

## Comment Reply

Reply ID: ef4b

Hi Jonny, nice to hear from you again, as always. So yes, the S.D. paper had an article. Yep. The sentence was actually 36 years + 600, though... please don't shortchange me, bud! 😊

Anyway, you might notice, or maybe not, that the article only reported from pig sources. They don't even pretend to be balanced, and tellingly, they offer nothing from any actual humans who were involved. Not a single word from any witness, no alleged "victim", nothing like that, ever. It says a lot, doesn't it, that no human beings were even consulted for the "news" story? Just the pigs. Odd, right?

In fact, what's even more telling is that no ~~human beings~~ <sup>humans spoke</sup> at the sentencing hearing, either, just myself and a substitute prostitute. The prostitutes sure did beg the witnesses to come speak, though, or at least send a written statement... yet not a single one did. Why do you suppose that is? Normally, an actual victim would want to say something during sentencing. To speak their mind, say their piece. Curse and condemn, or maybe forgive and forget, but something. Not here, though. The reality in this case is, the only ones who wanted me in prison were the pigs whose careers were advanced by adding this conviction to their résumés. The real humans who were involved were my friends... actual friends, and none of them WANTED to participate in this lynching. Some were threatened by the cops, while others were relentlessly ragged into making a statement. Some had mixed feelings about me; others knew beyond any doubt that what the P.O.S. piggies were doing to me — and doing to THEM — was 100% wrong. No one wanted any of what happened, though, and none would've chosen this outcome if any part of the system had ever given one half of a smelly shit what they wanted. But of course, such a shit is never given about what people think of what's done in their names... these people, my friends, were never anything but tools in the eyes of the scum prosecutors who used and abused them, and those they couldn't use to hurt me, they simply bullied into silence.

You say I've said nothing about appeals or habeas petitions. For the most part, I've chosen not to blog about my legal battles. At worst, it bores most people, and at best it's just kind of self-indulgent. But yes, of course I've done all that, and I continue pursuing it today. In fact, one innocence project recently took an interest, after I've been beating down their doors for almost a decade. It's very rare for an I.P. to take on a non-DNA case; it's just too hard to prove the underlying misconduct without a hard piece of exonerating physical evidence to get your foot in the door. But my particular case is SO full of such BLATANT misconduct that it still occasionally piques some interest. Either way, my pro-se habeas efforts failed, and I thought I knew what to do, as you pointed out: Just tell the truth! Put it all out there, supply whatever evidence I had

access to... it seemed simple. But that's not at all how it works, as I found out. Maybe I'll post some excerpts from the federal judge's ruling; it's pretty wild. She literally just ignores or flat out lies about the parts of my claims she doesn't like, the ones that should've earned a reversal, and she knew she'd get away with it because... what could I do to stop her? Nothing. File an objection? Sure, and I did. That got ignored as well, like I never even said anything. I had no lawyer, and I wasn't physically in the courtroom to address any inaccuracies in real time - it's all done on paper, through the mail. So, she does whatever she wants, basically saying "You don't like my ruling? Oh well - appeal it." And I did, but since higher courts aren't required to review cases, they simply choose not to, and then case closed. What a neat little system!

Look, I'm happy you got things to work out for you, Jonny. I'm happy for ANYONE who manages to get themselves out of these dungeons. You may not see it this way, but from my perspective, you are an ex-inmate and therefore you've at least been in the same boat as me. I'm on your side, as far as that goes. We don't have to agree on anything else, that's fine. Solidarity doesn't require consensus, or even mutual fondness. You're still an escapee of sorts, one who got away, and I congratulate you and root you on for that.

So... "Sexual predator," you say. But no, I'm not. I'm maybe the furthest thing from what that label implies, but I doubt I'll ever convince you of that so we can just leave it there. Suffice it to say, maybe the only accurate claim in that newspaper article is that yes, I did let Coby drive my car that night as we left the campground. He had jokingly suggested it, then I realized, "Hey, it's a completely empty parking lot, well-lit and closed for the night, it's still early evening... why not?" So I told Coby OK, he thought I was B.S.-ing him, then we did it. He drove really well for first time in a manual, right up until the pigs carjacked and kidnapped us. Him driving, in fact, was the ONLY crime, and the minor infraction that would normally get a traffic ticket was on him, not even me (and even the ~~ticket~~ ticket is debatable, since the law is unclear about unlicensed drivers driving in parking lots rather than roads & highways). So yeah, probably a traffic ticket at most. I got six centuries for it.

Wrong place, wrong time, you said? Yep, that about sums it up. Life is funny. Have a good one, J.

Sincerely,  
Dimitri