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Sept, 30 2017

Mark David Brull

My Essay

To: APWA

I was born Sept. 1974. Not long after I was diagnosed with severe ADD/HD "Attention Deficit Disorder/ Hyperactivity Disorder". From about 1977 until 1989 I was forced to take a plethora of mind and behavior controlling medications all of which have serious sideeffects. From 1980 on I was in and out of both public and private institutions for mental illness and "behavioral modifications". I have been housed in jails, prisons, group homes, foster homes, Military school, juvenile detention facilities, youth shelters, state hospitals, psychiatric hospitals - private, Vocational Rehabilitation centers, behavioral disorder schools and classes and special education.

My parents claim that doctors told them I

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Was dangerous and posed a danger to my sister and family members, school mates etc. My parents claim they followed doctors orders etc. The medical records also implicate my parents as being part of the problems I had.

My parents were ill equipped to deal with my issues of hyperactivity and inattention etc. My ~~parents~~ parents also had big dreams of business and financial success. Sadly for them my issues were time consuming, required patience and creativity which my mother struggled with, my father did a decent job most of the time. This didn't stop my parents from their unshakable beliefs that I was just bad, a mischievous poorly behaved kid.

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My parents stripped my room bare, made me dispose of toys, sleep in urine stained sheets, locked me in my room, sealed my windows and vent shut, had ~~me~~ me restricted from school events, snacks, field trips, recess etc. Sadly my parents compounded my issues with the well intended punishments. At school teachers pushed me so hard and sent me home with equally pressuring homework. I was unable to sit still and very ~~often~~ focused for more than a few seconds. Sadly all this resulted to was more rebellious reactions from me and more impulse punishments etc.

Eventually I found myself away from home and in these facilities with youth and at times adults
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Who struggled with severe mental illness and other ~~so~~ so called antisocial and criminal behaviors. Because my family was emotionally and physically distant from me, these troubled peers were my only real interactions. Keep in mind this is all happening during my formative years, creating a social "monster".

From 1980 till about 1989 I experienced sexual exposure, incessant physicals and exams, loss of bodily privacy, invitations to act out sexually on a daily basis with youth in the bathrooms, showers, roommates etc. Unbeknownst to me this all lowered my sexual inhibitions to a level that wasn't socially acceptable in American society.

Keep in mind I'm overly medicated, I'm also →

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being held in and out of seclusion and restraints for hours and days. While in seclusion and restraints there is nothing at all to occupy my mind which causes more behavioral issues. In these places I was exposed to stealing, assaults, sexual abuse and acting out, ~~suicidal~~ suicidal peers, fire starters, self harmers, violence, destruction of property and unethical and unprofessional staff.

When I was 15 I begged a psychiatrist to remove me from the antipsychotics with the promise I never act out again. Sadly I didn't know I had the lowered sexual inhibitions. Around this time my behavioral issues went away and I started gaining privileges and release. →

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However the release destinations often were worse than the state hospital I was in, some goes for the home visits. The issues at home never really went away. It was work, work, work and no real patience or understanding from my parents. The worst issue in youth facilities is the low staff ratios, staff ignorance and plain not knowing what I was dealing with, no inhibitions or education about what I was facing considering the troubled youth.

~~about~~
In about 1992 I requested the court to release me for custody. At that point I found myself in vocational rehabilitation taking a 6 month course to become a EMT, a class way too intense for my residual issues of ADD. The other students →

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Spent most of their time having sex, using drugs, sleeping, living on welfare etc. I didn't like it there so I tried working for a nationwide company that promised resort hotels and fine dining only to learn they defrauded customers. I left and found myself homeless. The army wasn't recruiting and my family wouldn't help me at all. As a result I was forced to go live with my girlfriend's family. I met her mom as a supervisor at the state hospital. They had their own dysfunction issues. These were stressful for me. I dealt with stress by sexual addiction, or at least I did back then. This is how I learned to cope in institutions.

