, were not in existence then. My teachers, never even thought about calling the police or any other agency of government when I came to school with a black eye of a cut lip. I do have a small amount of evidence attached to this writing about the severe battering only, but not about some of the more abominable tortures that I endured as a small child.

As you can see from the excerpts from my stay in a mental hospital when I was 16 years old, there was substantial evidence I had been battered for some time. Such were

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the times back then that officials and clinicians made no mention of this type of abuse to government officials. As you can see from attachments 123 -- 128 my mother was the chief aggressor in battering. As you can see from attachment 128, my mother was even so brazen as to throw a bottle of pills at me during a home visit from the mental hospital and told me to kill myself. But it is far worse, that which never faced any scrutiny in the 1970's. It wasn't until I had undergone hundreds of hours of therapy after being arrested for murder that my repressed memories of even worse abuse surfaced: water torture, and at times, ritual abuse.

My father played a smaller role in abusing me, but at times he would beat me with a belt, an extension cord, or surgical tubing. Usually for taking his liquor and watering down what remained in the bottle. Understandable maybe, but very confusing for a child because he would often give me treats of small glasses of whiskey. So the lines of what was allowed and what was not allowed were considerably blurred.

Back to my mother and her favorite torture when my father was at work. The water torture. To a child of five or even younger, this undoubtedly shaped me into a mentally ill adult. She would fill the sink or the tub. She would

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state her intention to drown me. Then she would duck my head repeatedly until I was choking and hysterical. All the while she was growling like a dog and laughing.

Mother had weird friends. She was or is a member of a witches coven. Often while she had her female friends over at the house, she would suddenly punch my face a few times, send me to my room and while laughing declare, "He's gonna get a complex!"

Mother is an amateur actor in a theatre group. She can cry fake tears on cue. Unfortunately for me, she has used her talents to conceal her having abused me so badly.

There was one or perhaps more than one instance where she gripped my small head and smashed it against the wall over and over while screaming I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! I HATE YOU! until I fell unconscious.

The ritual abuse I have only foggy recollections of, but the other abuse I have more concrete memories of. I was, I believe drugged around ten years old and subjected at one of her witch parties to consume a brew of sorts, which made me vomit. There is a strong possibility of sexual contact with her friends. I awoke in bed with bandaids on my neck, arms and legs. Doubtless this is where my paranoia about my blood being taken originated. I have even fainter recollections of a ritual where a slaughtered infant was

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eaten, the fingers cut off with scissors- mother in attendance.

I only explain this to point out that I am human, with all the frailties that come with being human. The human child does not possess an adequate defense from abuse like this from his own mother at such a critical stage in his development.

For my part I am very sorry for having hurt people. I am a work in progress. I have come a long way towards reconstituting myself. I am dedicated to the huge task of making amends while I still breathe- Allah willing.

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