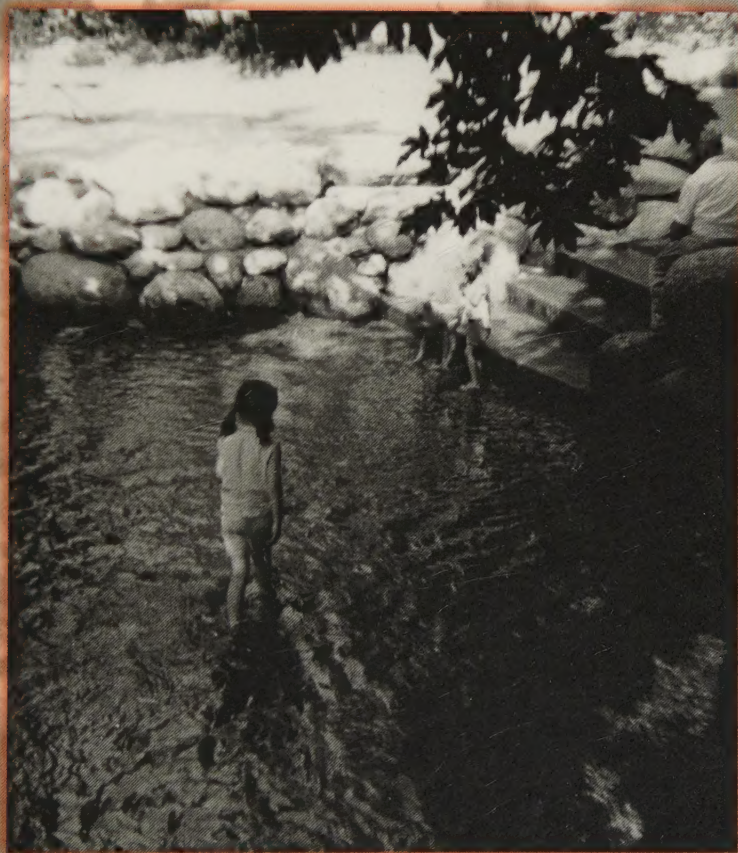
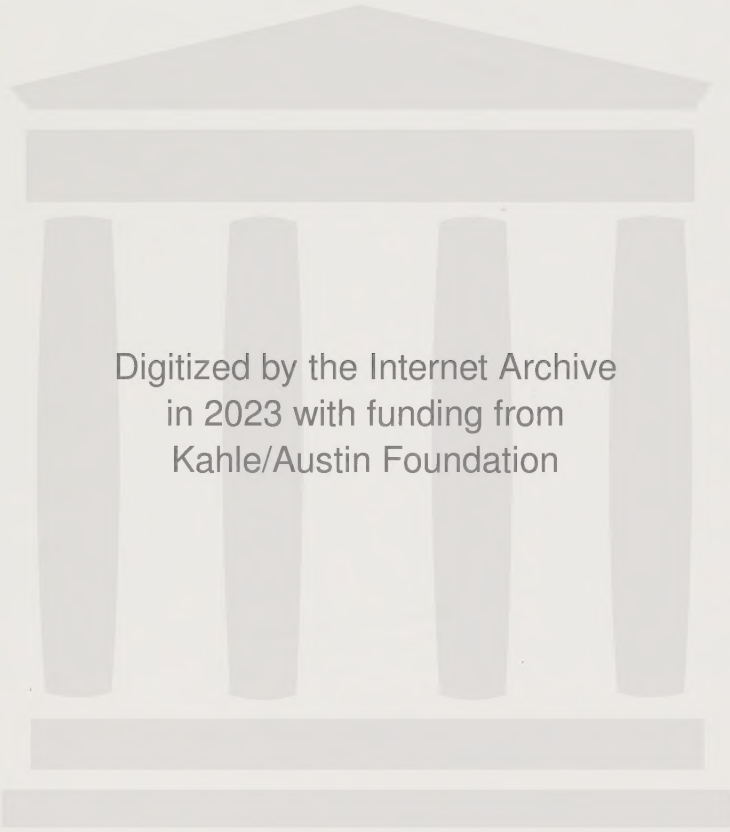


THE OTHER SIDE OF EVIL
Memoirs of a Predatory Sex Offender



Mitchell K. Stephens, Ph.D.



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Preface

No crimes in modern history have generated as much interest as the deviant sexual acts committed against children. While there has been a great deal of written material that explains the sufferings of victims, very little has been revealed about the various types of offenders who perpetrate these offenses. The Public often has a tendency to group all sex offenders together yet there are vast differences between these deviants. Some of them choose to commit their acts from a distance and without being seen. They would rather spy on women undressing in front of windows or watch couples engage in sexual behavior. There seems to be no limit to the planning that goes into these acts and how frequently they occur under the noses of unwilling people. Other offenders prefer to expose their genitals to unsuspecting passer bys in public or from the windows of apartments and houses. Lesser known categories include telephone harassers who can cause great fear and harm to their targets.

Overwhelmingly, the greatest number of sex offenders known to the Public are the child abusers. Even this category can be separated into two major groups: the regressive type who usually knows the victim in some capacity and the fixated or predatory type who actively prowls about to find his targets. The regressive type of offender is usually a family member or friend who has access to children and can spend the time to groom them so that their response to his overtures satisfies deviant desires. This sector comprises the majority of child abusers that are reported in the media. The latter type consists of a smaller percentage of molesters who spend their lives pursuing and taking advantage of children. The mystique of these anti social individuals has not been well documented but has created a great deal of curiosity and concern among the general public who wish to know more about their motivations.

The Other Side of Evil is a fictional portrayal of a predatory sex offender who is a composite of several of these criminals known to the Author over many years. The book depicts the development of this person from his early simple life up to the sophisticated deviousness of adult years. The story reveals techniques used to lure innocent chil-

dren into his web, often under the noses of their parents, as he moves onto each new victim. Even when arrested, imprisoned and under the supervision of the Corrections System, this unremorseful destroyer of children continues to locate victims and ply his evil trade. Written in the first person, the offender unashamedly discloses the justifications for his antisocial thoughts and actions up to the time that his burgeoning ego and carelessness cause severe errors in judgment that lead to a just conclusion. The reader will discover that even under the watchful eyes of Parole Officers and sex offender therapists, the deviant can often do as he wishes without concern for any rules of Society or the Law. The author is a psychologist who has studied, researched and taught university level courses on sociopathy and sex offenders to Law Enforcement personnel for over thirty years. His contact with hundreds of these offenders has occurred in mental hospitals, jails and private settings resulting in a keen understanding of the deviant thinking processes of these people. His hope is that by reading this book, the Public will understand more about this type of offender thereby creating a greater alertness of their habits. As more people become aware of these situations, the prospect of eventually eradicating this scourge will become more of a possibility and we can hope that it occurs as soon as possible.

Mitchell K. Stephens, Ph.D.
March, 2006

Chapter One

Beginnings

I never liked the name Alfred, which my parents so willingly attached to me at birth, but preferred the name which caught my fancy after reading a first grade schoolbook, "Tom." In fact, I never liked anything my parents did or tried to do for me. It seemed that they always went against my wishes although there were many times their control brought about compliance on my part. My mother liked to dote on me and buy clothes that gave the appearance of me being a little gentleman. I didn't care for fancy clothes and certainly didn't care to be made fun of by my classmates. However, my childhood was not unusual and I enjoyed playing with schoolmates and neighbors. My intelligence seemed to be above normal but not high enough to set me apart from others and I kind of blended in with the mainstream kids at school. I usually played with same age mates but occasionally found interest in the activities of older boys. I was tall for my age and could easily be seen as older by most people. The older boys seemed to have more fun and excitement although I never really knew what they were up to. As I started hanging around with them and showed interest in their activities, some of the boys began to act a little friendlier to me. Instead of seeing me as a younger kid, they began to converse in a manner that suggested approval and acceptance of my mannerisms.

I was eight years old while the older boys were about eleven and twelve. Their activities seemed like so much more fun that I found myself spending more and more time around them. I would often do favors for the boys such as running errands, bringing them alcohol drinks from my parent's liquor cabinet and almost anything else that would put me in their good graces. I felt kind of special when they included me in their play. Occasionally, a younger girl would join in play with the boys and although I had no idea of why they would want to play with a female, it didn't strike me as something very unusual.

Most of the time, I was not with them when one or two girls were present, but once in awhile, we would all be together. The older boys would play games with the girls that were not familiar to me and seemed kind of dumb. No matter what kind of game we started out playing, it always

seemed to move toward hugging and touching. While I had no real interest in these matters, it did evoke a curiosity and excitement within me as the playing progressed. Many times, they would play "doctor," which started with everyone slowly undressing and quickly moving toward touching sexual areas. I usually didn't care to stay around and watch them, but once in awhile, Darrin, a twelve year old would ask me to join in. At first, I was kind of embarrassed to be so close to a girl but with enough prodding by the others, the play started to feel more comfortable to me. I began to do what the older boys did and discovered that touching girl's parts was not so bad. In fact, I started to like it as more chances to take part came about. Even while lying in bed, I would think about the fun we were having and looked forward to more of the same. There were times during this phase of my life, that I would daydream about the girls and often play with myself. At my young age, I could not really have an erection like the older boys but it felt good to rub my penis. Eventually, the older boys grew tired of my presence and I was invited less and less to join them in sex play. I felt bad that they no longer wanted me around and unhappy that there were no more girls for me to play with in our secretive manner.

During the next few years, my time was occupied with school activities, mingling with age mates and other youthful interests. My parents continued to cater to me and never deprived me of anything I wanted. Being the only child might have been lonely in one respect but it did provide me with everything. I never studied very hard so grades were usually average which did not matter very much to me. Even at my young age, Mom and Dad would sometimes question me about my future careers but I never gave much thought to the answers. I wasn't going to concern myself with far off future events at this time. When I was eleven years old, a change occurred in my body that allowed me to have erections. At first, I was somewhat frightened by it, but after rubbing my penis and achieving an ejaculation, it seemed like the greatest thing in the world. I began to masturbate regularly every day. Anything could set me off such as pictures of girls in magazines, television shows, movies, underwear ads and sexual thoughts. There were many instances when I remembered the girls whom we had played doctor with which brought out strong feelings in me. I was convinced that it would be wonderful to play those games again.

The problem I found was that girls about my age preferred older boys and had little interest in me. The more I masturbated, the greater my hunger grew for actual contact. It didn't seem fair to me that my

wishes were not being fulfilled. I was able to obtain a few "girlie" magazines that provided far greater mental stimulation in my mind for masturbating but after awhile, even the pictures began to lose their luster. I wanted something more powerful and knew that it would have to be a real person. Before I reached that point, something happened to me that was both explosive and highly stimulating. When I was eleven and a half years old, one of our neighbors, a single man about forty years old, began to strike up conversations with me whenever we met by the property fence. At first, the talk was about sports, school, friends and such, but after a few weeks of meetings, the neighbor, Jerry, asked me how I liked girls. He wanted to know if I ever touched girl's bodies or had them touch me. I didn't know what to make of these talks but they did generate a level of excitement that was new to my experience. I was very coy when responding but Jerry could see the interest that the conversations evoked. One day, during our discussion, Jerry asked if I had ever seen a couple having sex. I thought of lying and acting like a "big man," but finally said "no." Then he asked if I would like to watch a movie of a couple having sex and my eagerness plainly showed. We went into his house and sat on a couch in the living room in front of the television. Then Jerry put a video tape into the recorder and sat next to me as the film began. As I watched the people having naked sex, a tremendous surge of excitement came over me. I had never seen women's sexual parts so close before and watching actual sex made me feel very "heady." I could feel my penis getting hard and would have liked to masturbate but would never do that in front of another person. Jerry was sitting very close to me and probably could hear my breathing quicken. I noticed that his hand was next to my neck and could almost feel it touching my skin. It actually felt pretty good and I didn't object nor resist when his hand started rubbing the back of my neck. I was so engrossed in the video that nothing else could distract my attention. His hand slowly moved from my neck and down my back. Although it felt good, I was starting to feel leery about our closeness. A few minutes later, I told Jerry that it was time for me to go, thanked him for showing the film to me, and quickly left the house.

After getting home, I went straight up to my room with powerful thoughts of the moviescenes permeating my head. It was so overwhelming that I masturbated several time to the sexual thoughts playing in my head. I never went back to Jerry's house although the temptation of seeing more sex films was a powerful lure. However, It was not strong enough to overcome my feeling of discomfort when a man touched

me in so sensual a way. The movie scenes stimulated me for several months but over time, their power began to lessen and I wanted something new to keep my sexual interest up. I was approaching twelve years of age and my sex drive seemed to be increasing greatly especially when I was in the vicinity of certain girls at school. However, they were still not interested in me as a boyfriend. I did discover that some of the younger girls were happy to hang around with me and flirt. At that moment, I decided that younger live girls were better than older girls who were not interested in me or porn movies that only helped my imagination while masturbating.

My school was similar to a candy store where boys and girls could meet, strike up relationships, begin dating and progress onward. Our ages ranged between ten and fourteen years so that the differences in our developmental stages offered great variety. I was taller than average, fair looking and starting to develop a deeper voice. I hadn't started shaving but most people would easily take me for fifteen years old. In my everyday activities at school, I noticed that the youngest girls were the most friendly and often, surprisingly aggressive. One of the ten year olds, Jenny, was tall for her age and although not well developed, had a pretty face. We seemed to run into each other several times a day and usually smile and say "hello." I began to wonder if she would really be interested in me and after some thought on the matter, decided to find out. One day after school, I waited on a street where Jenny usually walked on her way home. Sometimes she walked with friends but occasionally, made the trip alone. On this day when I was waiting, she came along and after seeing me waiting, strolled directly toward me. When she approached, I said hello and asked if we could walk together. Jenny smiled and on the way to her house, we conversed about schoolmates, teachers, homework and future plans. When we arrived at her house, I asked if we could do this again and was given an affirmative nod. Before leaving, I touched her hand in a very caressing way.

I walked Jenny home many times and she never seemed to get bored with me. Each time we parted, I touched her hand or shoulder without ever having any objection uttered. Eventually, I summoned up the courage to ask about getting together on the weekend and go to a movie or the mall. She thought about it and said it would probably be alright with her parents. On the next Saturday afternoon, I showed up at her house for our first date. Jenny smiled when she answered the door and after meeting her parents, we started off to the movies. I was feeling very excited and nervous about being alone with her even though

we were surrounded by people. We sat near the rear of the theater, ate our popcorn, and watched the movie. About forty minutes later, I felt a tingling sensation as Jenny's hand touched mine and clasped it. The feeling was wonderful as we sat holding hands and within a short while, our shoulders touched. I turned to look at her and was surprised to see that she was looking at me. Without knowing what prompted me, I moved my lips close to hers and we kissed. It was a marvelous feeling but after several seconds, we parted and continued watching the movie. During our two hours in the theater, we kissed several times and I was amazed at how well she made contact. When we left the movie, our hands clasped almost all the way to her house. As we approached, Jenny slipped her hand from mine and explained that her parents would frown on anything romantic. I told her that our date was great and would look forward to meeting at school on Monday. On my way home, I was on cloud nine and had the most powerful memories of our time together. In my room, I masturbated several times to the image of our kisses and wondered what it would be like to touch her body. These thoughts made me even more excited and stayed in my mind all weekend. On Monday, I looked forward with great anticipation to seeing Jenny and hoped that she felt the same. When I finally did see her, she was talking with friends but a few minutes later, she joined me and we both agreed that our date had been wonderful fun.

I continued walking her home almost every day and each time, we seemed to be more intimate and closer. Sometimes, we would stop behind a tree or building and kiss and hug. She was on my mind constantly and it wasn't hard for people to notice that I was in a dream world most of the time. It was very hard for me to concentrate on schoolwork and my grades began to show a drop. However, I didn't care because my feelings for Jenny were so powerful that they made everything seem just fine. I wanted to take Jenny out again on the weekend and hopefully, have a more romantic time. I phoned her on a weekday night to see if she could go out with me on Saturday. To my surprise, I noticed that her voice seemed distant and cool. I had expected a very warm, happy to hear from me tone, but it certainly didn't sound that way. I asked her about Saturday, and in a very curt and sharp tone, she advised me that it was not possible. No further explanation was offered but her tone made the hairs on my nape stand up. She would not tell me why her attitude changed and within a few seconds, said goodbye and hung up. I was totally disillusioned and shocked by the conversation and had a terribly sleepless night just thinking about it.

I went through many weeks of anger, despair, rage, self pity and general misery. The agony in my body never seemed to end and my thoughts continuously rambled over the mistakes probably made by me. It was hard to imagine that love could bring such torment when all I really wanted to feel was pleasure and happiness. Eventually, with the passing of time, I was able to tolerate the torture until the pain diminished and the entire matter became an unpleasant memory. I wanted to avoid any further romantic disasters by never pursuing girls again but at my young age, it was totally unrealistic to adhere to that sort of pledge.

The years of my teens were filled with school activities and studying just enough to pass courses. I had still not found any one field of interest but it did not make a huge problem for me. Many of the people I was friendly with seemed to map out their futures and know which college they would attend. I suppose that many found it quite strange that my plans were so loose and unresolved. I was a fairly social person and often attended many events and dances at school so girls were always a factor in my life. Being very tall seemed to make me more desirable and older looking too. Although I was involved in many school activities, there was no desire to become serious with any of the girls. I thought that some females would have liked to go steady with me but my interest was minimal. However, that doesn't mean that I didn't think about sex. The porno films and girlie magazines from my past had made a very strong impression on me and I masturbated every day to those visual memories. I desperately wanted a girlfriend and sex but did not want to risk going through a hurtful rejection again. I was in a dilemma that seemed unsolvable except for that lingering thought about younger girls who were always friendly and pleasant. It was a tiny memory that continually reappeared in my thinking and never really faded permanently. I knew that it would not be cool to hang around with much younger girls but that little kernel of potential satisfaction remained in my mind. There was certainly no scarcity of younger females at school who would like to keep company with an older boy. I simply could not develop any enthusiasm for girls just entering their teens. They seemed to have a garish look about them from wearing too much lipstick and other makeup. I found them to be obnoxious in looks and through their conversations. They seemed very flighty and uninformed about most events happening in the world.

My parents were normally not too interested in my social life but seemed content to question me about schoolwork and future plans.

My father worked for the city in some meaningless type of clerical job but liked to make us think that it was an important position. My mother was a housewife who would occasionally work part time in a dry cleaning store. They had graduated from high school, taken a few courses in junior college, but otherwise were very ordinary people. My mother was a little domineering and would sometimes berate my father for not being more successful. He would politely listen to her tirades but never appeared to care about her opinions. Since I was the only child, they probably wanted me to succeed at something in life but my plans did not involve catering to their wishes nor attaining a high status career. As I progressed through my teens, their concerns seemed to increase and they questioned me more often about my college plans. They could probably tell that my school grades were not very good and that the possibility of obtaining a scholarship to a college was minimal. Most times, I played along with them in order to avoid arguments and often hinted that my grades were improving. These words would often placate my parents but each time they viewed my report card, it gave them serious doubts about my truthfulness which resulted in more friction between us.

Actually, I had no intention of going to college since my distaste for schoolwork was very strong. I had always hoped to move from this house when able to and maintain my own apartment. The thought of ever marrying was not a goal in my life nor ever living with a girl. Rather, I hoped to find some type of easy work that would not tax me too much and just do whatever seemed like fun. If my parents had known about these plans, it would have certainly freaked them out so I never let them discover my true intentions. Living with them at home was merely a period of suffering that I had to endure until I could support myself. Then, I could bid them goodbye and start out on my own. Occasionally, my mother would ask about friends since I rarely brought anyone home for any reason. I would have to make up stories about mythical people to satisfy her curiosity and even invented girlfriends in order to appease her fear that my social life was inadequate.

During my high school years, I was pretty much of a loner and avoided any real intimacy with classmates of my age. Of course, I had sexual thoughts and was able to satisfy them with fantasies and masturbation. There were times that I craved a live females company but never could bring myself to get close to girls near my age. I occasionally thought about finding prostitutes but ruled that option out as too risky. Instead, I found my thoughts of younger girls waxing and

waning over the years. They did seem to be getting stronger and at times, I would go to parks where little girls were playing and watch them without attracting much attention. I particularly enjoyed watching them in the Summertime when they wore less clothing. I found myself admiring their thin shapes, cute little legs, innocent manners and trusting attitudes. Standing at 6'4" tall, I was rather an imposing sight to these children and found it easy to strike up conversations with them. I was always careful to converse at times when their parents were out of sight in order to avoid any type of misunderstanding or confrontation.

It was easy for me to fantasize about my contacts with these girls and became highly aroused to the point of masturbating several times a night. Actually, this seemed a lot simpler and easier than establishing contacts with older females. I never really had the nerve to touch one of the little ones because my tolerance for trouble was very low. I realized that an irate parent could make life very miserable for me over an extended period. In lieu of actual contacts, I continued to develop stronger fantasies that created greater excitement and sexual desire. I knew that at some point the line would have to be crossed and the risk taken.

During my fifteenth year, the fantasies had become more of an obsession and my thoughts were strongly concentrated on committing a stronger action. My schoolwork was of no consequence to me since I had no further educational goals. Even without much studying, I could always manage to get a grade of C, so that graduating from high school was not an obstacle. It meant that I did not have to put much effort into class work or homework, and could spend more time with my sexual images and acts. As I became more bold in my thinking about children, my attention turned to our neighbors, a Mormon couple with five children who often played outside without much supervision. I would often walk over and talk to them without any fear that the parents would object to my presence. They were very congenial and most likely trusted me because I lived next door. Therefore, I was able to observe them for long periods of time without arousing any suspicion. I particularly like their eight year old daughter, Carol, who had a nice smile and always seemed happy to see me. I always looked through my window to see if she was playing outside. If she was there, I would walk out and engage her in some kind of trivial conversation. The other children did not pay attention to us as they continued their play so that for short periods of time, we could talk without prying ears listening in.

Our age difference did not allow for much banter but it did not matter to me since I was trying to get Carol to like and trust me more each day. I had often fantasized about taking Carol for a walk through the woods to some remote spot where my hands could caress her hair and touch her smooth skin but hesitated for the fear of getting in over my head.

Almost every night I schemed about how to make my dream come true but always ran into a dead end. I decided that more boldness would be needed in order to achieve my goal. I was always looking for my chance to be alone with Carol and as sometimes happens, a day came when she was outside without supervision. I became very excited at the prospect of being alone with her but very frightened at the risk that it entailed. Carol was familiar with me by this time so that the two of us alone would not cause her to feel alarm in any way. I approached her and started talking about play activities. She was very cordial and seemed kind of glad to have me around. In a casual way, I asked her where everyone was and she replied that they were doing chores. I told her that it was bad that she had to be alone and indicated that we could play together. She smiled at my suggestion and eagerly shook her head up and down. I had no idea of what to do but suggested that we could take a walk toward the park. Not wanting to be too far away, I was careful to keep our distance from the house to a tolerable limit in case someone came looking for us. We walked while Carol talked about her family and school. I always liked hearing the sound of her voice because it had a pleasant warm tone that made me tingle all over. I finally reached down and took her small hand in mine and held it gently while we walked. I felt a tremendous pleasure while touching her skin that almost put me in a trance. When I felt we had walked enough, I stopped and sat on a log while gently tugging Carol's hand until she also sat down. I wanted to touch every part of her but she had a great look of discomfort about being so far from the house. After giving the situation a moments thought, I decided to take her back to the house and settle on the little satisfaction that our brief contact gave at this time.

After leaving Carol at her house, I went to my room and spend hours reliving the brief interlude that we experienced. The feelings that I had were not as sexual as they were pleasurable in a soothing comforting way. I thought about our contact for a long time before finally moving on to school work. That night as I lay in bed, fantasies and dreams filled my mind as our walking scene repeated itself over and

over. It was the best feeling I ever had in my life and there was no doubt that similar events would be repeated many times.

The weather had turned ugly over the next few days and rain continually washed the ground. I would wistfully look out my window every day but the neighbors never came out. I had to fill my time with the same scene of our walk until it became dull in my mind. I wanted more contact with Carol although the risk was far greater than my schemes had allowed. Occasionally, my thoughts toward her became sexual and I would masturbate often to the smell and touch of her body. While these acts could appease me for the moment, it was not enough to satisfy my wishes.

By the end of the week, the weather had improved with warmth and sun breaks of an unpredictability that only happens in Spring. I hoped with every hour that passed to see Carol emerge from her house so we could resume our time together. While waiting for her appearance, I often struggled with thoughts about her young age and my selfish intentions. No matter how logical my thinking was concerning my actions, the pleasant feelings of her closeness always won out. I did not really care to stop my actions no matter how distasteful they would appear to others. Of course, such is the hedonistic thought process of a teenager.

While I longed to be alone with my little dollgirl, it would not do for me to be seen with her too many times. My greatest fear was being suspected of some type of misconduct with a child. The newspapers were filled with dozens of accounts of child abuse and I was not about to become another story to be read by townspeople. I had to be as careful as possible and plan ahead so that any time with Carol would be as secretive as possible. Whenever her parents were outside, I tried to engage them in conversation of any type just so they would think well of me. It would be ideal if someday, they asked me to baby sit their daughter but that possibility never even came up. Instead, I contented myself by being thought of as friendly and helpful to them in any way. Actually, there was a method to my madness since it allowed me to move about on their property without arousing any suspicion from anyone. It was not a simple task to be alone with Carol since her brother, sisters and parents were usually nearby. The children always played together and it seemed to be rare to find any of them alone.

My second opportunity to be alone with this wonderfully cute little girl came about on a warm Spring day when the family seemed to be spread out on the property. She was sitting on the front steps of the

house looking at a book. I kind of casually sauntered over and smiled while looking around to see if anyone was in our proximity. Luckily for me, no one was in the area and I proceeded to start a conversation with her. She was familiar with me and felt safe even though no one was nearby. Having seen her parents speak to me often seemed to wash away any fears about having contact. I asked her about the book she was looking at and feigned an interest in her response while my mind searched for ways to whisk her off for a short time. After a few minutes of idle banter, I asked Carol if we could take a walk like last time and without much hesitation, she stood up and moved next to me. I touched her shoulder to indicate the direction we should go and the two of us started walking away from the house toward an area of dense trees. All the while we walked, I kept up a steady stream of conversation so that she would not realize how far we had gone and wish to return home. I was set on accomplishing my goal and would not let anything stop me. When we had walked far enough into the forest so that the house was hidden from view, I asked her to stop and sit down for a few minutes.

I began to look at her very intensely and noticed how pretty she was and how smooth her skin seemed. I longed to touch her but didn't want to move very quickly and cause a fright response. The excitement in my mind was incredible and my heart was beating at a very rapid rate. I had never felt my emotions so powerfully before and the thoughts in my head just tumbled all about. I finally put Carol's hand in mine and gently squeezed it. She did not pull away but seemed sort of puzzled by my action. I told her that she was very nice and fun to be with which seemed to cause no reaction in her expression. I touched her hair which was a very dark blond color and began to stroke her tresses. I really didn't know what to do next but strange feelings were coming over me that kept my actions from halting. I finally leaned over and put my lips on Carol's forehead while pulling her closer to me. When she did not resist nor ask me to stop, I put my hands on her shoulders and drew her even closer. That is when she seemed to stiffen up and show a little resistance but I ignored it and continued caressing her body. I barely knew what my actions would entail but it all felt too good to stop. I started touching her smooth thin legs when a noise from behind caused a tremendous surge of fear within my body. I didn't know who it was but I immediately pushed Carol back and slowly turned around to see the intruder. Then I saw her brother about fifty feet away walking toward us. I quickly got up, moved further away

from Carol and waved at him. Kevin said that Momma was looking for Carol because she was not allowed to leave the house area. I told him that it was my fault for walking so far away and not paying attention to the distance we had traveled.

The three of us walked back to the house but before we got there, I left them and went to my house. For the next few hours, I hid in my room and waited in dread for Carol's parents to show up and demand to know what had been going on. I kept thinking that Carol had told her parents about our interlude and they were going to call the Police. It seemed like the worst time in my life and the torment in my brain made me swear that something like this would never happen again. After several hours had passed and no one showed up, I began to wonder if the parents thought of our excursion as a simple little walk in the woods. After a little more time had passed, I began to feel calmer and somewhat cautiously optimistic that no harm would come to me from the days events.

