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Fifthnail. blogspot. com. ar/
 Buenas a todos. Como se puede deducir por el título, este blog tendrá el objetivo de traducir "The Fifth Nail" es un blog escrito por Joseph Edward Duncan III, asesino y delincuente sexual. Lo traduzco sin objetivos de morbo o incitación a actos
reprochables, simplemente me pareció interesante como casi podemos meternos en una mente enferma y entenderla con unas cuantas palabras. No sé cada cuanto subiré una entrada, pero probablemente pueda subir una cada 1/2 días. Aclaro que la traducción no será 100% perfecta, si véis fallos notables o no entendéis muy bien la forma en la que
está escrito, decídmelo y haré lo que pueda. This section is a virtual "look" into the mind and madness of an insane man. Joseph E. Duncan III kidnapped, sexually assaulted and then murdered several children over a period of eight years and in four different states. He has been convicted and sentenced to life in prison without parole in two states
(Idaho and California) and has three Federal death sentences. He currently resides on Federal death row in Terre Haute, Indiana while his court appointed attorneys appeal on his behalf and against his wishes (Duncan himself has expressly rejected all appeals). On July 2nd, 2005, in the early morning hours, Duncan was spotted at a Denny's
restaurant in Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, with eight year old Shasta. Shasta and her nine year old brother, Dylan, were the subject of an "Amber Alert" after three other members of their family were found bludgeoned to death in their home six weeks earlier. Duncan later confessed that he had entered the home while the family slept with the express intent
of murdering the parents and kidnapping the children. He claims he wanted "revenge against society" for sending him to prison for twenty years for sexually assaulting a younger boy (fourteen year old) when he himself was only sixteen years for sexually assaulting a younger boy (fourteen year old) when he himself was only sixteen years for sexually assaulting a younger boy (fourteen year old) when he himself was only sixteen years for sexually assaulting a younger boy (fourteen year old) when he himself was only sixteen years for sexually assaulting a younger boy (fourteen year old) when he himself was only sixteen years for sexually assaulting a younger boy (fourteen year old) when he himself was only sixteen years for sexually assaulting a younger boy (fourteen year old) when he himself was only sixteen years for sexually assaulting a younger boy (fourteen year old) when he himself was only sixteen years for sexually assaulting a younger boy (fourteen year old) when he himself was only sixteen years for sexually assaulting a younger boy (fourteen year old) when he himself was only sixteen years for sexually assaulting a younger boy (fourteen year old) when he himself was only sixteen years for sexually assaulting a younger boy (fourteen year old) when he himself was only sixteen years for sexually assaulting a younger boy (fourteen year old) when he himself was only sixteen years for sexually assaulting a younger boy (fourteen year old) when he himself was only sixteen years for sexually assaulting a younger boy (fourteen year old) when he himself was only sixteen years for sexually assaulting a younger boy (fourteen year old) when he himself was only sixteen years for sexually assaulting a year old) when he himself was only sixteen years for sexually assaulting a year old year old year old year old year old year old years for year old year old year old year old year old year old years for year old year 
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"Reflections"-section of The Fifth Nail is a collection of Duncan's most intimate thoughts and reflections as he tries to sort out the madness, or sickness, that lead him to believe he had a "right to justice". Duncan makes no claim of understanding or justification for what he has done, and repeatedly insists on his profound ignorance and responsibility.
He has said in court many times (while representing himself in order to prevent his attorneys from "distorting the truth" about what happened and why) that there is "no excuse" for what he did, and that he accepts responsibility for it, "to the death if necessary". Duncan plead guilty unconditionally in Federal court (i.e. there was no "plea deal")
against his attorney's advice. He also expressly refused to appeal his death sentences, not because "society must learn on its own what I have learned". (Duncan believes that an appeal would only serve to distract society from the truth of what it is doing, which he says is no different than what he was doing; seeking "false
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Joseph Duncan. The list is not meant to serve as a critique of the books Duncan has read, though he does often express his opinion about them. He frequently insists that these opinions are his own and admits they are based solely on his limited and often ignorant views. So, once more we provide this information not to propagate Duncan's viewpoints
but only to expose them according to the overall theme of this blog. Metamorphosis of Narcissus (1937) by Salvador Dalí The Fifth Nail blog has always been written as an honest expression of my most personal thoughts, feelings, dreams, and memories. But, it's not a blog about "me", per se. I believe that I am a reflection of everything and everyone
that exists. So, by writing about myself, I am hoping to let people see reflections of themselves in me. I cannot tell anyone what reflections will be as clear as possible. The more honest I am, the more clear they will be. Different people will see different
even if they themselves do not realize what they see is only a reflection of their own heart, the reflection itself will in turn be reflected by the things we do and say, and the more honest we are with ourselves and others, the more the intelligence of nature is
reflected in us, whether we realize it or not. So, being honest, to me, is kind of prime directive in life. The more honest we are, the clearer our reflections will be. Thus I see myself, or rather - my existence, as a kind of mirror, which in itself is unimportant. But, what I "reflect" is everything - and the only thing - that matters. So the better I reflect,
mistake "judgment", but it has been recognized and called many other things, such as "sin", "fear", "ignorance". But no matter what it is called, it is a blemish on the mirror our souls are meant to be. We are not made to judge or even comprehend our existence; we were made simply to reflect, and perhaps appreciate, the Truth that is reflected in us
doing so meant only that I have to be 80% paralyzed on my left side longer, and whatever other maladies (debilitating consequences) the tumor has in store for me down the road (three to six months from now I could lose the ability to speak, eat, or even crap without needing a diaper change (man, that really "hurt" to write that, and I'm sure it will
