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## Essay # 2

Many American citizens along with inmates etc THAT suffer from mental illness along with drug addictions THAT are not properly diagnosed and THAT spend countless months and THAT add up to many years serving time in county jails, prison, mental health and state mental hospitals etc. Dealing with ignorant, biased and stupid state criminal and civil courts, THE personnel, judges and severely lacking intelligent, skillful personnel doctors and other gifted persons.

These residents, doctors, this realm of the world and humanity, THE odds as well THE rest of THE institutions etc from acquiring a good and healthy life, statistic wise isn't where it should and can be. This is one such

● story. After reading it lets have all viewers pause and reflect on this and see WHAT they come up with.

### My Story Begins

I WAS BORN IN WOLFEBORO N.H. THE oldest summer resort in America. I WAS born in Huggins hospital in 1960. I AM presently fifty five years old. I AM mostly American, but my mom told ME a long time ago that she had about a quarter of Cherokee blood in her so I HAVE a little in me as well I guess. My early childhood memories before my parents divorced are sporadic and vague and I CAN'T recall a lot as there were a lot of traumatic experiences in THE world as well at home. Also later in my late teens I WAS told THAT I HAD A mild case of organic brain damage. This may HAVE also contributed to some of my lost memories. In growing up unfortunately it was discovered by my mom that

● she was married too two demented MEN in which she gladly got rid of.

My mom's third marriage was and is successful and all family members wish HE could of been THE first.

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I HAVE TWO great sisters, one brother and three step brothers, one of them was weird adopted and a sexual pervert. My biological Father was a Jehova Witness. HE WAS and still is emotionally and physically etc abusive and has NO parenting skills, and didn't seem to know how to give expressions of love. It is my guess from his odd, devious and mental health behaviors THAT TWO OF my OTHER siblings and myself received our Mental Illnesses from him. My Mental Illness symptoms and previous STATEMENTS MADE along with a sense of being lost, NO trust in anything in THIS world I THINK and believe it's extremely difficult if not impossible to properly diagnose anyone. My oldest sister wasn't diagnosed till her mid 40s and my kid brother till his mid thirtys, BOTH were opinioned to be Bi-Polar. These ARE mental illnesses THAT ARE SAID TO BE diagnosed in early adolescents. As for myself many different opinions. These type of mental illnesses, Borderline personality disorder, Schizophrenia, Personality disorders, bi-polar etc can be detected and diagnosed at an early age. These so called psychiatrists and OTHER professionals THAT pay and go to college for many years for degrees and THEN CHARGE outrageous fees and reports for their opinion and treatment. There is a serious problem lacking here. And it is much more than just mere inappropriate diagnosis. These varied people do lack giftedness and real caring with their profession and it is literally killing people everywhere and in numerous ways. My mom was pretty much THE only stable and competent person in our young lives along with our grandmothers. My mom was a single mom for a time and it certainly wasn't easy for her and kids and her ex-husband sending pretty much NO child support payments and owing many thousands of dollars. Father had the money but it was just another moment in time THAT we fell through the cracks of the system, survived but lost in many other ways.

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I recall that my mom sent me to go stay with my grandmother for a while and see her family doctor whom actually delivered me for my mom. He had put me on numerous medications. Most didn't work or were negative and or I had bad reactions to the medication. Later on in my life and sadly after the doctor had died I found out from a family relative that he had felt I was suffering from schizophrenia. During my early childhood years I can remember a lot of the mental and physical abuse from others with bad negative and physical comments, plus inappropriate sexual encounters from society persons, and most of my family members as well health care professionals didn't know of these matters.

One time in my life at around ten years of age I was having a lot of motor and bodily tics and spasms. One such time was when my grandmother took me to an old "A An W" drive in outside in Milton M.H. I think. We ordered food and drink and when we received our food and I attempted to eat my spasms and tics started and all my food went flying out of my hands. Sometime shortly later my grandmother and mom took me to the Boston's Children's Floating hospital in Boston MA. They meaning my relatives were concerned for my well being, my unusual motor tics and spasms my odd behaviors and my unwarranted aggressive behavior. I ended up having to stay there for thirty plus days, they took a spinal tap on my first day, bloodwork and urine testing. We also had

Scientific exams, psychological testing as well. I vaguely remember being there especially when I wrote and heard back from them in 2010 when I asked for my copy of my record being there and that's how I found out how long I was there.

