

Reply ID: 3dg9

Letter to Mrbuku

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Greetings Mrbuku,

Apparently you don't realize that I remember everyone from my past, quite vividly. Do you remember Jason Costermellon, or Brandon Kingsley, or Adam Erickson? (I did not put the names of the acquaintances I had whom I suspect you might be).

Most poignantly I remember the girls, some of whom I was far too insecure, believe it or not, to seek relationships with.

You do, apparently, know of things I did, but you might not fully realize why I did them. At the time, neither did I — and this is not an excuse, nor even a claim that I would've done better things instead, if I knew now what I didn't know then.

I hope I would've done better, but what viable options might I have had?

The "bomb" scare in Central H.S. — I foolishly poured cologne on the toilet lid while high on weed, thinking a flaming toilet seat was hilarious. Although I blew the fire out — so I thought, but alcohol burns a nearly invisible blue... — it reignited. The seat was plastic & burned hot, so hot that it exploded the porcelain toilet that was filled with cold water. A lot of smoke, a big mess, but no bomb & foolishness, not malice.

I wound up in Pawhide Boys Ranch for that. It was an Evangelical Christian place, and, as you may know — I was NOT religious & found their ideology offensive. So, they ended up kicking me out.

My own reality was dark. Most likely you did not know that my mom had Multiple-Personality Disorder (M.P.D.), now known as Dissociative Identity Disorder (D.I.D.), as did my youngest brother, and I acted as a chief caretaker (along with Larry Today, her boyfriend/landlord). I'd pulled a cleaver out of my mom's hand after she cut her forearm and heck open with it and then swung it at me. One time I pulled a steak knife out of my youngest brother's hand (both he & mom were not allowed access to knives, as they'd cut themselves so many times) as he toyed with it, sitting next to my sister on a couch & looking crazy, which infuriated him to the point that he tried to brain me with a cast-iron scale; & when

I threw him to the floor & made him stay there until my mom & Larry returned, my dear mom had me put in Juv for attacking my brother.

That is, I assure you, the tip only of a black iceberg.

By no means was I perfect, certainly no knight in shining armor, no saint, not even an altar boy. But there were some factors beyond my control that made me anxious, that made me prone to overreact & go to extremes, to catastrophize.

What's the best thing to do when you're hopeless? What can you do when nothing matters, when you just can't make things better?

You can go down hard, and that's what I did, on many occasions, although I didn't realize that at the time.

There's little unique about my story, except that I'm somewhat aware of it.

And, of course, many are more passive about their seemingly hopeless lots.

Dig, if you go back & read an older post on this blog, "Why I Did It," you'll get some insight as to the crime I'm in here for. More will come out when I finish my autobiography.

Your comment left me feeling cold, about you seeing me as "skewed" in my "world view." You may be right, but I never picked the world I found myself in out there, nor the world that I find myself in in here. My shrink here says I'm "surprisingly normal."

^{+ then a max-security seg. unit}
Somehow I made the adjustment from WI's supermax prison to this place, which is akin to a medium-security prison in WI. I went from 24-hrs. / 7-days-a-week lockdown to spending 12-14 hours a day out of my cell, 3-6 hours a day outdoors. So, if I were to ever be released, I'm sure I could adjust, especially since I have some people who truly love me who would support me psychologically, emotionally & physically.

But the system is the system and has no intention on ever freeing me. This does not render me hopeless, which may surprise you, yet, even if it did, now that I know how I dug my hole deeper when I previously felt hopeless, I can struggle to not make the same mistake over and over.

Wish you well too.