"hurt" even more if and when it happens).It's sinking in slowly, just how much worse it can (and likely will) get. The worst part isn't shitting my pants (which thankfully I haven't done yet, not being able to feel or use my left hand (thank God I still have nearly 100% use of my right hand (my writing hand!). The worst part, and what I dread the most, is
losing my ability to think clearly, and solve simple problems, like just covering myself with a blanket to get warm so I can sleep. I never thought of such things as a "skill" before. But, not being able to do such simple tasks, without getting confused and frustrated, has changed my perspective on what a "skill" even is. Part 2: How It All Fits
(Understanding, Love, Judgment, Hate, etc.) Love is understanding, understanding is the absence of judgment (i.e. forgiveness, which is also love, proper). Faith is the absence of fear (and vice versa). Fear prevents understanding accompanied by fear
find the fear, confront it, and then understanding will arise. This is the simplest form of a miracle (a.k.a. "healing"). Innocence is a form of false understanding that twists the mind's ability to perceive and understand anything (i.e. ignorance is
insanity, which is also judgment without understanding (i.e. without judgment with understanding (if you read the above carefully, with understanding invokes fear, and hatred. Understanding invokes fear, and love. Understanding is the comprehension that occurs when we
see the connection, and/or relationships between two or more principles. It's really very simple, once you understand. Part 3: P.S. They're watching me now I know they're watching me now I know why, even though I can't tell you that either. If I said (wrote) the reason
then they'd just change it. They change it. They change the reasons for what they do all the time --- that's why they say "the reasons don't matter in the end, only the consequence matters. I agree that the reasons don't matter in the end, only the consequence matters. I agree that the reasons don't matter in the end, only the consequence matters. I agree that the reasons don't matter in the end, only the consequence matters. I agree that the reasons don't matter in the end, only the consequence matters. I agree that the reasons don't matter in the end, only the consequence matters. I agree that the reasons don't matter in the end, only the consequence matters. I agree that the reasons don't matter in the end, only the consequence matters. I agree that the reasons don't matter in the end, only the consequence matters. I agree that the reasons don't matter in the end, only the consequence matters. I agree that the reasons don't matter in the end, only the consequence matters. I agree that the reasons don't matter in the end, only the consequence matters. I agree that the reasons don't matter in the end, only the consequence matters. I agree that the reasons don't matter in the end, only the consequence matters. I agree that the reasons don't matter in the end, only the consequence matters. I agree that the reasons don't matter in the end, only the consequence matter in the end, only t
Surgery AftermathSo, a couple of weeks ago I let some brain surgeons cut a three-inch hole in my skull so they could reduce the mass of a fist-sized tumor that was killing me. They told me even before the surgery and any follow-up treatment (like, chemo-therapy
and radiation-therapy) would be simply to slow it down, and hopefully slow down the debilitating effects of the tumor as well. So, I refused the chemo and radiation "therapies", because I saw no advantage in slowing it down, if doing so meant only that I have to be 80% paralyzed on my left side longer, and whatever other maladies (debilitating
consequences) the tumor has in store for me down the road (three to six months from now I could lose the ability to speak, eat, or even crap without needing a diaper change (man, that really "hurt" to write that, and I'm sure it will "hurt" even more if and when it happens). It's sinking in slowly, just how much worse it can (and likely will) get. The
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reasons" don't matter in the end, only the consequence matters. I agree that the reasons don't matter in the end. [J.D. Nov 5. 2020] These are the complete blogs of convicted serial killer Joseph Edward Ducan III, ranging in date from 2004 to 2020. They include
previously lost material archived from his now-defunct posts, which is unavailable anywhere else, even on The Fifth Nail blog site, and contain confessions to and details of his crimes. The volume of this work makes it a collector's item unique in the genre. Bueno, fui a la oficina de UPS hoy y recogí el paquete inmediatamente después del trabajo. Era
la fuente de alimentación para mi trackerpod*, pero no funcionó, así que tengo que devolver el powerpad*. Que fastidio. Hago pedidos on-line todo el tiempo y raramente me encuentro problemas como estos, e incluso esto es prácticamente lo mismo que devolver algo en una tienda (hago eso mucho también). Empecé un proyecto aspx de dotnet* hoy
en el trabajo. Comencé a programar en C#* hace un par de semanas haciendo una aplicación windows de dotnet , pero este nuevo proyecto es una aplicación web dotnet que utiliza la misma tecnología que compañías como Google usan para crear sus rastreadores web. Es algo muy interesante, y pretendo usar lo que estoy aprendiendo al hacer esto
para crear mis propios rastreadores que me ayuden a obtener información para mi nuevo website. Adoro los ordenadores. Creo que ni siquiera hemos empezado a ver como revolucionaran el mundo. En este siglo, probablemente durante mi tiempo de vida, veremos y entenderemos y entenderemos verdaderos sistemas inteligentes, y nos veremos obligados a dejar de
(no me malinterpretéis, respeto la filosofía de las grandes mentes, pero no la retórica filosofíca generada por las mentes más débiles). El nuevo gobernador de Minnesota ha decidido hacer las cosas incluso más difíciles para los agresores sexuales en su estado. Más camas en las prisiones, condenas más largas, condiciones de libertad provisional más
estrictas... todos los cuales equivalen directamente de forma no casual a más dinero, por supuesto. El Complejo Industrial Penitenciario debe de haberse corrido en los pantalones ante eso. No sé, pero me gusta la manera de ver las cosas de Noam Chomsky. Él dice que si quieres entender lo que ves en las noticias, simplemente "pregúntate a ti mismo
quien sale beneficiado". El dice esto de forma bastante literal, y dice que no es solo una orientación, si no que es la norma que utiliza todo el tiempo, y afirma que no tiene ni idea de lo que habla porque como profesor de
universidad, normalmente habla y escribe a un nivel de licenciado. El estadounidense medio lee a un nivel de noveno grado*, mientras que la mayoría de documentos gubernamentales están escribe a un nivel de noveno grado*. Intentemos el algoritmo de Chomsky. Preguntemos "¿quién sale beneficiado?" Bueno, hay un sinfín de
estudios que indican claramente que las prisiones no tienen un efecto consistente en las tasas de criminalidad; así que podemos descartar que la sociedad se beneficiándose claramente del crecimiento de las prisiones. ¿Es eso un problema?