Chapter Two

A Criminal Record

I was starting to feel normal when a knock on the door sounded about 8:30 in the evening causing my heart to start pounding as if it was going to burst. I stood by the door listening to who it might be and hoping that it was just an innocent visitor. My Mother opened the door and her surprised voice told me that the worst was going to occur. In came two Sheriffs Deputies with a request that they speak to me immediately. My Mother tried to find out what they wanted but they insisted on talking only to me. She called my name and asked me to come downstairs at once. For a moment, I was sorely tempted to climb out the window and run away but thought better of it and slowly walked downstairs to face the Deputies. One Deputy asked me to sit down while he asked a few questions. The other stood by the door as if to guard it against any sudden move to escape the situation. Deputy Jackson asked me if I knew a young girl named Carol, who lived next door and whether or not I had been alone with her a few hours ago. My mind was racing in an attempt to find reasons or excuses for what had occurred but nothing came up. I asked him what this was all about which caused him to look at me and ask in an accusatory tone “you know exactly what I mean.” He then asked what we had done together and I told him about the walk, sitting on a log and talking. He asked if anything else had happened between us and putting on my most innocent and quizzical face, responded with “nothing had happened.” What Deputy Jackson said next brought out my worst fears about the questioning. The Deputy narrated an exact account of what had happened as if he had been there. I was amazed that Carol could have such accurate recall of my every movement. After finishing, he asked if what had just been said was true, to which my barely audible reply was “not exactly.” I tried to punch holes in Carol’s recounting of our walk but it appeared that the Deputies did not believe me. I remember how horrified my Mother looked and wondered how my Father would react to the accusation that his son was a child molester. The Deputy wrote out a citation which ordered me to appear in Court to answer the charge of sex abuse in the third degree, and then both of them left. I could not think of anything to say but quickly went

to my room while my Mother quietly sobbed into her handkerchief. I knew that the worst was yet to come when my Father came home and what occurred when he did, affirmed my prediction. Dad was furious and raged on about how disgraceful and shameful the entire family would be when this disgusting news became known. I tried to make excuses and convince him that my actions were innocent and harmless but he ranted on through the night. Finally, everyone quieted down and I went to my room and thought about the consequences that were yet to be faced. My worst fear was going to reform school or spending a long time in the county jail. At times, I could feel a swelling up of rage at Carol for telling on me although no thoughts of revenge entered my mind.

I did not have to appear for two weeks and every day plodded by and made concentrating on school work more difficult. Everyone seemed to know what had happened and avoided or hardly looked at me. I felt very alone and unjustly punished since my actions with Carol were not all that bad. The Court date finally came and I had a hearing before a Judge. Carol was not present but her parents were there and after hearing the evidence, the Judge found me guilty as charged. I was sentenced to two weeks in juvenile detention and one year on bench probation. I could have been given a lot worse which was the only consolation for me on that day.

I was taken into custody and spent the next ten days in a juvenile institution that made me realize that incarceration was the worst thing imaginable. My Mother visited every few days but Dad never came to see me. It was just as well I thought, there would be less disapproving looks to put up with. I didn't want to mingle with the other inmates so my time was spent alone doing schoolwork and sleeping. I really wanted to keep up with the class work so that graduation would occur right on time. Afterwards, I could leave the area and start over somewhere new where no one knew me. When I was released from jail and returned home, the mood at my house was very somber. Neighbors would not even look at me and school life was no better. However, I resolved to overcome these problems, keep my work up and graduate with the class.

It was very difficult to attend high school with the powerful stigma attached to me. I was often made the butt of much verbal abuse but because of my height and built, physical confrontations were rare. Fighting and aggression were not part of my personality and the lack of these elements in my life was welcome. None of the girls would talk

to me lest they be accused of mingling with a deviant so my social life was non-existent. The teachers tried to maintain an air of neutrality but I believed that they always favored lowering a grade when possible. After a term of attending school as a pariah, I decided to try home study in order to complete everything and graduate on time. The Principle was very understanding but quite eager to have me out of the school. I was given a list of assignments, books, handouts and instructions to follow, and went off on my own. I was sixteen years old and only had one and a half years before completion of school. The time went quickly and I rather enjoyed staying at the house most of the day. The work was not difficult and I was able to obtain grades of B and C, without studying too hard. My parents interacted with me in a low key, superficial manner, which suited my lifestyle. I really did not want to hear questions about my whereabouts from them nor look at their accusatory glances. I had developed into a loner and seemed to thrive at that level. I spent a lot of time thinking about Carol and the encounters we had. Sometimes, I despised her for turning me in and other times, I thought about her cute little body and face. Judges and counselors tried to make me feel ashamed of my behavior but I never really felt any misgivings nor remorse for my actions. I considered them normal responses that gave pleasure to all concerned. I could not see where any damage had been done to the girl but could see the damage done to me. I grew to resent a society that punished people who were out for a little fun. It seemed incredibly unfair!

Without much of a social life, I turned to magazines and fantasies for sexual arousal. I did not particularly care for pornography that featured adult women. Rather, I looked for children and teen magazines that featured enticing photos of very pretty, young girls. I spent many hours masturbating to these pictures while creating fantasies that allowed me to imagine participating in sexual encounters with these little cuties. Rather than diminish my desire for live girls, I seemed to crave them more and more. I made a promise to myself that when the next opportunity arose to have contact with a young one, it would be done more carefully so that no one would know.

School was progressing and I was closing in on completion of my course work. I was almost eighteen and looking forward to collecting my savings, packing my bags, and leaving this house forever. I had no regret in never seeing my parents nor any other relatives again. They had not supported me when I was in need and it was probably a certainty that the memory of what had happened with Carol would

remain in their small, narrow minds forever. Through great foresight, I had saved money from working and other sources and accumulated a few thousand dollars which was enough to start a new life elsewhere without the overtones of guilt found in this bigoted area.

As I look back over my ordeal with the Justice System, other than spending time in jail, the other punishments had not been too severe. I remember talking to a counselor at the jail and discovering that it was not too difficult to deceive him about my intentions, remorse and rehabilitation. As I answered his questions and told him about my childhood it became easy for me to read his expressions and determine which responses would satisfy his curiosity. All I had to do was act genuine and show deep empathy for the victim. The counselor actually fed me the answers he wanted to hear and I was happy to oblige him. There was no question in my mind that I could probably fool any professional who had the task of dealing with me.

Time passed and I finally finished high school. I was not asked to attend the graduation ceremonies which were of no interest to me anyway. I did not feel that the class was connected to me in any way and believed that they were nothing more than small town, nowhere losers. After I received my diploma, my thoughts turned to leaving the area as soon as possible. I had already planned my travel route by deciding to live in Des Moines, a city about two hundred miles distant, where no one would know me. After a few weeks of preparing my parents for the departure, I bought a bus ticket and started on my new life. Parting with Mom and Dad had been very easy and after promises of phoning and writing to them regularly, nothing more had been said. They made no attempt to dissuade me from leaving and I truly felt that they were relieved by my decision to go. I'm sure that it must have been very difficult for them to face their friends and family after my charges were made public but all of us have a cross to bear.

Chapter Three

New Start

I arrived in Des Moines about six in the evening and started off to look for a place to stay for the night. My plans involved finding an inexpensive apartment and any type of non-physical work at minimum wage or better. I was young but because of my height and looks, could pass for a man in his early twenties. I spotted what looked like a cheap hotel near the bus terminal, went in and rented a room for the night. The clerk hardly gave me a glance as he asked me to sign the register and pay twenty six dollars. The room was quite bare and dingy but my optimism was high for the good things that were yet to come. My adventure was starting and I was finally free from all the stigmas of the past. The next morning, I got up early, bought a newspaper downstairs, and stopped at a little restaurant for breakfast where plans for the day would be created. I was scanning the want ads and thought that in a large city, there would be ample opportunities for employment. What caught my interest most often, were jobs involving sales, either in a store or on the phone. There were several openings in various department stores and a few telemarketing positions that looked promising. I was in no rush to accept the first job offered and truly expected to be sought after by companies. I took my time deciding among the few job openings and after some thought, choose to seek a telemarketing job. My voice was deep enough to pass for an older adult and my delivery of a sales pitch was smooth and even. The first company I tried for looked like a decent place to work. The manager was very impressed with my speech delivery and hired me immediately. The work was fairly simple and consisted of reading from a printed card about the virtues of a mortgage service that provided equity home loans. The computer actually dialed the numbers and all I did was talk in a convincing tone. The pay was eight dollars an hour plus bonuses if I actually set an appointment for a loan officer to meet the home owner. I found the work fairly simple and felt no stress after one day of employment.

After living in the run down hotel for a week, I decided that it was time to look for an apartment in a decent section of the city. I looked at maps and rode busses to different areas and inspected apartments

within my price range. Looking at apartments was time consuming since I worked from 11AM to 7PM, but within a few days, something suitable turned up. The landlord did not seem to care about my youthful looks as long as I had a job and could afford the rent and fees. The apartment was sufficiently furnished to a point that there was no urgent need to acquire furniture. It was a one bedroom apartment with a good amount of room and a decent carpet. I felt proud of my accomplishments of finding a job and an apartment within one week of arriving in an unfamiliar city.

During my off time, I ambled through the neighborhood to become familiar with it. There were some stores in the area but it mostly consisted of single family homes and apartment buildings. While walking about, I noticed that many of the homes had children's toys strewn on the lawns and saw several kids of various ages playing. I began to think about Carol and the wonderful short minutes that we spent together. It made me feel very lonely and desirous of meeting some young people but I would have to be careful so that the last problem was not repeated. At work, I talked to several people without really connecting to any of them. A few of the younger women were friendly and started up conversations with me. They probably thought I was a little shy and would occasionally tease me about my lack of forcefulness. It was easy to put up with since their words were playful and humorous. A few of the girls asked me to attend parties or go bowling with them but I always made some excuse to avoid going and after awhile, the invitations stopped coming. I really had no interest in getting involved with any of them since my true focus had become very clear to me. I wanted to be around little ones who made me feel special and important. I didn't have to do much to please them while their presence gave me much pleasure and happiness. I would not do anything to harm them but acted to make them feel better about themselves. It appears that at this point in my life, I had a purpose that would fulfill my greatest dreams. I realized that other people my age had plans for attending college and achieving career goals. Many of my classmates had been going steady and were probably going to marry in the near future. They would have good jobs, own homes, have children, drive nice cars, take vacation and save money for retirement. These things never seemed to interest me in any way. My ideals were to stay single, move around the country, earn enough money to live comfortably and see how many young people could be found to give me pleasure. Everything else was extraneous and could present obstacles to my lifelong quest. At the age of

eighteen, I had reached a height of 6'4" and looked much older. There was no doubt in my mind that some type of socializing would have to occur if I was to meet children. If not, I would have to risk interacting with kids in public places where parents would be present. It seemed that the best place to start meeting women was at my workplace. Several of the women had shown an interest in talking to me and a few of them had photos of children on their desks. It would not be difficult to engage them in some kind of social encounter that would bring me into their homes where events could become interesting.

The first woman whom I struck up a friendly conversation with was a twenty six year old named Loretta. I didn't know if she was divorced or never married but did learn that she was not seeing anyone at this time. After a few chats during breaks, we started going out for coffee and it wasn't long before I asked her out on a date. Loretta was very willing to go with me and I decided that she was either very lonely or attracted to me. We began going to movies, taking walks, shopping and eating in cafes which greatly increased our contacts. Eventually, she asked me to have dinner at her home, which I gratefully accepted. It was my first chance to see her daughter. When Saturday evening arrived, I dressed in my best clothes and traveled by bus to her home. When she answered the door, I immediately saw what looked like an angel, staring up at me. I made sure not to stare at the child too long but moved my gaze to Loretta. After introduction, I found myself sitting alone in the living room with Kelsy, while Loretta finished preparing dinner.

Kelsy was seven years old, blond and cute. Her vocabulary was very impressive for one so young and we were able to engage in simple but interesting conversations about television programs. She had just finished first grade and expressed a great enjoyment for school and learning. I liked her immediately and wished that we could hug so that cute little body would be up against mine. I was trying to be very careful and avoid committing stupid mistakes. After all, I was here to visit Loretta. In all the time I spent with Loretta, nothing resembling a romantic interest had developed. She must have thought I was shy because of my youth and while occasionally trying to make physical contact with me, no such thing had ever occurred. My dilemma was in deciding how to keep her interested without becoming romantically involved. This would not be easy as I later found out. Loretta had been divorced for four years and in no rush to marry again. She was a youthful looking woman which probably explained her attraction to a younger man. I

did not find her unattractive in any way but had difficulty in generating sexual thoughts toward an older woman. I really had no objection to having sex with her except that it was not my true preference. As I noticed her becoming more aggressive with me over time, there seemed to be no way to avoid her expectations.

We only kissed a few times during our acquaintance but it was obvious that Loretta wanted more physical contact and there were instances when I felt the same way. Loretta was hinting about staying overnight with her and rather than risk a scene, I agreed. After Kelsy had gone to bed and was asleep, we sat on the couch and talked for awhile about our plans for the future. Loretta then began to rub my shoulders and caress my neck. It produced nice feelings and I started to do the same to her. She kissed me for a lengthy time and said something about us going into the bedroom. I followed sheepishly, having very little experience in these matters, and let her take the initiative with undressing and getting into the bed. I followed her example and soon we were locked in an embrace that had never before been my pleasure to experience. Apparently, she had not had sex for a long time and showed an extreme passion that brought out the same from me. We engaged in sex play for hours until I could barely move. We must have drifted off to sleep because the next thing I remember is Loretta whispering in my ear about getting dressed and leaving before Kelsy woke up. It seemed that she did not want to give the child an impression that her mother was immoral. I got up, dressed, and after uttering a brief goodbye, left the house and headed for home. I got to my apartment about six in the morning and finished getting some much needed sleep.

I felt invigorated by our sexual encounter and thought that it would be easy to survive in order to have continued contact with Kelsy. It seemed that I could have the best of both worlds. When I arrived at work, Loretta was already there and greeted me with a warm smile. She didn't say much until our break and then motioned for me to follow her to a private area. Loretta gave me a brief kiss and hug. Her affection for me almost gushed out as she spoke about the wonderful time we had. I mentioned that it was great for me too and hoped that no problem had arose with Kelsy. She reassured me that none had and asked about my plans for this evening. I really didn't want to spend time with her so soon but the thought of seeing her daughter again gave me a powerful feeling that overcame any hesitation. We made plans for the evening and returned to our work.

During the day, the thoughts in my mind turned to finding ways that would leave me along with Kelsy without arousing Loretta's suspicions. I was hoping that something would happen in Loretta's life that would leave me in a position of babysitting for a long period of time. There were hours when my mind would race like a speeding motor with ideas and scenarios that would situate me in a reality that simulated my fantasy. I so much wanted to be alone with Kelsy but there was no way to accomplish this deed at present without severe problems cropping up. I spent many hours racking my brain for ways to solve this dilemma but nothing useful came to mind. Loretta, fortunately, had no inkling of my true purpose and was content to continue our relationship. She would never know that my only reason to see her was that pretty little girl whom I adored. Over the next few weeks, we became more intimate with regular overnight stays that ended with me leaving early in the morning. My lack of aggressiveness in not seeking more overnight visits seemed to fit in with Loretta's plans. In her mind, we were getting along fabulously and probably felt no need to change our routine.

I believed that my patience was going to pay off since Loretta trusted me more. She would often tell me about personal matters concerning her former marriage, work and finances. Her relationship with Kelsy was very close, warm and protective at all times. She mentioned that very few people could be trusted alone with Kelsy in the event that a sudden emergency arose. I did not respond to her comments but bided my time in the hope that something would come up and leave me as the only trusted person available. Weeks became months and nothing more opportunistic seemed to happen so that I began to wonder if there would ever be a chance to fulfill my dream. I could not keep up this romantic pretense with Loretta forever and in fact, was beginning to tire of our physical relationship.

Sometimes, when events seem most helpless, a ray of sunshine comes beaming in and changes life for the better. Loretta was going to be a witness at her good friends' small wedding and would not be able to bring her daughter. I don't think that she wanted me to attend because of the disparity of our ages which made me available as a babysitter. Loretta didn't trust too many people and with some hesitance, asked me to stay with Kelsy for about four hours on a Friday night. I didn't wish to show any undue eagerness but wanted her to feel that my agreeing to help out was merely due to an act of friendship and caring. For the next few days until that wonderful night finally came, my mind was filled with fantasies of what was to come. I became a clock

watcher, always wishing that time would pass quickly. I seemed to be in a daze and was often told by office workers that my state of mind was due to love for Loretta. It may have looked like love but if so, the object of my affection was not Loretta. No one would have ever guessed who the real adoration of my life was. As the night approached for this marvelous event, I thought that my head would explode in a crescendo of excitement. Finally, it was here, as I approached the house on Friday night, my heart was beating so loudly, it was hard to believe that people passing by in the street couldn't hear it.

I knocked on the door and Loretta let me in. Kelsy was nowhere to be seen but I knew she was close by. Without seeming too eager, I asked Loretta where her daughter was and learned she was in her bedroom watching television. Loretta gave me instructions for Kelsy's snacks and bedtime, kissed me quickly and left. I stood there for a few minutes and gathered my thoughts on what to do during the next few hours. I had finally achieved the promised land and now that all that remained was to execute my plans. I went to Kelsy's room and opened the door to see what she was doing. Kelsy was on her bed, wearing pajamas and seemed oblivious to me when I entered the room. She looked up at me and smiled in a way that made me think she was happy at my being there. We had known each other for several weeks and some familiarity had taken hold. I said "hi" and sat down beside her on the bed. I had never before been so close to her and the nearness caused a rush of powerful feelings to pulsate within me. I made some small talk and asked her how she was feeling to which she replied "a little tired." Moving a little closer, I put my hand on her shoulder and said that a massage would feel very soothing and pleasant. She did not seem to object so I began rubbing her back gently with the palm of my hand. Whatever it felt like to her, there was no way it could match the electricity flowing through me. My thoughts were becoming highly sexual as I continued rubbing her back. Eventually, I started massaging her legs which seemed like beautiful objects to be held. Kelsy seemed to like the sensations because she emitted a little sigh of pleasure that made her body quake. I continued massaging for about five minutes before pulling her to one side so that she was lying on the bed facing me. I truly believed that she enjoyed the touch and continued by rubbing the front of her legs. I mentioned how this was helping her to relax and feel better. My hands moved upward onto her stomach and chest which caused my body to quiver very noticeably. Kelsy asked me if I was feeling alright while continuing to purr like a kitten. My hands had

now moved all over her body and were now in the crotch area. I thought that a slight look of amazement and fear crept into her face but no objection was uttered. My hands went all over her and penetrated her tiny vagina in a gentle way that caused no pain. My penis had gotten rock hard but I knew that exercising caution was crucial so that nothing got out of hand. Finally, Kelsy asked me to stop because my hands were hurting her. I quickly withdrew them and let her readjust her pajamas. I spoke to her about the nice time we were having and emphasized that these special moments should not be shared with others. She seemed to understand that it was our secret only and not even her Mother could be told. I really trusted her to keep quiet about our wonderful playtime and after a few minutes of talking, left the room. When I looked in there a few minutes later, she was fast asleep. I spent the next few hours watching television until Loretta showed up. She was slightly tipsy from drinking too much and probably had a good time at the wedding. After a few minutes of banter with Loretta about how things went with Kelsy, I said goodnight and left feeling very satisfied with my accomplishments.

On the way home, I kept going over the wonderful nights events with Kelsy, which gave me a tremendous feeling of passion in my groin area. Once I arrived at my apartment, it only took a few minutes for me to masturbate as intense fantasies filled my mind. I had a marvelous ejaculation that made my entire body become as limp as a rubber band. I could never have imagined anything feeling so incredibly good. I fell asleep with spasms of pleasant sensations from head to toe until awakening four hours later. Now that the initial rush of my intimacy with Kelsy had passed, I started to feel little pangs of fear and doubt from within. The fears seemed to grow very quickly as the realization hit me that the Law would see my actions as a severe crime. My greatest fear was Kelsy telling her Mother what had occurred and a quick call to the authorities. These thoughts stayed with me for several hours and by daybreak, I had not slept and was very tired. I kept on thinking that at any moment, a knock on the door would sound, followed by "Police, opened up!" It was a very trying time for me and my thoughts vacillated between never doing anything again to a child and looking forward to my next encounter with Kelsy. I was nineteen years old and the thought of spending a long time in jail scared me to death. Any sudden noise outside my door put me in a panic but eventually the fears subsided enough to resume my normal activities. I had to go to work soon and the prospect of facing Loretta caused great uneasiness

within me. My thinking was obsessed over the debate of whether or not my time with Kelsy was worth the misery that came afterwards. Finally, when nothing unusual happened, I decided to resume a normal existence and go to work.

When I arrived at the office, Loretta was not in yet and my usually duties occupied the time until she arrived. When I did see her walk in, I was almost frozen in motion, waiting for her first comments. However, she only smiled after noticing me and said hello. It seemed that Kelsy had told her nothing that could get me in trouble. As that realization came over me, my breathing became much deeper. When I was able to talk to Loretta, she acted as nothing unusual had occurred and in fact, thanked me profusely for babysitting. As she continued talking, I learned that Kelsy had been perfectly normal in the morning other than being a little quieter than usual. I didn't know if it was just luck or the events had no effect on Kelsy. The next few days went routinely well and I was now almost free of the fear that discovery was imminent. Apparently, nothing had been said by Kelsy about our time together which made me start thinking that she actually liked what I had done with her. After all, I had to given her a nice massage and very pleasurable feelings. If nothing similar had ever been done to her before, then I believe that she truly appreciated my touch. I did not go back to Loretta's house for many weeks, but did spend time with her on breaks. I gave many excuses for my absence that had to do with personal matters, but eventually, she practically insisted on the two of us having an intimate evening together. I still thought a great deal about Kelsy and how wonderful it would be to spend another evening with her. I also feared that seeing me too soon might cause her to blurt out something about our time together. However, I eventually gave in to Loretta's urging and agreed to come over for dinner on Friday evening after work. When I arrived at the house, Kelsy and Loretta seemed happy to see me. Kelsy had not seen me for several weeks and although acting somewhat shy, smiled and talked almost nonstop to me. I felt more at ease and calm for the first time in several weeks and it really bolstered my confidence. We ate supper and sat in the living room, chatting about work and Kelsy's school. For some reason, perhaps because Kelsy seemed so happy, I sat next to her on the couch so that we were touching. Suddenly, she seemed to freeze for a moment and then move away from me with a look of fear on her face. Loretta was very surprised by her reaction since we had seemed to get along so well and asked Kelsy about her gesture. Kelsy did not respond but immediately stood up, ran

into her room and slammed the door. Loretta looked at me for some kind of explanation but I acted as if it was a completely unexpected action. She followed Kelsy into the room, closed the door and spent about twenty minutes with her. My heart was pounding like a hammer when at last Loretta came out and said that Kelsy wouldn't speak about the reason for running off. I blurted out that everything would be alright in the morning and told Loretta that it was time for me to leave. I could see the confusion on her face when we said goodbye and walked off.

All the way home and even in the safety of my apartment, a torrent of fears raced through my mind as I contemplated the worst that could happen from this turn of events. There was no sleep in store for me that night as I thought about facing Loretta at work the next day. The time went excruciatingly slow for me but I finally came to work and met with Loretta. I asked her how Kelsy was doing and her reply indicated no clue to what was bothering the child. She then mentioned that an appointment had been made to see the school counselor on the next day. Without trying to show any discomfort or anxiety, I attempted to gently persuade her to forget about the counseling since it would only make Kelsy feel worse. Loretta thanked me for my concern but stated that several people had suggested the counseling session and it seemed like the best course of action.

Chapter Four

Punishment And Crime

While waiting to hear about the outcome of Kelsey's counseling sessions my mind was filled with anguish. I didn't know whether to run away or hide or act as if nothing had ever happened between me and Kelsy. Of course, I was not sure of what was going to be told to the counselor and after thinking it over, decided that my best choice was to take a waiting approach and deal with the situation. Nothing happened that day and I began to breath easier again. Work was uneventful although Loretta did not show up. I briefly thought about phoning her but decided against it. I was beginning to think that luck was on my side when a knock on my door sounded about ten in the evening, followed by the words "Police, open up." My world seemed to shatter at that instant and everything that occurred from then on, still to this day, seems unreal to me. I was arrested, taken to the Police Station, and booked into jail. The next day, I was taken to Court for an arraignment and due to having little money, was provided with a court appointed attorney. When I met him on the next day, he read off the charges against me which included sex abuse in the first degree, a felony, and other charges having to do with child mistreatment. I remember that his words to me were "plead guilty and throw yourself on the mercy of the Court." Apparently, Kelsy had told the school counselor everything on that fateful evening and the authorities believed every word of it. The attorney said that it would be useless to dispute her accusations since the Court would not believe that a child could make up a story with such lurid details. I could not think of any kind of defense to offer and took his advice. I received a sentence of four years in prison and three years of parole supervision after my release. I never saw Kelsy again but the face of Loretta staring at me in disbelief as my confession to crimes were stated in Court, was an extremely unpleasant experience. Shortly after the sentencing, I was whisked back to the jail to await transfer to a reception facility for prison orientation.

As I look back on that four years in prison, it was more like a learning experience than a punishment. The prison was strictly for sex offenders of all types so that it was difficult for anyone to look down on

another inmate. I never realized how many different kinds of sex crimes there were and quite honestly, some of them did not seem to be crimes at all. In my thinking, what I did to young girls did not seem so terrible. I could not truly comprehend the enormity of my acts that others tried to depict during my counseling sessions. However, it was necessary to convince counselors and other inmates of my sincere remorse over the harm caused to my victim. It was not hard to do because you simply watched the faces of counselors and quickly determine the kinds of responses they wanted to hear. It was far more important to satisfy their egos than be concerned with making honest expressions of culpability. Many of the inmates in my group often got together and chatted when counselors were not present. We all had a pretty good laugh over the ineptness of these so called experts and how easy they were to deceive. I started to quickly develop an aversion to people trying to help me rehabilitate via their guilt inducing methods. Occasionally, they made my blood boil by attacking our behaviors and insinuating that we were perverts. I personally did not consider myself a deviant but merely someone who liked to interact with young girls.

Most of the time in prison was really boring. There were few programs for self improvement or craft work. We played cards, watched television or movies and talked about how life would be once outside the walls. Many of the men adamantly stated that they would never be back and I concurred with them on that point. I hated being in this place which kept me from enjoying the pleasures that existed in the real world. During my incarceration, I never made any close friends but preferred to stay in my cell and think about what went wrong with my planning. I had no qualms about pursuing little girls again but wanted to do it in a way that would avoid ending up in this situation again. I went over scenarios involving children just about every day in an attempt to find ways of improving my chances of success. It was probably the only thing that kept me from going stir crazy.

Time passed fairly slowly and there was no doubt in my mind that the authorities would keep me in for the entire four years. Parole did not come easily for sex offenders, although, occasionally such outcomes did happen. All I could do is bide my time and try to keep focused on that day when these steel doors opened to freedom. I suppose that good things happen eventually to those who have patience and my termination date was approaching. I remember when one of the counselors called me into his office for a final interview. He remarked on how well I had done and was positive that no further offenses would occur.

It took all of my energy to keep from laughing in his face but I learned the art of self control very well. Eventually, the Warden called me in to see him and talk about my plans for the future. I acted very humble, thanked him for his interest, and swore that this was the last time these walls would surround me. I don't know how convinced he was of my words since everyone leaving prison probably says the same thing. I didn't care what he thought since the gates were opening in a few days and my life would be drastically changed. I still had the post prison supervision to deal with but it wouldn't be too difficult for a sharp guy like me.

Rather than make me more law abiding, prison had turned me totally against societies restrictions and strengthened my belief that any of my actions were just fine. Now I had to deal with finding a place to live, obtaining some type of work and getting back to pleasurable activities. I had not seen my parents in several years and had not the slightest interest in visiting them. They had made one trip to the prison during my stay but it had been a totally forgettable experience. I could not tolerate my father's stern gaze and my mother's tears. To their credit, they never returned nor wrote letters which suited me just fine. Since I had no family to contend with, there were no restraints on my life other than the post prison supervision.

Finding an apartment was not easy since I had no money. So, with great reluctance, I agreed to live in a halfway house for a short time. Doing so would give me breathing room to find work, accumulate money and move into my own apartment. I didn't like living with ex-cons again but it was a situation that couldn't be avoided. One of the rules of my supervision was to visit my Parole Officer within a few days of release. When I arrived at the Corrections Office, I was introduced to a middle aged woman who seemed more like a social worker than a Parole Officer. She spoke to me about starting a new life with a happy future. It really disgusted me to put up with her so all I could do was smile, nod and look interested. She presented me with many rules that included participating in sex offender treatment, the taking of polygraphs and plythysmographs and other obnoxious interferences of my time. Mrs. Bergman stressed that the most important goal at this time was to find work and since I was not too particular about a job, that rule seemed simple enough to follow. She made it clear that I would have to pay for my treatment, parole fees and other incidentals. This seemed to be a huge burden to someone who was just getting started again but I was in no position to argue. She suggested that I start off with day labor jobs

which should be easy to find. At the end of our meeting, I thanked her for helping me and promised to obey every single rule. I was so happy to get away from her and that office that my legs took down the stairs at a very fast pace. I did not really want to work as a day laborer and immediately bought a newspaper to peruse the telemarketing positions listed. I found a few firms in the downtown area and applied for work. Much to my surprise, but probably due to my appearance and pleasing voice, the second firm I visited offered me a job.

The firm that employed me made equity loans to people who owed homes and who needed or wanted cash for various reasons. All I had to do was sit at a phone desk and let a computer dial numbers of prospective borrowers, who then listened to my short, prepared speech. Telemarketing seemed to be my forte and I began to do quite well in sales. Within a few weeks, I was earning about ten dollars an hour which was enough to afford renting of an apartment. Since I now had the money for deposits and other charges, it was not hard to find a small apartment near work. It was a happy moment when I left the halfway house and moved into my own place. The neighborhood was somewhat run down but still presentable. Stores were nearby and apartment buildings and private residences dotted the area. I was restricted by parole regulations from living too close to parks, playgrounds, schools or any other place where children would normally congregate. It was somewhat degrading to have Mrs. Bergman inspect the apartment building and surrounding areas in order to have official approval to reside in the unit. However, it turned out to be fine with her and now I was more independent than in many years and made a promise to keep things that way.