In 1993 my first son was born brain dead.
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The next day we removed life support and he died. I didn't think I needed help so I went ~~to~~ without. I handled it with aimless sex and driving and fixing cars and spending money. Then in 1994 after a year of resisting the urge, I touched the privates of my step-Niece who was eleven at the time on one occasion. This child had been in and out of foster care because of her Mom's drug use and prostitution. She had a way of grinding on adult mens legs. I brought it to family attention they said there was nothing any one could or would do. The night I touched her my inhibitions were not strong enough. The family idolized me. I have no greater regret or →

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Sorrow than what I have for what I did that night. For that action I recieved fines, thirty days in jail and two ~~plus~~ years on probation. I was also required to recieve treatment once per week. In treatment we discussed empathy, victim impact and empathy etc. My group members also secretly hung out with past and present victims, watched their grandkids bathe, used drugs and one guy dated the therapist.

On my wifes birthday May 1996 I went to a adult club and met a 13 year old and his 17 year old male friend. We hit it off over car discussions. Two weeks later we was going to car auctions and enjoying mutual oral sex and masturbation. →

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We became great friends over the summer of 1996.

He was mature beyond his years, also came from a dysfunctional family. A jealous 18 year old

black man who had been sexual with the 13

year old was harrasing another 15 year old

for sex etc. The 15 year old was tired of it and

on my suggestion contacted the police. The

black man admitted to everything and told all

he knew about others relations including me.

The police manipulated, lied to and coerced the

13 year old to tell every thing or be poly graphed

and sent to juvenille detention. He met me

in a supermarket parking lot and told me all

that happened among his crying etc. →

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I told him it was my fault as I was the adult and I should have warned him about police tactics. I recieved 18 months in state prison and 5 years post release supervision. My state prison wasnt too bad. One fight, visits each time visits was open from my wife and son born in Feb 1997. I was to complete 18 months sex offender treatment but I didnt have enough time. As a result of it being a homosexual offense, not completing treatment and showing empathy by tears for my 94 convictions I was deemed high risk for reoffense and was civilly committed in 1999 to a sexual offender civil commitment at a state hospital. →

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While in civil commitment they offered a one size fits all treatment regime. Each day in and out of groups for 13 years I was forced to listen to unthinkable sexual acts upon people places and things. I was exposed to child erotica, child nudity and pornography. Some was done during PPG testing but most was introduced to me by my peers. All healthy adult sexuality and stimuli was denied and not illicitly available. My days were spent learning law and litigating to protect my most basic Constitutional rights to be treated humanely and better than a prisoner. Every single day I had to fight to keep from having approved property confiscated, destroyed or made to send out →

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property that could never be sent in. We weren't allowed to maintain relationships with the community. As a result of 13 years of living in a newage concentration camp for 13 years with no hopes of release short of dying, I found myself trying to obtain contraband, trying to access taboo and illicit pornography in line with all the stuff I had been exposed to while there. I was also depressed and lonely and hopeless. I wanted to have people to write too. I sought assistance from a free world proxy to manage Facebook, Twitter etc for me. An undercover teen male, age 15, was using a adult profile to explore his homosexuality as a result of living in a conservative, God fearing, homophobic house hold. He wanted to be my friend. I agreed. I eventually learned his real name →

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We discussed many things, supported each other, he knew of my situation etc. He was hairy, black and overweight and I was not attracted to him, he randomly sent 5 nude selfies of him self to a email account registered to me - but not accessible to me. After a year of court battles I was convicted of Transfer of obscene materials to a minor and recieved 10 years prison, 3 years post-release. My charge isnt what I did. The justice system is deceptive and corrupt. The media reports are false and very misleading. While in the Bureau of Prisons I've seen the most socially devastated inmates of my lifetime. Most have no social skills, drug + prescription abuse and addiction, they prostitute themselves, they live to exchange sexually deviant child stimuli, steal + resale from prison officials →

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Most inmates I experience are unsanitary, live in clutter, have hygiene issues etc. Seriously mentally ill etc. Very selfish, very exploitive. I live among sexual offenders and/or ~~covert~~ ^{covert} government informers and others who tattle just to tattle. It's very lonely, dehumanizing, depressing. Luckily I've grown out of all the stuff that got me in prison. In fact I'm repulsed by much of it. It's scary to see how deep in the dark abyss of pandora's box one can go. Most officers are ok. Psychology is a mess, all they offer is one size fits all narrow minded ignorance. Some officers are ignorant and vindictive guys who were once bullied and now they are bullies. The system is beyond broken, don't know how to fix it. You can read my book(s) "Suffer Me Forever" and "Predisposition to Suffering" also available online. ☺