Bueno, considerad esto: de acuerdo con el libro "Race to Incarcerate", aunque USA cuenta solamente como el 5% de la población mundial, también contamos como un cuarto (25%) de la población penitenciaria mundial. Tenemos el doble de índice de encarcelamiento que cualquier otro país, ¡y por mucho el más alto a través de toda la historia! Sí
creo que hay un problema aquí, porque parece obvio que alguien se está beneficiando de todo este crimen, y no son los criminales. La verdad es que vivimos en una sociedad en la que la gente en puestos de poder tiene la habilidad de lucrarse enormemente del crimen. ¿De verdad creéis que quieren detenerlo? Hay un montón de maneras probadas en
las que podemos reducir el crimen, una de las cuales es educar a nuestros presos. Es extraño que los programas de educación tiene un efecto directo en la reincidencia de
todos los crímenes, razas, edades y sexos. Quien lo diría. *Trackerpad y Powerpad son dispositivos para controlar los movimientos de una webcam. *Dotnet (o .NET) es un framework de Microsoft que permite desarrollar aplicaciones de instituto en USA
(se entra normalmente con 14-15 años) y el undécimo y duodécimo equivaldrían al penúltimo y último año respectivamente (abarcando desde los 16 hasta los 19 años). *G.E.D. es un grupo de tests que aprobados equivalen al diploma del instituto. After parting ways with my father on our two car road trip in Colorado, I headed North, driving non-stop
 through Denver then into Wyoming. I didn't stop until I had reached Casper, where I found a public library so I could check the Web for news about the boy (Anthony) I had kidnapped, raped, and murdered in Southern California in early April, several weeks before. I just wanted to make sure I wasn't a named suspect. I wasn't. Then I gassed up --- I
spent the night in a mostly empty park near Casper, sleeping in the car, the same car I had used to kidnap Anthony in plain sight of numerous witnesses, mostly empty park near Casper, sleeping in the car, the same car I had used to kidnap Anthony in plain sight of numerous witnesses, mostly empty park near Casper, sleeping in the car, the same car I had told my father I planned to get a new identity in Canada, then find a job and live my life in peace there. I left the
freeway after Missoula and continued North on a State highway that connected several small towns like pearls on a string all the way to a remote border station Northwestern Montana. A state trooper flashed its light and siren behind me at one point, which made me think I was busted. But, when I obediently slowed and pulled to the side of the road
he just sped past me, apparently on his way to some other emergency. At the border I told the Canadian border guard that I was sight-seeing on my way to Seattle. I did not expect any more problem getting into Canada than I had driving into Mexico several months before. But the border guard got suspicious and told me to pull into the inspection
station. For the second time that day I though I was busted. When they searched the car they found several IDs that belonged to other people, camping gear, extra food and clothes that made it obvious I was living in the car, and a book on how to create a false identity in Canada. On top of all that I had given them my real name and driver's license
and the car wasn't registered in my name. (It belonged to a friend of mine who lived in Seattle.) Obviously they weren't going to let me enter Canada. So after enough time waiting for them to contact the U.S. authorities, on the other side of this border crossing, they showed me what they found in my car, returned it to me (technically, nothing was
illegal), then told me I was denied entry an let me return to the U.S.. Of course, the U.S. border guard was waiting for me. He came out of his booth and he returned there to answer. After a brief conversation he steppe back out of the booth only to wave me on my way. No
questions, no inspection, just, "go!"So, I went. Fast! As soon as I was out of sight of the border station I floored it. I figured that the border station ha called the police in the nearest town, which was about nine or ten miles from the border station ha called the police in the nearest town, which was about nine or ten miles from the border station ha called the police in the nearest town, which was about nine or ten miles from the border station has a sound in the nearest town, which was about nine or ten miles from the border station has a sound in the nearest town, which was about nine or ten miles from the border station has a sound in the nearest town, which was about nine or ten miles from the border station has a sound in the nearest town, which was a sound in the nearest town as a sound in the nearest town.
surprise, instead of the other way around. So, I drove at over a hundred (MPH) until I reached the first turn off was just one block before the only signal light, which I could see was red, and waiting for me. There was no other road through town, but the turn off gave me access to an alley that ran behind the houses
on the main street. I followed the alley at a crawl until I reached the entrance, the light, or the exit to the town. I already skirted the entrance, so now I drove across the road and into another alley, this time running behind a handful
of stores that lined main-street. And sure enough, as I drove through the alley I spotted a solitary police cruiser parked between two of the buildings, facing the main intersection, no doubt waiting for me. I just kept driving slowly right behind the cruiser, literally less than 50 feet away. He didn't see me. Then I came out at the end of the alley into the
town's one and only gas station, which sat right at the edge of town. Because a curve in the road at this juncture, I was able to continue out of town without being seen, by simply driving through the gas station, past the pumps, and then out onto the highway headed South again into the forests. But now it would be another 20 miles or so until the next
town, again with no turn offs, and this time the town was much larger with presumable many more police waiting for me. There seemed no escape. Then worse, I spotted an official Forest Service vehicle apparently coming from the Forest Service vehicle apparently coming from the Forest Service Station a few miles South of town on the same road. I watched the driver as she passed, and noticed it
was indeed a Forest Service Ranger, mot likely on her way to provide backup for the sole police officer in town, still waiting to make a felony fugitive arrest at the red light. The Ranger seemed preoccupied with her thoughts as we drove past each other on the highway. But then, at the last moment as our vehicles passed, I saw her do a double take and
look right at me, and her jaw dropped. I guessed that she had already been informed of the "suspect and vehicle description", so when she saw me she realized I must have slipped past the trap. That meant I had only seconds to make my escape good. So, I sped up again, then pulled off the road into the first clearing I came to, and headed for the trees.
