

Follow up and follow through....

To whom I may concern at the FBI:

I am writing to further elaborate on the note I sent you more than a week ago, reporting a child molester you may not have previously known about. While I have not spoken with anyone formally (I have not yet seen a badge) and while I asked that I remain anonymous, it took less than a day for members of the community to find out about this including drug traffickers and individuals known to be associated with organized crime. Had I not considered the repercussions of getting shot, I would have walked into your office months ago as now it seems my efforts to maintain a modicum of privacy have been wasted. As well, issues of trust now exceed the issue of pets as an obstacle to renting a place to live here in Humboldt and I have become financially ruined, subsisting on Social Security despite my efforts in these last years. I know a lot of people but have very few friends.

I am writing with the assumption that I have no privacy, but would like to clarify a few things about who I am. The daily quotes I receive from MSN have been uncanny in their appropriateness the last few months, an oddity I've enjoyed. But today's quote has inspired me to write this follow up letter. It is as follows:

“Whenever you kill a human being you are killing a source of thought too. A human being is a collection of ideas, and these ideas take moral precedence over a society. Ideas are patterns of value.” – Robert T. Pirsig

It is no doubt a matter of record in your office that I believe child molesters should die. It's true. The damage done by one abuser affects many individuals, some of whom will become abusers themselves. I urge you to read Hunter's book “Abused Boys” (1990) for some frightening statistics. Most abusers commit their first offense before the age of thirty and it has been shown that one's identity is so wholly formed by that time that there is no cure, no changing what turns a person on. They nearly always continue their behaviors even after being exposed. One can only separate a sexual abuser from potential victims. Imprisonment versus death is a debate too broad for the scope of this letter. However, rest assured that I do not intend to kill anyone. I could have had this man killed more easily than contacting the FBI. This county is full of anti-government types who believe in taking the law into their own hands and there are plenty of addicts who would kill for their next rock. My decision to alert the FBI was made last fall, knowing I had no proof and no credibility. I waited until the end of the school year for specific reasons, though I had hoped to find a less futile solution (or more evidence) over the winter. In that time I took on this man's lifestyle, largely because I had no choice, spending most of my time at a coffee shop and establishing a rigid routine not unlike a cat with its prowl. I became the quintessential loner (more than usual) and am now more convinced than ever that he is not without support.

I do not agree that ideas take moral precedence over a society. When one acts as a healer or a teacher to justify one's predatorial behavior it is the society's responsibility to stop

them. Though the evidence is circumstantial, I do not believe this man's ideology is justifiable. That is not to say that there are no new ideas worthy of societal acceptance. It is clear that the will of the people is somewhat self defeating in that most people consider only themselves rather than the good of all. As I have stated before, my concern is for the safety and well-being of Leticia and her daughter. Had I been with Leticia, and had Alina been victimized, this pedophile would already be dead. There would not have been an anonymous tip and there would be no evidence linking me to the death.

To expound upon my philosophy, suppose I had killed this man. It is safe to say because it will remain hypothetical (and in the past). But then what? There would certainly be another abuser around the corner, and another after that. How could I ever become a provider if I become a vigil ante? And what about other people's children? I alone cannot protect all of mankind. That is why we the people, over the course of time, have voted to have such entities as the FBI. It is your job to eliminate the predators from our community. The people here have lost their faith in government for good reason. You (the government) are slow to respond. Your methods are inept and outdated, and you seem to think that the prevalence of abusers in general is the product of constitutional freedom when, in fact, it is an obstacle to freedom. Nevertheless, the only responsible course of action was to report to the authorities.

That a human being is a source of thought, and that ideas are patterns of value, I agree. That their value may be constructive or destructive, benign or malignant should be obvious and gauged by the preservation of future generations. The main reason I have turned this person over to you is his probable connection to the man who sexually assaulted me that same week. The networks of child pornographers and their customers are more threatening to the future of our children than any one abuser could be. Therein lies the value of what information this man might possess and the reason he should be apprehended rather than killed. If after a proper hearing (with substantive evidence) a person is proved to be a sexual abuser of children, I would not be opposed to the death penalty, but I am not a serial killer.

