

● Dear John:

I never received any comments from "Tom", but they may be from the real Tom, as sad as it may seem. (Please send me a copy of his comments)

Yes, most people tend to wonder, "Why would your brother/mother hate you." My reply is, "Go ahead and ask 'em." I ain't hiding anything.

That Tom deluded himself into justifying hatred of me bemuses me. He was my older brother, bigger, but unpopular & bullied. I once saved him from two bullies who chased him into a library; he called me, not the cops; I went over, w/ a baseball bat, told the two to leave — "We don't have a problem with you Nate..."

"I don't care. He's my brother. Leave or I'm fuckin' ya up." They left.

● About the worst thing I ever did to Tom is break my hand punching him in his forehead. He was fine. I ^{was} hurt.

He did some far worse things to me.

But, when people — they must live with themselves, after all — are about to or do do ya wrong, abandon you, whatever, they need to justify it by thinking you're a "monster" or "deserve" it.

With my mom, she was terrified that I might expose or blame her abuse & neglect on me "becoming" a killer. While you & I know that's not a viable defense — prisons would be near empty if it was — she had a façade of a "good" Catholic marm to maintain & was terrified of skeletons being drug out (e.g. her public confession, rather bizarre, according to my uncle André Guite — a man

● who's too simple & zealous in his Pentecostal faith to lie — in a Duluth, MN church, to molesting her kids). Apparently

she decided to demonize me to discredit me before I might do so.

See, I'm already a "killer." Of course I might lie about my mom kicking me down basement stairs, while I was breathing through my trike's handlebars, almost killing me when the end of the bare bar gouged into my throat, splitting my forehead out on edge of a stair (my right eyebrow is still paralyzed, partly). But the scars, in my throat + on my head, don't lie, neither does the uncle who also isn't in my life (no relationship developed, as mom hid us from our relatives, telling us they were pedophile Satan-worshipping baby killers - kids believe their mommy).

By the way, do you know - despite me scoring a perfect 10 on the Adverse Childhood Experience survey - if took over 13 years before a prison psychologist diagnosed me with PTSD? She was a good Christian woman, a fine lady. She also said I was "narcissistic" because I refused to stop helping severely abused prisoners - see <http://wisconsinwatch.org/series/waupun-allegations>, you'll notice, in the data section, I'm a main source for the articles - file complaints + suits. Look up what a narcissist is to fully realize how foul she was.

"J'accuse" As you know, it's Satan who does that; it's literally the meaning of his name! Jesus was a defense attorney. (I said that to a prosecutor once, at my sentencing for assaulting a guard).

People do rotten things, then are in such terror from guilt that they do worse things. Those people are called the "good" guys. I'm glad to be bad - at least I don't gotta lie to myself.

Back to work John. Take care + thanks.

Nate.