which happened to line the ridge o a small hill that the car ('87 Cadillac New Yorker) could climb easily enough, even off road through wild grass. I almost didn't slow down when I reached the ridge, but at the last moment I decided it probably wasn't a good idea to go flying over a ridge not knowing what lay on the other side. And that caution saved
my life, because there was nothing on the other side but air! It was a sheer cliff carved out of the hill, and with nowhere else to hide, I got back on the road and sped South again. Luckily I came to a dirt road turn off with a sign that read, "Public Picnic P
Area". I slowed and took the turn being careful not to stir up too much dust or leave any skid marks at the entrance. I hoped that with only one car in pursuit I'd have a little time to find some concealment before they could check the side roads like this one. The dirt road continued for about a half mile until it came to a clearing in the trees by a lake,
but I pulled off the dirt road and behind some trees before that. I had only managed to drive the car off road and about 60 feet into the forest. But, the cover was good, and after using a hatchet to make even more cover, and then using dark colored clothes, a sleeping bag, and anything else I could find to cover the white paint on the car, I was sure I
was "invisible". So I waited. After about an hour I heard a small helicopter in the distance, but I ha anticipate that also (I could not be seen from the road or the sky). I heard to small helicopter in the distance, but I ha anticipate that also (I could not be seen from the road or the sky). I heard to small helicopter in the distance, but I ha anticipate that also (I could not be seen from the road or the sky). I heard to small helicopter in the distance, but I had anticipate that also (I could not be seen from the road or the sky). I heard to small helicopter in the distance, but I had anticipate that also (I could not be seen from the road or the sky). I heard to small helicopter in the distance, but I had anticipate that also (I could not be seen from the road or the sky). I heard to small helicopter in the distance, but I had anticipate that also (I could not be seen from the road or the sky). I heard to small helicopter in the distance, but I had anticipate that also (I could not be seen from the road or the sky). I heard to small helicopter in the distance in the sky (I could not be seen from the road or the sky). I heard the could not be seen from the road or the sky (I could not be seen from the road or the sky). I heard the could not be seen from the road or the sky (I could not be seen from the road or the sky). I heard the road or the sky (I could not be seen from the road or the sky). I heard the road or the sky (I could not be seen from the road or the sky) (I could not be seen from the road or the sky). I heard the road or the sky (I could not be seen from the road or the sky) (I could not be seen from the road or the sky). I heard the road or the sky (I could not be seen from the road or the sky) (I could not be seen from the road or the sky). I heard the road or the sky (I could not be seen from the road or the sky) (I could not be seen from the road or the sky) (I could not be seen from the road or the sky) (I could not be seen from the road or the sky) (I could not be seen from the road or 
dark I walked out to the highway and deliberately let myself be seen by a few passing cars. I reasoned that if there was a roadblock then the drivers would probably report seeing me on foot and they'd send a car to look for me. So I scurried up a forested hill on the other side of the highway, and watched the traffic from a safe position. I saw no police
or forest service vehicles go by. I reasoned that they must not be looking for me very hard. That didn't mean they wouldn't have another trap waiting at the next town. So I needed to find some other way out of the area, and out of Montana altogether if possible. I returned to the car and pulled out my maps. One of the maps showed a single line
(undeveloped road) that left the small one cap town North of me (where I had eluded the trap before). The line on the map meandered through nothingness (forest) for about 40 miles until it joined up with another highway heading West from the larger town down South where I was sure they'd be waiting for me. I decided the obscure line was my
intersections that my map didn't show. So I took a compass bearing and used the moon to help decide my way (keeping it in sight and to my right as much as I could). After what seemed like several hours I came out onto a paved highway running East and West, perfect! I headed West, and came to an all-night gas station at the edge of a mid-sized
town. There was a cop car parked near the gas station and facing the road I had just drove in on. But I didn't see the cop car until after I had already pulled into the station for much needed gas. I controlled the impulse to continue driving, and hope I'd be less suspicious if I just stopped for gas right in front of the cop. This must have worked, since I
was able to gas up, buy some food, and even another map, before continuing on my way unmolested by the police. I drove off aways and safely out of town before I stopped to check the new map. As it turned out I was already in Idaho! An not far from the interstate (I-90). I drove on into Coeur d'Alene, the same Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, where I was fated
to be arrested eight years later, for the crimes I'm on death row for now. But this time I just drove past the city and stopped at a large rest area near the Washington, and called Dee, the owner of the car I was driving, and asked her
if she could drive my car (an '87 Buick Skylark) which I'd left in Seattle with her, across the state and meet me in Spokane to swap cars, which she agreed to do. I met her at the bus station in Spokane, then we drove to a cheap motel and spent the night together. The next day, after transferring all my stuff over to my own car, which was now less "hot
than Dee's car after the incident at the Border, we said our good-byes and I headed directly South from Spokane, taking highways down the "back" of Washington state and then Oregon and into Northern California, farm country. It was Mother's Day, 1997, and I remember crying for miles while I thought about my mom. Anyway, I stuck to the back
roads and highways in California as well, and made my way down to Death Valley, then drove East to Pahrump, Nevada. Not for the brothers, but because that's where my father lived. Since my plan to become a Canadian was bust, I decided to visit my dad while I figured out what to do next.[J.D. July 28, 2020] Page 2 In order to understand the