Also, I am writing because I would like to elaborate further on the assault that occurred in connection to this situation as I have reread my original note and there are further details that support his significance. Please allow me to give you a little background about myself that may be a matter of record already, but for reasons I will cover later in this letter.

I was sexually abused until the age of six when my grandfather (my molester) was found out and subsequently arrested. He served no time in jail, but did community service and still denied that he had ever done anything wrong. It was covert abuse, using dollars to gain our trust and justifying his behavior as 'a teacher'. Since I was the oldest of the four children he was molesting at that time, it was my place to give the detectives the testimony used in court. The result of being sexually awoken at such a young age, the confusion created by a covert dynamic, and the loss of an emotional relationship with my father relegated me to living as an adult from then on. I missed the usual sexual

development most kids go through later in school, though my activities were fairly normal until I was old enough to go out on my own and explore who I was.

There were many questions created in childhood that carried through and still needed to be answered. Of particular note is that children before the age of six or seven don't differentiate well between love from a man and love from a woman. The focus is more on authority – love from parents versus love from peers. What ensued in early adulthood was sort of a blurred line between plutonic and romantic relationships. This is typical of incest victims, well documented and all too common. Also of note is that boys who are abused by men usually become homophobic, though the commonly held belief is that they turn gay. My personal manifestation was a fetish for oral attention and a distrust of older men and authority which persists to this day. I was later diagnosed with PTSD, OCD and Anxiety. I would involuntarily recreate elements of my abuse dynamic in order to process them and often with very real consequences.

In my early twenties I decided I was not homophobic, that some people are gay and why should it bother me – I'm straight. But I wasn't the normal heterosexual either as my cravings were not just to fuck a woman but an overwhelming need to get a blowjob. I didn't have close male friends and while I slept with a lot of women, there was a certain block I couldn't overcome within myself. I was working in Chicago at the time, near a gay neighborhood and I started going to the bars after work when I learned I could get free drinks. While I sank into alcoholism and isolation, I began to wonder if I was gay. This bothered me because I couldn't let go of my desire for women and I passed the whole thing off as youthful curiosity and experimentation, something I felt must be normal for an intelligent freethinker. My experiences with men were disastrous, but I learned that as a general rule men are better at giving blowjobs. At twenty four I decided I must be bisexual. I was in a relationship at the time with a woman who had a similar childhood and we stayed together for five years. The relationship was open and allowed for new experiences, but couldn't fulfill my need for a family structure. We tried nearly everything safe, sane, and consensual – experimented with multiple partners, food, voyeurism, etc. It was an educational and self-indulgent relationship but we couldn't seem to build a future together. My alcoholism finally tore us apart and for the better. Looking back, I realize how unhealthy that relationship was.

The end of that relationship brought me to Humboldt to face my alcoholism and a major sexual identity crisis. Shortly after I quit drinking seriously for the first time, I met Leticia and fell in love. I have thought about her every day since I first saw her more than four years ago. She saw what I was dealing with, knew she couldn't go through it with me, and left three days later because it was what was best for her daughter. I went mad, but I understood and even put her on the bus. She had planned on going back to Bolivia and I regretted every sexual experience I'd ever had, regretted falling into an addiction. If only I had known I would meet her, I would have lived my whole life just waiting for that day. I would have been ready and I would have been able to provide for her and Alina. I decided to get my life back together and to go to Cochebamba to find her. I was in Colorado on September 11, 2001 and Leticia became stranded in Washington D.C. I knew she was near the Pentagon, couldn't get through on the phone

for days and started drinking again. I took it as a sign from God that we were meant to be together and embarked on a rescue mission, ill and unprepared.

D.C. was a moderate success. I spent time with Leticia and her daughter, got to watch everyone play. But it became clear that I was still sick and Leticia wanted someone else, I left.