My social life was absolutely stagnant and the only outlet I had to meet people was at work since taverns and lounges were out of bounds. The co workers seemed friendly enough and a few of them began to converse with me over time. I felt that this situation was very similar to my life before going to prison although this time, mistakes would not be made. Now that I was working and had an apartment, the only item left to contend with was my parole. Mrs. Bergman met with me twice a month and went over the same material each time. I could easily deceive her but a new glitch entered my life in the form of sex offender treatment with a psychologist. I was given a name to call and set an appointment for our first meeting. A few days later, I met with Dr. Kravitz, a middle aged man, who looked me over very carefully as if deciding the amount of difficulty it would take to rehabilitate me. I answered his

questions about my crime and personal life without hesitation in order to give an impression of total cooperation. I really had nothing to hide at this time except thoughts of having contact with young girls as soon as possible. He seemed satisfied with my responses and after meeting with him individually for a few sessions, I was transferred to a group of male sex offenders who met once a week.

Disclosures that were required of me in this group involved detailing my crimes, showing remorse, understanding how my thinking allowed me to commit deviant acts, avoiding situations that could lead to a relapse and other behavioral errors. I quickly learned how to make a good impression on group members so they would think well of my efforts. My next hurdle was to pass a polygraph exam that would indicate if I was telling the truth about my actions. The test had me worried because it could undermine my plans for minor contact. I spoke to many group members about their experiences with lie detectors and was given suggestions on how to fool the machine. My therapist was always stating that no one could deceive the polygraph and that it was far better to be honest and disclose everything.

My Parole Officer had made it quite clear that I was to take the polygraph very soon. When I had saved enough money to pay for it, the test was set up. When my time came to take it, I decided to answer the questions without trying any ways to fool the examiner and merely keep myself relaxed. During our three hour session, I was asked questions about my past crimes and whether there were any intentions of committing new deviant acts. My answer was no to all questions and when we were done, the examiner did not indicate that any of the responses were deceptive. In fact, my impression was that I passed with flying colors, and best of all, there may not be any problem with future tests. I was greatly relieved after that ordeal but still felt some concern about the test outcome until my Parole Officer phoned to tell me that the responses were all truthful. I could not understand why the polygraph had not picked up on my stretching of the truth, but certainly one cannot argue with success.

From then on, I was put on a lower level of supervision by Mrs. Bergman, although treatment continued as it had been. I would not have to take another polygraph for about six months which not only helped financially but it took a huge burden off my mind. Now I could start to take care of personal matters that would provide some pleasure to me. At my office, I had become friendly with a woman in her mid twenties who had two photos of young children on her desk. These kids turned

out to be her son and daughter from prior romantic engagements that never involved marriage. While Genna worked at the office, her mother watched the children in order to keep child care costs low. I thought that the children looked very interesting and saw in their faces a certain appeal and vulnerability. I particularly thought that the daughter was very cute. This was the first time that I had a potential for contact with a minor since my release from prison. I decided to cultivate a closer relationship with Genna that would bring me into more intimate contact with the children. Before doing that, I had to carefully work out a plan so that similar mistakes made in the past would not emerge again.

The major obstacle to pursuing my plan was the parole restrictions that prevented contact with minors unless approved by Mrs. Bergman. It seemed very unlikely that she would ever approve any type of closeness to minors which left me with a dilemma that needed deep thinking to resolve. I came up with many different scenarios that involved a relationship with Genna and her children but that same nagging thought always remained in the back of my mind. How easy would it be to deceive my Parole Office and polygrapher when they probably did not trust anything I said or did. I now felt somewhat confident that the polygraph would not present much of a problem but it was still a risk that could overturn my plans and life. I wished there was some way to rehearse the test taking in order to become more proficient at beating them. There was no doubt in my mind that if deception ever turned up, particularly in regards to minor contact, there would be a revocation of my parole immediately and a return to prison.

My therapist and Parole Officer would be much easier to fool since my rehabilitation was dependent on performing the actions proscribed by them. However, if I crossed the line and committed a criminal act, there were too many people to get by without trouble. In my treatment group, I had developed a few tenuous relationships with offenders who seemed to know what they were doing and might be able to help me in some way. Most of what they said about beating the polygraph seemed like utter nonsense but a few suggestions made sense and might work. I was told that holding my breath during the questions would throw the machine off, that tensing my muscles would avoid a deceptive reading, and that tapping my foot during the test would make my responses seem honest to the instrument. Several men in the group told me pretty much the same thing so I felt there was some truth to the hints. I would not be taking another polygraph for several months so there was no immediate way to check out these disruptive

techniques. I would have to do my best to keep the Parole Officer and Doctor satisfied with my progress while going forward with my plans of having contact with minors.

I felt very strongly about getting started since no child had been next to me for a long time. I increased my contact time with Genna by having lunch with her several times and going with her on shopping trips after work. She did not seem too eager about having a close relationship so without appearing too aggressive, I worked at manipulating her into wanting more intimacy with me. Finally, after we had been friendly for several weeks, I asked her if she would like to see a movie on the weekend and to my delight, she agreed. We decided to attend a theater on Sunday afternoon when she could more easily obtain a babysitter. Genna seemed pleased to have her children meet me and to that end, we were in total agreement. The next few days went by slowly as I anticipated our date and also felt the fear of putting myself in a very risky situation after a long hiatus. My mind went over all the ways that someone could discover my illicit meeting but the powerful pleasure of being close to little ones again was able to overcome my morbid fear of returning to prison.

Meetings with my Parole Office usually took about ten minutes and consisted of a few questions about my work and living conditions. I was always reminded to disclose any contacts with minors no matter how incidental or innocent they seemed. My responses to her queries usually satisfied the conditions of parole since I could look totally truthful and say "no." Apparently, she was content to rely on the polygraph test and my therapist's ability to discern the truth. Since I had not done anything wrong yet, it was easy to be honest. At those times when I was asked about grooming minors for deviant purposes, my responses provided no clues to the thoughts in my mind. I felt that this part of the equation was well under control and that other unknown aspects of my intentions could be dealt with as they came up.

The time finally came when I was to meet Genna at her house and it was clear that our first meeting was going to be without children present. Although wanting me to meet the kids, she was more interested in our relationship than I was. I made sure that it was dark when the time came for our meeting in order to minimize the risk of recognition by anyone who knew me. Genna was happy to see me and I feigned a similar response. I was invited in to meet the family and immediately my eyes fixated on her children who were standing at the door. I was particularly interested in her cute, little daughter who looked about five

years old. She had blond hair and blue eyes and looked just like an angel to me. Shannon and her brother, Marcus, said hello and seemed somewhat disinterested in my presence. I was sure that they had other things to do that were more fun. Genna's mother, Barbara, came out of the kitchen to meet me and was extremely friendly. I began to wonder how they would act if my years spent in prison were known to them. However, I acted as charming and suave as possible and went through the formalities of a first meeting. After a few more minutes of sneaking little peeks at Shannon, Genna took my arm and we left the house.

Genna was going to drive us to a movie and afterward, I thought about stopping for a late night snack. Both of us knew that neither made a huge salary so that impressing her was not a factor in my mind. I liked the idea of a movie since it precluded having long conversations. I had been rehearsing a story to tell Genna when she asked about my past but the responses needed to be convincing. She was actually very curious about my history since very little was known of me through office gossip. Only the manager knew about my prison sojourn and he had promised to keep it quiet and judge me only on my current work. I told Genna that my hometown was a small Midwest city that offered dull living with little potential for growth. After some years there, I decided to try a larger city and perhaps attend college and learn a profession. The story seemed to satisfy her curiosity and she turned the conversation to my plans for the future. I could only guess that Genna was looking for a husband or long term relationship to improve her life and help with raising the children. Her desires didn't seem much different than anyone else's, other than me.

The movie was boring and the conversations afterwards were barely tolerable but I managed to convey an aura of interest that would sustain our social contacts. When we arrived at her house, she didn't ask me to come in but kissed me and said we should do this again real soon. It looked like I made a big hit with her and was thankful she didn't ask me to stay for awhile. When I returned to my apartment, sleep seemed very inviting but it did not come easily. My mind was racing with thoughts and fantasies of Shannon and how to get closer to her on my next visit. I never had thought that my passion for a young child could be so strong but it seemed to overwhelm all else in my mind. I knew that control and restraint on my part was essential to avoid problems but she was so radiant and innocent that something had to happen with us very soon. I would have to devise some way to get in good with Genna and win her trust so that there could be more contact with Shannon.

When I saw Genna at work the next day, she was very cordial and practically gushed about the wonderful evening we spent together. To me, it was just a date that was kind of boring but I tried to give an impression that it had been a terrific night. I was certain that having sex with Genna was going to occur at some point but could tolerate the act if it could bring me closer to the children. Her mother would also have to be carefully manipulated to enhance her trust in me. I didn't know how involved she was with the family but it would help my cause if she could be kept at a distance from the kids. I had lunch with Genna a few times during the week and we were probably getting to be an item with the office crowd. I finally asked her if she would like to see my apartment and was given an immediate smile and yes response. I took this to mean that we would have an intimate encounter on our next date.

Just as I had expected, Genna practically threw me on the bed when she came to the apartment. I feigned as much romantic adoration as possible which pleased her even more. Afterwards, she spoke to me as if we were engaged and destined to be married. I did not show any displeasure with her statements and took particular pleasure in my ability to control her behavior. It was really easy to do without evoking any suspicion from her. Genna started to invite me to her house more often which intensified the risk of discovery by my Parole Officer. I had to make sure that my face would not become recognizable in the neighborhood. Having no car eliminated anyone tracing my identity through license plate numbers and the bus stop was four blocks away. Of course, something could go wrong but so far, everything was falling in place very nicely. I would often be left alone with the children while Genna prepared a meal or attended to a chore. It gave me a chance to bring Shannon closer. Both kids trusted me by now and would sit on my lap or let me tuck them into bed. The feeling I had when touching Shannon in her nightgown were very powerful but never strong enough to truly satisfy my longings. I had to show Marcus almost equal attention so no suspicion would be aroused or favoritism noted. He was a nice enough little boy who elicited nothing in the way of passion. I was now becoming a regular at Genna's house but had to take care that nosy neighbors or friends did not take too much interest in me. My Parole Officer was also questioning me about socializing but I was able to put her off with answers about not being ready yet. However, I knew that stalling her could not go on forever and that some plausible story would have to be forthcoming. Another polygraph was scheduled in a month and the questions would certainly involve minor contacts. I felt

confident that taking it would not pose any obstacle to my lifestyle but one could never be too sure.

Thoughts about my upcoming polygraph were slightly on my mind and I would have liked to have felt a little more confident about passing the questions. During my treatment group, I usually managed to avoid linking up with any of the members but one of the men interested me because he bragged about knowing how to beat the polygraph. I started to have more conversations with him without disclosing my situation and asked him about the techniques that he knew. I'm sure that he was suspicious about my motives but he never asked about them. Of course, I wouldn't have told him anyway because secrecy was an essential priority in all of our lives. However, I did glean a few workable possibilities that bolstered my confidence toward the test. All I had to do was stay calm, use some techniques and answer with a steady voice.

I did not let my concern about the test deter me from continuing my relationship with Genna and her children. She was trusting me completely and allowing more unsupervised contact with Shannon and Marcus. Every time I was able to hold Shannon in my arms, it produced the greatest pulsation of pleasure and excitement in my body. I longed to have her all to myself and enjoy every inch of that cute little angel, but caution had to be my watchword. Genna's mother still hovered about and while she had no reason to be leery of me, any unusual action on my part would most likely be noticed and reported. I was always hoping for some occasion where Genna would have to leave the house and leave me as the babysitter. Nothing had ever come up yet which was causing a great deal of frustration and impatience that had to be kept under control. There had to be some way to satisfy my longings.

Chapter Five

Moving On

On the days I had off from work and would not be seeing Genna, there was ample time to explore the neighborhood and surrounding areas. I would have liked going to a park when children were playing and spend time merely watching them but there were adults in the vicinity who might wonder what this tall man was doing in the area. If anyone called the Police and they caught me in the area, my parole would be instantly revoked and it would be off to jail. There were many things that I wanted to do but with a polygraph approaching soon, it was better to be prudent and have less to cover up.

Finally, the day came when I was to take the nuisance test and to prepare for it, started doing the breathing exercises that my treatment buddy had advised. When I arrived at the tester's office, he immediately began to make me feel at ease by engaging in a light hearted conversation. After about twenty minutes of irrelevant banter, I was strapped into the apparatus and began the test. As I expected, the questions had to do with minor contact and my response to each of them was "no." At the conclusion of my ordeal, I scanned the examiners face for any indication of a result but could not discern a clue. I had no sense of whether or not it had gone well but all the examiner told me was that my Parole Officer would soon receive a copy of the results and go over them with me. It was probably natural that I had a sense of foreboding when leaving the office but my mind tried to retain a measure of optimism. I would not see Mrs. Bergman for a few days and decided that if the results were really bad, she would phone me immediately. Otherwise, I would just have to endure the wait for a few more days.

During the next few days, I stayed away from Genna as a way of soothing my own fears. The fear of discovery was not as great as I thought but it still lingered in my head. Although dreaded immensely, there was some relief when my parole office visit arrived. I waited for Mrs. Bergman to call me into her office and then carefully searched her face for indications of how the test had turned out. She seemed a little cool at first and I began to feel hairs on the nape of my neck start to bristle. Her first questions had to do with work, social life and minor

contacts and after receiving my responses, withdrew the polygraph test results from a file. She looked at them for a few minutes and said that the results were inconclusive. I was initially stunned by what she said but recovered my composure and in my most innocent façade, feigned ignorance of why the results were not totally truthful. I could sense that Mrs. Bergman was not sure of any improper behavior on my part and questioned me about possible minor contacts and the possibility of having strong deviant fantasies. We went through many possibilities for the next fifteen minutes until she dropped the matter with an air of indecision and gave me a date for our next appointment. I was asked to keep a log of any minor contacts no matter how insignificant they seemed and bring it to her at our next meeting. I told her that the log would be faithfully and accurately kept and was dismissed without any further ado. When I reached the street, my body was shaking slightly from the close call which had happened moments before. I had to exercise a great deal of mental effort to gain control of my emotions. My thoughts continually focused on the disaster that this meeting could have turned into but slowly, a sense of great relief came back to me. I had faced the worst scenario imaginable and came through without any problem. From this moment, I felt that nothing could stop me from achieving my goal. I could now resume contact with Genna and the kids without having to face another polygraph for several months. Of course, I still had the treatment group to contend with, but dealing with them did not seem too difficult an obstacle to overcome.

I resumed my visits to Genna immediately and was extremely happy to be back in the presence of Shannon. While tucking her in bed, I began to take more liberties with her tender little body. She never objected to my touch, and in my thinking, the pleasure between us was mutual. My romance with Genna had to show some progress also, and at times, I had to have sex with her to continue the deception. I didn't really object to our intimacy and since Genna was not very demanding, our liaisons were infrequent. There were occasions when Genna intimated that we got along very well and could make our romance a long term affair. My goal was to avoid making any serious commitments while continuing to remain close to Shannon. It always seems that obstacles arise when the situation could be very simple.

Before I could progress with loving Shannon, a situation arose when Mrs. Bergman phoned me at my office asking me to see her the next day. I wondered what could have gone wrong and had a sleepless night as all kinds of terrible thoughts went through my mind. I arrived at the

Parole Office in the morning and was ushered into Mrs. Bergman's office very quickly. Her first statement drove a knife into my heart as my worst fears were realized, and all my carefully laid out plans destroyed. My mind was in a fog as the events leading to this moment played out. Apparently, Genna's mother had snooped about and discovered my parole status. She then got in touch with Mrs. Bergman and the two of them had quite an eye opening discussion about my visits to Genna's house in the minutest detail. I was put under arrest immediately by two rather large policemen and taken down to a holding cell.

After spending a few days with an exceptionally nasty group of people, my Parole Officer paid me a visit. She told me that I had been seen going into a house where children resided on several occasions and wanted the truth about these allegations. Apparently, the person who spotted me had told Genna's mother that she thought I was on parole and should call the Police. She did just that and verified that I was a sex offender which caused an immediate call to the parole office. I could not think of any plausible excuses for my conduct so it seemed easier to confess to the facts that were known while still keeping some of my activities secret. A parole hearing was going to be held in ten days where I would be given a chance to explain my actions. If found in violation of parole, sanctions would probably involve some jail time. Until the hearing, I had to stay in jail thus losing my job and apartment. Any chance of seeing Shannon again were most likely gone although losing Genna was of no consequence to me. Having no more contact with Shannon was the most severe punishment to undergo and it gave me the saddest feelings for many weeks.

My parole violation was held in a room at the jail and attended by Mrs. Bergman and a hearings officer. All the facts known about my behavior were presented and I admitted to almost everything. I held back some facts such as my adoration for Shannon and the number of times that we were intimate. I'm sure that they imagined the worst, found good cause for my guilt and sentenced me to sixty days in jail. It could have been a lot worse since there was always a possibility a long prison term. I tried to show lots of remorse and humility during the hearing but in my heart, losing Shannon was the worst loss. That thought tortured me every day and night as I lay in my jail bed. Other than that, the time seemed to move very slowly. There were few diversions available for keeping busy other than television, reading, playing cards and discussing topics with the few inmates who were intelligent enough to converse with me.

It took awhile to stop feeling sorry for myself and blaming the world for my problems. I had gotten too cocky and made mistakes that should not have happened. It was probably just a matter of time until someone recognized me and reported it to the authorities. I knew that if there were to be more contacts with young girls in the future, that greater care had to be taken to avoid discovery. It was imperative that I avoided contacts until a foolproof plan could be devised, if any such thing existed. While it would not be easy, I had confidence that some method to escape detection could be forthcoming. Because of a problem with overcrowding in the jail, I only had to serve fifty seven days before being released. I had to report to the Parole Office immediately upon leaving the jail and quickly walked the few blocks to the County building. As I waited in the office for Mrs. Bergman to appear, my mind was thinking of a good story to tell her that might put me back in good favor. However, to my surprise, a different Parole Officer came out to see me and motioned to follow him to an office. The new supervisor, Ben Calais, was a middle aged, well experienced employee who immediately came down on me very hard about following the rules and avoiding any more violations. He really tried to put the fear of harsh punishment on me and I believed that he meant what he said.

I had to follow stricter rules and report to him once a week. Since I lost my apartment and job, he would allow me to stay at a halfway house operated by the County for as long as needed. When I accumulated the money to obtain my own place, it would have to be somewhere approved by him. I was also instructed to find a job where no minors worked. After hearing his warning, I felt a shock wave of fear throughout my body that lasted over the next few days although finally subsiding to little more than a ripple effect on my thinking. It seems fair to say that some people might think that I did not learn from past experiences but since there was no feeling of having done anything wrong, any such thoughts were dismissed at once.

I didn't mind starting over again by looking for an apartment but obtaining a job had to come first. Not having to pay rent for a couple of months took a load off my mind but living in County supplied housing really restricted my freedom. The worst part of living in a halfway house was having to be in by ten PM each night and then listening to a lot of people snore very loudly. I didn't particularly like the other boarders and having to put up with their illiterate conversations was sometimes just too much for me. As soon as I was working and had saved sufficient money, it was goodbye to this dump and into a place of my

own. I started going through newspaper employment ads, particularly, in my specialty, telephone soliciting and found several possibilities. It didn't matter what the product was since the work involved phone contact only. I wanted this type of work since it was easy and kept me away from physical labor which was disgusting. I only had to apply to a few businesses before one of the firms hired me. The position was not actually a selling job but more in the line of interviewing people about their buying trends. I did not have to make appointments nor attempt sales pressure tactics. The work seemed to suit me just fine and I was very eager to start. Of course, I had to notify my Parole Officer at once or he might find some reason to chastise me. I was very annoyed by his constant intrusion into my life and wished there was a way to extricate myself from this situation.

I began work two days later and immediately felt comfortable with the routine and dialogue . Since there was no selling, the people who were called seemed less leery and more open to a lengthy interview. If I could phone so many people a day and obtain responses to the questions, it would be possible to earn ten dollars an hour. That salary amount would be sufficient to rent an apartment and have spending money also. The people who worked in the office seemed to be older than usual and none of them looked interesting enough for me to exert any effort at getting acquainted. The women looked young, wild or too mature for me. It looked like my opportunities to meet mothers with young children were extremely limited. Either I would have to give up the quest for awhile or seek other pastures. At the moment, I was more concerned with saving money for the apartment and leaving the half-way house than looking for a potential social interest.

It took me a few months of working very hard to finally save eight hundred dollars which was the minimum needed to pay for rent and security deposits for housing. Now it was time to start looking by scanning the newspapers and I selected those apartments in neighborhoods that seemed decent and affordable. I just wanted a one bedroom furnished place that would give me privacy and restful sleep. It took several days to find a landlord who did not check criminal records too closely. The rent was within my budget and the only extra item needed was a television. Since I didn't have too many possessions, it only took me about three hours to move in. I was on the second floor of a four story building that was surrounded by other apartment buildings and retail stores. Shopping would be easy and even better, a bus stop was only two blocks away. I had to be sure that no schools, parks, or play-

grounds were in the immediate vicinity. After notifying Mr. Calais of the address, I would have bet that he made a survey of the area to see that everything was proper. Now that moving and having an address was out of the way, I could put all of my energy into work and finding a few pleasures along the way. The selection of women to socialize with at my office was sparse which meant finding new locations where it could be possible to meet people. Mr. Calais had warned me about meeting women with children which pretty much knocked a large percentage of them out of my reach. Looking for a woman was not really a priority unless she had young daughters and that was going to be a problem. It was very annoying and downright restrictive to be under supervision. I still had many years to go as a parolee with little chance of the rules easing over time.

My parents had made very little contact with me over the last five years but occasionally, a letter would arrive from them. They had moved from Iowa to Arizona for the warmer climate and were now easing into retirement. My Mothers health had suffered over the last few years and she was no longer an active, spry person. My Father seemed to have his hands full taking care of her and attending to his own needs. I began to wonder about the possibility of relocating to Arizona under the guise of having to help with the care of my parents. I obtained a few brochures from a travel agency that depicted life in Arizona and while it did seem arid and barren, a new start for my life could occur. Over the next few months, everything that I did seemed routine and boring. It seemed like I was in prison due to the restrictive parole rules that thwarted me at every turn. In addition, I had to undergo the humiliation of taking polygraphs every three months which not only cost money but added to my limitations. I was not meeting anyone worthwhile and the job was not exceptionally interesting nor fun. All it provided was money for living expenses and oftentimes, barely that.

Thoughts about living with my parents began to take greater hold on my thinking and I finally decided to bring the matter up to Mr. Calais at our next meeting. When I did speak to him, his reaction to my request was hard to read. Personally, I thought he would be glad to be rid of me but no clues came from his expressions. He did say that the matter would be taken up at the next supervisory meeting. At least there was some chance of my plan receiving approval which raised my spirits considerably. I avoided becoming too excited in the event that a letdown occurred but in my heart, this move was becoming necessary. In the next few weeks, I hoped that he would contact me with

good news concerning my request but none was forthcoming. I had also discussed the move with my treatment group and had received a mixed assortment of responses. Some of the men thought I wanted to run away from my problems without facing or resolving them. Others thought that it was a good opportunity to bond with my parents and make a new start. The therapist was sort of in the middle and said it was up to the Corrections Department to decide if the transfer would go through. At my next scheduled visit to the Parole Office, I felt a great deal of eagerness and excitement pulsating through me. Mr. Calais led me to his office and said that after much debate about the move, the committee had come to a decision. At first, I felt my hopes lowering but as he continued, his words seemed to be heading in my favor. The committee had decided that a move to help my parents would be in everyone's interest and had approved my request. They were forwarding an inter state compact request to Arizona but it would be up to their Corrections Department to determine if I would be accepted. If they agreed to take me, then paperwork would be initiated for the transfer which might take another one or two months to complete.

I was very pleased by this turn of events since my entire life seemed to be going nowhere. It gave me a renewed feeling of hope for a better future where I would have opportunities to meet people who did not know about my past. Mr. Calais had not given me a firm approval for the decision to move but I was acting as if it was a certainty. Now, I had no reason to seek women with children since time was too short for establishing any kind of advantageous relationship. With this sense of relief in mind, I threw myself into work in order to earn as much money as possible. It didn't matter how many hours were spent in the office since there was really nothing else that needed my attention. The changes in my life had given me a powerful burst of energy that kept my body going at full speed. Many of my non working hours were spent poring over brochures and travel books on Arizona so that I might become familiar with the area. I had never lived in so hot a climate before and wanted to prepare myself both mentally and physically. There was no use notifying my parents about the move until the Supervisors had approved it officially. I thought that it would be very easy to convince them of my sincerity to assist them and turn over a new leaf in my life. Actually helping them after I arrived would take some figuring out since it would be a new experience for me and one that did not seem very appealing. I didn't really have any desire to care for sick or elderly people no matter who they were.

Several more weeks passed before I heard from Mr. Calais. While opening his letter, I had a momentary feeling of dread which fortunately, lasted only a few seconds. The transfer had been approved and the State of Arizona had accepted the interstate compact. I felt a tremendous rush of pleasure course through my body as my eyes read his words. The letter instructed me to report to the Parole Office and complete several kinds of forms. I attended to these tasks immediately and had a final meeting with Mr. Calais. His parting discourse consisted of issuing several admonitions against deviant behavior before wishing me success. It would be just like him to throw in a few digs while wishing the best for me. I really enjoyed the thought of never having to see him again. That day, I phoned my parents and informed them of my decision and hoped that they would be in agreement with the move. I'm sure that they really wanted to believe me and expressed pleasure at my impending move. Now that I had a place to live in Phoenix, all that was necessary once relocated, was to find a job. That would not present a problem since there were always plenty of telemarketing positions available in any area of the country. I gave notice of my moving to my landlord and employer and would probably be able to leave at the end of the month. Not owning many items made it easy to travel by bus which was probably the cheapest means of transportation. Until my move, the time seemed to inch along but finally, after giving away everything that was too bulky or not really needed, I bid goodbye to Iowa and set out for Arizona.

Chapter Six

Deviance Enhanced

Sitting on the bus for two days was not my idea of comfort but it was tolerable, except for some of the obnoxious people traveling with me. I had not traveled outside of the Midwest before and was amazed at the terrain change over the miles. The toughest thing for me was figuring out how to get some sleep in the small bus seats. Being about 6'6" tall make it almost impossible to find a comfortable position for relaxing and one result was cramping and aching in my legs. I was always grateful for those times when the bus stopped at a rest station where a few minutes could be spent walking before reboarding. We never stayed at a stop very long which meant that eating had to be done very quickly. Being a big eater and never having enough time to sufficiently gorge myself always left me hungry. It turned out to be a very uncomfortable and disconcerting trip that gave me nothing but bad feelings.

It was strange to see the scenery change from rolling green hills to sandy desert as the bus headed for Phoenix. I didn't have any idea of the kind of new life awaiting me but being rid of that Parole Officer in Des Moines made anything else seem better already. After seemingly endless hours of traveling in the desert, streets and houses started appearing and soon we were going by large suburban developments. Way out in the distance, I could see the tall buildings of Phoenix and knew that we were almost there. Finally, we arrived in the city and pulled into the bus depot. I was so glad to get off the bus, that after finding my luggage, left the station and never looked back. I found a payphone and called my Father who would come to pick me up soon.

When he arrived, I got into the car and took a good look at him. He seemed very old and I knew that his life had not been very easy these last few years. My dad seemed glad to see me and spoke about my Mother's health so I would not be totally shocked when we got to the house. I prepared myself for any eventuality, and upon arriving at a one story ranch house, got my bags and went in for my first look. I followed my Father into a room where my Mother was lying on a bed. It was very surprising to see the elderly, frail looking woman that she had become when my last vision of her was of a healthy, middle aged

person. She smiled and motioned for me to come closer. I really didn't want to touch her but some concern had to be shown since they were letting me stay at their house. I had to feign sincerity and made every attempt to appear interested in her condition. Apparently, she was not doing well and the prognosis for her recovery was very poor. I tried to look very serious and then went to my room, unpacked my bags, and took a short rest on the bed. I was hoping that a meal would be served soon as a way of lifting up my spirits.

A short time later, my Father said that supper was ready and I went into the kitchen. The meal had been prepared by an elderly woman who helped with chores during the week and lived nearby. I noticed a newspaper on the table and told dad that job hunting would be my first priority. That seemed to please him and I spent the next hour looking through the want ads. I also had to report to the Parole Office within two days and probably have to go through the entire stupid procedure again of filling out forms and meeting a new supervisor. I picked out a few places to apply for work, checked their locations on a map, and had a good nights sleep. The next morning after seeing the folks for a few minutes, I got directions to downtown and started off in quest of a job.

I was amazed at the large number of job opportunities available in Phoenix. While there were five or six openings in Des Moines that interested me, now there were more than thirty jobs that seemed to be begging for employees. The variety was also much more extensive so that I carefully had to narrow the ads down to a few that really looked promising. I had more trouble finding some of the locations than in landing a job. Each time that I met a personnel manager, they were impressed by my voice, experience, and looks. To my surprise, I was offered three positions at a higher wage than ever before and accepted the one that seemed most familiar to me. The company I chose sold mortgage loans over the phone and my job was to set appointments for others to work on. A computer dialed the number of a prospective customer and all I had to do was read a sales message from a card with as much genuine enthusiasm as possible. I was to be paid ten dollars an hour to start and if successful, could double that amount.