impact that the Sexual Psychopath (SP) so-called «Treatment» program had on me, it is crucial to realize that it was my initiation into the adult world - and the only initiation at all when I was first arrested and charged with
«raping» a 14-year-old boy (for pointing an empty gun at him and making him «blow» on my dick, then masturbating into his mouth). I was barely nineteen when I was «voted out» of the SP «Treatment» program and sent to prison for seventeen and a half years (on a 20-year-sentence) for the same crime. So the SP program was not just my initiation
into the adult world, it was also the only source of information I had about sex, relationships, social experience, and everything else that most teens get to learn from their friends and family. And what I «learned» really confused me for a very long time; I'm still struggling to sort it out all these years later! The worst part was all the mixed messages I
treatment session (a meeting with two or more other group members to discuss the «treatment issue» and come up with a «treatment plan» to prevent future relapse) to the loss of an entire «step» in the program (there were ten steps required to complete the program, so a lost step could mean several more months in the program). And yet the
therapists and other administrative staff who ran the program were not subject to the rules of conduct and often engaged in behavior that would get any SP instantly and automatically expelled from the program, which usually meant being sent to prison. For example, one day the therapist for the group I was in («Aquarius» group), Gary Michael
 «fire» (which of course they weren't). And even though this amounted to the therapist telling the entire group to be complicit in a criminal act with him, which would result in automatic expulsion for anyone in the group, everyone just nodded ad "ahemmed" their agreeance. (If anyone is interested in fact-checking this, the man who subpoenaed the
group records was named Lotis Cassidy. He claimed that he did not «abuse» his own children, but was only teaching them about sex. So, of course the group said he was in the «habit» of picking up young G.I.s hitch-hiking
from the nearby military bases, then forcing them into the woods at gunpoint where he'd tie them up and rape them anally. I don't know how true this is though, but I heard it from reliable sources (i.e. my attorneys, who were investigating the «mitigating» impact that the program might have had on my recent death penalty trials). The worst thing
very lewd and lascivious sexual advances toward her. When my mother refused his advances, he made implied threats about my (her son) «advancement» in treatment, and told her that if she did what he wanted her to do (have sex with him) that he'd help her son move quickly through the «steps» in the program, etc. My mother still refused and
forcefully told him to leave. (She has since told investigators working for my «death penalty» defense team that to this day she still feels «guilty» for not giving in to Shepherd's demands and causing her son (me) to be kicked out of the program and sent to prison.) The next day she came to visit me at the program and in tears told me what happened.
After this visit I in turn told the group in the meeting that same evening. Then he called me into his office and with the group leaders still present he denied making any sexual advances toward my mother
(though he admitted to being at her house to «counsel» her at her request). I told him I believed my mother, not him. Then he told me I could believe what I was not to bring up the accusations «in group» again (where they'd be documented) and he told the leaders to make sure I didn't. As it turned out, Gary «Mike» Shepherd has a long
history of sexually abusive behavior toward «vulnerable» women, and using his «authority» to take advantage of them. Later lawsuits brought by women who were raped by a serial rapist (named Timothy Anderson) while the rapist was on «work release» under Shepherd's charge, claimed that several other women related to men in the program
(usually wives, and girlfriends) had also been manipulated for sex by Shepherd, including Tim Anderson's wife. In exchange for sex with Anderson's wife. In exchange for sex with Anderson's wife. Shepherd had advanced him (the rapist) quickly through the program and AGAINST the recommendations of the treatment group itself. Thus, Anderson was raping women while still in the program
and living on the treatment «ward». This lawsuit was settled by the state out of court, and never received any public attention. The program was shut down (possibly as part of the «agreement»), but since the allegations against Gary Shepherd were never proven, he was re-assigned to another «therapist» position within the same psychiatric hospital
(Western State Hospital) and remained a DSHS (Department of Social Health Services) employee. (When I was representing myself in this more recent death penalty case I saw documents stamped «confidential» all over them that showed several female employees (nursing staff) who worked with Shepherd in the years since also formally complained
about being harassed and threatened by Shepherd for sexual favors. The last I heard he was still employed by DSHS though, and had refused to meet or speak with my «defense team» investigators. He should be retired by now though, and had refused to meet or speak with my against my mother had on me was tremendous. According to SP program
standards, what «Mike» did was «attempted rape» (i.e. using threats to force a vulnerable person to have sex). Prior to this incident I was doing very well in the program on my own (without his «help») and even looked up to «Mike» as a fatherly figure (which is how he liked to present himself). But now...? Well, I was crushed, confused, and left with
no support or course of redress for the source of my confusion because of the way Shepherd forbade me from discussing it with other group members. I eventually, over the course of a few weeks, realized I could no longer stay in the program. I decided to risk prison, which from my perspective at the time suddenly didn't seem so bad. To understand
this decision you have to realize what the program meant to me. It was my «salvation». For the first time in my life I felt like I was getting from everyone else - teachers, parents, older siblings, friends, etc.. I realized later in life that
the hypocritical messages I got as a child are «standard» (i.e. everyone gets them). But most people find some belief or other that becomes their «religion» in some sense (literally or figuratively) that they cling to no matter what other messages they receive. This makes