Upon returning I entered into a string of dysfunctional relationships. I thought that's what she wanted was for me was to find someone else. I still wasn't doing what I wanted. I clung onto one woman after another. Many of the connections were non-sexual but they were all emotional if not dangerous. In the course of these past few years I had a handful of encounters with men (limited, self-indulgent) and I learned that my desire for these connections stemmed from low self esteem and also that I am not attracted to men, can't emotionally connect. Even if I allowed my physical needs to be met it was partial and I would become spiritually drained. I had my only male lover while here, a guy I could call up just to get attention but it became clear that it was not a healthy dynamic for me as it would leave me feeling that I had used him with no interest in giving back.

A few years ago is when I had originally met the man who assaulted me last fall. I had found him on the internet and agreed to meet him at his house in Fortuna. I was drinking at the time. There were a few things that bothered me about the encounter. To start, I was processed, definitely not the first to sit in front of his computer and be questioned. Also there was a point when we were talking about pot and he took me into another room as if the one we were in wasn't safe to talk in. Then, in the bedroom he positioned me. It was important to him where I stood, which direction I was facing, and that I didn't mess up the blankets. He coaxed me through everything, pushed. Afterward, when he came out of the bathroom he said "It's like pushing a reset button", alluding to mouthwash, but I recognize this from PTSD studies as a predator seeks out his flashback. My manifestation of PTSD is from covert abuse and is more diffuse, the flashbacks being interconnected elements from a number of different sources not centralized. My suspicion is that there was a camera in that room and he didn't want to reveal his identity in the recording. Also, in the room we went to talk about pot were his photos. He's a good technical photographer and the room as well as the hallway was set up to be a gallery. He had one photo that had caught my interest because it was of his car, a silver-blue Mercedes. I asked him about it and he was quite proud of the car. It was the same car that was in the driveway, those were his instructions, to go to the green house with the silver-blue Mercedes in front.

It was then that I swore off men, though I saw my lover a couple more times. I didn't want to have my last experience be so negative, but I soon realized my own dynamic and how unhealthy it was for me emotionally. Leticia inevitably got together with the guy she wanted and I continued to try and fill the hole left behind with any woman I could find. I came close a few times to starting something workable, but the truth is I only wanted Leticia and none of them lasted.

I never saw that man or his car again until a few days after meeting the child molester I wrote you about. I would have to look through my journals to give you exact dates for all of this as I have only transcribed the entries into digital format through the end of July 2004. The six months following were dark and the information has remained scattered and hidden intentionally. In the information he got from me, I said that I'd started going to the community pool for showers in the morning. The man from Fortuna joined me in the hot tub the next morning. I don't know if it was a regular place for him to go or not. He told me he had a house in the bottoms that he rented to students. I remained distant and it was clear that I was not interested. When I left I realized his car wasn't in the lot. He was driving a different vehicle. The following morning I showered and went into the tub. He was already there, but I ignored him. He left and then the strangest thing happened. When I left the tub I saw nobody else at all in the pool or in the locker rooms. I showered off and went to get dressed. In front of my locker, on the floor were drops of cum that had to have been his. In disbelief I went out into the lobby and the girl behind the counter just stared at me. I was beyond words. I went outside and directly in front of the building was his silver-blue Mercedes. He was nowhere to be seen and I have never returned. I have seen him a few times around town since, but I don't know that he's stalking me and, well, it would be his loss if he should confront me directly. I have imagined blowing up his car on more than one occasion, but of course his probable connection to the pedophile or the woman who had been abusing me until earlier that same week may be more valuable.

I'd like to restate the point to my original note. All three of these people are predators, all three use hypnosis or some systematic way of manipulating another's mind, and all three have some history of inappropriate behavior toward minors. Also, I'd like to clarify that my breakdown was the result of alcoholic psychosis which is different from schizophrenia and other delusional states. My mind is complex enough that it fragments easily, renders me easily hypnotized and is why I am so adamant about maintaining my sovereignty. Not only would I subconsciously re-create my fears, but I'm an easy target with what I've called 'my blind spot'. My differentiation between what's real and what's imaginary has always been superbly accurate, but alcohol would cause certain elements to be dulled and others to be magnified. While I was able to use beer to gain a better sense of being in control, in the end my drinking only exacerbated the confusion I was already dealing with from my abuse dynamic and the obsessive-compulsive tendencies that resulted. Nevertheless, my ability to read other people and situations accurately has always been better than most. After a year and a half of hell I am happy to say I have more self control now than I can remember. I know what happened last fall despite the fact that I had lost all credibility. I would have taken the boxes that pedophile was worried about just to check the contents if it weren't for the fact that the woman in Sunnybrae was trying to frame me. I am convinced they contain pornographic material relating to children because he said that he had been accused by the owners of the storage unit of 'doing disgusting things' there in the evenings. Their possible connection is not that far fetched, nor the possible connection to the man who assaulted me. These people are professionals and have been in town for a long time.