The manager wanted me to start the next day, so I rode the bus back to my parent's home to relay the good news. My Father was very happy for me and hoped that I would turn into a productive citizen with an enjoyable life. Mother was asleep and not feeling so well so I did not have to speak to her. I tried to relax that evening and made plans

for the next days' activities. My work schedule hours were from one to nine PM, which gave me enough time to visit my Parole Officer in the morning, since the location was not far from my work. I was hoping that our first meeting would go well and take only a minimum amount of time. The next morning, I went downtown to the Parole Office and found it to be an old dingy building that made me feel uncomfortable once inside. The receptionist told me to have a seat and in a short time, a rather beefy, large man came out and motioned for me to follow him. When we got to his office, he took a seat and introduced himself as Mr. Popali. I was feeling my anxiety level rise when he faced me with a stern look on his face and said that appropriate behavior would have to be exhibited at all times or there would be trouble. I replied that it was my intention to do well and had already found a job. His tone of voice seemed to soften after my response and he began speaking to me more civilly. George took all the information from me that he needed and then told me the rules of parole. As expected, there would be polygraphs, group treatment and visits to him every two weeks. These rules didn't seem to be as bad as the ones in Des Moines, and I showed him a serious look of compliance as he spoke. I was in his office about forty five minutes going over additional rules. When finally done, I left the office with great relief and headed for my first day of work.

I still had some time to kill before work started and decided to stop at a café and have a bite to eat. I really didn't know any of my co workers yet and began to fantasize what the women would look like. I sized up women in the café and noticed several that were the correct age to have young children. However, I was not interested in meeting any at the moment and would wait until work started before seeking familiarity with the employees.

After a short time in the café, I headed for the office with a pleasant attitude and smile. The manager greeted me warmly and introduced other workers who seemed friendly. I was shown a desk, given the message cards, and let the computer dial the first number. It didn't take long for me to feel very much at ease with the dialogue. I could tell that the only drawback to this job was its routine nature but it did make the best use of my talent. Some of the women who worked with me had also been in the café and I thought it would be appropriate to speak to them later. I had selected those women who seemed most promising for my plans and my mind was now racing with thoughts of how to get started. It had been a long time since I had contact with a sweet little girl and just thinking about it caused a swelling up of excitement within my body.

The first few days of work took out the rough spots in my speech and I soon fell into a rhythm that held the customers interest. It seemed that not more than two out of every hundred people I called wanted further information, and of those, maybe one in ten actually took out a loan. Even so, I could earn more money than ever before and with the amount of money coming in, could begin to look for an apartment soon. Thoughts occasionally crossed my mind about helping with the care of my Mother which would ease some of the burden of dad. I didn't do it because watching her suffering was too much for me. I decided that giving my Father money to help with the nursing costs would be the best way to help. When I moved, our contact would be greatly diminished and forgetting this situation would be easy. I hadn't really been in touch with them for years and did not feel any responsibility to help. Of course, I hoped my Mother would improve but if not, that's the way life is.

Before I started looking for an apartment, Mr. Popali phoned the house and left a message to call him. I returned the call immediately, hoping that nothing had gone amiss and was greatly relieved when he asked me to contact a Dr. Kirsh to make an initial treatment appointment. Now I would have another expense that was totally unnecessary and go through more prying questions of yet another so called sex offender therapist. Well, things for me to do were certainly piling up but I would take care of them and move on with my life. I phoned Dr. Kirsh and made an appointment for the next week. It would cost four hundred dollars for the first series of interviews and evaluations. I already hated this man because the cost would eat into my apartment deposit money and set my time schedule back unless my savings account was used. I decided to take an optimistic view about my potential income and use savings in order to move out on time. Looking through the apartment ads revealed a staggering number of vacancies but I was able to narrow my search down to fifteen possibilities in decent areas near my work. All of them were furnished to some extent and would cost about four to five hundred dollars a month which was affordable to me.

I spoke to my Father about moving and while he was very sad that we hadn't been together very long, realized that a man of my age needed his own place to live. We never said anything to my Mother who probably wouldn't comprehend much anyway. I spent the next weekend looking at most of the apartments on my list and eventually selected one that seemed to fit all of my needs. It was five blocks from my office but off the main noisy streets. I had walked around the

area to make sure those playgrounds, schools or other forbidden locations were not in the vicinity. I figured that my Parole Officer would be satisfied and present no obstacles to an immediate move in. I ran into one snag when the landlord wanted to run a credit and criminal check before he let me rent the lodgings. I was hoping that everything would pass muster and apparently, because he was not very careful in checking or desperate for a tenant, was phoned in a few days and given the okay to move in. Now I could finally get on with my life and become a fully independent person.

Moving was not a huge chore since I owned very few possessions. The apartment was decently furnished and required little in the way of extra items to make it fully comfortable. Since I didn't have very much extra money to spend, everything would have to do for the time being. Now I could turn to more important matters but before a social life could start, there was still the matter of seeing Dr. Kirsh. I thought that he should be seen before any involvements occurred in order to minimize any contact problems. Fortunately, I did have enough money saved to pay for the first visit, and with great reluctance, went to the appointment.

Dr. Kirsh greeted me at the door and introduced himself as a clinical psychologist who specialized in sex offender treatment. He was a rather small rotund man who smiled a lot and seemed to make an attempt to put me at ease. I thought that it wouldn't be too difficult to beat him at his own game by reading his face while responding to questions. Actually, my ruse worked out well since Dr. Kirsh seemed pleased with our meeting. After what seemed to be a pointless battery of questions which could be answered by reading my record, I was given a series of tests that were supposed to measure my intelligence, degree of criminal thinking and feelings about children. The most humiliating part of the procedure was taking a penile plethysmograph which measured my reactions to photos and audio tapes involving children. I had never taken this disgusting test before and found it to be quite obnoxious. After four hours of this garbage, including taking a polygraph we were done and as I left the office, Dr. Kirsh stated that the results would be known by next week and reported to my Parole Officer. I left his office with great relief although there were going to be more visits for treatment and polygraphs. Hopefully, everything would turn out well and afford me some breathing room from these vultures.

It was still early in the afternoon so I decided to work for the next few hours and perhaps recoup some of the money wasted on this test-

ing nonsense. A good feeling embraced me as work forced my mind to forget the morning events. The calling went pretty well and I actually made a few appointments with potential customers.

One of the women in the office had been looking in my direction several times and I thought she looked rather interesting. I had the sense of getting the once over from her to determine if she would find me appealing enough to strike up a relationship. I smiled at her whenever she looked my way and during the next break, walked over to her and initiated a superficial dialogue for a few minutes. While not appearing to be too eager, Peggy did maintain eye contact with me and continued our talk for a longer time. She also approved of having coffee with me during one of our breaks. I was pleased with our first contact since the photos of young girls on her desk fit in very well with my plans.

I did not wish to show extreme eagerness with Peggy so our little coffee tryst was delayed for several days before we finally went to a nearby diner. She was very inquisitive and wanted to know all about me so I told her the favorable parts of my life. She disclosed that her divorce had been finalized four months ago and was now struggling to exist as a single mother with three youngsters. The ex husband was not prompt in paying child support and her life at this point was unpleasant. She complained about having to pay high child care fees that left her with little extra money for fun activities. As I listened to her woes, no feelings of pity bothered me and the conversation was becoming boring. However, I did have an interest in meeting the children and determined that this was a golden opportunity to make up for lost time. However, I could also discern that Peggy was highly emotional and care would have to be taken so no cause could crop up for her to suspect anything improper when the children were with me. If she did come across behavior that did not seem right, I had no doubt that she would immediately contact the authorities.

I was fairly well set up by now with a decent job and an apartment. It hadn't taken me long to find a proper routine that would satisfy my Parole Officer and make my parents think well of my efforts. Image was going to be very important from now on since people who supervised me do so with a jaundiced eye which they base on my past criminal history. However, I could not let these minor details interfere with my true passion and it was now time to get a move on. Peggy was becoming more friendly at work and often hinted at meeting me for a drink or supper after our shift. I was somewhat leery of moving too fast with her

but meeting the children was starting to become an obsession. Many nights, while I was in bed, the faces of the kids in her photos beckoned to me and would cause a powerful arousal to spring up that could only be satisfied by masturbation. It looked like caution had to be thrown to the wind soon and some kind of action initiated.

Peggy was very eager to accept an invitation to meet me after work for a drink. I thought that she was rather impressed by my height and appearance since her face seemed to glow whenever she approached. I still had hesitations about our relationship but always came on very charming and interested when we were together. I assumed that she had not been involved with a man for a long time and missed the intimacy of close contact. She often made reference to my apartment and probably wanted to see it, but I was able to put her off by saying that an old friend from school was staying with me. Not wanting to push her away, I suggested that we go to her house for an evening and speak in a more private setting. Peggy was not enthralled by my suggestion but agreed with me. My feelings were that she would be far less aggressive around her children and I wouldn't have to engage in any type of romance at that time.

Peggy drove us to her house which was in a run down part of town but still presentable. She told me that the children were already home with the babysitter and they would be somewhat shy of me at first. I told her that it was not a concern and that children usually warmed up to me after awhile. We entered the house and I had my first glimpse of three of the most beautiful children that took my breath away. The older two kids were boys while the youngest, who was about five, had the cutest smile with little dimples in her cheeks. I was so happy to see her that it took tremendous discipline to keep from picking her up and hugging that small body against mine. Her name was Cassie and she kind of looked like Peggy but had a much prettier face. After I met the children, Peggy motioned the babysitter to usher them to another room so that we could be alone. I knew that she would not try any type of aggressive ploy at this time but the eventuality would have to be dealt with later. All we did for the next few hours was smile at each other and chat about various topics. She prepared a light supper for us which I suppose could be called romantic but nothing further took place. Finally, the children came into the room to say goodnight and then I watched them disappear into a bedroom. The babysitter soon left and now it was time for me to also make an exit before things got too complicated for me. I told Peggy that it was time for me to go since my work began

very early and artfully, brushed aside her pleas to remain. Fortunately, a bus stop was nearby that would take me downtown and after giving her a hug and peck on the lips, quickly left the house.

On my trip home, all I could do was imagine lying in bed and fantasizing about Cassie. It was a great relief to finally get home and masturbate to visions of her sweet little body while dreaming about being alone with her. Masturbating several times made it easier for me to calm my thoughts and look at the situation more realistically. If I were discovered around children again, it would result in a longer incarceration which sent chills through my veins. I had already crossed the line with Cassie by having contact and that alone could result in a ninety day jail sentence. The penalty was very severe but it was not enough to override my desire. I wanted to be with her but the entire scenario would not be easy to accomplish. However, my desire to obtain this wonderful goal was worth going after in spite of the considerable risk involved.

A few days later I received a call from Mr. Popali who informed me that test results from Dr. Kirsh were in and wanted to come to his office within a few days. I arrived at his office with great trepidation but felt a great wave of relief very quickly. I had passed the polygraph and been recommended for treatment in a sex offender group. Dr. Kirsh stated that I seemed very amiable to rehabilitation and was encouraged by our first meeting. I was to phone and see which group was available according to our schedules. The cost would be thirty five dollars each week for a seventy five minute session. Spending that amount of money would put a dent in my budget but it was worth the cost if it kept the Parole Office off my back. I phoned his office later in the day and joined a Wednesday meeting that started at 5:30PM. It ended early enough so that sufficient time was available afterwards for other activities including social visits. When I arrived at work the next day, Peggy was waiting for me with a big smile. I had a queasy feeling that she was expecting a strong gesture of affection from me but this would not happen. Instead, I smiled and acted very friendly, making sure to reinforce the pleasantness of our previous encounter. I could see a look of disdain in her eyes, but there was no need to encourage anything more right now. Of course, I did not want to give her a reason to be annoyed with me and possibly risk terminating our relationship prematurely. I gave her just enough promising remarks so that she soon softened her look. I was hoping that she would think that my shyness prevented a torrent of kissing and touching until we knew each other better. Peggy asked

me how I liked our date and seemed pleased that my responses were highly positive. She was kind of hinting that we should get together real soon which was fine with me since I wanted to see Cassie. I told her that money was a problem right now and she quickly suggested that we meet at her house for supper and a movie. That suited me and we decided on Friday night as the best time for our date. Things were going well now except for the conflict of wanting to see Cassie and having to deal with Peggy's advances. I racked my brains over the next few nights wondering how to deal with the situation but made little progress. It would just have to unfold in whatever way it did.

I had two minor problems to deal with in the next few days, one being Peggy's continually aggressive advances and the new mandated treatment group. Every day at work, Peggy would spend all of her spare time around me so that everyone in the office knew of our relationship. I knew that she wanted to meet me somewhere other than her house and was strongly pushing for a visit to my apartment. I knew pretty well what would happen when the time came that we were alone at my place. Finally, when I had run out of excuses to avoid her insistent hints, we made a dinner date at my apartment. Peggy was quite excited about our plans and appeared not to have been with a man for a long period of time. I anticipated that she would be extremely passionate but the sacrifice had to be made if there was to be any more contact with Cassie.

Before that evening came to pass, I had to deal with the little matter of attending my first treatment group. When I arrived at Dr. Kirsh's office, a receptionist ushered me into a large room where seven other men were seated in a semicircle. The chairs were not very comfortable for my large frame but they would have to do for the next seventy five minutes. The group began with Dr. Kirsh introducing the new members, and then he began to discuss a topic that dealt with understanding deviant thinking and its pathway to sex abuse. I was already somewhat versed in this area from my previous groups and occasionally uttered a few canned responses. Apparently, I knew as much about the topic as anyone there since no one challenged my comments. Several of the men must have been in the early stages of treatment and offered many inappropriate responses. They were immediately set upon by the others and Dr. Kirsh, which much to my relief kept them from focusing on me. The time actually went much quicker than expected and it was rather entertaining to hear these men jump at one another. That's the way it is in a group sometimes when a few become scapegoats

and put on a "hotseat." I suppose that lets everyone else vent their anger and hostility in an acceptable way. Regardless of my feelings of amusement, it would not be easy to survive the boredom of these sessions, especially when I always had to be careful with my statements. If I slipped, then everyone would have an excuse to come down on me which would be very humiliating.

My thoughts now turned to the impending date with Peggy and the preparations for the event. I decided to cook a spaghetti and meat balls for dinner since it was one of the few meals that usually turned out well. Peggy showed up around 6:30 PM and gave me a big hug at the door. I showed her the apartment very quickly and opened a bottle of wine for a toast. We were hungry so I started serving the food immediately. After finishing the meal and a few more glasses of wine, Peggy sat on the couch and beckoned for me to join her. Well I thought, it was now time for me to put on a romantic face and try to meet her interest half way. In a few seconds, she was all over me with kisses and caresses while moaning as if in deep pain. We quickly had our clothes off and went to the bed. I actually did better than expected and for about forty five minutes, had Peggy in a semiconscious state that lasted for an hour. I was glad for the respite and hoped that she wouldn't wake up with another wave of desire. Much to my chagrin, her passion returned and we had sex until both of us were worn out. As she lay next to me purring in great contentment, I began to wonder about how often this scene would have to be repeated during our relationship. It wasn't until midnight that Peggy finally arose, dressed and profusely apologized for having to leave. She muttered something about the babysitter having to be home by One PM. I could see that she really didn't want to leave but her children had to be taken care of. After she left, I had trouble sleeping as my mind rambled on about seeing Cassie without too many of these amorous nights to contend with. In my wildest fantasy, I imagined that she was my stepdaughter and we could do anything. My thoughts were getting too far out of hand, so mercifully, sleep came and ended my ordeal.

Chapter Seven

Fears And Doubts

I felt good the next day and thought of how to keep Peggy from jumping to conclusions without putting her off and risking loss of contact. When I arrived at work, she greeted me warmly without any reference to the previous nights romantic events. I wondered if she was trying to keep from showing too much of her feelings before receiving a measure of similar expressions from me. In any event, her slight cooling off made the day much more pleasant although we did have coffee together at one of the breaks. My curiosity compelled me to question her about reactions to last night and her responses were extremely favorable. She wanted to do it again real soon. To my delight she also wanted me to spend more time with her children and get to know them better. She was very sure that they liked me and hinted that the five of us including her mother could have family type fun. This would be a new experience for me but if it meant more time with Cassie, then so be it. I felt a new sense of buoyancy from her words and made it known. She reacted well to my glow and most likely thought it was because of my feelings for her.

I had an appointment to see my Parole Officer two days later and hoped it would be a short and routine visit. He was glad that I was working and living well but wondered about my social life. I put him off by using the excuse of my shyness and inability to meet women who were childless. He seemed satisfied by my comments about spending time by reading, going to museums and watching television. I also told him that my inclination was to join some type of adults only club. Our visit was very short and I could not sense any suspicion in his manner that would give me a reason to worry. From the number of files on his desk, I surmised that Mr. Popali had a large amount of cases to occupy his time and many of them were probably far more dangerous than me. His huge amount of work meant that he did not give more than the usual amount of scrutiny to my situation which put me further at ease. As was his routine, he gave me the usual warnings about contact with minors and risks to avoid before terminating the meeting for another month. As I left his office, my anxiety lifted and the feelings within me changed to relief and relaxation.

I was pleased that my supervision and treatment were going well without disrupting my personal plans to any large degree. There was a great swelling of confidence gushing through me that pushed aside any qualms about my contacts with children. I felt that life was moving along well and that nothing could stop me now. That day at work, I got together with Peggy and manipulated her into inviting me for an evening of togetherness with the family. It did not take much persuasion since she already expressed a desire for all of us to know each other better. We set the next get together for Friday night when we could eat, and watch a movie all would enjoy. I looked forward with great eagerness to that night and contact with Cassie. The thought of being next to her again gave me a greater than usual feeling of exuberance. What I needed to do was figure out how to be alone with her. Isolating her would not be easy to accomplish, particularly when Peggy's mother was usually nearby. I felt very sure that she would be suspicious of any move to separate Cassie from the others. Things certainly would have been easier if she had been an only child but that was not the case so since she wasn't, I would have to make something happen.

When I arrived at the door, the children were waiting for me and hugged my waist and legs since it was the highest they could reach. I bent down and gave each of them a hug except for Cassie who also received a kiss on the forehead. I had brought a few inexpensive gifts for the kids and was pleased as they squealed in delight while opening them. Peggy greeted me with a hug while her Mother gave me a warm smile and shook hands. I was beginning to feel like part of the family by this time. After a few minutes of conversation, we headed into the living room and sat down to eat pizza. Cassie liked her gift, a little doll, and lingered by my knees while playing with it. I had to use all of my mental discipline to keep from having an erection as she touched and rubbed against my thighs. It was an incredibly powerful feeling that I so much wanted to act on at that moment. We were eating and drinking sodas and everything just seemed wonderful. It was one of the best times I could remember having in my life.

The children ate very quickly and immediately wanted to see a movie. I was hoping that in a darkened room, Cassie might be seated next to me so that I could smell and touch her skin. The room was not as dark as I had hoped but Cassie did sit next to me. Her grandmother was on the other side so that I had to be very careful to do nothing that would arouse her suspicion. However, I was able to put my arm around the little girl and often clasp her close to me. I held her often until the

movie was over and the lights back on. It was now 8:30PM and the children were told to put on their pajamas and prepare for bedtime. I was very disappointed when Cassie disappeared into her bedroom, emerged shortly in her nightie, said goodnight, and returned to her room.

My disappointment turned to elation within a few minutes when Peggy asked me to say goodnight to the kids. Walking casually into the bedroom, I said a rather cursory good night to the two boys and then turned my attention to Cassie who was waiting for me with a big smile on her face. I could hardly control my excitement and felt trembling all through my body. This was the moment I had waited for and there was no time to waste. I sat down beside her on the bed and cupped my hands around her face. She looked like a little angel and I almost believed that we were in heaven. Cassie put her little hands on mine and stroked them gently which caused me to start caressing her face. I leaned over and kissed her on the forehead and she responded by pulling me closer and kissing my cheek. I almost started to swoon and had to control my actions before something was done that would alert the others. Time was also running out for me and I had to get back to the living room soon. I moved my hands over her shoulders and down her sides to her waist. She really seemed to like the sensation but before I could do anything more, Peggy called to me from the other room. It gave me a start and brought me back to reality. Giving Cassie one last kiss on the nose, I hastily beat a retreat out the door and prepared to enter the adult world again.

Looking carefully at both women's faces when I entered the living room gave no indication that they thought anything improper had occurred in the bedroom. I sort of mumbled something about telling the kids a story and let it go at that. Nothing further was said about being with the children as we sat on a couch for two more hours, chatting about nothing important. At 11:30PM, I told Peggy that it was getting late and fatigue was setting in. She offered to drive me home but I refused her generous gesture for two reasons. The most important one was avoiding any romantic inclination that may have been on her mind. The other had to do with thinking about my time with Cassie while riding the bus. Her Mother thought that it was rather chivalrous of me to refuse a night time drive by Peggy, so my ploy worked out for all concerned. I hugged Peggy at the door, said my goodbye and headed for the bus stop.

The trip home was a wondrous mixture of fact and fantasy. My

mind kept replaying the events that occurred in the bedroom with embellishments proffered by my imagination. It was like a delirious feeling had crept over me that I wanted to keep forever. When I arrived home, weary as can be, there was difficulty with sleeping as my mind continued it's marvelous journey in incredible pleasure. It became so intense that I had to masturbate several times just to calm down. Finally, sleep came and allowed my rambling thoughts to dissipate into a calming blackness. The next morning, I found myself very hungry and made a large breakfast. While eating, I noticed that my previous high enthusiasm was beginning to wane. It always seems that no matter what level is reached after a great evening, the joy doesn't last very long and further progress has to be accomplished for my satisfaction. My thoughts turned to how another wonderful interlude with Cassie could come about, but not wanting to rush and make errors, I decided to wait until Monday before doing anything further. Until then, I could take care of other needs such as laundry, house cleaning and shopping which had been neglected for awhile.

That weekend was one of the best relaxation periods I had in a long time. I was taking care of necessities and felt a calmness that had long been absent. I had either been very lucky so far with my minor contacts or had planned everything very well to minimize the risks involved. However, there was always a chance that some unknown glitch could occur and any further advances toward Cassie would need a proportionate amount of caution. When I returned to work on Monday, a change in my facial appearance must have been very evident because a few people commented on how relaxed my body looked. As usual, Peggy greeted me with a smile and spoke about the wonderful evening we had spent. She commented on how much more the children liked me when compared to other men they had known. I surmised that Peggy was hinting that we should spend more time together as a family. Even her Mother had mentioned that we all got along very well. I had mixed reactions about pursuing that tact, since it meant more romantic involvement with Peggy which would be more difficult to deal with over time. On the other hand, I would be able to spend much more time with Cassie with everyone's blessing.

Peggy wanted to visit my apartment again and I could not think of any reason to put her off. I did not want her to become annoyed with me and therefore, cut off my greatest source of pleasure, so we made a date for Wednesday evening. Our romantic interlude that night was rather good and seemed more tolerable than the first get together. We

had sex and lay in bed for a few hours talking about our future as a couple. Actually, Peggy did most of the speaking while I occasionally grunted at appropriate times. It was a relief when she had to leave so I could get some sleep. I wasn't sure of the level of commitment that she expected but it sure looked like we were expected to present ourselves as a couple. She had even dropped a few hints about my moving in with her. This turn of events was very unsettling and my thoughts jumped from fear to panic as I evaluated my options. The only steadying influence was the potential for greater closeness to Cassie. I really wanted to see her more but it seemed that the risks were getting greater as my involvement increased. I had not yet met any of Peggy's friends but eventually it was going to happen, and therein lay the risk of someone recognizing my face and exposing me as a felon. For the first time in months, I began to think of leaving Phoenix and starting over somewhere else. I wondered how to accomplish this feat because of my parole status. Leaving my parents was not a problem because they were of little importance to me. These thoughts increased my stress and I worked hard to push them to the back of my mind where they could be replaced with more pleasant concepts.

My treatment group was moving along quite well and no one had as yet questioned my activities or probed my innermost thoughts. I had all of them pretty well fooled with my honest face and carefully chosen words. Of course, always having a few members in continual trouble or failing polygraphs helped keep the spotlight off me. Even Dr. Kirsh seemed convinced that I was following the rules and avoiding even the slightest hint of impropriety. I was learning group procedures well and eliminating any source of possible confrontation. Dealing with Mr. Popali was also becoming a routine matter. Whenever we visited, his questions were predictable and his belief that my responses were honest avoided any further investigation into my life. I was kind of enjoying the power that comes with deceiving people who were in authority. I truly believed that my intelligence was far greater than theirs.

Work was becoming easier and my hourly wage reached twelve dollars which was more sufficient for my needs. The manager had even come to me and hinted something about having an assistant manager position open but my reaction to his proposal was cool and noncommittal. After a few attempts to convince me that the promotion would be beneficial, he gave up on the idea and never brought it up again. I was hoping that he was convinced that my ambition for higher positions did not exist and would leave me in the present job as a good

phone worker. Peggy wanted to have coffee with me every day and it was apparent that she had expectations of me. I was pleased that she asked me to come to her house for dinner on Saturday since it meant being around the kids again. While I had some reservations about how to handle her romantic notions, a stronger urge within me wanted to see Cassie. Many of my thoughts always seemed to be of her and I had to be more careful of discovery than ever. For the first time, a fear was emerging from within that was troubling but the thought of touching her little body and holding her close to me was a more powerful motivator. I began to wonder if there was some way to minimize my obsession with Cassie and thought about strolling around town and looking at other little girls. This might diminish my ardor for her and perhaps, by chance, provide other opportunities. This idea began to grow and become more feasible with time. I decided to act on it after my next visit with Peggy.

I arrived at Peggy's house for supper and hopefully, an evening of some pleasure. Whenever I entered the house, she always made everyone aware of our attachment by hugging and touching me. I often felt very self conscious about her behavior but smiled and made the best of it. After we ate and sat around watching television for a few hours, it was time for the children's bedtime. This was the moment I had waited for and hoped that Cassie would want me to tuck her in bed again. She changed to her pajamas and came out of her room to say goodnight. My chances to be alone with her did not look good when Peggy asked me to tell her a bedtime story. With trembling hands and shallow breath, I entered the bedroom and sat on Cassie's bed. I looked at her and received a big smile which emboldened me to put my hands around her neck. I then gently pulled her head up to my chest and put my arms completely around the little body that lay before me. She responded by putting her arms around my neck and we stayed in position for a few minutes. I then started moving my hands down her sides onto her hips and feeling no resistance, moved my hands a little further down. Cassie started pushing harder against my body and it certainly felt like she was encouraging me to continue. After hesitating for a few seconds, I allowed my hands to fall onto her vaginal area, which gave me a tremendous rush of sexual excitement. I would have liked to go even further but at that moment, Peggy called my name from the other room and startled me. I quickly said good-night to Cassie and exited the room.

The next few hours were spent with Peggy with nothing in particular happening. I was hoping that she wouldn't bring up anything about having a deeper commitment between us, and fortunately, she didn't. Finally, I was relieved when the hour turned late and it seemed the right time to leave. Reluctantly, Peggy walked to the front door, gave me a kiss, mumbled something about loving our time together, and watched me walk away.

As I rode the bus home, my thoughts and feelings vacillated between euphoria and a degree of panic over what might happen if my actions with Cassie became known. Arizona was one of the states that required registration of sex offenders and my parole requirements gave me one month to do it. My time was almost up and I would have to visit a Police Station soon and take care of it. The fear of becoming a known sex offender to anyone who bothered to look at the public records was eating at me constantly. I had heard from offenders in the group that once a person registered with the State, no matter how much he tried to hide his deceit, chances were always strong that someone would discover the truth. This fear wouldn't leave my body and I began to feel cursed for wanting young girls. I really wanted to run but that would get me nowhere. I wanted to leave the State but it had to be planned so that no one would be suspicious and look into the true motives for my departure.

Chapter Eight

Running Off

When I talked to my Parents again, the subject of moving was brought up much to the surprise of my Father. Since my arrival in Arizona, he thought that I should stay for a time and make a new life for myself. I was certain that his hope was for me to make a positive change that would include helping care for my Mother. Obviously, he could see that I had no interest in doing so which turned into a profound disappointment for him. I did not want to argue with him about it but only brought up the subject so that further discussion would make my case for moving even stronger. At this time, I could not say where my next destination would be and had never really thought about it much until now. My Mother didn't know what was going on so she was never brought into any discussion of my plans. I told my Father that nothing was definite yet but that he would be aware of plans as they unfolded. I left the house feeling a little disgusted with myself but survival was the key element in life. My next move was to tell Mr. Popali of my intentions and see what his reaction would be. If he totally forbid my move, then I was out of luck, but fortunately, he was not too concerned about the matter. He only wanted to know my reasons for moving, where the destination was, did I have a place to live and a job waiting. I told Mr. Popali that good friends in California would let me stay with them until an apartment and job were obtained. He agreed that a telephone marketing job would be easy to find and seemed amiable to my request. However, he would have to bring the matter up to a committee and see what others thought of my plan. I thanked him for considering the request and left the office with a good measure of optimism.