them feel safe and secure, thus providing a sense of salvation and purpose in life. The SP treatment program was my «religion» in this sense, and Shepherd did what he did with my mother I lost my «religion» are lost their «religion» like that
knows how devastating it can be, and would instantly understand why prison suddenly seemed preferable to remaining in the «treatment» program. But, I had just recently been approved for a special excitage visit, with my family. This was a special privilege only for members in the program who had reached step five or above. It was an entire
weekend visiting in one of the hospital's cottages with no security. The only restriction was that you could not leave the hospital grounds. But I could walk around the hospital with my family and cook meals with them in the cottage. For men with wives this was a conjugal visit. But for me, since my parents were divorced, I had arranged to spend the
first day (and night) with my mother, and the second with my father. I was very excited about the visit, so I decided to wait until after the visit before I told the group I was done with my mother that confused me even more at the
time, but I have since come to understand it was deeply related to the confusion that lead me to think that forcing someone to have sex with me would help me find some resolution and understanding. It's far too complex for me to attempt explaining here, so I'll just say that I realized that my mother had feelings for me that I could not understand at
the time. Not necessarily «sexual» feelings, but not quite «motherly» either. I was her «religion» in the same sense I've mentioned above. She clung to me for a sense of sanity in an insane world. There are a lot of complex emotional reasons behind this, that go back to her having lost her first child, a boy, in a late term miscarriage at a very young
age. The circumstances under which she lost her first son only made the experience all the more traumatic and confusing for her. And when I was born I instantly became her «religion», ultimately to my own demise. So, long story short, that first night in the cottage, after my mother had gone to bed, I sat out on the porch and
pondered the meaning of life, and whether it was even worth living. I had lost my «father» and my «mother», emotionally, within a matter of weeks. It felt exactly like my world had ended, and I knew prison was the only avenue left for me. So I decided to make my decision irreversible, and I got up and walked off the porch, across a field, and over the
low stone wall that marked the boundary of the hospital grounds. In effect, I «escaped», which I knew was the «ultimate» unforgivable violation possible for someone in the program and guaranteed a ticket to prison. I didn't go very far, since my intent was only to commit myself to prison and nothing more. I walked to a nearby residential street,
looked at the houses (i.e. «freedom»), then returned to the hospital cottage and went to bed without disturbing my mother in the group showed up unexpectedly and told me they were there to escort me back to the ward. It turned out that two other members in the group got
caught having sex in the shower together. So the group was «grounded» (no one except work-release members were allowed off ward). We would sit in meeting all day every day, often into the wee hours of the morning, until the group came up with a «treatment plan» solution for the entire group. I was a newly elected «Junior leader» at the time, but
because of the «seriousness» of the problem (sex in the program was second only to escape as far as seriousness goes, and the only thing worse than these was an actual sex crime, such as experienced» Junior leader to replace me. In the very next meeting I
dropped my own bombshell on the group by telling them - completely out of the blue - that I did not want to be in the program any more and had left the hospital grounds («escaped») while at the cottage the night before. The group pelted me with questions, but I clammed up and just kept repeating, «vote me out» and «send me to prison». That was
the most I could say with all the emotions I was feeling at the time (I was crying like a baby). The group put me on «double buddy» watch (so two other members in the group would have to follow me everywhere, even to the bath room) and then decided to wait and see what «Mike» would say on Monday, on Mike's orders, the group
leaders called a «marathon line of therapy» on me. This was an outdated practice in the group-room, against my will, until I started answering questions. Other members of the group were allowed to leave in pairs in order to use
the bathroom and/or take a smoke break. But I was forced, physically, to remain in the group room by two of the largest members in the group (Tabor Guard and Jessie Littleton) who sat by the door. I actually got up to try to leave several times, and even complained that I had to use the bathroom, but on every occasion I was physically stopped from
leaving by Tabor and Jessie. After what seemed like a very long time (one or two hours, maybe?) I started telling them what I thought they wanted to hear. I tried telling them the truth at first, that I left the hospital grounds only to make sure I'd be voted out because of what «Mike» Shepherd did with my mother. But they called that bullshit and
demanded to know the «real reason», which according to them was that I wanted to rape another child. So after several hours of this I started just agreeing with my mother. I told them that I made a «really» done while at the cottage with my mother child. So after several hours of this I started just agreeing with everything they experiment of the cottage with my mother. I told them that I made a «really» done while at the cottage with my mother child. So after several hours of this I started just agreeing with everything they experiment of the cottage with my mother. I told them that I made a «really» done while at the cottage with my mother child. So after several hours of this I started just agreeing with everything they experiment of the cottage with my mother child. So after several hours of this I started just agreeing with everything they experiment of the cottage with my mother child. So after several hours of this I started just agree in the cottage with my mother child. So after several hours of this I started just agree in the cottage with my mother child. So after several hours of the cottage with my mother child. So after several hours of the cottage with my mother child. So after several hours of the cottage with my mother child. So after several hours of the cottage with my mother child.