I am also writing to clarify a few things about my obsessive-compulsiveness. I have the tendency to be superstitious, though I'm a strong believer in hard science. Statistics are of as much value as associations. That is all they are, really. In the end, the facts remain. Truth is more important than prediction, and all we can do is watch the world unfold, preparing as best we can for what may come. But with that being said I want to make it clear that I keep track of these associations, passively, for their entertainment value. I try not to let prophecies or wishful thinking dictate the choices I make. I am actually pragmatic to a fault and not very new-age at all.

With that in mind, I realized it was Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> when I first contacted the FBI only as I was writing that note. I consider this to be comical and would like you to know that I had been waiting for the end of the school year, not the lunar eclipse or some magical date. It is a coincidence that the 13<sup>th</sup> fell just before finals week. Now that school is out, Leticia will be moving back here and while I had hoped that we might have reconnected before now, before sharing this personal information with the authorities (and feeling that nothing would be done about the child molester, anyway), I had no choice but to contact you with details of my personal life that I have not yet shared with her.

My journal from February 22, 2004

... I feel committed to my dream of Leticia. I'm not hopeless, but I may be unrealistic. It seems that if I allow another to be so close to my heart that it's only out of despair of the loss of my true love. Thus far (more than two years since I've seen her, more than a year since we've talked), the only line I can hold is to be true to myself – which always leads back to her. Leticia is the girl I want. It's true she's avoided my calls (who could blame her at that time in my life), she didn't ask about me when I was here, and worst of all she chose to be with another man. I can't deny any of this. Also, I can't deny another truth. I love her. It was out of love that I left (a repetitive motion for me), even helped her get the one she wanted. It was out of love that I didn't call again and out of love that I refused to compete with the suitors she entertained, allowed her to choose her heart's desire. I wanted her to choose me, but she didn't and I'm still waiting. There was love – a forever love, at that – but there was also a lot of low self-esteem, fear of inadequacy (a feeling of impossible responsibility on my part)... And compounding this, she underestimated me. In the last two years I've grown so much. I've learned about some of my limitations (many of them less limiting than I had thought), reclaimed my ability to succeed – I found my strength. Now I wouldn't pass her by or watch as she walks away, but she may already be gone. Now that I'm ready for real love it may be too late.... And how could I ever love another as much? I am frightfully content just thinking about her...

But I did pass her by. Last fall, when I saw her, I was sick and had just come through these fore mentioned abuses. In the fall, preceding my breakdown, I had decided to write her a letter and when I found I hadn't any mutual friends left – I had no way to contact her but to call her and interfere in her life – I crumbled. I took on three lovers and my hysteria turned to rage when my abuse dynamic began to manifest uncontrollably. It was in my rage that I saw her and she turned away. She looked back and when our eyes met there was the brightest light. I can't describe it. I walked on, holding the knowledge of

these three abusers for the winter while I tried to regain my health and repair my social status. I have not had more than a passing interest in anyone since. At that moment, when our eyes met, I was once again overwhelmed with regret for having taken on any lover, for my experiences with men, and for the fact that I still had not been able to get a place suitable for raising children that I could provide. My rage broke when I saw her, but lasted two and a half months in all.

With respect to my love of superstition I get the horoscopes via MSN in the morning, too. I know I am not the only scorpion aquarius (and the predictions are vague enough to apply to anyone) but they are often accurate to a degree even though they are usually a day behind. Today's begins "Old demons and dreams are on the agenda today..." But this is not why I have chosen to write a follow up letter. Still, there is a relevant point to be found in scorio's entry:

"Loving someone, dear Scorpio, is no guarantee that one day that person won't leave. There is no choice in the matter. You must give your love freely, and without strings attached. If you go towards people always asking for guarantees or protection, you will make them feel that you don't trust them. In turn, they won't trust you. It's a vicious cycle, and the only way out is through giving your heart unconditionally..."