If the transfer to another State was a good possibility, then only a few other minor problems remained to be dealt with. My Parents would just have to accept the move and carry on as best they could. I really couldn't see myself taking care of elderly people as a way of life. I would have to say farewell to Dr. Kirsh and the treatment group but that would be of no consequence to me. I would simply detail my dislike for the area and let it go at that. Of all these minor problems, the most difficult would be saying goodbye to Cassie. Peggy was of

no concern to me as a romantic interest but served only as a means to an end. Cassie would be the one I missed the most but the entire situation was becoming too risky to continue. My greatest fear was of Cassie mentioning what we did in her bedroom which would definitely send me back to prison. I never could come up with a way to keep these kids from disclosing details of our relationship, there were just too many unforeseen twists to predict. I was trusting my fate to luck and that was a very dangerous path to travel.

I did not want to tell Dr. Kirsh or Peggy about my plans until the Parole Committee gave me permission to leave. I was good at keeping secrets so neither one of them had any inkling of what my plans were. At such time that they asked why I hadn't told them about something so important, my excuse would be that there was no certainty of approval. When I saw Peggy at work, we acted in a normal manner, going to coffee breaks together and discussing how the family was doing. There was a lot more touching by Peggy and her continually increasing intimacy made me more certain that I had chosen a good time to leave town. Everyone in the office seemed to know by now that we were a couple and Peggy's increasing familiarity with me only reinforced the image. I tried to keep from showing any sign of affection in public but people will see what they wish regardless of the reality. Every time someone walked by me, there was usually a sly glance or knowing smile on their face. I thought that the whole thing was getting pretty disgusting and small time, but didn't want to spend any time denying it. Peggy was continually hinting that we should spend more time together but I used the excuse of my sick Parents needing me to avoid her persistence. For once, my Parents actually came in handy. I was hoping and praying the Parole Committee would quickly give an approval to my request in order to extricate myself from this potential mess.

A few days later, I received a phone call from Mr. Popali telling me to report to his office. I was hoping that everything was in order for my move. When I arrived at his door, extra care had to be taken to hide any expression of desperation while at the same time scanning his face for any indication of the decision. I felt somewhat optimistic after seeing a folder and many papers on his desk although there was no way to read them without looking too obvious. Mr. Popali looked at me and managed a slight smile. He told me that California had accepted the transfer and the Committee had then accepted the move. I could leave as soon as my affairs were in order. For the next forty minutes, Mr. Popali

lectured to me about rules to follow and behavior to live by. Even as he droned on and on, I could only think of my good fortune in being able to leave Phoenix quickly and start over somewhere else. I gave him my best "paying attention to every word" face and most lavish expressions of thanks for all the help and kindness shown.

He actually shook my hand and wished me luck as I left the office for the last time. Now that I was getting closer to leaving this quagmire, the fear of discovery became stronger. It was a stroke of luck that Mr. Popali never had me under surveillance because several of my group members had been detected by these unannounced visits. They also believed that these spies followed them around to see where they were going and who they contacted. That kind of situation would have made it difficult to see Peggy at her house. In my mind, I could imagine these people knocking at her door and making inquiries about my visits. Just a hint of a child in the house would have been enough to send me away for many years. What a relief it would be when this entire episode of my life was done with. All that was left for me to do was give notice to my employer and dealing with Peggy. Work would be no problem since turnover was always high as people quit due to the monotony of the job. Peggy would be a different situation and I wanted to devise a believable tale as a justification for my departure from her life forever.

I hadn't given my notice at work yet but separating myself from Peggy had to start immediately. At first, I began to make excuses for not taking breaks together and tried to show some coolness in my voice. She seemed to accept my behavior for the first few days but then began to look a bit strangely at me. When she asked me to come for dinner, I surprised her with a refusal and excuse that my Parents needed help. A lot of questions came from her about their health and how she could help, but I parried them off with vague references to worsening conditions and visits limited to family only. After a week of these tactics, Peggy asked me to meet her in the afternoon for a drink and a discussion of our status. I knew what was coming but feigned ignorance of her purpose when we got together. She paused for a few minutes and began speaking about how the children were missing me and wanting to spend more time as a family. She had a very serious look on her face when asking about our relationship and where it was headed. Not wanting to hurt her but with the desperation of my situation in mind, I told Peggy that our time together was nice and the kids were fun but my commitment just wasn't there for them. She couldn't hide the look of surprise and disappointment on her face as the words

came from my mouth. It was obvious that she was looking for a husband and had thought it would be me. Tears came to her eyes but I maintained my aloofness so there not be any mistaking of my intentions. After a few minutes, Peggy said she had to go home and left the table very quickly. I must admit it was a great relief to get done with the confrontation without some huge emotional scene. I then went back to work, feeling satisfied with my performance and gave the manager a weeks notice. He was not happy and made it a point to mention that in a short time a supervisory position would open up. I politely told him that my mind was made up and there was nothing further to say.

Of all the things I had to do before leaving, only the situation with Peggy could continue to elicit concerns. Everyone else seemed to have accepted my decision and I was hoping that she would do the same. I decided that when it was time to leave, the bus would be the best and cheapest means to depart. I could also take most of my possessions except for the large items which could be sold in a yard sale. Over the next few days, people wandered by and eventually bought almost everything that was on display. My plans were moving along and I looked forward to taking the trip to San Diego by the next week and starting over again.

The last week of work went quickly and any problems anticipated with Peggy never came about. She seemed kind of lost in a fog and would occasionally smile at me or ask to have coffee together. I continued my avoidance of her and after awhile, she stopped her efforts. On my last day of work, I said goodbye to the office people and left the building forever. Peggy had not been there when I left so another potential emotional scene had been avoided. Now all I had to do was attend one more treatment group and bid farewell to all. I phoned Dr. Kirsh before the group visit and explained my new change of plans to him. He was somewhat surprised at how rapidly events had transpired but really had little to say. I was asked to come to one last meeting and discuss the techniques learned that would avoid further relapses and offenses. My last group meeting was fairly simple. The group was interested in my future plans and offered a great deal of encouragement for a successful life. I was not confronted on anything else, particularly on how short a time had been spent in Phoenix. I had now taken care of everything and thought it all turned out pretty well. Not only had I escaped prosecution for violating my supervision requirements but seemed to be well thought of by all who knew me. I planned to leave in two days and spent most of the time with my Parents or strolling down-

town. The relief of having everything work out well so far put me in a high state of mind that lasted until a phone call came from Peggy. She wanted to meet me once more and discuss why things hadn't worked out between us. I really didn't want to meet with her but decided that she was entitled to have some kind of explanation even if it wasn't true. I was not a person who was totally devoid of feelings for others and surmised that she had a big emotional letdown. We planned to meet the next day at a restaurant in the downtown area which seemed to be the safest place to minimize the chance of an explosive outburst occurring.

Peggy arrived right on time and sat at a table with me. We ordered coffee and just looked at each other for a few minutes before any words were uttered. I didn't know what to say and did not want to do anything that would elicit angry responses from her. She stared at me for a few minutes and asked if I ever really cared for her and the children. With my best serious face on, I said 'yes' and stated that our time together was very precious but after careful thought, had decided that this was not a period in my life to have a long term commitment. Continuing, I said that going on with the relationship was not comfortable for me regardless of how much she and the children meant to me. Of course, I threw in something about her being a wonderful woman and deserving of a man who could really show love to the entire family. I was hoping that my words would take some of the sting out of any reply she made. Peggy agreed that she was a wonderful person who could give the right man a terrific life.

I could see traces of anger and resignation in her face and hoped that our discussion would not get out of hand. She seemed to gain control of her emotions and said that the suddenness of my leaving had hurt her deeply. However, she was glad that it had ended before a greater commitment had developed, although the children, especially Cassie, would take some time to get over not seeing me again. I again told her that all of them were wonderful people and wished them the best in life. Finally, Peggy sighed and with a shrug of her shoulders, said 'goodbye', got up and left the restaurant. I was very relieved and happy that this scene was completely over. Now I could leave with a certain peace of mind.

Chapter Nine

Supervision And Old Habits

I left my apartment for the last time and headed for the bus terminal with two suitcases, two thousand dollars in savings and some pleasant memories of Phoenix. As usual, the bus was crowded but I managed to obtain a window seat from which to admire the scenery during the ride. The ride was typically boring with little to see except desert, cactus and a few low mountains. I was always grateful for the rest stops where we could eat a quick meal and take a short walk. The person sitting next to me was not talkative so most of the trip was spent in silence and meditation. I didn't wish to dwell on the events of the past few months, but Cassie's face still lingered in my mind. She was the only person I would really miss. The bus droned on and arrived in San Diego early in the morning. The depot was fairly deserted so taking my bags, I headed for a restaurant where a meal and newspaper could be had. I was searching through the apartment rental ads to see how rents were and was surprised at how much higher they were compared to Phoenix. I also perused the want ads and found several interesting jobs in telemarketing that promised to pay between twelve and fifteen dollars an hour. Well, time to get cracking I thought and decided to make my first stop at the Parole Office to check in and see what help they could offer me in finding housing.

The Parole Office was downtown and in a much nicer building than the one in Phoenix. I checked in at the front desk and was told to wait for a Ms. Sagela, who would take care of my processing. Ms. Sagela was a tall, youngish woman who beckoned me to follow her into a small office and have a seat. She had my file and after studying it for a few minutes, asked why I had moved here. I explained the reasons to her and it seemed to provide a satisfactory answer. My first impression of Ms. Sagela was that she would not be an easy person to deceive. She looked like a no nonsense type of Parole Officer who would not let anything even vaguely improper occur. I tried using my best mannerisms to make her like me more but it didn't seem to work. Either she didn't like men or was too experienced for my primitive charming ways. An uneasy feeling dwelt within me as she spent the next thirty minutes

going over all the requirements that had to be followed. Getting away with any type of minor contact would be difficult unless I could think of some creative methods to circumvent her snooping. Near the end of our meeting, Ms. Sagela gave me a few addresses that might have rooms to rent and would not ask questions about criminal records. She also gave me the names of three sex offender therapists to contact within the next two weeks and ordered me to make an appointment with one of them for the initiation of treatment. When I left her office, my head was reeling from the profusion of restrictions that had to be followed.

I had to eliminate these negative thoughts from my mind and decided that the best way to accomplish this goal was to look for a place to live and a job. The rooms that I looked at were not particularly pleasant but one of them would have to do until the city became more familiar to me. I rented one in a downtown area and although it was sparsely furnished, I felt it would serve the purpose for a time. Since I was already downtown, my objective was to look for jobs that were within walking distance of my room. San Diego is a large city and the number of telemarketing jobs available was staggering. I changed my clothes to more suitable attire and headed to the first firm on my list. I firmly believe that all telemarketing jobs, no matter where they are or what they sell, are similar and my experience should lead to offers. I went to three companies and each of them offered a position to me. At least I had a choice of the product or service that was to be pushed on the public. A company that conducted surveys for large corporation seemed to be the most pleasant to work for, since there was no pressure to sell or set appointments. The downside was that the work was a little sparser since it depended on contracts from outside sources. However, I was guaranteed at least thirty hours a week at about fourteen dollars an hour which was sufficient to sustain my simple needs.

I reported my progress to Ms. Sagela, much to her pleasure. She told me that sex offender registration was required within thirty days for parolees from out of state and if not done, would be severely dealt with. That was another blow to my ego but I was getting used to being told what to do and could live with it. I was going to start work the next day so it was important to shop for necessities while time was available. I purchased a small television set and went back to my room. I would have to eat all meals out until obtaining an apartment with a kitchen. This could become very expensive quickly so it was very important to upgrade my living situation fast.

When I went to work the next day, the routine turned out to be very similar to my last job, and easily mastered by the second hour. A computer dialed the numbers and the person answering was given a short explanation for the call and if agreeable, would respond to questions for the next thirty minutes. It's amazing how people who don't know you will give out information of a personal nature with such ease. I found it kind of funny in a way but always made sure to speak with a serious tone. The people who worked in the office looked similar to those in other places I had been. I was hoping to make contact with someone who knew where suitable apartments might be found but no one seemed particularly friendly. The manager was a little more helpful and suggested somewhere that might contain what I wanted. He also gave me directions to the areas and some time off to look at the apartments.

I was not going to be too particular and decided to take the first decent place available as long as it was located in a nice area near a bus line. The second stop on my search was a one bedroom furnished apartment that I could afford. The area had a mix of single family homes and larger apartment buildings with no discernible schools nearby. I spoke to the landlord and told him of my situation to which he provided a sympathetic response. He then showed the rooms to me and they looked just fine. Ms. Sagela had to be notified before a lease could be signed and would probably inspect the area before allowing a move in. The landlord said he would hold the apartment for a few days until the Parole Officer inspected and approved it. Ms. Sagela came by to see the rooms on the next day and phoned me at work to say that the apartment and area were acceptable for immediate occupancy. I was very impressed by her speed and called the landlord to give him the news. Now I could get out of that dingy room and live in a more suitable setting. I had now taken care of two requirements of parole and would work on the third by selecting a treatment provider.

I made calls from work and chose one of the doctors by the sound of his voice and the cheaper fees. I phoned Ms. Sagela and let her know about the treatment provider contact set up for the next week. Actually, I had accomplished these tasks in a very short time and could take some time to relax and explore my new area. On my next day off, I started roaming through the neighborhood just to see how it looked. The people looked friendly enough and I encountered very few children in the street. There were stores nearby for shopping and a few restaurants. As I continued walking, the area became a little more suburban

and more children were out playing. I stopped for awhile and watched the little ones run and jump as only kids can do. I would have liked a closer look but adults in the area might become suspicious of a very tall man hanging around kids. After a short stay, I walked home, thinking about the children and how adorable they looked. These thoughts started to get my hormones stirring and fantasies brought on a strong arousal sensation. It made me so excited, that after getting home, I masturbated to the most wonderful images of Shannon and Cassie several times.

I was ready for the next adventure and thought of ways that would satisfy my longings while keeping me out of harms way. I was not concerned about polygraphs but Ms. Sagela could turn out to be a crafty adversary. The new therapist could also be a thorn in my side. A few days later, I was ready to meet Dr. Konrad, a psychologist who specialized in the treatment of sex offenders. He had given me a short summary of his program during our phone conversation and it seemed to be a routine I could live with. His office was in a rather plain looking one story building in the suburbs that had seen better days. When I entered the door, it was strange when a receptionist did not greet me.

Instead, Dr. Konrad came out and motioned for me to follow him into the next room. The inner office was plain but pleasant and had a comfortable couch to sit on. The doctor was friendly and looked over the files received from Ms. Sagela that described my criminal history. He asked me about deviant urges, fantasies and locations that I frequented. Of course, I would never tell him my true thoughts but gave answers that would not invoke red flags. I thought that he was a little more meticulous than the other therapists in my past, but even with his easy manner, a feeling of caution ran through my body. After spending an hour discussing my history, he looked at his watch and stated that our session was over for today. Dr. Konrad gave a short summary of my past which was fairly accurate and made another appointment for the following week to continue probing my behavior.

I did not feel confident when leaving the office. This man could perhaps see through my ruses and untruths and launch an intensive investigation that could land me in prison for a lengthy period. I would have to exercise the utmost caution when speaking to him. On the upside, after the next individual session, I would be placed in a sex offender group and no longer comprise the sole object of his inquiries. I went to work and over the next few hours, and felt my nerves settle down to normal. It seemed that with each passing day, more obstacles

were thrown at me. While working, I looked over the available pool of women and made note of the ones who would occasionally cast a glance in my direction. I had not really interacted with any of them yet but while walking by their workstations, had looked for photos of children on their desks. I could not discern any, so further contact would have to be made with some of the females to determine which of them had potential playmates for me.

I had determined that my neighborhood did not hold any promise as far as meeting women with children, although if it should occur, great care had to be taken to avoid detection. One never knew when Ms. Sagela might be lurking behind the bushes and just waiting to catch me in a compromising situation. I realized that she could not spend much of the time watching me since there were numerous other cases that needed her attention. A slight touch of paranoia might have entered my mind that gave me doubts about my safe position. I really missed being around kids and thoughts of them was starting to give me trouble. I really wanted to feel the emotional rush of having a youngster next to me. Masturbation was not giving me sufficient relief to overcome my thoughts and there was always a danger of becoming obsessed to a point where caution was thrown to the wind. I occasionally walked by a park where children were playing and watched them from a distance. This was not very satisfying so I thought about buying teen magazines to heighten my fantasies. However, if Ms. Sagela paid a surprise visit to my apartment and found them, it could mean jail. The entire situation was becoming extremely complicated and answers had to come to me very quickly. My best chance to meet a woman with children was at work but if it did not happen soon, I would have to seek my pleasures elsewhere.

I had taken care of just about everything required by Ms. Sagela except for registering as a sex offender with the State. I believed that doing such a thing was extremely downgrading but it had to be done. I would have to go to a Police Station and have a picture taken while providing personal information for their records. Actually, it was not too bad an experience and took only twenty minutes to complete. The Policewoman was not very cordial but at least she didn't scream out my offense for everyone in the room to hear. Police probably think that people like me are the lowest forms of life on earth and let it be known by their non verbal reactions. Fortunately, I wouldn't have to do this again until my birthday or moved to another address.

With all of these nuisance chores out of the way, I could now start

to figure out ways to circumvent the system without landing in trouble. I was walking down to the park area almost every day and watching the kids play but never came closer than one hundred feet to them. I kind of hoped that one of the kids would walk toward me and start a conversation but no such thing happened. The adults never stopped watching them and other than my peeping, nothing else was working right. I was not very far from the downtown area and going there began to interest me. It was not likely that youngsters would be there but the area had enough interesting places to visit for amusement. Occasionally, I would see cute little girls walking with their mothers and wished there was some way to become friendly with them. This was becoming a very frustrating time for me as the opportunities for romance became more remote. Of course, there was always a chance that a new woman with children would be hired at work and find me desirable. But up to now, nothing looked promising and all of my passion was directed at fantasies of children from my past.

I was going to have to make a concerted effort at work to meet people who might belong to a social circle that included single mothers. I had been talking to a few of my male co workers and occasionally, having coffee with them. They knew that I was new to the area and essentially on my own. I had to avoid giving any impression of forcing myself on them but merely tried to show a certain amount of friendliness. Apparently, my technique worked because one of the men, Roger, asked me if I was doing anything on Sunday and then invited me to a barbeque party at his house. I graciously accepted and looked forward to the event with great optimism. This might be the break I was hoping for, particularly, if Roger's wife had a few single friends with children who were looking for men to date.

Work had been moving along very well and my manager often praised me for the number of calls that were reported on my response sheets. I had always been good at this sort of job and could usually throw myself into it with great zeal. Since I had nothing else going on in my life, time could be spent in the office making more calls when others had gone home to their families. I was averaging about fifteen dollars an hour by this time and it enabled me to build up a bank account cushion in the event of unemployment. I took some of the money and went shopping for presentable clothes that showed me to be a little prosperous. They were not really fancy but being tall and well built allowed clothes to hang very nicely and look finer than they were. I was looking forward to attending the party very much and again

thanked Roger for the invitation. This could be the start of something very nice.

I stayed in my apartment Saturday thinking about the possibilities that could develop from this party. My greatest wish was to meet a fairly decent woman who had one or two little girls and lived far enough from my area to avoid problems with Ms. Sagela's potential snooping. The thought of being caught with minors again and going back to prison always lingered in my mind but it would not stop me from going through with my plans. Why I had a preference for little girls was beyond my grasp to understand but they were really all that made life pleasurable for me. It was evident that I would always have to put up with adult women in order to achieve my objectives but they were nothing more than roadblocks to get by. It was those cute little ones that aroused my passion and nothing was going to stop me from having my way with them. The party tomorrow was the first step in realizing my greatest joy.

The next day I found my way to Roger's house in a suburban area outside of the city. It was a single story ranch that seemed to be the norm in his neighborhood. The houses were quite close together which gave me a hope that many people would attend the event. I was greeted warmly at the door by a woman who turned out to be Janet, Roger's wife. She took my arm and escorted me to the backyard where several people had already congregated. Roger was standing at the barbeque wearing a chef hat and frantically cooking hamburgers. I could tell that he fancied himself to be a terrific cook and host. Janet introduced me to a few people but there didn't seem to be any single women present. The only ones I met were older and sticking close to their men. I hoped that the party would not turn out to be a dud but rather than turn negative, decided to remain patient and see how the afternoon progressed.

More guests continued to arrive over the next few hours and I was pleased to see that a few of them were younger women who seemed to be alone. I looked them over as they entered to see if there were any indication of interest in me and did receive a few encouraging glances in return. I imagined that Janet had mentioned to the women that a single man would be present and hopefully, had piqued their interest. Fortunately for me, there did not seem to be any other unattached men at the party thus leaving the field open to me alone. With a great flourish, Roger asked everyone to eat, if they hadn't started to already, and people began to form lines at the tables. I did not want to appear aggressive and hoped that one or more of the women would make the

first move at socializing. Within a few minutes, two of them had approached me and after a short introduction, followed my lead toward an unoccupied table. The women did not know each other well and we started making small talk about work and the hosts. I was becoming incredibly anxious to learn if either or both of them had small children and eventually asked about their family life. One of the women was single and had never been married but the other was a recent divorcee who had moved here from San Francisco with three small children.

I was immediately drawn to Carey and almost totally ignored the other woman. Carey must have been flattered by my attention and sat at the table with me for over an hour. I learned that she had two sons and a daughter, worked as a secretary for a real estate company and was struggling financially due to child care costs. If she was receiving child support, it was not enough to live in a comfortable way. She was kind of a happy woman who didn't let the situation get her down but was feeling lonely and sought companionship. One of the people invited to the party was friendly with her and she had apparently jumped at the chance to do a little socializing. I immediately felt that she was attracted to me, for no other reason than the dearth of single men available. Before we left the party, Carey gave her phone number to me and hoped that I would call soon. She could be very sure of my interest in her and the kids, especially her little girl.

Chapter Ten

Pressure And Relief

A *feeling* of euphoria accompanied me on my trip home. This was the best day ever since coming to San Diego and I was going to make the most of this golden opportunity that fell into my lap. Not wanting to appear too eager, I decided to wait for three days before calling Carey. The next few days were routinely spent at work, shopping, laundry and other boring things that most people do. The next appointment with Dr. Konrad was due and life was so dull, I actually looked forward to crossing swords with him. Our second session consisted mostly of listening to rules and requirements for the successful completion of my treatment. Occasionally, the Doctor would intersperse his dialogue with questions about my activities. He wanted to know if I was having trouble with deviant fantasies or justifying wandering in areas where children would congregate. Of course I said no to every query and was told that a polygraph would determine if my words were truthful. I nodded with total agreement while inwardly feeling confident that the test would present no problem. I would not have to take the polygraph for a few more weeks so that event could slip to the back of my mind and remain there for awhile.

After leaving the Doctor's office, I decided that it was time to phone Carey and see what good fortune awaited me from our contact. She was very glad to hear from me and after a few minutes of small talk, agreed to having dinner at a downtown restaurant. Having no car, I would have to take the bus to her house but she agreed to drive us to the café. On my trip to her house, my anxiety and excitement level was increasing by the moment at the thought of meeting her little daughter. It had been some time since I was close to a child and this opportunity would not be wasted. When I knocked at her door, it was opened by a young boy who looked nothing like Carey. He asked me to come in and there in the living room, sat Carey, the other son and the cutest little lass that one could imagine. Her name was Kathy and I immediately felt a warmth flow through me as she broke into a big smile. Kathy had dark blond hair and a cute little body that evoked images of the other girls I had loved. I already longed for the time when we could be alone,

hugging and caressing each other. But at this instant, my attention had to be focused on Carey and after remarking on how nice she looked, we left the children with the babysitter and departed for the restaurant. Carey knew where we were going and drove there in about twenty minutes. She was all bubbly and very pleased to be going on a date which made me think that it might be her first in a long time. I was hoping that she didn't expect an immediate display of romantic affection from me. I only wanted to show enough interest to retain the relationship on my terms.

The restaurant was not particularly fancy which suited my price level. I was relieved that Carey did not choose an expensive place that would have flattened my wallet considerably. The food was good and the conversation tolerable for the few hours that we were together. She told me about her marriage and divorce without sarcasm or emotional displays. I told her a convenient tale of my life which did not include certain elements that were best kept secret. Carey listened very intently to everything I said and seemed to be going through some kind of role playing in which my words were the center of the universe. After eating, we decided to take a walk in the downtown area while there was still enough light and look at window displays. I hadn't really spent much time seeing the sights of the City and it was a nice way to spend some time. I decided to drive back to Carey's house and take the bus home from there. That kind of gesture would make me seem much more of a gentleman and nice person. I said goodnight to her at the door without going in, although it would have been nice to see Kathy one more time. Patience would have to be my watchword in order to eventually achieve my goal.

The next few days were filled with images of the little girl and fantasies of what could occur between us. There was almost no thought of Carey except as someone who would have to be put up with in order to have close contact with Kathy. I had to phone her soon or it would seem that she was not important to me. After work, I did call her and heard the elated voice of a woman who was grateful that a man had contacted her. I was hoping that she would invite me to the house for a meal when the kids were there but all of her words pointed to the two of us having a night out. I didn't know what to do about her aggressive posture so rather than abruptly drop the matter, invited her to attend a movie. She was happy with the date but wanted to meet downtown which precluded any contact with Kathy. Somehow, I had to manipulate Carey into inviting me for a quiet evening at home with the family

but it was going to take some doing.

Our second date was uneventful but at least I could watch a movie instead of having to listen to her chatter on and on. Whenever we talked, I tried to find out how Kathy was, but other than a few words about her, the main gist of any conversation had to do with Carey. I could surmise that Carey was mostly involved with herself and the kids came in a distant second. I had often heard about mothers who treated their kids in this manner while they looked after their own interests, but always thought that these women were hooked on drugs or had some kind of mental problem. My greatest fantasy involved Kathy living with me and I sometimes thought about the novel "Lolita" in which the man was able to accomplish that exact goal. However, I held out little hope that a similar situation would occur to me. If I could not convince Carey to invite me to the house than seeing her was a waste of time. I was not happy with the kind of person she turned out to be and if something didn't change soon, this relationship was going to end very abruptly before anything more serious developed. Of course, it meant no more seeing Kathy but since it was not occurring anyway, there was little for me to lose.

I didn't know how to console myself for the loss of that very sweet little girl. It was not something that could be expressed in therapy or told to anyone at all. In fact, group treatment was starting to focus too closely on my private life and resistance to attending the sessions was growing. If I was absent, then Dr. Konrad would phone and remind me of my obligation and expect me to appear next time. Everyone was paying the doctor forty dollars a visit and he was not about to lose any income. If a person missed a group and didn't make it up than a phone call was made to his Probation Officer which might mean trouble. I didn't want a problem with Ms. Sagala so in spite of my distaste for the group, attended each one. Dr. Konrad mentioned that I was due to take a polygraph soon which caused a momentary twinge of fear. Fortunately, the feeling passed quickly as the thought of passing it was reinforced in my mind. For some reason, the Doctor didn't seem to trust me and was always poking around into my thoughts and actions. I felt certain that he had conveyed his impression to Ms. Sagala, and together they were going to implicate me in some misconduct. I had to watch my action and really reduce the risk of slipping and landing in big trouble.

I was still feeling obsessed with Kathy but could not figure out how to persuade Carey to want us to spend time as a family. She never

seemed to want a simple meal at home followed by a movie. The only glimpse I could get of Kathy occurred when arriving at the house to pick up Carey. In desperation, I finally decided to tell Carey that money was tight at this time and going out for dinners and shows could not continue unabated. She didn't seem too upset by my words but a little of her fervor seemed to vanish. We did not make any plans for the week and for all I knew, the relationship was over. I was beginning to consider ways to meet other women with children when Carey phoned and invited me to the house for a Sunday party. Apparently, she was going to act as the hostess for this event and much to my dismay, asked me to act as the host. My job was to greet people at the door, show them where the party area was, and help with the cooking. I had eagerly anticipated being asked to watch the children or at least help keep them amused but a few teenagers were assigned to that chore. Well, at least I'll be able to have some contact with Kathy and any other young children who were there. It would be the most contact with kids in quite awhile.

Whenever I look forward to an event, the days always seem to drag on and on. A lot of my time was spent daydreaming about the possibilities that might open up soon and fantasies of children brought me to a high pitch of arousal. I masturbated many times to images of children and still couldn't keep the excitement of seeing Kathy from permeating most of my thoughts. On Sunday, I headed to Carey's house with a small bouquet of flowers and wearing my nicest looking outfit. She must have thought that I was happy to see her because my face was radiating excitement. Carey hugged me and explained my duties in each area. I did not see any kids in the house and hoped that nothing had tarnished my chances for a little pleasure. I was relieved when Carey told me that they were at a friend's house and would be back soon.

Within a short time, guests started arriving and it was my role to act as some sort of a host. None of the people knew me, so I merely smiled and showed them where the refreshments were located. Carey was busy greeting people and preparing food. I helped by starting the charcoal and carrying the meat to the barbeque. It would not do me well to get bogged down with chores since Kathy might return at any minute and I wanted to be free enough to spend time with her. I did not want to appear too eager but my eyes always looked toward the door whenever the doorbell rang. As time passed and she did not appear, a bit of anxiety began creeping into me that produced an uncomfortable feeling. Finally, the kids arrived with lots of accompanying noise and

ran directly to the food. There was Kathy looking marvelous in a little purple dress and white leotards. I was so happy to see her that it took great self control to keep my hands off her body.