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The State Welfare Office had Told my Family THAT THEY would know longer pay any more if I remained There. The hospitals recommendation WAS to HAVE ME committed to a Childrens Chronically CARE home For Kids. My mom and grandmother took me there on a sort OF visit and the lady that met us there wanted to take me and show me around but I turned to my family and said I just wanted to get out OF There and we did Just that. I knew my Family loved me and WAS aware OF THE ABUSE I had gone through From my First Father etc but they may HAVE been Stumped OF what to do and money For Further Second opinion may HAVE been AN issue. Needless to say I Went back home with my grandmother. As a child and/or adolesant THE only addiction I picked up while at my grandmothers was smoking Cigarettes and at the age OF ten. My Father had smoked as well, camel NON Filters and lucky Strikes. My actual First taste OF alcohol was From a drink OF my Fathers beer can. I couldnt OF been more than not quite one years old. I was in one OF Those two legged SELF propelled walkers with wheels so I could move around in directions that I wished. EVEN TO THIS day I CAN still remember THE taste OF That beer I experienced THAT day. Its really kinda weird because usually my First Choice OF an alcohol beverage WAS beer. My Favorite was bacardi 151 Rum and Coke. Beer was always The Cheapest. Maybe THATS why I choose it. My First Story OF an experience with alcohol was when I was at the youth devolopement Center in Manchester N.H. I WAS in a MAX Custody unit There called EAST Cottage.

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A group trip had been planned for only those who had earned this little two day trip out staying at this loghome lodge to go snowmobiling. Well the lodge was huge and it had this extremely large built stone fire place and there was a portable bar right there sitting out in the open and believe it or not but it is true we were allowed to drink and was just told not to drink to much. My choice at that gathering was Gin and ginger ail. Actually tasted pretty good but I really didn't know any better. I drank the whole bottle myself. I never had any opportunitys as well have anyone person invite me to do any type of drugs such as pot, cocaine as well many others from the fairly large list and some that isn't even on it.

● A lot of the drug scene came about later in my young teens and young adult life. My third experience with alcohol came when I stayed at my uncle ron's house for a weekend of camping and fishing which I greatly enjoyed and have some great memories that will last a life time. My uncle ron and me were really close and he use to tell me that I was just like a son to him. Anyways my uncle ron had this fairly large big liquor cabinet and so I would watch and I could catch him as well his wife mary weren't around and I'd sneak in the cabinet and take a few nips. I usually always grabed peach brandy for some reason I really didn't drink enough of it that it amounted to anything like a buzz from it. My uncle ron always smoked cigarettes which was the brand vice roy. It's one of the reasons I switched to his brand. My fourth and somewhat brief experience with alcohol was while I was an adolesant while I was at the state adolesant mental hospital in Concord N.H.

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I only had a couple of incidents with alcohol which was wine. One was mad dog 20 20 and I forget the other two. Years later I used a lot of different alcoholic beverages and drugs. I never fancied me to try and buy and sell the alcohol and drugs. I NEVER had any opportunity to do any illegal street drugs while at the adolescent unit. While there there just seemed to be a lot of male and female sexual abuse and permissiveness and even with staff employees with female patients. While I was at the adolescent unit there was no kind of any real custodial supervision. These adolescent kids had no one an adult that would be watching and monitoring people's behavior and actions. Especially for patients etc with on and off ground privileges. The element of care as well needed security and accountability was and still is extremely lacking. I state all this on the grounds of personal experiences as well of having been a witness to these many kinds of atrocities. Physical abuse between patients as well staff against patients and sexual inappropriateness between patients etc is not acceptable. Further more convicted felons are employed by the state as a state worker etc, some have bad records and some even suffer from mental illness. I was a state worker there and went through a criminal background check. How can the law in N.H. and the N.H. state and society be exempt from this madness. These kind of conditions as well this environment and what these people have to live in and endure must be stopped. These people have a right to be safe from all sorts of abuses and a right to have a good quality mental health treatment rather than being rushed through the system before they're ready just to fill a new bed, which they still do today.

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At this point in time I was thirteens years old and I left N.H. ~~hospital~~ <sup>hospital</sup> adolescent unit to go and live with my Father. I was allowed to continue to smoke but I had to find a job and pay for my own. which I happily did. I delivered Three hundred and twenty news papers called The Somersworth Free press. I recieved a penny a piece for delivering them. But thankfully I made and got a lot of good tips from people so I was able to supply and pay for my smoking habit. like I said I was thirteen and because of my age etc I was placed right in the eighth grade. I hadnt even passed and graduated from the sixth grade. I had this hobby as a kid which was building model

cars, ships, planes etc. Well there was this kid I was friends with named bobby any ways HE invited me over to his house to chill and shoot the shit. Anyways THIS WAS THE TIME I WAS HUFFING airplane glue out of a plastic baggie that you'd use to wrap a sandwich for lunch or breakfast. We did this only on a few occasions while sharing war stories to each other of some of our life experiences THAT we'd had gone through. I WAS TAKEN FROM MY FATHER AFTER this very brief time and I ended on probation as I got violated and this resulted in me being sent to the youth development center in Manchester N.H. and I ended up in Wilkins Cottage then eventually ended up at east Cottage and MAXIMUM SECURITY again. I planned an escape one day and I was successful in that escape and made it off the entire facility without being seen. I headed and made it to Tilton N.H. for some reason. About the time of arriving I was really Jonesing for a cigarette so I walked into this large shopping mall