I am including this because it is advice that may as well be passed on to the FBI. There is wisdom in the idea that one should question the questioner and that the source of information should be considered as much as the information itself. To call your attention to potentially criminal activity is to become the subject of an investigation. While I have stated that I could be reached via email or in person and that I am open to talking, I have not been contacted officially. Informants and undercover agents are not people I trust because when it comes to lying in order to extract information I don't see the difference between the feds and the mafia. If a person comes to me holding out bullshit, bullshit is what I hand back. This has long been my policy toward anyone in a position of authority. If they can dish it out, they can take it. They are the people with the power. I am alone. How can it be an individual's responsibility to subjugate themselves to the ways of the system when the system is supposed to reflect the will of the people? The only people I will speak openly with are forthcoming and honest.

My Journal from April 15, 2003

I'm embarrassed, I guess, or ashamed by my idealism – that I thought the world could be so contrived as to remove the sense of vulnerability we fear from past experience and replace life with a vague state of security, as if those traumas we had not persevered only ever to learn the exhilaration of standing so unguarded at the feet of the Creator. I am afraid of my ability to lie a lie so pure not even I can distinguish it from the truth, or that the truth is I am insignificant and fallible.

I have had to lie a lot in my life, but I believe that honesty is the best policy. Of course you don't know if I'm telling the truth, or if my accusations are fraudulent. I expected to be questioned, but with respect as you (the government) should have nothing to fear by contacting a citizen. On the other hand, most people would agree that their social

standing – the level of trust other people place in them – would be compromised by even just filling out an online form. I was more concerned at the time that you would be too indiscreet. Then I realized you may think I'm planning on killing this guy. And how ridiculous. I might be crazy, but I wouldn't contact the FBI about someone if I was going to murder him. That wouldn't even make sense to a delusional person. Then I thought about the fact that I had no job, no girlfriend, no place to live. You might think I'm a predator, a latent child molester who just never had the opportunity or never got caught. My lifestyle over the winter was quite similar to that of the pedophile in Sunnybrae, and I do have a checkered past.

I prepared myself to speak with law enforcement, something I have a tremendous fear of doing. Then I remembered a story about a holy man who was coming to visit an established businessman in a small Indian village. The man, anxious about the elder's arrival, cleaned his house until it was spotless and arranged everything to perfection. Then, moments before this priest arrived, he looked in through the doorway and realized it was too perfect. It didn't look lived in, so he quickly grabbed a handful of dirt and threw it on the floor. When the holy man arrived, he said "What a nice house you have, and so clean!" and the man broke down crying. After explaining what he had done, and how trivial, they both had a good laugh and became friends.

As I said before, I am writing with the assumption that I have no privacy. So I went online and downloaded a few pieces of porn – all of them with the word 'latina' in the title. For all practical purposes, this letter is my coming out of the closet – I'm straight. What I have experienced through my sexual identity crisis is not unlike what a gay man goes through, the challenge of finding oneself in a world where the majority doesn't (or can't) understand. There is no publicly available support for the sort of confession 'I thought I might be gay, I tried to be, but just couldn't do it'. If it were the other way around I'd actually be popular here. When I saw Leticia I recognized myself as a backslid Christian of twenty years. Although I need a social support network, I seriously doubt I would find understanding in any church. Sadly, in the months that followed only two Christian men spoke to me with respect about God. A few others prayed near me, or whatever, but the majority avoided me like I was the devil himself. As to whether other people would consider me Christian with my extreme idealism, I could care less. I'm not interested in joining anybody's club. All the same, I am writing to the FBI due to the sensitive nature of the information I had to pass on. As well, I thought it might be more effective in catching the predators I've mentioned to go with a top down approach as the local police here are truly powerless pawns even more sluggish than the feds, and causing a stir in the community would have only started a witch hunt.

