

DEAR READER,

HEY. I HOPE EVERYONE IS DOING WELL.  
I'M GOING TO START OFF BY TELLING YOU ABOUT  
THE LIFE I HAVE LIVED. I WILL BE AS DETAILED AS  
I CAN BE WITHOUT INFRINGING ON ANYONE ELSE'S  
RIGHT TO PRIVACY.

I WAS BORN IN HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA  
ON AUGUST 26<sup>TH</sup>, 1981. MY MOTHER WAS SERVING IN  
THE UNITED STATES ARMY AT THE TIME AND  
HAD TO TAKE PATERNSITY LEAVE TO GIVE BIRTH  
TO ME. I HAD AN OLDER BROTHER & AN OLDER SISTER  
AT THE TIME. AND OF COURSE, A FATHER. BUT MY  
MOTHER LEFT HIM AFTER HE BECAME VIOLENT WITH  
HER. I REMEMBER NOTHING OF HIM EXCEPT WHAT I'VE  
LEARNED GROWING UP & FROM MY INVESTIGATORS.

I GREW UP WITH ONE UNDERSTANDING THAT HE WAS  
AN ABUSIVE ALCOHOLIC. AS AN ADULT I FOUND OUT HE  
WASN'T ALWAYS LIKE THAT. WAR DID SOMETHING BAD  
TO HIS MENTAL HEALTH & HE TURNED TO ALCOHOL &  
DRUGS TO MEDICATE HIMSELF. I LEARNED HE WAS  
A GOOD MAN UNTIL HE CAME BACK FROM WAR.

WHEN I WAS ABOUT 1 YEAR OLD MY MOTHER  
LEFT MY FATHER AND STARTED DATING ANOTHER  
MAN WHO WAS ALSO IN THE ARMY. MY MOTHER, MY  
OLDER BROTHER, SISTER AND MY YOUNGER BROTHER  
THEN MOVED TO FAYETTEVILLE, N.C. AND LIVED ON  
FORT BRAGG'S ARMY BASE.

I FORGOT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING... BEFORE

MY MOM MET HER NEW SOLDIER, SHE DATED THIS OTHER GUY WHO WAS ALSO ABUSIVE AND SHE KICKED HIM OFF THE CURB TOO. BUT NOT BEFORE HAVING A CHILD WITH HIM.

I CAN'T REMEMBER MUCH OF LIVING ON BASE. MY MEMORY GOES BACK TO AFTER WE MOVED OFF BASE AND TO WENNSON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA, WHERE I GREW UP. AS A CHILD, I DON'T KNOW I WAS LIVING AS AN ABUSED CHILD. NO CHILD DOES. LIFE IS JUST LIFE AND "WE LEARN AS WE LIVE." MY NEW STEPFATHER, WHO WAS DISHONORABLY DISCHARGED FROM THE ARMY FOR FAKING DRUG TESTS DUE TO HIS LOVE OF REEFER, WAS THE SERPENT IN MY HOME. MY MOTHER WAS A JACK DAVER AND WAS GONE SEVERAL DAYS, AT THE LEAST, AT A TIME. IN THAT TIME HE ABUSED MY SISTER & ME. I WOULD GO INTO THE DETAILS OF MY SIBLINGS. I WAS BEATEN ON MANY OCCASIONS THE WAY A CHILD SHOULD NEVER BE BEATEN. ON AVERAGE, MY ORDERS WERE TO SCRIP & PEG MY HANDS ON THE WALL. I HAD TO "SOUND OFF" EACH TIME HE HAD ME WITH AN EXTENSION CORD OR BECAUSE OF MY SISTERS BACON.... "COUNTING OFF" WAS COUNTING EACH STRIKE. IF I DROPPED MY HANDS, TURNED SIDEWAYS, OR CRIED INSTEAD OF SOUNDING OFF, HE'D START OVER AT ONE.... I HAD TO MAKE SO TO TEN BEFORE HE'D QUIT. I LEARNED A HARD LESSON ABOUT DROPPING MY HANDS. I ONLY DO SO ONE TIME SINCE I CAN REMEMBER. HE COUFFED MY HANDS TOGETHER AND HUNG THE CENTER CHAIN ON THE HANDCUFFS ON A PLANT HOOK. I WAS SCRECHED

up onto my toes. I was there for awhile. I don't know how many times he hit me, but it was more than the normal seven. And I don't remember "sounding off."

I was the only child that was abused, this way, in my household. He passed my sister accusations that I was being bad and would punish me. I was my sister's deflection. Growing up, I hated her for always lying on me. I never knew if I had done wrong for her, my older sister, to lie on me. Had I known what she was going through... I'd have taken those beatings with pride... to keep her... mind off of my big sis. I learned the details of other while I've been on deaf row. I felt so bad for having my sis growing up like that. Now I understand so much better after a friend's letter wanting to re-establish our familial ties. I never did anything real bad so her I'd go off the deep end across her over when she lied on me that was it. But still, if I'd have known I could have done something right?

She doesn't write. I'm lucky if I get a card once a year. I don't hear from my family much. You'll learn why in the next few blogs.

That stepdad left when I was about 10 years old. I'd been beaten bloody on several occasions. I don't know how much of a difference it's made in me as an adult but I can say

This. I'm AGAINST BEARING CHILDREN—Posno Blanks.  
WE ARE ADVOCS! WE HAVE YEARS & YEARS OF  
INTELLIGENCE THAT WE'VE LEARNED THROUGHOUT OUR  
LIVES BUT SO DOESN'T MEAN JACK IF WE CAN'T  
USE SO DO OUTSMART OUR CHILDREN & TEACH THEM HOW  
TO BEHAVE WITHOUT BEING VIOLENT. VIOLENCE CREATES  
VIOLENCE. PERIOD. A CHILD KNOWS NOTHING UNTIL IT  
IS TAUGHT SOMETHING. THEIR SPONGE-LIKE MINDS SOAK  
UP EVERYTHING THEY SEE, HEAR & FEEL AND WHATEVER  
STICKS IS WHAT/WHO THEY WILL BECOME. I DON'T  
GROW UP AN ABUSER. BUT I AM A VIOLENT PERSON. I HAVE  
MEN THAT ABUSE CHILDREN & WOMEN. I'VE HURT MANY MEN  
WHO'VE ABUSED SOMEONE IN MY PRESENCE... BAD. BUT THAT'S  
WHERE MY VIOLENT SIDE STOPS. I DON'T WANT TO HURT ANYONE.  
I LIKE TO CHILL, LAUGH... MAKE OTHERS LAUGH. BUT WHEN  
A MAN BEATS/ABUSES A WOMAN OR A CHILD... WELL, THAT'S  
THE DIFFERENCE MY CHILDHOOD HAS MADE IN ME AS AN ADVOC.

I'LL END THIS BLOG HERE. AND WOAH THERE.

I WAS BEAVER BAD AS A CHILD...

NOW I'M ON DEATH ROW FOR DEFENDING MY LIFE  
WHEN SOMEONE TRIED TO KILL ME.

THEY SAID SO WAS OVERKILL SO SO HAD TO BE MURDER...  
BUT I SAY I HAVE EXTREME REACTIONS TO PEOPLE WHO  
TRY TO HURT ME.

UNTIL NEXT TIME.