took it with me when I «escaped». I even told them that I spied on a girl doing homework by peeking through a window. None of this made sense, but it seemed to satisfy them and so they ended the «line of therapy» once they had the «confession» in his
official report to the court after I was voted out of the program. And this report that I was delusional, manipulative, and so obsessed with raping children that I left the hospital grounds even while still in the
program to do exactly that. I had no idea that his report would plague me like it did (and still does) for the rest of my life. I tried to challenge it many years later, but even though «Mike» Shepherd was the one who wrote the report it was signed off by at least one W.S.H doctor, who I did not know and never met, and whose credentials I could not
challenge. Even though Shepherd's report caused me to serve an exceptionally long prison sentence, and also caused me to later be classified as a «level three» (worst of the worst) sex offender after I got out of prison and finished my sentence, I never blame Shepherd for what he did. I kept an affinity for him that I couldn't betray. He was, after all,
just another «sex offender» like me. So if I blamed him I'd have to blame myself also. Instead I sought to blame those who gave him the authority that he used to hurt me and my mother. Ultimately I blamed the System as I came to recognize it as a living, breathing, and FEEDING organism with a will and intent all its own. I directed all my rage for
these injustices toward the ones who ignorantly propagated the System and allowed it to prosper, that being society itself. And as I sit now on Federal death row as a result, I blame no one any more, not even myself. [J.D. June 20, 2018] Page 3 In order to understand the impact that the Sexual Psychopath (SP) so-called «Treatment» program had on
me, it is crucial to realize that it was my initiation into the adult world - and the only initiation I ever got. I was a 16-year-old sub-urbanized military brat with no street smarts and very little sexual experience or information at all when I was first arrested and charged with «raping» a 14-year-old boy (for pointing an empty gun at him and making him
«blow» on my dick, then masturbating into his mouth). I was barely nineteen when I was «voted out» of the SP «Treatment» program and sent to prison for seventeen and a half years (on a 20-year-sentence) for the same crime. So the SP program was not just my initiation into the adult world, it was also the only source of information I had about sex,
relationships, social experience, and everything else that most teens get to learn from their friends and family. And what I «learned» really confused me for a very long time; I'm still struggling to sort it out all these years later! The worst part was all the mixed messages I got in the program. The treatment model was based on very strict rules for
conduct and self-examination that all SPs (Sexual Psychopaths) were required to adhere to under harsh penalty. An innocent white lie, intended merely to flatter someone could be, and often was, interpreted as «manipulation» and punished with anything from a «sub-group» treatment session (a meeting with two or more other group members to
discuss the «treatment issue» and come up with a «treatment plan» to prevent future relapse) to the loss of an entire «step» in the program, so a lost step could mean several more months in the program. And yet the therapists and other administrative staff who ran the program were not
subject to the rules of conduct and often engaged in behavior that would get any SP instantly and automatically expelled from the group I was in («Aquarius» group), Gary Michael Shepherd, whom insisted everyone call him «Mike», interrupted our meeting
to inform the group that one of the «OBS» (Observation Status) members who had been «voted out» (i.e. «not treatable») had subpoenaed group records and notes which were kept on file for every meeting. Mike told the group that if anyone asked, the records were lost in a «fire» (which of course they weren't). And even though this amounted to the
therapist telling the entire group to be complicit in a criminal act with him, which would result in automatic expulsion for anyone in the group, everyone just nodded ad "ahemmed" their agreeance. (If anyone is interested in fact-checking this, the man who subpoenaed the group records was named Lotis Cassidy. He claimed that he did not «abuse»
his own children, but was only teaching them about sex. So, of course the group said he was in «denial» and found him «not amenable to treatment».) I also heard about a therapist from before I got to the program who was in the «habit» of picking up young G.I.s hitch-hiking from the nearby military bases, then forcing them into the woods at
gunpoint where he'd tie them up and rape them anally. I don't know how true this is though, but I heard it from reliable sources (i.e. my attorneys, who were investigating). The worst thing that «Mike» Shepherd did though was very personal to me, and
directly lead to my «quitting» the program (though technically I was, of course, found «not amenable to treatment», thus «voted out» and sent to prison). He contacted my mother and offered to «comfort» her if she needed it. He ended up inviting himself over to her house and making very lewd and lascivious sexual advances toward her. When my
mother refused his advances, he made implied threats about my (her son) «advancement» in treatment, and told her that if she did what he wanted her to do (have sex with him) that he'd help her son move quickly through the «steps» in the program, etc. My mother still refused and forcefully told him to leave. (She has since told investigators
working for my «death penalty» defense team that to this day she still feels «guilty» for not giving in to Shepherd's demands and causing her son (me) to be kicked out of the program and sent to prison.) The next day she came to visit me at the program and in tears told me what happened. After this visit I in turn told the group in the meeting that
same evening. The next day «Mike» Shepherd read the group meeting notes, then called the «senior leaders» into his office and told them my mother was lying. Then he called me into his office and with the group leaders still present he denied making any sexual advances toward my mother (though he admitted to being at her house to «counsel» her
at her request). I told him I believed my mother, not him. Then he told me I could believe what I want, but I was not to bring up the accusations «in group» again (where they'd be documented) and he told the leaders to make sure I didn't. As it turned out, Gary «Mike» Shepherd has a long history of sexually abusive behavior toward «vulnerable»
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women, and using his «authority» to take advantage of them. Later lawsuits brought by women who were raped by a serial rapist (named Timothy Anderson) while the rapist was on «work release» under Shepherd's charge, claimed that several other women related to men in the program (usually wives, and girlfriends) had also been manipulated for sex by Shepherd, including Tim Anderson's wife. In exchange for sex with Anderson's wife, Shepherd had advanced him (the rapist) quickly through the program and living on the treatment «ward». This lawsuit was settled by the state out of court, and never received any public attention. The program was shut down (possibly as part of the «agreement»), but since the allegations against Gary Shepherd were never proven, he was re-assigned to another «therapist» position within the same psychiatric hospital (Western State Hospital) and remained a DSHS (Department of Social Health Services) employee. (When I was representing myself in this more recent death penalty case I saw documents stamped «confidential» all over them that showed several female employees (nursing staff) who worked with Shepherd in the years since also formally complained about being harassed and threatened by Shepherd for