After eating, the kids seemed to disappear into their rooms and Carey started paying more attention to me. She took my arm and dragged me around to meet friends who I really had no interest in knowing. I was wondering how to break free of her clutches and pursue Kathy, when suddenly out of her room, came the beautiful little girl. After telling Carey that I hadn't said hello to the kids, she released my arm and nudged me toward them. I said a cursory hello to Curt, her son, and then gave a very warm smile to Kathy. We began to talk about what she had been doing all day and without really listening to her words, kept my attention riveted on her cute face. She seemed to have become a little more friendly toward me and did not object when I held her hand. She had the softest, warmest hand that could ever be imagined. I started to inquire about how her room looked, hoping that she would show it to me. I was extremely delighted when a slight tugging on my hand directed me toward her room. I looked around to make sure that no one was paying attentions to us before entering, and fortunately, people were engrossed in eating, drinking and talking. Carey was not in view either and was probably outside on the patio.

Feeling safe, I entered the room after Kathy and sat down next to her on the bed. She wanted to have a story read and gave me a book. I started reading it aloud and while doing so, put my arm on her shoulder in a friendly and comforting way. She did not pull away and actually nestled up closer to my side. I could smell the freshness of her hair and skin which made me extremely heady. This was the moment I had been waiting for and the best use of my time was going to occur right now. I let my arm move slightly over her shoulder and felt her rib cage. Kathy let out a little giggle and mentioned that my hand was tickling her. Then I started rubbing her back with a slow circular motion which seemed to please her. It was almost like she was in a hypnotic state from the sound of my voice and the touch of my hand. I wanted to relish this moment and not make further moves too quickly. Next, I moved my hand down to her lower back, gently massaging her spine and sides. I was very elated that Kathy was responding well to my presence and had not objected to the sensual touching of her body. As I continued to read the story, my hand pulled her very gently toward me and dropped down around her buttocks. They were the most wonderful buttocks and the touch of them brought out great sexual arousal from

within me. It was a hard fight to control my desire but great care had to be taken in order to avoid any kind of outcry or scene. I continued rubbing her for a few more minutes and then heard footsteps approaching the door which startled me back to reality. I quickly moved away from Kathy while continuing to read the story out loud. The door opened and in walked her brother with a message that one of her friends had arrived and wanted to play. I supposed that she was a little bored with our interlude by now and merely stood up, said goodbye and left the room. I quickly followed her out and rejoined the party with the hope that no one had missed me. I doubted that Carey had even noticed my absence over the last fifteen minutes and was still standing outside on the patio with a group of people. I walked over to her and acted as if we were a couple who cared for each other. For the next few hours, my head was spinning from the marvelous time that had taken place. It was all I could do to keep my focus on Carey as she talked on and on but it had to be done if people were going to accept my acting. Fortunately, no one seemed to notice anything unusual about my behavior and all of Carey's friends appeared to accept me as a potential partner. A few more hours passed and the party started to break up. It had been torture for me to stay there without Kathy around. When the last guest finally left, I told Carey that fatigue was setting in and it was time for me to leave. If she was disappointed, it didn't show because of her tiredness. I gave her a hug, said we would talk soon and left with a great sigh of relief.

The bus ride home was filled with happy thoughts but I longed to let masturbation give me release from the passion that filled my body. I needed several ejaculations to reduce the excitement and even then it still lingered on my mind throughout the night. By the next morning, I had calmed down enough to attend to business and realized that a polygraph test had to be scheduled very quickly. I had been given two names by Ms. Sagela and called the first on the list. I reached an answering machine and left a message for the woman to phone me at work. The day was uneventful except that I had to hustle a bit more to earn extra money for the polygraph. However, I was up to the task and did quite well with business matters. Ms. Charles, the polygrapher returned my call in the afternoon and set an appointment for the next week at a cost of two hundred dollars. With the probation fees each month and other court fines, I was starting to feel a financial pinch as the costs kept adding up. Luckily, I was able to obtain a few hours of overtime at work each day that took care of the extra expense.

The next day, my Probation Officer phoned to make sure that the polygraph test had been scheduled. I couldn't believe how intensive the supervision was in this city compared to the Midwest area where there was not as much concern over me. Ms. Sagela also wanted to know how my social life was developing and I gave her a false story of meeting several men at work and spending time at their homes watching sports on television. I was hoping that she wouldn't ask for their names and addresses since there was no telling how much of a snoop that woman could be. I still had good feelings about my romantic interlude with Kathy and looked forward to having more of the same. For that to happen, I would have to spend more time with Carey and probably show a little passion to her. I phoned her the next day and was surprised when she said that Kathy had not been feeling well since the party. Carey thought that it was something she ate and mentioned that she had been very quiet and withdrawn since the event. I told her that it sounded like food poisoning and would probably vanish in a few days but Carey was thinking of taking the child to a doctor if the symptoms didn't clear up soon. My anxiety level started to rise when I heard those words because a doctor might probe Kathy's condition and possibly discover what had happened between us. Once again, I seemed backed into a corner with no way to control the outcome. All I could do was wait it out and hope for the best. Carey made no mention of getting together and seemed genuinely concerned about her daughter. I mentioned something about calling in a day or two and hung up.

This new problem caused several sleepless nights for me and it began to affect my work. I seemed to be more irritable with coworkers and occasionally snapped at them for little reason. The polygraph was scheduled soon and I had to control my emotions or risk the chance of slipping up on a response. It was evident that any deception to the questions would really bring me under close scrutiny with Ms. Sagela and Dr. Konrad. This was a situation I had to avoid at all costs. My treatment group also noticed a change in my demeanor and commented on it several times during a session. Dr. Konrad went over my daily routine and social life to determine the cause of my behavior change. I told the group that money problems were to blame since my Parents needed help and the obligation put pressure on me. The story actually brought out a wave of sympathy and diverted some of the group focus off of me. In fact, I was commended for being so considerate of my Parents. I was always good at fooling people with a sincere and honest expression façade on my face. Lying was also something that came

easy and while I didn't like my actions, they were certainly a useful survival technique.

I was glad when the group session was done and my actions were no longer under a microscope. Dr. Konrad did not seem totally convinced by my expressions but he did not press the issue any further. I thought that he would resume his probing at the next session and resolved to straighten up my behavior by then. The next day I called Carey to see how Kathy was feeling and learned that she was better although not up to her usual self. Carey seemed a little warmer in her tone and we decided to meet for an early supper on the next day. That kind of date appealed to me since it did not imply that any further actions would be forthcoming. However, I was prepared for any eventuality and worked at putting on my best face for our meeting.

Carey was all smiles when we met and I assumed that Kathy's mood swing had passed and all was well. Those were the first words that Carey uttered to me and it quickly relieved my anxiety that had been swarming through my body. We had a nice little chat about the party and how well I had played the role of host and babysitter. Finally, Carey became silent for a few minutes and then asked where our relationship was going since she was becoming fond of me and didn't want to go down the wrong path by making erroneous assumptions. I had been prepared for this question and with as serious face as could be mustered, said that my time with her and the children was very pleasant. Her face showed that she was pleased with the response and her hand gently squeezed mine. She then began asking about my apartment and why I never took her there. I knew that she was hinting at making a visit to my place soon. I breathed easier knowing that it would not be tonight because her babysitter couldn't stay very long. In fact, within a short time, Carey had to say goodbye, and after giving me a little kiss, said that we would talk again very soon.

Now I was faced with starting a heavy romantic relationship with her or take the chance of a total breakup. It was a tough decision for me because having more time with Kathy was very important. I also had to be careful about my supervision and minimize any risks of discovery. Well, that was just another problem to deal with at a later time because the polygraph had to be reckoned with first. Two days later, I showed up for the polygraph and prepared to go through another ordeal of questions and answers. Ms. Charles did everything possible to make me feel comfortable and explained all the procedures involved which I already knew quite well. She strapped me into an apparatus

and my first feelings indicated that I was experiencing some discomfort with the procedure that had not been there in the past. The questions covered my entire sexual history and whether or not I was involved in any type of deviant behavior at this time. Ms. Charles never expressed a glimmer of how the test was going and at its conclusion, told me that a report would be sent to Ms. Sagela within a week. I left her office hoping that nothing had gone wrong but after thinking about my past results with these tests, decided that all would be okay and returned to work.

The next day I received a call from Ms. Sagela asking me to pay her a visit in two days. She wouldn't say why there was a need to push up my visit which caused me to imagine some vividly depressing scenarios. I finally rationalized that if something was really wrong, she would have called me immediately. That thought kind of eased concerns for awhile and let me get on with the daily routine. The next day, I went to the Parole Office where Ms. Sagela ushered me into her office and asked how things were coming along. After a few minutes of small talk, she took out papers from a folder and went over my polygraph results. I had passed two of the relevant questions and obtained an inconclusive on the third one. That inconclusive question had to do with minor contact and had set off a red flag in her mind. She wanted to know if I was indeed hanging around areas where minors congregate or having any contact with a child, no matter how incidental it was. With my most serious face on, I stated that no such things had happened and could not think of any reason for the dubious response. Apparently, she could not make very much of this result and after a few minutes, dropped the matter. However, Ms. Sagela mentioned that I might be put under surveillance by her office to make sure supervision rules were strictly complied with. I did not waver in my expression and replied that nothing inappropriate would come of it. With that response, she gave me the next appointment date and ended the meeting.

I was glad to get out of there in one piece and had really thought that Ms. Sagela would arrest me. Not only did I have to worry about her constant prying into my affairs but now had the added stress of being spied on. This added burden could put a serious crimp in my plans and make it difficult to continue on with Kathy and Carey. Giving them up was not yet a serious option but it was starting to gnaw at me. I tried to keep my mind on work and threw myself into it with a vengeance as if occupying my mind with trivial matters would cause problems to be forgotten. My mind seemed to be racked with these fears of discovery

and arrest which could lead to a long prison term. I had to decide what to do and after many hours of ruminating over the problem, it seemed that the best solution was to terminate my relationship with Carey and cut my losses. The choice was not easy for me because Kathy had become very important in my life. It seems that I can never find happiness without snags that ruin everything when things are looking good.

I wanted to move swiftly on closing the affair with Carey but it had to be done without causing a scene. Publicity was the bane of my life and I could just imagine Ms. Sagela relishing the knowledge of my contacts with minors. I probably had a few days of grace before speaking to Carey again so there was sufficient time to work out a plausible reason for the breakup. Work and everything seemed surreal while I dealt with the problem. I thought about using my Parents health, meeting of another woman, or just pulling back because of the deepening commitment expected. I suppose that telling her that this was not a good time for me could work, although one never knows how a jilted woman might react. Waiting for Carey to phone would provide more time to think but I wanted to take control of the situation. I called Carey on a Wednesday morning and asked to meet for lunch real soon. My voice and tone were unemotional and friendly but must have given her some concern since she asked if anything was wrong. I skirted the question and said we could talk at lunch tomorrow. Before she could bring up anything else, I mumbled something about finishing an important project, said goodbye and hung up. The first step to the breakup had now been taken and a sense of relief came over me. There would be no turning back until the entire matter was completely finished.

I hardly slept that night as my mind was filled with ideas of how to handle the parting without a teary scene or an explosion of anger. Not having known Carey that well prevented me from assessing any certainty about the outcome of our meeting. Sometimes, I had doubts about going through with the breakup but then the fear of discovery by Ms. Sagela took over and reinforced my original decision. As the hour approached for the event, I left for the restaurant, hoping that it would be crowded as when we last ate there. I was hoping that the amount of people present would preclude any emotional outburst which looked like a coward's way out. Carey was already there and I joined her at the table without speaking for a few minutes. She tried a weak smile and scanned my face for any sign of what might come next. I attempted some small talk but it didn't seem right and suddenly blurted out the reason for our meeting. I began by telling her how wonderful she was

and how great the kids were. Next I told her that the commitment was too fast for me at this time and between my parent's health and other problems, had become overwhelming to deal with. I had to end the relationship regardless of how painful it was for me to do so but asked Carey to understand that it was not due to anything she did. I was just at the end of my rope and could not deal with all the pressure that was coming down. Therefore, I wanted to let the relationship cool off for a period of time until my life was no longer so confusing. It was a very short speech and when I was done, Carey remained quiet for a few minutes while trying to retain her composure. Her face was pale and she was working at keeping tears from flowing down.

Finally, she said that it was very sad that we had to end so suddenly but knew that something was wrong since I called last night. She had feared the worst but had hoped for a pleasant meeting. I could sense some occasional flashes of anger in her eyes as she continued with her speech. She regretted our outcome but appreciated the fact that I had been honest and open with her. Before I could add anything else, Carey said she had to leave, got up, and departed quickly from the restaurant. I looked around to see if anyone had noticed her abrupt departure but no one seemed to be concerned with us. I was so relieved at having pulled off this breakup without a destructive scene that my appetite flourished and lunch was heartily enjoyed.

Chapter Eleven

A Trip to Jail

During the next few days, I was wary of receiving calls from Carey and avoided answering the telephone at my apartment. However, when no calls were received, my feelings of freedom became a reality. Whatever kind of relationship awaited me in the future, it would have to be nurtured more carefully with greater secrecy or history would repeat itself. With great feelings of joy, I threw myself into work and even surprised the manager with my renewed abundance of energy. It was not easy to see how much the breakup problem had occupied my time and stymied productive work. Nothing had been said but I knew that many people had noticed my wandering mind and lack of enthusiasm at work. It's amazing how I could fool myself into thinking that everything was normal when one slip could have meant total destruction. It would be nice to have more control and awareness of my actions from now on.

While I was walking from the bus to my apartment during the evening, my eyes wandered over to a car parked across the street with a man in it who seemed to be watching me. After seeing that I noticed him, the man drove off and I guessed that he was a surveillance agent. Well, Ms. Sagela kept her word but fortunately nothing had been out of ordinary on this occasion. With all of this attention on my movements, I decided to ease off meeting women with children and instead, concentrate on the areas where kids usually congregate without being too obvious. It would have been foolhardy of me to select areas near my apartment where surveillance might occur, so I decided to take a bus to random areas. Doing that would minimize the chance of recognition. Fortunately, Ms. Sagela had never considered putting my picture on a poster and distributing it to nearby schools and other areas where minors played. Very few people would know of my situation and restrictions which lessened the chance of a major problem occurring.

I was still feeling pretty high from my meeting with Carey and continued showing enhanced enthusiasm in all areas of my life. The members of my treatment group seemed to be impressed by my attitude and were very curious to know how it came about. Not wanting to tell

them about Carey, I made up a story about my parents recovering their health. The people seemed satisfied by my reason and many of them complimented my behavior. I'm not sure that Dr. Konrad was convinced by my words, but since he knew nothing about my hidden life, there was little for me to be concerned about. I became very outspoken in the group and there were occasions when I caught someone in a lie or contradiction. Even Dr. Konrad showed some admiration for my participation and must have sent favorable reports to my Parole Officer who would occasionally mention that my rehabilitation was progressing nicely. Here I was, doing everything prohibited by Law and yet, those in authority thought well of me. It only demonstrated the stupidity of supervision and how easy it was to deceive those so called managers of my behavior.

I was earning a little extra money and thought about buying a car but decided against it since it might make it easier for authorities to keep tabs on my whereabouts. The bus system wasn't too bad and the nice weather made it tolerable to stand outside until one came. Riding the bus also gave me a chance to see lots of people. Although I was restricted from having contact with minors, incidental contact on the bus was allowed as long as my actions were not focused on children. It was kind of nice to look over the crop of little girls that traveled with their parents. Seeing their cute little bodies and faces provided my fantasy life with numerous images to relish. If only I was able to be with every one of those little angels, there would be nothing more in this world to ask for. Even in a crowded bus, I had to be careful not to stare at any child for more than a few seconds since a parent might notice me and make a mental note of my face that could cause some unforeseeable problem in the future. I always wanted to be very careful and avoid standing out in a crowd although being very tall made it hard to really miss noticing me.

The wonderful times I had with Kathy made me miss the closeness of a little girl and at this moment, there were no prospects. Before long, my mind would start to obsess about meeting someone and if it didn't happen soon, a desperation would set in. I thought about meeting women in parks, clubs, grocery stores or anywhere single mothers congregate although going through the dating ritual again was going to be a misery. I wanted something right now and would have to take some risks in order to have a chance at success. I had noticed in the newspaper that a country fair was being held in the suburbs and decided that going there would be safe from prying eyes while providing

opportunities. These events are usually well attended and even if a Parole Officer should be in the vicinity, the chances of running into one was very small. I decided to go on a Saturday afternoon and rode the bus about fifteen miles to the fairgrounds. It looked like every other fair I attended except this one was bigger and very crowded. Even at my exceptional height, it would be easy to blend in with the crowd. I spent the first forty minutes walking around the exhibits and rides just to see what was going on. The place was teeming with children and I could almost imagine the event to be a candy store where everything was free. Unconsciously, I began to gravitate toward the kids rides and sat on a bench watching their activities. Kids were having a great time and I could see that many of them were unsupervised. Their parents were probably having a good time and allowing the kids to run loose. I was hoping that some of the little ones might come nearer to me and occasionally, one did start in my direction but veered off.

However, it was only a matter of time before a little boy and girl approached the bench and sat next to me. I did not see any adults hovering near the children so it seemed safe to start a conversation. I asked them how they liked the fair and what their names were. They replied immediately as children often do when questioned by adults, and in a few minutes we were chatting. The little girl, Donna was especially cute and I longed to sit her on my lap but it would be too great a risk. If Donna screamed or made a scene, I would be noticed and remembered. Donna seemed to have an itch on her hand and I asked if gently scratching it would help sooth the problem. She thought for a second and offered her hand to me which I eagerly took. The little boy, Jerry, didn't seem to pay attention and was engrossed in watching the rides.

I continued rubbing her hand and then progressed to her waist and forearm. Donna seemed to like the sensation and moved closer to me while I began rubbing her upper arm. When I got to her shoulder, my arousal level was very high and an erection developed. She was very content with the message and I was starting to feel euphoric when a woman's voice cried the name Donna several times. Donna immediately pulled her hand away and began waving at the woman who then walked towards us. She approached the bench and asked the kid what was going on. Donna told the woman, now identified as her mother, that I was messaging her arm to make the itch go away. The woman glared at me and asked what I was doing with her daughter. I acted dumb and said that we were sitting on the bench watching the people. People were now gathering around us and when the woman threatened

to call a cop, I got up and left the area very quickly. I could see that she was wandering around the area looking for Police at the same time that my feet were speeding towards an exit. Once out of the fairgrounds, I moved very quickly to the bus stop where luckily, one came within a minute and whisked me away from this nearly disastrous situation.

On the way home, I went over the events of the day and considered myself very stupid for having taken so great a chance of recognition and arrest. The Police would have a description of me and could possibly put out a flyer which might come to the attention of Ms. Sagela or anyone in my treatment group. I didn't know what could have made me act so foolishly when my usual style involved extreme caution. All I could do was go about my business and hope that the matter blew over without a major problem developing. A good deal of uneasiness came over me during the next few days as if authorities would arrest me at any time but nothing happened. I wondered if Donna's mother had let the matter drop or Police were slow in investigating complaints. By the third day after the incident, I was beginning to breath easier when no one came to question me. It was when I had gotten over the fear of discovery and started resuming a normal life, that a phone call came from Ms. Sagela , who wanted to see me the next day. This did not bode well and I dreaded seeing her. A few wild thoughts of absconding ran through my mind but never became a serious option.

I went to see Ms. Sagela on the next day and tried to act as if nothing was unusual. She led me into her office and asked how my weekend had been. After replying that it had been rather boring, her next question had to do with whether or not I had gone to the County Fair on Sunday. Before I could respond, Ms. Sagela took a paper from her desk and read a description of someone who had been acting suspiciously around children at the fair. She asked if the person described had been me and I had to answer affirmatively since she had me dead to rights. After a short pause, two rather large men entered the office and I was placed under arrest on a parole violation for having minor contact. It all happened so fast that all I could do was sheepishly obey the men's orders. I was led away and told that a parole violation hearing would be held within a week and until then, would be a guest at the county jail.

I spent six miserable days in jail without outside contacts. Luckily, my rent was paid up for the month but I had doubt about still having a job. The most important thing on my mind was how much time the sanction would cost me. Having talked to several pseudo lawyers in jail, the possibilities included; revocation and return to prison, a lengthy jail

term with the County, a short jail term and several months at the Restitution Center where at least I could continue working, or by a stroke of luck, nothing more than continuation of my parole. I not only had to wait for the hearing but had to put up with receiving a smaller amount of food than my large body was used to getting. There was no way that I could live on the food portions provided in jail. My only salvation was by purchasing extra snacks at the canteen. Usually, someone would have to bring money to the jail and deposit it in my account. When I was arrested, there was some money in my pocket which did allow for purchasing extra food. If there had been no money, I would have suffered with hunger pangs.

I avoided making contacts with other inmates during my jail stay and thus avoided having to answer questions about the reasons for my incarceration. There was certainly no love for sex offenders in the penal system and more often than not, many suffered from harassment or physical abuse. I tried to keep busy by reading voraciously and thinking about the stupid acts that landed me in this cesspool. Jail time was not worth the few seconds of pleasure that were derived from contacts with little girls and I had to be more diligent in protecting myself in the future. I wondered if there was some type of fatal flaw in my thinking that led to continual disasters but dismissed that thought as not being worthy of a person with my intelligence. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, the day for my hearing arrived and I was escorted to the Corrections Building where my Parole Officer and a hearings officer were waiting for me. After a minute of introduction, Ms. Sagela started reading off the charges against me for violations of my parole orders. They dealt with minor contact but stated that children had not been touched as far as they knew. I was very relieved that they knew nothing of my other child relationships. The Hearings Officer asked if the charges were true, and if so, what reasons were there for committing them. I did not want to blatantly lie to him, so a story was concocted in which going to the fair seemed like a good idea and that any minor contacts were incidental and unplanned. I thought it was a good response since it admitted some guilt but did not indicate predatory behavior. After answering a few more questions, the matter was closed and I was given a sanction of thirty days in jail followed by thirty days in the Restitution Center. Before dismissing me, both officers stressed the seriousness of my behavior and warned that another wrongful act could result in a lengthy prison term. I swore that no such thing would happen again and was taken back to my cell by a guard.

Call it a stroke of luck but I had gotten off easier than expected and because of overcrowding in the jail, spent ten days in the lockup before transferring to the center where life was much easier. The center was fairly new and consisted of living areas that housed eight inmates in each section. A common area in the middle of the building contained several tables, chairs and a color television. We had lockers to store personal effects although they were always subject to a search by any Staff. The beds were much better than jail bunks and a snack room with several vending machines was always open. The best thing about living at the center was being able to wear regular clothing and work at an outside job for up to ten hours a day. If working, the County would charge me a days pay each week for room and board which was fine if I didn't have the apartment. As far as the apartment building manager was concerned, I was still living there as long as the rent was paid. I phoned my work supervisor and told him about my arrest on a trivial charge and was told that a job would be waiting for me. All in all, everything had turned out decently compared to what could have happened. However, from now on, I would exercise extreme caution in all my activities.

California probably has more people in jail than anywhere else and always has a problem with overcrowding. The Restitution Center was no exception and had more inmates than had ever been planned for. I had twelve men in my area which made for many confrontations between inmates, some of whom were young and eager to prove their toughness. Some conflicts involved racial situations, others had to do with the type of crime committed and occasionally fights broke out for no reason at all. The sex offender is usually the lowest ranking criminal in the hierarchy and bears the brunt of everyone's venom. I had heard about some who had been beaten in jail, habitually threatened with harm or robbed of their possessions. Of course, no one ever tells the truth of why they are in jail, and only under unusual circumstances, can other inmates learn who sex offenders are.

I kept my mouth shut, never trusted anyone, and probably due to my size, avoided friction and was able to maintain a peaceful existence. Three days after entering the Center, I was allowed to work for up to twelve hours a day which gave me great relief. I practically begged the supervisor to let me stay in the office as long as possible and thus, minimize my time at the Center. He was very sympathetic to my plight and gave me all the hours I could handle. The only full day that I remained at the Center was Sunday and usually kept to myself

by reading and watching television. When I did have contact with other inmates, it was amazing to learn how ignorant many of them were. Not only were they uneducated but for many it was a source of pride to return to jail again and again. Most of them were petty criminals or addicts who committed brainless crimes so staying away from them was no problem for me.

Fortunately, I had sufficient money to buy snacks since the amount of food served at mealtime was never enough for me. The food was palatable but I certainly longed for home cooking or a good restaurant meal. The first week spent at the Center mostly involved learning the rules and getting along with the staff. I hardly had any thoughts of sweet little girls during that week although they were the most important thing in the world to me. Once I was able to leave the Center and return to work, glimpses of a few cute little ones could be made on the bus and while walking downtown. As I watched them, thoughts of edging close to them and touching their skin started to dominate my thinking very strongly. There was nothing I could do about my urges while at the Center since my time was very closely monitored by Staff. I would just have to be patient and bide my time until completely released and free to roam around the City again. While at the Center, I was assigned to a counselor for the purpose of talking over my problems before they escalated out of control. My counselor was a young woman who was still attending college for her bachelors degree, and looking for work experience with criminals. She was quite personable and insisted I call her by her first name, which seemed unusual to me. Jill was a local resident, unmarried and trying to develop a career within the corrections system. She took the approach of disclosing some of her personal life expecting that I would do the same which fortunately, kept the conversation from focusing only on me.

It did not take long for me to realize that Jill was new to the counseling field and often showed her lack of experience during our discussions. She probably felt that everyone could be changed for the better and that her mission was to help criminals attain a more socially productive life. I would often word play with her by giving out a little remorse for my misdeeds and then letting the counseling session run amok. At the end of each meeting, I would tell Jill how much she had helped me and thank her profusely for the insights into my deviant behavior. I think that she took it all seriously and really thought that a miracle was in the making. Actually, all those hours spent with her gave me a break from the monotony of sitting in the Center when not

at work. I had the distinct impression that all counselors were fools who wanted to believe that they were making a difference in deviants with their tests and dialogues. I don't know if they ever helped anyone else but the counseling profession never did a thing for me other than fill up my time with diversionary entertainment.

The other Center Staff did not interact very much with me other than to check me in and out of the building or go over rules with me. I was left alone most of the time and merely stayed in a holding pattern until my sentence was up. I longed to return to my apartment and have the freedom to get on with my life. I wanted to meet more women with children and get close to little girls again. The thought of that caused a constant battle in my mind between the thrill of the hunt and the fear of another arrest. However, there was nothing I could do until released and far from constant scrutiny. Even Ms. Sagala and the surveillance team couldn't match the tight security under which I lived. Work was a wonderful release from the constant boredom that permeated my life since I hadn't met anyone in the building who was able to discuss a topic intelligently. Most of the inmates were content to watch idiotic television programs or argue about how successful they were as criminals. The books available at the Center library were of very poor quality and even if I wanted to read, the din of the population made it impossible. Someone was screaming all the time as if the place consisted of nothing but psychotics. Finally, my time to be released arrived and I was able to sign out early in the morning. I immediately went to my apartment and rested on the comfortable bed for several hours. I didn't want to get up for work but no use starting off my freedom on the wrong foot.

Chapter Twelve

Starting Anew

No one but the manager knew of my incarceration since I had only missed a few days of work during that time. There had been some personnel changes during the last month as might be expected since turnover was always high in the telemarketing business. I noticed a few new female faces that looked interesting for future socializing and made a mental note to investigate their situations. For the time being, I was merely glad to be a free man again and enjoy this time. The job that I had would never offer security or potential for advancement other than a supervisory position that was already taken. It meant that I could work with a minimum of effort, earn enough for my meager expenses, and have enough time to pursue my main enjoyment. Of course, I was not doing well in that area and had no current prospects for meeting a single mother with children. It was pleasant riding on buses where children could be observed and fantasized over but it did not provide a real satisfaction without closeness and touching.

The few new women at work were friendly but none seemed to whet my interest. I had tried to start conversations with them but they seemed more interested in working. I knew that they were not married but might have boyfriends or fiancés. Since pictures of children were absent on their work stations, there was no certainty that any of them had kids. I really didn't know where to turn for social contacts that would allow for freedom of action without much public exposure. Thoughts came to my mind about using dating services or going to dance clubs but it really wasn't my style. I still talked to a few of the men at work and would occasionally broach the subject of meeting women. Luck was with me because Marty, a kind of passive, mellow sort of guy, had a sister in law who was recently divorced and interested in meeting someone. Marty disclosed that Kim had three young daughters and had become quite discouraged by men who were not interested in meeting women with children. I mentioned that it made no difference to me since children were fun to be around and if he thought that meeting her was suitable, then we should get together for an introduction. Marty said he would talk to his wife and get back to me. We

didn't speak about the matter again for a week until Marty said that his wife thought it would be alright and was planning a barbeque on Sunday so we could meet. I thanked him, said no more about the meeting, and hoped that nothing would go wrong to abort it. All that week, I felt the excitement of something good finally happening and vowed that extreme caution would be exercised to avoid mistakes.

As had occurred in the past, the days went slowly until Sunday causing my exuberance and enthusiasm to well in my body. I had to masturbate many times to calm down but of course nothing could take the place of a live, little girl. Finally, after what seemed to be nights of torture and days of waiting, Sunday arrived and I was ready to go. I arose rather early due to poor sleep and impatiently watched the clock move at a snails pace. I made breakfast, read the paper, watched television and occupied my mind with the meeting. It was a really beautiful day and the barbeque was going to be perfect. As I watched the clock slowly grind ahead, my thoughts were filled with fantasies of marvelous delights that awaited me. I was hoping that at least one of the daughters was pretty and wearing a short dress that showed off her legs. My mind continued to fill up with wondrous pleasures that I longed so strongly for. Now it was time to get ready and I dressed in a newer casual outfit, and checked my appearance many times until the results were satisfactory to me. Then I went downstairs and waited for the bus that would take to a world where dreams are made.