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As soon as you walk in to the right and up against the wall was racks full of cartons of smokes incased behind plastic doors with no locks on them and I then counted to myself one to ten and on ten I opened the door grabed a carton of Viceroy's and a lighter and ran out the door and down the road and into a patch of woods and just hid out for awhile smoking butts and then from tilton I hitched rides till I made it up fairly close to my home town about twenty miles away. This lady in Alton Mo. probably close to near fifty in age picked me up and was quite talkative to me, seemed she was concerned about me and asked me a bunch of questions. I was pretty hungry and I'm sure I looked like shit and she took me home where I met her family and a friend there who fed me nicely. She allowed me to call a family member which was my grandmother who was thankfully home at the time. I explained to her what was going on and then she had me put the lady of the house on the phone. The conversation was maybe close to five minutes before the woman hung up the phone and in doing so told me that my grandmother was on her way now to pick me up. At this point I told the woman that I was just going outside to smoke. She said your too young to smoke I agreed with her but I had permission and headed outside for a few smokes till my nana arrived and we both thanked the lady very much and then went on our way. My nana expressed that I needed to turn myself in and to get this behind me. We arrived home and I took a bath she washed my clothes and made me a sandwich.



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My grandmother's third husband and he was my second grandfather from this marriage. She outlived her four husbands in a sad way.

The first whom I never met was diabetic and passed on at age thirty five.

I wished he had lived I really would have liked to have met him. My time after being with my family for awhile didn't set with me right and this was at a time my grandparents were talking with me and I knew that my grandfather was going to grab me and I wasn't having any of that. I took off running from inside the house and down the road away's and my grandfather Paul chased me away's then gave up as I divereted off into the woods. I knew this set of woods and the surrounding

area really well as I use to do alot of hiking through alot of these

woods years earlier and do abit of bird and squirrel hunting as well.

So I ended up out in the middle of ND where and where it divereted easily where I could travel to where there was this tiny running brook of drinkable water. I found a tree that had alot of long vines running

down the tree and with my pocket knife that I made sure to grab while

I was at my Nana's house I used some of the vine to use them to help

fasten some of the smaller and big tree I broke and made a little den

to hide in and as I covered it with many tree limbs and debri and I

made this inside a big batch of prickler bushes so that it would be

difficult to see me and even if you did you'd get pretty torn up

running through the shit. After I completed this task I decided to hike

back to my grandmother's house as this day was a Friday. I new my

Nana always on Fridays went down to Taconia and at K-Mart to

do some shopping and eat at a diner that was in the same building.

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When I Arrived There I entered into THE HOUSE Through a small Cellar window THAT only a small boy could get through. I walked up to the top OF THE cellar stairs and too my right was Five to six small Shelves THAT SHE USED to stock canned goods. B+M BAKed BEANS, CORN BEEF HASH, Fruit etc. So I grabed some OF These items, some matches and some OF my camping gear and Pot's And Pan's. I Left my nana a note telling her THAT I WAS alright and would continue to be so and I left and headed back to my Camp. When I Finally got back to camp and unpacked I made myself a snack to Fuel up. I had a bunch OF Change in with my camping gear and I WAS pretty low on smokes so I waited till it was near dark before I HEADED For town and I knew This house THAT I WAS pretty sure I could get some smokes From a Friend who WAS F. Varney. I TOOK THE BACK WAY INTO TOWN AS I Traveled There was only a little Traffic. I made it around in less Than thirty Minutes Actually When I Arrived at his house he had Just finished Supper and was out up in his tree house. I Filled him out on what I needed and he brought me out some rolling papers Tobacco and a pack OF butts and hooked me up with a little Food as I continued to Fill him in on all THAT WAS going on. WE hung out For About an hour or so and Then I took OFF and headed back THE SAME way TO camp. I WAS Just a little more than three quarters OF The way back when I heard a car coming From behind me and AS I turned around and looked I could see police headlights THAT Shined in my EYES From THE reflection OF THE MOON I WAS SURE and I headed running INTO THE woods While at THE same Time grabbed my little Flash light and Turned it on and OFF and headed in THE direction And Angle TO my camp.