sexual favors. The last I heard he was still employed by DSHS though, and had refused to meet or speak with my «defense team» investigators. He should be retired by now though, because this employed by DSHS though, and had refused to meet or speak with my edefense team» investigators. He should be retired by now though, and had refused to meet or speak with my edefense team» investigators. He should be retired by now though, and had refused to meet or speak with my edefense team» investigators. He should be retired by now though, and had refused to meet or speak with my edefense team. threats to force a vulnerable person to have sex). Prior to this incident I was doing very well in the program on my own (without his «help») and even looked up to «Mike» as a fatherly figure (which is how he liked to present himself). But now...? Well, I was crushed, confused, and left with no support or course of redress for the source of my confusion because of the way Shepherd forbade me from discussing it with other group members. I eventually, over the course of a few weeks, realized I could no longer stay in the program. I decided to risk prison, which from my perspective at the time suddenly didn't seem so bad. To understand this decision you have to realize what the program meant to me. It was my «salvation». For the first time in my life I felt like I was getting the «help» and information I needed in order to sort through all the confusing and hypocritical messages I got as a child are «standard» (i.e. everyone gets them). But most people find something to «hold onto» (rationally) in order to fair the confusion. They find some belief or other that becomes their «religion» in some sense (literally or figuratively) that they cling to no matter what other messages they receive. This makes them feel safe and secure, thus providing a sense of salvation and purpose in life. The SP treatment program was my «religion» in this sense, and Shepherd did what he did with my mother I lost my «religion», and anyone who has ever lost their «religion» like that knows how devastating it can be, and would instantly understand why prison suddenly seemed preferable to remaining in the «treatment» program. But, I had just recently been approved for a special evisit, with my family. This was a special privilege only for members in the program who had reached step five or above. It was an entire weekend visiting in one of the hospital's cottages with no security. The only restriction was that you could not leave the hospital grounds. But I could walk around the hospital with my family and cook meals with them in the cottage. For men with wives this was a conjugal visit. But for me, since my parents were divorced, I had arranged to spend the first day (and night) with my mother, and the second with my father. I was very excited about the visit, so I decided to wait until after the visit before I told the group I was done with the program and wanted to do my time in prison. During the cottage visit I had an extremely emotional encounter with my mother that confused me even more at the time, but I have since come to understand it was deeply related to the confusion that lead me to think that forcing someone to have sex with me would help me find some resolution and understanding. It's far too complex for me to attempt explaining here, so I'll just say that I realized that my mother had feelings for me to attempt explaining here, so I'll just say that I realized that my mother had feelings for me to attempt explaining here, so I'll just say that I realized that my mother had feelings for me to attempt explaining here, so I'll just say that I realized that my mother had feelings for me to attempt explaining here, so I'll just say that I realized that my mother had feelings for me to attempt explaining here, so I'll just say that I realized that my mother had feelings for me to attempt explaining here, so I'll just say that I realized that my mother had feelings for me to attempt explaining here, so I'll just say that I realized that my mother had feelings for me to attempt explaining here, so I'll just say that I realized that my mother had feelings for me to attempt explaining here, so I'll just say that I realized that my mother had feelings for me to attempt explaining here, so I'll just say that I realized that my mother had feelings for me to attempt explaining here. «motherly» either. 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The group pelted me with questions, but I clammed up and just kept repeating, «vote me out» and «send me to prison». That was the most I could say with all the emotions I was feeling at the time (I was crying like a baby). The group put me on «double buddy» watch (so two other members in the group would have to follow me everywhere, even to the bath room) and then decided to wait and see what «Mike» would say on Monday, on Mike's orders, the group leaders called a «marathon line of therapy» on me. This was an outdated practice in the program that had to be explained to everyone in the group were allowed to leave in pairs in order to use the bathroom and/or take a smoke break. But I was forced, physically, to remain in the group room by two of the largest members in the group (Tabor Guard and Jessie Littleton) who sat by the door. I actually got up to try to leave several times, and even complained that I had to use the bathroom, but on every occasion I was physically stopped from leaving by Tabor and Jessie. After what seemed like a very long time (one or two hours, maybe?) I started telling them what I thought they wanted to hear. I tried telling them the truth at first, that I left the hospital grounds only to make sure I'd be voted out because of what «Mike» Shepherd did with my mother. But they called that bullshit and demanded to know the «real reason», which according to them was that I wanted to rape another child. So after several hours of this I started just agreeing with my mother. I told them that I made a «rape kit» consisting of an electric cord and such to tie up my victim with and took it with me when I «escaped». I even told them that I spied on a girl doing homework by peeking through a window. None of this made sense, but it seemed to satisfy them and so they ended the «line of therapy» once they had the «confession» that Shepherd ordered them to get from me. «Mike» Shepherd the get from me. «Mike» Shepherd the get from me. «Mike» Shepherd th this report went into my official file, and eventually became the primary reason I ended up serving over 14 years in prison. «Mike» claimed in his report that I was delusional, manipulative, and so obsessed with raping children that I left the hospital grounds even while still in the program to do exactly that. I had no idea that his report would plague me like it did (and still does) for the rest of my life. I tried to challenge it many years later, but even though «Mike» Shepherd was the one who wrote the report it was signed off by at least one W.S.H doctor, who I did not know and never met, and whose credentials I could not challenge. Even though Shepherd's report caused me to serve an exceptionally long prison sentence, and also caused me to later be classified as a «level three» (worst of the worst) sex offender after I got out of prison and finished my sentence, I never blame Shepherd for what he did. I kept an affinity for him that I couldn't betray. He was, after all, just another «sex offender» like me. So if I blamed him I'd have to blame myself also. Instead I sought to blame those who gave him the authority that he used to hurt me and my mother. Ultimately I blamed the System as I came to recognize it as a living, breathing, and FEEDING organism with a will and intent all its own. I directed all my rage for these injustices toward the ones who ignorantly propagated the System and allowed it to prosper, that being society itself. And as I sit now on Federal death row as a result, I blame no one any more, not even myself. [J.D. June 20, 2018]

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