Because of my eagerness, the bus ride seemed extremely slow and I imagined that the bus driver was deliberately inching along to annoy me. But I maintained control of my temper and occupied my mind with thoughts of the party. I was bringing along a bottle of wine as an offering of thanks for the invitation and hoped that it would be an acceptable gift. My thoughts continued to obsess until the bus arrived at the stop near the house. I quickly walked the few blocks to the address and rang the bell of an ordinary looking ranch style house, located in a neighborhood that had seen better days. I knew that Marty couldn't be earning much money as a telemarketer so it seemed reasonable to assume that his wife also worked. After a few seconds, the door opened and a plump woman smiled and bid me to come in. She guessed that I was Tom and introduced herself as Iris, Marty's wife. After thanking her for inviting me to the house, she took my arm and led me into the living room where several people were drinking and talking. Marty walked over and welcomed me and then with a little eye motion, directed my vision toward an attractive woman standing about ten feet

away. I surmised that she was Kim and for an instant, her eyes locked onto mine before we were introduced. She shook my hand very gently and said she had heard good things about me and was glad we could meet. I told her something similar in nature and felt that we were off to a good start. While talking to Kim, I had been straining my eyes to see if children were present but could not see them. Kim started telling me about her life and where she worked. I was hoping that she wouldn't go into a long dramatic story of her marriage and divorce as recently single women were prone to do. Well, she didn't but when her children were mentioned, I exhibited an adequate amount of interest which pleased her. Kim started telling me about the kids and showed pictures of them which I studied very intently. Of the three girls, two of them were absolutely adorable and I asked if they were present. She said they were home with a babysitter because she needed time away from the kids now and then in order to develop some kind of personal life. I was disappointed but kept up a happy façade knowing that my chances for contact with the little beauties were looking good.

I spent the next hour talking to Kim about her work, her home and the kids, which was the only topic of real interest to me. She eagerly produced more photos of the three girls from her wallet and with great pride in her voice, gave me a thumbnail sketch of each one. The oldest was the least attractive and probably looked more like the father. She was a studious person who excelled in school and other activities. The youngest two looked more like Kim and were really pretty. Lucy and Sheila were two years apart with both having blond hair and blue eyes. Seeing them immediately brought out warm feelings from within me. Kim mentioned that most of the men she had met showed little interest in the children and rarely included them in activities. I mumbled something about liking kids and doing family type outings with them. I could tell that we really hit it off and asked her if she would like to meet me downtown any evening after work for a drink and supper. She quickly gave me her phone numbers at work and home, smiled broadly and asked me to call soon. Shortly afterwards, Kim had to leave in order to take the babysitter home so we bid goodbye and in minutes, she was gone.

Marty had been watching us for awhile and approached me with a smirk on his face. He remarked at how well Kim had gotten along with me and stated that the relationship could really progress into something good. His wife also expressed approval of our first meeting and encouraged me to continue without fail. I thanked them very much for

inviting me to the party and said my goodbyes. On the way home, I was somewhat regretful about not meeting the children but at least had achieved a new beginning. The children had made a strong impression in my mind and I looked forward to the time when they would actually be next to me. Of course, the usual caution took hold and brought reality back to me. I had to be very careful of my contacts with children and knew that there was always a chance of someone recognizing me. I wanted to minimize any excursions outside of Kim's home and would have to employ devious ways to avoid excessive public exposure. It was always the same old story with me and kids. I was trapped in a quicksand bath and could never do all the things that my heart was set on. How wonderful it would be if I could take a long trip with a child and not concern myself with her Mother or anyone else barging in on us. It seemed so unfair that society sought to restrict me from showing the love and caring I had for little girls.

I decided to hold off on calling Kim for a few days until my Parole Office visit was done. Ms. Sagela would probably ask if I had minor contacts to which I could truthfully reply in the negative. I also had to attend my treatment group and knew that Dr. Konrad and the other men would be all over me about deviant thinking and actions. It always seemed that I had to pass through a series of obstacles before enjoying any kind of reward or pleasure. When I went to see Ms. Sagela, my expectation was that she would be cool and give me a tongue lashing for not following the rules. I felt more than a little anxiety when entering the County building which increased when she came into the waiting room to fetch me. The first few minutes put me in a better frame of mind as she seemed to be in a friendlier mood than during our previous visit. She even managed a smile and while I couldn't imagine what had changed her outlook, her response did put me more at ease. She went over all the routine questions about work, social contacts and deviant fantasies for about twenty minutes. My responses seemed to satisfy her and no further attempts were made to delve into my life. I was somewhat confused by this turn of events and tried to think of what had changed. My best guess was that Ms. Sagela had personally received good news and was uplifted by it no matter what her day entailed.

The pleasantry of that visit brought out more secure feelings that had been absent for many days. I was not fearful of more intense supervision or increased office visits that caused sleepless nights since my jail release. Sometimes, I never know what to expect in this life but as long as it turns out well, fine with me. The next hurdle was the visit

to Dr. Konrad who insisted on seeing me individually at least once because of my violation. I wasn't happy about having to pay extra fees but if it lessened his suspicion about my conduct, then the cost was well worth it. Dr. Konrad was in his usual state of neutrality which always made it difficult for me to know how to please him. I was more concerned with obtaining a good rapport with him than in dealing with any nonsensical problems that were of no significance. I was more fearful of him than anyone else because it seemed that psychologists could read minds and know what was not being said. I didn't fully believe that and in the back of mine, thought he could be fooled like everyone else. He spent an hour questioning me about deviant urges, thoughts and places where I spent time. He was fishing for some smattering of deviance that would show an inappropriateness of thought but I put on my innocent face and parried his inquiries with the honest expressions that were within my capability. Dr. Konrad was not going to beat me at this game and perhaps facilitate a return to jail. When I left the office, a feeling of pride came over me for getting through the ordeal without a slip. This good mood remained with me for several hours but, hopefully did not reduce any of my alertness.

After these two visits, it was wonderful to return to work and deal only with mundane matters. I had been doing well at the job and was earning about twenty five dollars above my salary each week which allowed for a few additional purchases. I bought a few extra shirts and a nice pair of shoes which greatly enhanced my appearance. After all, I wanted to impress Kim in any way possible. Several days had passed since the barbeque and the time seemed ripe for a call to her about getting together. I was hoping that she would suggest a meeting with the entire family and save me the trouble of trying to manipulate that outcome. She was glad to hear from me and we talked for a short time about the party and how good the food was. I just let her go on without interrupting so that my polite listening would be seen as a great interest. Finally, after I could discern that Kim was not a socially aggressive person, the possibility of getting together was brought up by me without any other suggestions. She seemed kind of relieved to hear of my interest in her and asked if I could come to her house for supper. I could hardly contain the excitement flowing within me but calmly said "yes." A few more minutes of talking occurred and we finally said goodnight until Friday night.. I was extremely ecstatic about my good fortune because after a long hiatus, little girls were going to be in my life again.

As has happened many times in the past, the days always pass

slowly when something wonderful is to occur soon, and patience was not one of my qualities. I was very restless and wanted to go out and visit places where children played. The days were long and the weather was warm so that after work, many parents took their kids to the parks and let them play for a few hours. In previous times, I had noticed that parents were not too alert at all times and often failed to keep their eyes on the activities taking place. Many of the children often wandered quite a distance from their starting points and could probably be watched safely without interference. I decided that after work would be a good time to rove about and see what kinds of opportunities abounded. Rather than stay close to my apartment, I often rode the bus about a mile or two where my face would not be recognized. Of course, there was always the fear that Ms. Sagela or someone from my treatment group would see me but that risk was very small to take seriously.

It was wonderful to be out in the fresh air. The sounds of children playing and laughing filled the area and heightened my desire to watch them more closely. I would often stay about fifty feet from the kids and peruse the area while sitting on a bench or the grass. The way that I did my viewing made it seem innocent to anyone noticing me. My eyes were very good at peeking without having to look directly at an area. Sometimes, I felt like a hungry wolf watching a flock of sheep and hoping to catch a stray without being noticed by the shepherd. There was a certain excitement in committing a forbidden act which increased my obsessive desire to move ahead. I had my eye on a few children who seemed to roam about without any supervision and particularly on one little red haired girl who was exceptionally cute. She seemed to be a little bolder than the others and strayed far from the vicinity where the parents congregated. I was hoping that she would come toward my direction and actually approach me. To my surprise, she did walk over to where I was sitting on a bench and just stood there looking at me. I smiled at her and said hello and after a few minutes of hesitation, told me that her name was Alice. We started having a conversation of no importance that broke the ice and gave Alice the confidence to move closer. I asked her if she wanted to sit down and without answering, sat down on the bench about eight inches from my knee. My body was starting to feel rather warm by this time and excitement was rising within me. I knew that it would be impossible for anything to happen at this time but nothing could stop the feelings from welling up. Alice moved even closer and was just about touching me when I gently put my arm on her shoulder and let it rest there. She didn't move away

nor ask me to remove my arm but snuggled even closer to my side. I only wished that we were somewhere private at this moment so that my caring for her could be expressed. The temptation to put my arms on her body and legs was increasing by the second and resisting these urges became difficult. Alice even put her little hand on my leg and that touch caused an erection which fortunately, could not be noticed through my pants. I wanted to whisk her away and finally stood up and asked if she wanted to go for a walk. Without a word, she hopped off the bench and put her hand in mine. I was euphoric by this time and all my attention was riveted on this beautiful little girl standing beside me. What I didn't notice was an adult approaching from the side and calling out for Alice. When she heard the voice, her hand immediately let go of mine and she turned and cried out "here I am mommy." I was almost afraid to turn in the woman's direction but she didn't seem to be in an angry mood. The woman asked Alice why she had walked away from the swings and motioned for her to follow as she strolled away. I could barely hear her asking the child about me and what we were doing. I knew that it was time to leave and quickly turned around, hoping that the woman would not remember my face. Of course, being very tall would be an easy characteristic to recall so I almost ran out of the park to the bus stop. There would be no more visits to that park for a very long time.

By the time I got home, all thoughts of trouble had left me and were replaced by visions of Alice and her touch. It was extremely arousing to me and masturbating several times that day did little to quench my desire. I hoped that Kim's children offered the same opportunity for intimacy but with greater privacy. The next few days passed uneventfully and everything within me was focused on meeting Kim's kids. On the day I was to go there, my mind was filled with wondrous fantasies of what could happen. I felt like a young teen going on a first date. Making a good impression was very important so I purchased some really fine candy for everyone. My optimism was very high that the evening was going to be marvelous. When I arrived at Kim's house and rang the bell, the door swung open and the entire family was standing in front of me. I stood still for a moment, drinking in the scene before blurting out with "Hi, I'm Tom, nice to meet you." Kim really seemed happy to see me and motioned that I follow her into the living room. The children, as I would have expected, were somewhat shy and stayed behind their mother while peeking at me. The oldest daughter, Janet, was eight years old and bolder than the others. She approached and asked if I

wanted something to drink while the two younger prettier girls, Lucy and Sheila, still remained at a distance. I made mental notes of the children and was really impressed by their innocence and curiosity. The youngest, Sheila, was three and just the cutest little blond angel that anyone could ever imagine. When she smiled, little dimples formed on her cheeks and added to her beauty. I felt like this was heaven on earth and could sense a rising passion rushing through my body. I gave the oldest daughter the candy and watched as all three of them made short work of ripping off the paper and opening the box. I could tell they liked the gift by the shrieks of glee emanating from their mouths. Kim told them that they could each have one piece and no more until after supper. I could tell that they were disappointed and caught a glimpse of Sheila sneaking out one more piece. That was a good sign to me since it showed that she could be independent and rebellious. Kim brought our drinks and we sat in the living room chatting about what the girls were doing in and out of school I was particularly pleased that Sheila sat next to me and seemed eager to talk about her activities. Lucy, was also a very pretty blond child who piqued my interest with her fresh wholesome appearance. All of this ongoing pleasantness blotted out the fears about discovery that had been permeating my thoughts up to now. We ate a light supper and I was impressed by the children's manners and could tell that they had been raised to be polite and considerate when company was present. It was a joy to see children who did not argue and fight over every little thing. After supper, Kim told the girls to play outside while we washed and dried the dishes. She mentioned that the girls seemed to like me and how important that was to her when establishing a relationship with a man. I hadn't thought of our few meetings as a relationship but decided that it was to my advantage to have her believe that something good was developing. She seemed like a pleasant person who had suffered the burden of raising three youngsters on her own.

Kim revealed that her marriage was the old story of high school sweethearts marrying young, having kids quickly, and growing apart when the reality of life set in. According to her, the ex husband visited the kids only when it was convenient for him. He was also way behind in child support due to erratic work habits, thus putting the bulk of upbringing expenses on her back. She did not seem bitter about her situation and probably was relieved that her ex had little to do with child rearing and discipline. She thought that life was made easier by imposing her morals and values on the children without any conflicts.

We talked for a few hours until it started to get dark and the children came back in. I was happy to see them again after the short absence since they were priority one for me. Kim sent the children to their bedrooms where they would change into pajamas and await the telling of one bedtime story. I was hoping that she would ask me to join her so the kids would get used to seeing me in their bedrooms. Thankfully, she did and I stood there for twenty minutes while she read a story to the youngest girls. Then she kissed them goodnight and we returned to the living room, until Kim went in to say goodnight to Janet, who was allowed to stay up a little longer.

I did not know what to expect from Kim when we finally were alone. I was hoping that she wouldn't lean toward a romantic interlude but merely stay proper and non aggressive. I was preparing for either one in order to keep her interested and therefore, enhance my chances of moving closer to the girls. The excitement of being around the little ones gave me a high that was like nothing else, and there was no way I would jeopardize this opportunity. If Kim wanted to have sex with me right now, we would, but she actually turned out to be kind of shy. She never sat right next to me and never tried to touch or caress me in any way. She seemed content to talk about life in general, without becoming too personal.

Everything was turning out perfect since I was with a woman who did not demand much from me physically and was very trusting. In addition, I could visit with her daughters and breath in their loveliness until something further could be managed. Right now, my greatest task was to make Kim feel that I was a perfect gentleman and a potentially caring father for her children. After talking for a few hours, I mentioned that it was getting late and time for me to go. As I got up to leave, Kim walked to the door with me and put her hand on my shoulder, while mentioning that this had been a wonderful time for all. I said something similar and walked out the door without trying to kiss or hug her which seemed to be the most expedient way to leave without complications.

Chapter Thirteen

New Ones To Love

My night was filled with thoughts of the children, particularly Lucy, and I could feel the passion within me ebbing and flowing like the tides. I wanted so much to have one or both of the younger kids with me so that we could hug and kiss all the time. Finally, sleep came and put an end to my obsessive thoughts for a time. The next day at work, I had a burst of renewed enthusiasm and plunged into making a real success of my job. Actually, I did quite well for a Saturday, a usually slow day, and was commended by the manager for my output. After work, I was unsure of what to do and decided that going back to the park or anywhere else in that vicinity could be dangerous. I took a bus to a different part of the city and looked over the play areas. Wherever I went, very strict caution had to be exercised to avoid confrontations with irate parents. I wanted to go somewhere in the suburbs where parks and children were plentiful. I looked at a map of the city and decided to visit an area that was reachable by the bus that stopped near my apartment. The first foray would be a scouting party of sorts to determine if the area was conducive for my purposes. If it wasn't, there were plenty of other locations to explore that would meet my particular criteria. I caught a bus while there was still plenty of light left in the day and viewed the areas as we passed by. There were many parks in San Diego and all of them seemed to have children's playgrounds. All I had to do was find one that suited me. The bus route went through several diverse neighborhoods in which parks were located. While going through a suburban area, I noticed a large beautifully landscaped stretch of greenery that had an area off to the side containing children's play items. That area was of particular interest to me because the playground was about fifty feet from the benches where adults usually sit. There were also several large bushes around the play area where a person could observe the children and not be easily noticed. I decided to get off the bus and explore the area to see what kinds of advantages and risks might be faced.

I surmised that this area was in a fairly well to do neighborhood because of the immaculate care of all the areas. It was also well stocked

with equipment that looked fairly new and well maintained. I walked on the outskirts of the park and observed the degree of watchfulness demonstrated by the adults. I thought that the kids were not well looked after because the parents were talking without keeping a watchful eye on the play area. I started walking closer to the swings which due to their location, were almost hidden from the adults view. Of course, I didn't know if a particularly vigilant adult could be observing the kids from a place that was not in my line of sight. I only wished to saunter about and determine if adults were watching responsibly or not. It actually all seemed very easy on my first pass. No one even looked up to notice my presence and I was able to approach within ten feet of the children playing on the swings. Some of the kids even looked at me and said hello. I'm sure that my height was an unusual attraction for the little ones.

After walking back and forth a few times and experiencing no problems, I decided that this park was an ideal location to make contact with a child. It would not happen today because twilight was setting in and parents would most likely take the kids home soon. This park had great potential for a pleasurable meeting. I left the area and rode home as darkness came over the city, formulating plans of how to interact with cute little girls without parental interference. I had to be doubly careful because of my size but the obsession with their wonderful little bodies drove me to spend a lot of time on developing workable schemes. That night while lying in bed, my thoughts were filled with Lucy, Sheila and all the beautiful children who played in the park. Life was really getting better for me now that I had less interference from Ms. Sagela and the therapy group.

The next day brought a change in my life that was totally unexpected. A phone call from my Father revealed that my Mother was very ill and probably near death. He asked me to come to Phoenix while she was still alive. Actually, I was never that close to either parent but thought that getting away for a few days would work in my favor. I phoned Ms. Sagela and told her my latest news while requesting a trip permit to leave the state. She was very sympathetic and replied that a permit would be issued whenever needed. I also phoned my supervisor and received permission to take two weeks off. There was really nothing else to do except buy a ticket and go. I left the next morning without notifying anyone else and headed for the bus depot. I never liked long rides in buses and this trip was no different. For the next fifteen hours, we drove through the same boring scenery until arriving

in Phoenix in the evening. I phoned my Father and let him know of my arrival and he immediately left to pick me up. When my dad arrived, I was surprised at the changes in his features since last seeing him. He had aged considerably and I could only guess that it was probably due to my mothers deteriorating condition, and the extra responsibility heaped on his shoulders. He greeted me warmly and we left the busy bus terminal and headed for the house. Dad began narrating all of the events since our last contact which led up to my mother's present condition. First, he thought she had Alzheimers Disease, and she was also unable to walk well. It quickly became too difficult to care for her so a part time nurse had to be brought in. Dad just kept going on and on with descriptions of these morbid events until I almost screamed at him to stop. But by then, we arrived at the house and all dialogue stopped at the door.

I tried to prepare myself for the worst but seeing my Mother for the first time in months was more shocking than could be imagined. She had really gone downhill and looked like a corpse. I didn't know if she even recognized me since her eyes never looked my way. All Mom could do was lay in bed and breath laboriously. Dad talked to her as if she could understand his words but I saw no sign of acknowledgment from her. Normally, I am not an emotional man but the sight of my Mother came close to bringing tears to my eyes which had never occurred in my memory. After a few minutes of looking at her, Dad motioned for me to follow him into the kitchen and spoke in a low voice about her prognosis. Apparently, the doctors had given little hope for her survival and Dad wanted her to die at home rather than in a hospital. He spoke with tears welling up in his eyes and said that any help I could provide would be greatly appreciated. I didn't think that he meant financial help since both were retired and probably had much more money than me. I didn't know what to tell him at the moment but it was not likely that the help he hoped for would come from me.

A few more days of isolation and morbidity passed before Mom finally died. I was surprised at how little it affected me but Dad took it pretty hard. I thought he would have been well prepared for her passing but after all, they were together for forty years. Dad had already taken care of the funeral arrangements so all I had to do was appear at the chapel and cemetery looking bereaved. The only people who came to the service were friends of my parents who lived nearby. Since I was the only child and other relatives lived far away, no one else was expected. The entire service was very brief and within an hour we were back at

the house. Dad had recovered his composure and started talking to me non stop. He mentioned how my Mother always thought of me and had wished for more time together. I offered several excuses but it didn't really matter at the moment. Then Dad started talking about assets that were available and hinted that I would receive an inheritance. It sounded like he was trying to bribe me with money if I would stay in Phoenix with him but that event was certainly not in my plans.

My Father moped around the house for a few days and I was really getting bored staying with him. I missed seeing the kids in the parks and Kim's little girls. I was going to have to break the news to Dad about returning to San Diego within a short time even though he was in a shaky state. I figured that his local friends would give him support and cheer up his mood. I had no interest in being a caretaker to an old man who hardly knew me for so many years. Even when I was younger, there was never any closeness between us. My Father was always busy working or in church and never had much time for us. I couldn't even remember one instance when we did something together, like play ball or wrestle. I really didn't feel deprived of his company and didn't look to bond with him now.

I started taking walks around the neighborhood to see what interesting situations might be found. As usual, I always seemed to gravitate toward parks and playgrounds where children could be observed playing. Sitting on a bench in the warm sun afforded me wonderful glimpses of little ones running around in shorts. Occasionally, a child would come close to where I was sitting and the temptation to start a conversation was strong, but there were always parents nearby who kept a keen eye on their offspring. It wasn't like San Diego where baby sitting was more casual and opportunities abounded. I went to a few parks in the area but never had any real chance to interact with children. It had a very discouraging effect on me and caused my obsessions to become enhanced. I also had to think about returning to California since my permit to travel was only good for two weeks and while an extension could be obtained, it gave me a good excuse to leave Phoenix.

My Father had been steadily hinting at wanting me to stay with him and was pushing more and more for an answer. He even tried to influence me with the promise of a new car and other things, but it had no effect on me. I had never considered staying with him and after ten days at the house, my decision to leave was very powerful. Finally, I told him that there was no way for me to stay. I used my parole as an excuse

but attempted to pacify him by mentioning that it might be possible to transfer to Phoenix. Of course, I had no intention of ever bringing that matter up to my Parole Officer, but it did make my Father feel a little better about my leaving. I decided to go in two days and return to San Diego before the second week was up. Dad was very sad at my leaving and asked me to write often. The day that I left, he drove me to the bus station and let me off without coming inside. For a brief instant, I felt sorry for this lonely old man who was watching his only family member leave, but my life had to go on. The bus ride back was uneventful and I felt some excitement stirring within me as my city came into view. Actually, it was rather nice to be back and looked forward to resuming my passion in life, children.

When I returned to my apartment, it seemed that the trip and stay in Arizona had been a dream. Everything became familiar to me quickly and I immediately returned to taking care of business. I phoned Ms. Sagela and was instructed to be in her office by the next day. I also phoned my supervisor and learned that my job was secure and ready for me. I thought about calling Kim but decided to wait until the Parole Office visit was done. It would probably be a good idea to get back in treatment, and after contacting Dr. Konrad's office, was told when to come in. After that flurry of activity, it was nice to relax and catch up on the latest news. I hadn't realized how much my sojourn to Phoenix had kept me out of touch with the world. Now I was going to get right back into the swing of things and resume my special interests.

My visit to Ms. Sagela's office was merely a routine formality. She was interested in the trip and how things went with my family. I told her all that had occurred and spread it on thick to gain sympathy. She then discussed my progress in treatment and wanted to know about any social activities that were being planned. My guess was that if there was a problem with treatment, Dr. Konrad would have notified her instantly, so I merely stated that treatment was going well and helping me to avoid any kind of problem. I also told her that my social life was limited to mingling with a few people from the office due to my long hours of work. At this juncture, I felt no urgency to expand my efforts. Ms. Sagela seemed satisfied with my responses, and after expressing condolences over my Mother's death for a second time, gave me a date for our next appointment. I was relieved that the meeting went well without any of my secrets found out.

Now that the parole office visit was done, I could turn my attention to the treatment group and try to get through it without much of a

hassle. I was going to use my Mother's death as a sympathy getter and thus, eliminate any other annoying questions. I expected to milk the event for all it was worth without making it seem obvious that it was a deliberate act. I was hoping that Dr. Konrad would go along with my charade and back off from any other confrontation. Before, going to the group, I had to return to work and start making some money again. There was no great need for cash at this time since my Father had given me two thousand dollars as a down payment on my inheritance. I had even opened a bank account with the money and now had a cushion to fall on whenever times got tough. After my trip, work was a pleasure to resume and I jumped into it with a huge degree of enthusiasm. It didn't matter to me if many people refused to accept my offers, life was very good for me at the moment. I worked very late that night and was commended by the manager who also expressed his sympathy for my loss. My mother's death was turning out to be very useful in several areas and I was going to continue making it count. When I got home, my thoughts turned to Lucy and Sheila, and I immediately phoned Kim. I was hoping that she had not forsaken me nor found another romantic interest and botched up my plans. Unfortunately, no one was home so I left a message and promised to call tomorrow. I slept well that night and looked forward to having a very good day.

Now that I had taken care of the burdens that were hanging around my neck, a resumption of my greater interests could move ahead. I had another good day at work and was able to obtain many contracts which assured another bonus in my pay envelope. It wasn't like I needed the money but it sure felt good to be in a groove that flowed smoothly. Others workers noticed my cheerful nature and remarked on how it suited me. I phoned Kim during a break and was actually glad to hear her voice again. It certainly didn't mean that I had any more caring for her than before but a familiar voice was nice to hear again. Kim was very sympathetic and kind of embarrassed me as she gave an extended condolence. She appeared very eager to get together and suggested that we meet at her place tomorrow so that the kids could say hello. I wasn't about to refuse that offer and to think, it happened without a hint of manipulation from me. I thanked her for the invitation and said it would be a very welcome relief to spend time with a family after all I had been through these last weeks. Kim let out with a laugh and said she had missed me before ending the conversation. I began to wonder how deeply she felt about me and what her expectations were. There always has to be an obstacle before one can obtain the prize and it

looked like a snag was rearing its ugly head.

After leaving work, the sun was still high in the sky and several hours of daylight remained in which to visit the park again. I took the bus and got off at the same stop near the park. Looking toward the playground, I noticed many children playing under the watchful eyes of their parents which offered little opportunity for a closer look. I stayed in the distance and observed the situation hoping to find some chink in the armor, so to speak, but nothing seemed promising. I felt a little disheartened and began walking around the perimeter of the park when a couple of children began running toward me without any apparent supervision. I maintained a high level of caution since prying eyes could be any where, but started walking closer to the kids. We were no more than twenty feet apart when I noticed that the little boy and girl were watching me. They slowly walked toward me with smiles on their faces and when closer, the boy asked me if I was a giant. I laughed which seemed to put them more at ease and told them that the park was for anyone to use. They came even closer and when no more than five feet from me, began to talk incessantly about their families. Mark was older than Cindy and was showing her around the area without the watchful eyes of their father, who was talking to a group of men some distance away. They were far enough from us so that moving closer to the kids did not concern me. To equalize our height, I got down on my knees and made conversation about the play area and where they lived. Kids will usually disclose anything since they have that special kind of naïve innocence. Keeping one eye on where the men were standing, I sat on the grass and invited the children to do the same. They complied and to my delight, Cindy sat very close to my knee. She was a cute little girl with long brown hair and ruddy cheeks. Just looking at her was enough to stir my emotions and make me act in a way that would not be prudent at this time. It would probably be a lot easier if I could groom them over time and decrease the possibility of negative reactions. Manipulating children to accept my closeness and touch without shrinking away was one of my main goals. The worst reaction I could imagine was a child screaming and everyone in the park running up to me with bad intentions. That would be a total nightmare for me that fortunately, up to now, had never occurred. I continued talking to the kids and actually managed to touch Cindy's knee for an instant. I thought she liked the feeling and wanted me to continue the touching by rubbing her leg. Fifteen minutes had passed since the kids came to my location and Mark started looking in the direction where his father

must have been. I told him that maybe they should join him and that we could meet again some time. Both kids nodded and said that they usually come to the park every other day. I remarked that we would meet again and waved goodbye as they started running toward their father. I enjoyed watching Cindy's legs moving up and down as she ran and looked forward to our next visit. My bus ride home was filled with fantasies of wonderful little girls and the things we could do with each other in the future. Things were really starting to click for me since I now had a bunch of potential playmates to enjoy. That night, I masturbated to the image of Cindy and thought about the many things we were going to do to each other. Before going to work the next day, I stopped at a department store and bought Kim's children a couple of gifts that would endear them to me more than ever. Work was fine, but the day dragged on as usually happens when I'm going to meet youngsters. I seemed a little impatient with phone contacts but managed to keep a fairly friendly tone in my voice. I took breaks that were longer than usual so that time would pass more quickly. If I didn't focus on my phone communications, then thoughts of Lucy and Sheila would permeate my mind and cause a disruption in thinking. I was very relieved when quitting time came and without saying goodbye to anyone, left the office speedily and headed for the bus stop.