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This incident and maneuver set me back about thirty minutes before reaching my camp but I made it. I grabbed a bite to eat and a drink took my cloths off checked for any wood ticks and climbed into my sleeping bag for the night. I stayed there camped till the next night as there was a home not far away that I used to play with some other neighborhood kids and I stole there station wagon car that had the keys in the ignition. I started heading towards moultonboro N.H. and I had never drove a car before so I guess I was doing OK. As I was just about making it to the moultonboro town line a state Trooper put his flashing lights on and chased me up to a speed to 80 miles per hour and I attempted to make this forty five degree angle turn. Well I ended up swirving all over the and the car headed between two trees and over a tree stump and I went airborne and went right through the living room just missing the bedroom and half way through the barn wall entrance. I had later learned from an older Christian brother that these were very nice folks and they had gone out of there way to see how I was doing. These folks now have very large boulders lying on the out skirts of there home. This was a time when this juvenile who was a little over thirteen and was tried as an adult and was sentenced to the carroll county H.O.C. Jail in Ossipee N.H. A Russell Whiting was the superintendant of the jail at the time. Inmates at the jail had nick named him Pooh Bear. He was one over weight man with a big belly. He was a really good man though. I found out later that my grandmother knew him pretty well. It was at this time that I had first experienced smoking Pot. I was a follower but it was actually pretty

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Good but BACK THEN most Pot was high quality and NOT AS expensive as it is NOW. This WAS my one and only time doing it There. But From 1989 to 2007 There was quite abit OF Pot smoking incidents and where alcohol came into play. All These years I Passed Through THE court system and Jail A Some thirty Three times Actually, I Always plead guilty even if I could OF beat THE Charges. My wife and two son's HAD been enduring enough OF my drinking Journey I didn't want to Subject them to a trial experience on top OF what i'd put Them through. When serving my time I preferred to serve it in THE Jail Part NOT THE bunkroom, with people waiting For Trial And or work release. This is when I HAD more time smoking Pot. I was housed with This one dude who was on work release and at The end OF his work shift he would report back TO Jail and he'd smuggle some weed in WITH him. alot OF Times I'd be sitting down on THE Floor in THE bull Pen either Playing Chess or cards WITH a guy Through THE bars and he'd be popping a joint into my mouth to drag on WITH my Face pressed up against THE bars and we'd HAVE A good Time, And we'd Never got caught or searched. The new Superintendant at THAT time WAS Dennis Robinson. He was a Former Captain OF The guards at N.H. STATE prison. He remembered ME. There WAS this one othere time in there I managed to get a work release. I WAS working in Wolfeboro N.H. down by THE old boat house a drinking Bar. A new hardware store WAS being built. I WAS working For this guy building and putting together some Kind OF heating and air duct system. AFTER work each day This guy would stop At The convenience store buy some beer and we'd go to one OF his property's and drink A Few beers, Then TAKE ME back TO Jail.

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This went on for a couple of weeks. Well this one guard Alan Dravin was checking me back into the jail and said he smelled alcohol on me said he could bust me but he didn't. I had this problem with the jail and the court system. I attempted on the inside of jail as well on the streets to find an alcohol rehabilitation center that would take me in for treatment but there was always an excuse or loop hole. I even asked Supt. Dennis Robinson but got nowhere. In all the years with public defender representation they never once tried or suggest to help me into one. Not once did the court ever try as well order treatment as well ever have an alcohol evaluation done on me. In my life time there was only one ever done

and it was ordered in Merrimack County district in the 1990's. I was required to get it and pay for it as well. It stated that I was an alcoholic and that I needed a long term residential treatment program. I had five misdemeanor charges at the time and I spent three days in jail and because of a loop hole in the law I didn't go from jail to the rehab. There isn't any logic and the ignorance of so many people in the courts, jails, mental health, drug counselors etc and if an inmate desires to attend and the state, courts, lawyers and medical professionals in N.H. and elsewhere just desire to keep the doors continuously revolving and these people with so called credentials, see people hurt and killed and say that their human beings and yet show no desire to make and have a real changing starting place one that works and not there same old cycle. While at this jail

in 2008 I paid \$425.00 for a Polygraph test through Global Polygraph Network in N.Y. They had over twenty five years of experience and impeccable credentials. Famous cases, from murder, rape etc anyways

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THEY tested me on some OF THE THINGS I'VE STATED here and Thier Tests States I'm telling THE Truth etc. IN SOME retro-spect OF MY life There SURE are Many unneeded problems WITH our many STATE systems as well we have a lot <sup>OF</sup> Positions OF Some people THAT Shouldnt be THERE regardless OF There College degrees. I THINK our whole penology system and mental health system would be much better WITH a new breed OF people. People who actually Know what to do and are caring INSTEAD OF Thyself only. We've got a system THAT'S Actually creating and literally torturing The Mentally Ill and Mental health erra.

The End