That I have a firm understanding of what I'm talking about with regard to the abusers in my life I hope is apparent. The only thing I can't figure out is how any of these three people profit from their activities, but that element is missing and I'm sure it's there. That is why I suspected child pornography at the start. The dysfunctional situations I have fallen into have always involved material gain in some way on the part of others. That's part of my blind spot – my fear of money. I have built a life as best I could to not depend on money, but still it is obvious to me that these people have a healthy income. I



know it's speculation but I don't want this to be construed as a symptom of my obsessiveness. I am talking about the safety of Leticia and, especially, her little girl Alina. If there is any possibility that I am right, this deserves investigation. I am including these next entries to punctuate just how important this woman is to me as I'm afraid my first note (only a page) may have been passed over as some kind of impulsivity. Also I want to make it clear that I am not obsessed with her. My obsessions don't last this long.

My journal from February 13, 2002

Leticia,

My mind, my soul, stops at the sound of your name. This constant motion of thought and desire I put aside just to look at you. I feel you three thousand miles away and my heart is satisfied. I love you. I cannot love another. The faintest possibility that we may be together even for a moment bars me from giving myself away. I spent ten years looking for you and lost you in three days. We met when I was ready to accept my dream of you as mere fantasy. Now my dreams, no matter how fantastical, keep me alive. Never have I felt a connection so pure. I am prepared to spend the rest of my life alone. No one else can present such a feeling of perfection. My heart stops at the thought of discovering my destiny, hoping to find you in my future. I know that you love me. I want you to know me. It is my most solemn wish that I may be everything you want in a mate. I fear that I am not what you are searching out, but I am compelled to tell you how I feel. I want to share the world with you, to have a family and live out the rest of our lives together. I think about you everyday for eight months now and I know that this is forever. I feel crazy, but I'm not. I just want to be with you. Please give me the opportunity to love you with every fiber of my being.

My journal from May 13, 2002

My thoughts are of Leticia today. It's been almost a year now that I've been thinking of her everyday. I haven't spoken with her since Thursday – my heart aches! – and my whole day is engulfed with yearning. I'll call her this afternoon – it's all I can think about. I just want to be with her. There is no cause for loneliness here in Humboldt. I know so many people I can't even leave my house if I'm looking for solitude. And yet my spirit feels isolated, three thousand miles distant from the source of her love. I am undeniably in love with her, my shakti. My feelings of inadequacy are challenged by my need, rather, my desire to be everything for her. And I miss Alina... children grow so fast and I find it unfathomable (unthinkable!!!) and apparent that each day without her is a loss. I want so much to be an important part of their lives. What can I do but await an invitation? Now that we speak regularly I feel this will reach a resolve. I cannot imagine what will happen if I find I am unwanted. I'm afraid it would kill me as I am prone to self-destruction as it is. There is no shortage of single, attractive women here in Humboldt. Every week I meet four or five women I could have if I wanted them – beautiful women; writers, artists, travelers – lonely and looking. Still I have not met anyone as beautiful as Leticia. I pray to God that she is my destiny or I may be forever alone. Oh how my heart bleeds!!! I hope it is not the death of me. There is nothing worse than the misery of unrequited love. Dear God, save me.

My journal from February 27, 2004

Just as a bad dream ends, I am comforted by the empty mind-space once occupied by my fantasy, then replaced by my yearning, now contented by hopeful quiet. I have tried my relationships of the past on foundations of truth, respect, and commitment. Though I've done my best to honor the women I've loved (and all of my friends, too), I now must honor myself. I have accepted my solitude. I know, and have known for a long time, that there is no one I'd rather be with than Leticia. Still, I have taken convenience and opportunity as a sexual priority. Knowing I may never see her again, knowing I'm undeniably single I think why not take what I can get? I have thought about taking a lover, a one-night stand or some other escapade to fill my time and satisfy my physical urges while I wait for her but I'm not interested in another emotional relationship – I don't want to replace Leticia. And as my drive has waned, I foresee inevitable celibacy and have considered one last night in the arms of some other woman. But who? I may never have sex again. I may never be with Leticia. And if I were to have sex only once more in my lifetime I would want it to be the best. Why would I want to be with anyone second-best (or worse)? I already know I only want Leticia. Now I will live that...  
...While it may not be logical to wait indefinitely for a girl who seems to have left me behind I cannot see the sense in denying my feelings any more. There is no mistake to be made. I love Leticia.

My journal from March 03, 2004

I see so many beautiful women and still I'm overwhelmed by my desire to be with Leticia. This morning my thoughts have been about how much sorrow I've had over her absence, that I've concerned myself so much with the lack of her presence. But today I'm aware of the interconnectedness of all things. I'm aware that her absence I felt everywhere is still there. When I sleep and dream of her she is there. Even when I awake, drink my first water and take in a breath of crisp morning air, she is with me. Love is not an energy that permeates all things. It's a movement from which all things are made. Will I see her again? I still don't know. As fate would have it I must go on. I hope she joins me. I hope she knows that I am here, always for her. I want her to know how much I love her, that there is no one else. Of this, I am certain. She's the one. Never have I had a feeling so pure, so true and complete, as when I am with her. My prayers are with her. There is no more doubt, no more destruction. I love Leticia.

My journal from March 16, 2004

I don't want to be the only man left to choose. I want to be chosen over all others. There will be no rape, pillage or plunder. I have subdued the conquerer in me. I refuse to take a mate, rather that she gives herself to me. Happiness is a ruse – becomes a farce in life – when a person tries to arrange the critical elements of their own satisfaction.... Contrived like a stolen apple not one given by the tree. And the significant details once desired, now constructed, become thorny reminders of one's discontent. I have lived this way before and I know how pride becomes an obstacle to resolve.... And how much energy is consumed by trying to make small corrections.... How much time is spent avoiding problems. Relationships like this are doomed to destruction, or some worse fate but it's never pretty. Beauty, in all it's divinity, is found most purely when love is true. The

perfection of a flower cannot be replaced, nor will tricks to the emotion suffice. I only want Leticia. All else is fraud, regardless of the particulars.

Of course we all know that in the fall of that same year I stumbled into self-doubt and conjured up some of the worst personal demons. I made a conscious choice to hold onto these things, to process them and put them down in order to make things right. The object to my efforts is not to 'get' Leticia even though I want her, but to make things right. I have to know that my failings will not have consequences that she will have to suffer. It is the question on everybody's minds these days 'What are you doing?' and the answer is simple. I'm just trying to make this place better in any way I can before they arrive even as I have nothing left in the way of resources. I plan to leave. Although I consider this place to be my home, I have never really been wanted here. In my first months I wrote 'Humboldt is my confessional', but I don't care what other people think of me. I plan to leave because Leticia doesn't want to see me and I have sworn that I will live my life to honor my love. But I cannot leave knowing there is a pedophile in town who may view Alina as a prize while her mother is unsuspecting.

I chose to write to the FBI for numerous reasons. This is nearly my last resort. I would lastly like to state for the record that I own only three things that could be considered weapons. I have a hatchet that was given to me when I was ten. I used to be pretty good at throwing it with some accuracy, but it and I are rusty now. I carry a pair of handcuffs that have never been used (they represent freedom). And I have my favorite tool of all, words. I hope this gives you enough to analyze, but if you should have any questions I'd like to suggest that you ask. Also, I don't understand why there is no local number listed in the phone book. Other towns have listings for the local offices of government authorities. Actually, I don't know why you don't have an office on the plaza in Arcata but for the fact that I and many others would probably protest it.

I have an ability to read spatial associations. I hope what I have offered is of help. Even if it's a stretch, I hope you will direct your efforts toward making the streets a safer place for children rather than stimulating the already high level of paranoia in this county. This is my last letter. If I don't hear from you, and if the pedophile is still in Sunnybrae in the first week of June, I will make this letter public.

As I am preparing to send this letter, this morning's MSN quote is as follows:  
"The force of mind is only as great as its expression; its depth only as deep as its power to expand and lose itself." – G. W. F. Hegel

Thank you in advance for your time in this matter,  
Indigo Michaud