Chapter Fourteen

Another Slip Up

Sometimes I think that my desire for contact with little girls is getting too strong for me to control and that sends a shudder of fear throughout my body. If I didn't have absolute charge of my behavior, then mistakes could occur which might end in a disaster. I had to work on keeping my composure most of the time and making the right moves if opportunities popped up in front of me. In the back of my mind, the thought was always nagging at me that Ms. Sagela or Dr. Konrad would discover my secretive ways and put an end to my freedom for a long time. I seemed to be locked in this cat and mouse game where one mistake on my part gave other people the power to harm me. What was so bad about my desire to love little girls? None of them had ever complained and in all truth, they really appreciated the attention and affection I provided. Whoever made a law against giving little kids pleasure must have been a nasty, mean person who probably didn't like children. I knew that my actions were against the Law but it didn't seem like a fair standard to me. I thought this was a free country where people could do whatever they wished. Well, regardless of the rules, there was no way I was going to change my behavior even if the chance of imprisonment did exist.

I arrived at Kim's house and before the doorbell could be pressed, the door swung open and there was Kim and the kids standing in front of me with big smiles on their faces as if greeting some kind of returning war hero. As I said hello, they came forward and started hugging me with great expressions of warmth. I was amazed at how happy they were to see me after a few weeks absence since there was no reason to think that they would miss me so much. We went into the living room and Kim had prepared an array of snacks and kept up a stream of conversations while eating. She gave me the usual condolences and wanted to know about my stay in Arizona. The kids were not as interested but hovered over me with attention that I found most pleasing. Lucy was nearest to me and without thinking, I lifted her onto my knee and held her shoulders. She really seemed to like being close to me and I was hoping that we could be alone somewhere soon. Sheila was a

little more coy but stayed close to me also. I didn't think that she would enjoy a knee ride so caressing her hair was a pleasant substitution. About twenty minutes later, Kim announced that dinner was ready and motioned for all of us to enter the dining room where a lavish spread of food had been laid out. I really enjoyed the meal and mentioned to Kim that her cooking was excellent. I didn't want to praise her too much and perhaps, encourage a higher level of romantic aspirations in her behavior. I knew that something would probably happen between us if there was to be a continuation of family contact. Why does there always have to be an adult woman involved in my life was a dumb question but it went through my mind.

After the meal, we returned to the living room where the kids had set up a DVD movie for us. Juvenile movies were not among my favorites but the room would be darkened and the girls might sit beside me so I could enjoy the smell, warmth and contact with their bodies. The thought of that occurrence blocked out any distaste for the movie. As fate would have it, Kim sat next to me and the girls sat on the other side of her. After awhile, they laid on cushions spread out on the floor. There was no way I could get next to them since my large frame would take up all the available space. It would also look strange if I didn't sit next to Kim anyway. Kim cuddled up to me and leaned her head on my shoulder for the entire time we watched the movie. I felt like a prisoner who could not move in any way. She seemed to have undergone a change in her feelings toward me for some unknown reason. I had not done anything intimate with her before leaving for Arizona to cause an increase of affection and reasoned that my absence and her apparent desperation produced the abrupt turnaround. I suppose that she thought of marrying again and here was an available guy who seemed to like kids and didn't mind if there were three of them.

The movie was fairly long and ran on past the kid's normal bedtime which prompted Kim to subtly motion them to get ready for bed. They went to their rooms and changed into pajamas before coming out to say goodnight. I was very delighted when Lucy asked me to tuck her in like last time and perhaps read a short story. Hearing no objections from Kim, I volunteered to tuck all of them in bed but only Lucy asked to have it done. I followed her into the bedroom with Sheila right behind and watched both the girls climb in under the covers. Sheila turned toward the wall after saying goodnight and seemed to fall right into a sleep. Lucy lay in bed, smiling at me and whispering that I should sit on the edge of the bed while telling the story. As I sat down, Lucy wiggled

out of the covers and stretched her legs out in front of me. She was wearing a little nightgown that was pulled up around her thighs, and the sight of those cute little legs made my heart beat faster while causing my arousal to rise to a powerful level. I started telling her a fairy tale when she put her toes on my leg. She had the most enticing little smile on her face which brought out amazing pulsations from within me. I was so caught up in her touch that telling the story was ignored until she reminded me to continue. I really had to focus my mind on the story line while relishing the feelings from her toes. I asked her if she would like me to rub her feet and she eagerly nodded her approval. So, while trying to keep my mind on telling her a semblance of a story. I began rubbing her feet which appeared to provide great pleasure for her. After a few minutes, I moved to her ankles and hearing no objections, put my hands on her calves and gently caressed them. As I moved my hands slowly up Lucy's legs, she seemed to go into a daze by closing her eyes and making little purring noises. I continued moving my hands upward onto her thighs and could feel heat coming from them which brought on the strongest erection ever experience in my life. I also seemed to be in a trance that had only one purpose in mind. Now my hands were on her hips and panties which caused so passionate a feeling in me that I wanted to masturbate instantly. However, I knew that it would not be possible since my hands were now on her vagina and buttocks. I was experiencing the most wonderful sensations from the touching of her body and Lucy seemed to be enjoying it just as much. I was so in love with this little girl that we could have run off into the sunset.

I don't know how many minutes the sex play continued but when footsteps came toward the bedroom door, everything stopped suddenly. I removed my hands quickly and put Lucy's legs under the blanket. A few more words were spoken concerning the story as the door opened and Kim came in. I said goodnight and quickly left the room with Kim right behind me. I told her how adorable the children were and how well behaved they were around me. She liked the compliment and thanked me profusely while sitting on the couch and motioning that I join her. I still felt a great deal of passion from the bedroom scene but decided to let Kim make the next move. I really didn't know what she had in mind since there had never been any demonstrative show of affection from her during our relationship.

Not knowing what to expect in the way of romantic expressions, I decided to play at being naïve and passive. I would let her set the pace and react in whatever manner was appropriate as long as it was not too

aggressive or rude. I remembered that Kim had put her head on my shoulder during the video and in a way had established contact. As I sat down beside her, she moved close so that our legs and hips were touching. I smiled weakly at her as if to feign innocence of her intentions and said that it was very nice to spend an evening with the family. She then started acting in a manner that had not been expected. First, she put her hand on my neck and said that since meeting me, a strong attraction had developed that seemed just right to her. I didn't want to look too incredulous or turn her off, so my reply merely parroted her words. Kim then looked at me very seriously, put her other arm around my neck and started applying a slight pressure downward toward her face. I knew what had to be done and like it or not, it was probably the only way that would assure continued contact with the girls. It's not that I have any objection to indulging in sex with a woman, it's just that my preference was for little girls. I gave in to Kim's pressure and kissed her for a few minutes. She looked at me and said it was very possible that love was developing for me and what was my reaction to that. My response had to be very carefully worded in order to satisfy her without committing to anything deeper. I told her that since meeting the family, warmth had developed within me that seemed to be growing and while love had not entered the picture, my fondness for all of them meant a lot to me.

Without looking too curious, I searched her face for a non verbal cue to my remarks and made a careful mental note that my words could be changed if her reaction was not positive. Actually, it went well and Kim responded by hugging me tightly and kissing with more passion. We sat on the couch for an hour kissing and hugging before she finally paused and spoke. She was happy that I was a gentleman and had not sought to take advantage of her at this emotional time. I said that my respect for her and the kids was very important and would do nothing to diminish it. I thought that Kim probably wanted to have sex but was tolerably satisfied with my conduct at this time so nothing further would have to occur. I stayed for another half hour and then said it was time to go since it had been a long day. Kim seemed to have stars in her eyes as I left the house and my mind was filled with concern that her attraction for me had grown too powerful in a short time. Either I was going to break off the romance and never see the kids again or risk a deeper commitment that would be difficult to dissolve in the future. I always seemed to have problems when something good is happening. Being with Lucy had been so wonderful that the thought of never

touching her sweet little body again was almost too much to bear.

With all of these conflicts racing through my mind, I still had to contend with Ms. Sagela and Dr. Konrad. I seemed to have established a tolerable relationship with the Parole Officer and a slight easing of the supervision. Dr. Konrad was just the opposite and had never warmed up to me. He was always hinting that I was up to no good but couldn't find the proof to validate his belief. I decided to turn my attention to Ms. Sagela and increase the amount of our mutual understanding by occasionally admitting that deviant thoughts were still plaguing me at times. I emphasized that with the tools obtained from treatment, it was not too difficult to keep inappropriate thinking in check. I would also disclose any incidental minor contacts and the steps taken to reduce or eliminate them. I thought that this apparent honesty would convince her of my sincere attempts to avoid further offending.

Although always friendly and caring, Dr. Konrad was a much more experienced and shrewder person to deal with. I knew that he had seen hundreds of sex offenders and heard all kinds of excuses for relapsing. There was just something about my demeanor that gave him a feeling of distrust about my activities and intentions. He knew that I was under surveillance but realized that the observing was done on an intermittent basis. I was sure his suspicious mind believed that more was going on in my life than anything said in group but he had not discovered what they were. Other than polygraphs and our dialogues, there was little he could prove. In fact, I was going to take another polygraph soon that would be passed and make me look even better to everyone.

Other than those problems, I was still in a quandary about Kim and how often to meet with her. On one hand, the kids were very important to me but on the other, she was becoming more serious and demanding as time went by. At least I could find some pleasure by going to the park and meeting with that little girl again, although I had to be careful about being seen too often by adults in the vicinity. Seeing a large man around children, even from a distance, would certainly cause suspicion to flare up. I remembered what had happened when parents confronted me in the past and how fleeing the scene had avoided a great deal of unpleasantness. That kind of situation had to be avoided at all costs but I suppose there is always a risk when illegal activities are pursued. The bus ride to the park was slow and boring but seeing children playing as we approached the area perked up my senses. From a distance, I scanned the area for any sign of Cindy but couldn't see her. Not wanting to give up easily and feel disappointment, I started to saunter very

slowly toward the children's area in order to get a better look. There was no Cindy to be seen and I wondered if she had not come today or was sick. Many thoughts ran through my mind but a sense of optimism always prevailed. I had come a long way and would not like to return empty handed with nothing to show for my effort. I continued walking toward the kids and was about fifty feet away from them when a little moving blur caught my eye. There about one hundred feet from me was Cindy and her brother running with other kids. I felt a great surge of electricity in my entire being and high levels of sexual excitement. Now, I had to plan on how to manipulate her into being along with me without parents or other kids interfering.

I sat on the grass about thirty feet from the kids area and kept looking in the direction where Cindy was playing, hoping to catch her eye. I didn't want to emphasize my height and attract attention from adults but having her notice me would take a little risk. Finally, Cindy happened to look my way and with my head raised high, I waved at her. It worked and with a big smile, she started running toward me with Mark following closely behind. When she approached, I said hi and motioned for the kids to sit down. Cindy sat very close to me while Mark stayed about ten feet away. She seemed very happy to see me and my mind began to think of ways to move Mark away. It didn't look like he was going to leave but I noticed that he was watching a few other boys playing in the sandbox. I engaged Mark in a conversation about what he liked to do and told him that sandbox playing was always a favorite activity. He agreed and I looked in the direction of the sandbox area and pointed out how the boys were having so much fun. The technique really got his interest because he suddenly got up and started running toward the play area, telling Cindy that he would not go far away. Now I was alone with her, although the parents were within viewing distance. I hugged the ground as much as possible and motioned Cindy to come next to me. At first, she was a little demure but she inched closer and closer until our legs were touching. She wanted to know where I had been over the last few days which made me very pleased that my absence had been noticed. I moved my hand toward her head and began stroking her hair while we talked. Soon my caressing moved to her face and neck. The touch of her skin made me feel incredibly happy and highly aroused. I wanted to hug her in my arms and feel that little body next to mine. She seemed very content lying next to me and having her skin gently rubbed. I moved my hands down to her arms and gently massaged them which seemed to put Cindy into a blissful state.

I was lowering my hands down to her abdomen when my body suddenly went into a startle response from someone shouting "what are you doing with that child?" I looked up and saw a few men standing around me with glaring eyes that threatened violence. It was such a frightening moment that I didn't know what to say until finally blurting out "nothing, just talking to a kid." The men had now moved closer to me and I stood up to my full height which caused them to temporarily move back a step. I heard someone say "call a cop" which terrified me even more. I wanted to run as fast as possible but the group, which had increased in numbers considerably, hemmed me in. Someone must have used a cell phone to call the Police because within minutes, flashing lights approached the area. Two Policemen came out of their car, holding batons and slowly walked toward us. One of the men told them what was going on and how they had surrounded me to prevent an escape. The Officers strolled over to me and started asking questions about my presence in the park. Once they discovered that I was already on parole for sex abuse, they arrested me and dispersed the crowd. I was booked on a parole violation charge and put into a holding cell to await further disposition of my situation.

Staying in a jail cell was a nightmare because of the constant cacophony of noise from clanging doors and screaming inmates. The worst part of the incarceration was the boredom and lack of stimulation until my Parole Officer came to see me a few days later. She had brought papers with her and told me that I was to be charged with a parole violation for having minor contact. Ms. Sagela said that if I admitted guilt to the charges and signed the forms, there would be no need for further Court business until a sanction was decided on. I didn't want to sign the forms until the sanction was delineated, so when Ms. Sagela said it would be thirty days in jail and the restitution center, my nerves were immediately put at ease. I could have been sent back to prison on this charge and felt that the sentence was lenient. I signed the forms and was told that my release date would be in twenty seven days. In all likelihood, I would only be in jail for a few days and transferred to the work release center so my employment would be maintained. I was then assigned to a cell in the general population area of the jail and allowed to phone my work supervisor who must have been wondering what happened to me. He was always a very understanding man who may have also spent some time in jail. I was told that my job would be held until work release was approved which put me greatly at ease. I decided not to call Kim until the work release date and then concoct a

story to explain my absence.

The three days I spent in jail were absolutely intolerable. I had to wear a green jail suit and clogs but the worst was that I had to interact with a mindless bunch of cretins who bragged about how smart they were as criminals. Most of these inmates were petty criminals such as drug dealers and users. A few were sex offenders that I totally avoided so as not to be lumped with what many considered the lowest of the low. Most of the time, I rarely spoke to anyone since the intellectual level of these men was pretty low and holding a conversation with them was impossible. The occasional times that I conversed was always done with extreme caution lest they discover my true charges. When someone did ask what my crime was, my reply was bank robbery. That answer gave me a measure of respect among the men and did not lead to further questions. On the third day of my sentence, a jailer told me to change into street clothes and walk across the street where the work release center was located to serve the remainder of the sanction. The Center was actually a decent place to reside and was a better place to live than many of the inmates ever knew. I was assigned to a pod where five other residents slept and given a locker for personal effects. I would be allowed to resume working on the next day which was a welcome relief. I had many expenses to pay including apartment rent and whatever the Center would charge for living there. There was no way I could earn enough money by working to pay all the monthly bills so my savings account would have to be tapped. This expense was not a problem for me and would only last for three weeks when my stay at the Center was done with.

The men living in my pod were already known to me from the jail so I had little discussion with them. Luckily, I would be allowed to work up to twelve hours a day for six days a week so that time spent in my pod was minimal. On Sunday, I would have to stay in the dorm and try to occupy myself with useful activities that make the time pass quickly. I would also be allowed to leave the Center for treatment and Parole Office visits, so going to these places represented the lesser of two evils. I went to see Ms. Sagela on the next day and was expecting a severe tongue lashing for my violation. She did not disappoint me and let loose a tirade on my conduct for about fifteen minutes in a loud voice. I had never seen her so angry before and it caused a good measure of anxiety to well up inside me. I thought of many excuses to offer but decided it was better to say nothing and let her hammer me until she tired of it. After her ranting subsided, Ms. Sagela looked at me and

spoke calmly about returning to prison if another violation occurred again. She emphasized that I should listen to her words with great care and realize that this was my last chance. I promised her that this type of situation would never happen again and showed as much remorse as possible in order to look more convincing. She then told me that I would be under a high level of supervision by everyone involved with my case. I received another appointment date and was able to leave without further punishment.

My treatment group did not treat me much better for violating their trust and making everyone look bad. The men shredded me unmercifully for a full hour by insulting my lifestyle and calling me liar and pervert. I had no arguments to refute their charges and could only grin and bear it. Dr. Konrad told me that if I did not honestly attempt to eliminate my problems with children, another violation would be a certainty followed by a long prison term. He made it clear that any further transgressions would compel him to appear in Court and present a hopelessly negative picture of me. I knew that if he did as stated, it would weigh heavily in the sentencing judge's mind and probably lengthen any sentence given. I never heard him make a threat to anyone before so it was something for me to think about. When I left the group, my body was shaking from the torrential diatribes that had rained down on me from the very people who would be hardest to deceive. I knew that they would be looking for any hint of deviance in my conduct and pounce on me if any appeared.

I was glad to be back at work and was able to relax in a non-threatening atmosphere. Some of the people asked me where I had been and they received a story about my Father's illness which satisfied the inquisitive ones and allowed me to work in peace. My manager never really inquired about my absence. He was strictly concerned about my production which was still among the highest in the company. For him, money talked and anything else was of minor importance as long as the company was not implicated. During my break, I called Kim and was told how worried she had been after not hearing from me for several days. While she was glad to hear from me, her voice expressed anger for my lack of sensitivity. I told her the same story about my Father being ill and having to make an emergency trip to Phoenix which brought out the sympathy towel, causing the subject to drop. I told her that my work had fallen behind and several days of long hours would be needed to catch up before normalcy could return in my life. After that, I would be able to resume our relationship, which to me, meant

seeing Lucy again. For the next few days I focused on work to make money while relegating contacts with children to the back of my mind. I had to be very careful about my movements in case any surveillance operators were watching me. Over the next three days, the only place I went to was work or shopping until my paranoia came down to a tolerable level. Every time I rode a bus to somewhere other than work, a suspicion came over me that the authorities were keeping tabs on my actions and looking for any sign of deviance. Even if they really weren't spying on me, the fear kept my risk taking level down to zero. I was not taking any chances at this time. I really wanted to see Kim's children but couldn't figure how to do so without problems developing. It would still be possible to call Kim and meet her somewhere after work but if the phone was tapped, her name would be known. Authorities could visit her and learn about our relationship and my contacts with the children. I would have to call her from a pay phone and hope that the conversation could not be listened to by anyone other than Kim. Well, I was always good at finding a way out of predicaments except when my ego thought nothing could go wrong. I tried my hardest to think of other ways to extricate myself from these restrictions but something always blocked my progress.

On one of my work breaks, I went downstairs and found a pay phone to call Kim. She was not at home but the babysitter answered and mentioned that she had gone to the doctor with Sheila for a routine checkup. I asked the sitter to leave a message that I would phone again and did so in the evening. She wanted to know why I hadn't been coming to the house since the kids were looking forward to my visits. I made some excuse about work schedules and asked if she could meet me downtown for a few hours. Kim said she would need a day to obtain a sitter unless the kids could come with her. I almost panicked when those words were uttered but quickly regained my composure and stressed that it was to be our time. She seemed pleased by my request and agreed to meet me during the next day. I didn't know what we would do but at least some stress free socializing would ease my nerves.

Chapter Fifteen

Parole Problems

The next day I received a call from Ms. Sagela who wanted to know how life was moving along and if problems had popped up. Now I knew what she meant by more intense supervision and wondered if she was going to randomly check on my activities. I told her that everything was in order and that my supervision requirements were being adhered to. I also mentioned that the tools acquired from treatment had helped me to resist deviant thoughts and urges constantly in my mind so that anything inappropriate was blocked. She also asked me if my social life had changed and I responded with "no." It was very important that Kim remain a complete secret from Ms. Sagela or my life would take an abrupt downward spiral. It was starting to become a real cat and mouse game and if I lost, there would be dire consequences. Sometimes, I wondered if something was wrong with my brain because of the risks that continually occurred in my life. Apparently, I did not take consequences seriously enough because any slip meant that prison was staring me in the face. How long I could continue to deceive my Parole Officer and treatment group was a difficult question that could not be ignored much longer. I would have to deal with this situation eventually or continue to put myself in danger while seeking gratification with children. I made a mental note to myself that a serious effort to resolve my predicament must be made and therefore, ease the pressure that was closing in. However, that would not happen right now since I still had unfinished business with Kim and the children. I couldn't just sever contact with Lucy when being with her was so wonderful. In my mind, I made a promise to be even more careful about my minor contacts.

My next treatment group was a little different than the others. Dr. Konrad spent a good deal of time with me and intimated that without being one hundred percent honest, that extremely dire consequences would surely follow. I don't know why he suddenly made me the focus of attention after having raked me over the coals last time. Apparently, he had given the matter a great deal of thought and remarked to the group that I was probably not truthful about my activities. He wanted all of us to work together to correct my deficiencies and stated that when one

of us relapses, it gives the public more ammunition to use against sex offenders. Dr. Konrad wanted to make it clear that whatever a member does reflects on all the members. Being faced with direct confrontation and attempting to respond logically was not my style but I tried hard to make everyone believe that my life was simple and appropriate. Many of the men didn't believe me and asked for a complete accounting of my daily routine and social life. I gave the same story that Ms. Sagela had received, but they were not so convinced of my innocence as she was. A few of them told me that I was lying because they had used the same deceit and denial when they were caught in a crime. The group discussions became very heated and ended in a shouting match where my defense was totally drowned out by a chorus of accusations. I was exhausted by the end of the session but believed that my responses appeared plausible to some of the members. Dr. Konrad continued to insist that my story did not seem truthful and would expect a completely honest account of my relapse at the next meeting.

I was very glad to get out of that room but presented a façade of calmness to hide my true emotions. I didn't know what had caused this attack since nothing new had happened since my release from jail. I could only surmise that Ms. Sagela had asked him to put pressure on me and see if some unknown development might surface. Imagine those two, working together to trap me in discrepancies. It seemed so unfair and gave me a defenseless feeling that was very hard to shake off. I had to figure out some way to parry whatever the next treatment group was going to throw my way without losing my temper and saying something that would be regretted. My life seemed to be in a state of turmoil with no end in sight. Ms. Sagela was watching me closely, the people in my treatment group were putting me on the hot seat, and it had become more difficult to make contact with little ones. I was taking a big chance when visiting Kim and her kids but it was the only bit of pleasure left to me. I wanted to see the family soon but had to be patient and careful in the event that surveillance people were watching me.

Actually, surveillance was an easy problem to manipulate since it was mostly done on a casual basis. I had been told by inmates and men in my treatment group, that the authorities watching me only did so for a short period of time and would not spend much time looking for me if not at home. If they did find me at home, the worst they can do is take a urine sample for substance abuse testing which did not concern me since drugs and alcohol were not part of my routine. Get-

ting to Kim's house would probably not be too difficult if I boarded a bus from downtown. It was unlikely that anyone would be watching me at work because of traffic and crowds in the area. I wanted to phone Kim but not from my apartment due to a fear that the line was tapped. I called her from a pay phone on a busy downtown street and received an invitation for dinner on Friday evening after work, which worked out just fine for me.

Work was a place where I felt least stressed out during the day. No one really bothered me and all I had to do was talk to people who lived far away. I liked the idea that these people would never know me and therefore my actions could take any imaginable role. I could deceive them, flatter them, coerce them and even bully them without any remorse whatsoever. It was kind of a game that gave me a great feeling when I achieved a good result and received lavish praise from my manager. He was particularly impressed with my long hours at work and the fact that no complaints were ever conveyed to him. Of course, not being married and having no family in the area made it much easier to put in long hours than employees who had responsibilities. I think that the manager wanted to become friendlier but that would not fit in with my plans. I really had no use for male companions since they did not fit in with any of my goals. I always believed that too much social life would constrict my freedom and limit the pursuits that really mattered. The only social life I really wanted was children living with me without adults snooping around. I just couldn't see why Society frowned on loving children since it seemed like the most admirable path that one could embark on.

As the days passed, I was eagerly looking forward to see Lucy and the family. It had been many weeks since we were together and I truly missed them. I wanted to bring them a few gifts to show my appreciation for their company. I also wanted to bring a gift for Kim but pondered the consequences of strengthening her feelings for me. I didn't think that she needed any encouragement to become fonder of me but leaving her out of the loop would not serve my purpose either. I often fantasized that she would disappear and leave me with the kids so we could live happily ever after. But that possibility was so remote that it did not warrant thinking about. When Friday finally arrived, the feelings within me intensified as the thought of being alone with Lucy was closer to becoming a reality. I hoped we could spend some time alone as had happened last time but the circumstances depended on Kim's actions. The thought of Lucy telling anyone what had occurred be-

tween us was not a concern to me although it did occasionally elicit a little fear. Apparently, she liked spending time with me and did not see anything that we did as unpleasant. I thought that we had a pretty good relationship and it was disgusting that we had to put up with Society's stupid laws and restrictions.

I got off the bus and walked the short distance to Kim's house with a buoyancy in my step. I almost felt like a young boy going out on his first date with all the accompanying excitement. When the door opened, the first person I noticed was Sheila, who smiled at me and said "come in." I tried to hug her but she moved away so patting her head was the only contact we had. I never thought that Sheila warmed up to me as Lucy had, and wanted to try some different approach that might change her attitude. She was a very pretty little girl and seemed on the verge of taking the shape of a young woman. I would really have liked to cuddle up with her after spending some time with Lucy, but in all likelihood, Kim would come into the bedroom if too much time was spent with the girls. Kim came out of the kitchen and gave me a brief hug and a big smile. I suppose that she was still squeamish about showing affection to me in front of the kids. I mentioned that it was nice to see all of them again and gave out the gifts. Janet came out of her room and grabbed a gift quickly while Sheila was slower in accepting hers. I asked Kim where Lucy was and learned she was at a friend's house and would return later. Kim was very pleased that I had brought gifts for the entire family and told me to make myself at home while she finished cooking. While I was waiting, Janet, who had never been too friendly, started talking about school and her studies. Sheila seemed interested in what she was saying so to help warm them up to my presence, I acted extremely interested in what was being said although it was really very boring to me. Kim came back in to the room and we sat for awhile talking about work and other trivial matters until Lucy finally returned from the friend's house. I thought that she was acting aloof at first and made no attempt to hug her. Instead, I gave her a gift and hoped that she would perk up while opening the box. I thought that the little doll was cute but the reaction from Lucy was lukewarm and it may have been that she didn't care for the present. Thankfully at that time, Kim announced that dinner was ready and we sat at the table to eat. During the meal, I tried to carry on any type of conversation with Lucy but she seemed distant. I hoped that there had been no change in her feelings for me but one never knows with a young child who can change moods in an instant.

After eating, the girls went to their rooms and I helped Kim with the dishes. Of all the family, she was the most talkative on this day and certainly happy to be with me. I could sense that her liking for me was increasing because she continually rubbed her body up against mine. I suppose that it was her way to show affection without being too obvious. After the kitchen work was done, Kim took my hand and led me to the living room couch. I knew that there was no risk of a romantic scene occurring while the girls were nearby so this probably meant a serious discussion of some type. I was correct since Kim began to speak about her lonely existence and the difficulty of raising three young daughters without a real father present. She looked at me with wistful eyes as her words deepened into a confession of how much my presence meant to the family. After listening to her for about ten minutes, I assumed that she wanted some kind of similar response from me. I would have no trouble loving the kids, but it would be a real acting job to convince Kim that she was the object of my affection. It wasn't that I didn't like her but she was an adult and could never replace the little ones that were the sole objects of my love interests. Luckily for me, Kim had never delved into my personal life and actually knew very little about me. If I committed to a deeper level with her, she would probably insist on knowing much more about my past and present. I could never let her learn about my proclivities since it would be ridiculous to think that Kim would not tell the authorities about my conduct and once known, would mean a lengthy prison term.

I had been looking forward to visiting the kids and having some time alone with them but now the entire situation had turned into a potentially disastrous event. I could see the writing on the wall and knew that my relationship with Kim had reached the end of the road. What gave me the most discomfort was having to give up spending time with Lucy and her sisters. It seemed that every time I arrived at a good juncture in my life, something happens to negate it. Of course, I was going against Society's norms but how could these people know about the love radiating out from me to these children. They couldn't and that fact made me very angry at all these stupid laws. Unfortunately, I could only disagree with them in my mind and never openly express my opinions. I could sense that Kim was waiting for some kind of positive response from me. At that moment, I decided that it was better to end the matter now by making no commitment and then withdrawing from her in as rapid and pleasant manner as possible. I put on a very serious look and told her that the remarks were greatly appreciated

but that it would be impossible for me to become deeply involved at this time no matter how appealing it was. I told her how much fun the kids were and how being a friend of the family was important in my life. I was very brief in my remarks but thought they were stated in a kindly manner. Kim's face showed no expression for a few minutes and then took on a very sad look that was close to shedding tears. She had hoped that I would move in with her and eventually get married and had a hard time understanding how wrong her perceptions of our relationship had been. Then she said that this was not a good time for me to be with her and asked me to leave. I really wanted to say good-bye to the kids but thought it was better to leave quickly before the situation escalated into something unpleasant. I stood up and headed for the door muttering about how nice the meal had been. After leaving her house, I walked very fast to the bus stop and actually almost ran. Fortunately, the bus came within a few minutes and I could breath a sigh of relief as we pulled away without Kim chasing after me with bad intentions.

Chapter Sixteen

Treatment Issues

That evening I thought about the dangerous position that almost engulfed me and pretty well blotted out any concern for Kim's hurt feelings. It didn't matter since there was no alternative course to take. I was between a rock and a hard place and chose the most fortuitous path to follow for survival. It was actually Kim's fault for putting me in this position. If she hadn't wanted a romantic involvement, there would be no need to extricate myself from the relationship. I never seemed to have luck in these matters since parents would always get in the way of a relationship with the little sweeties. It seemed that it was a curse that had been put on me for going against Society's ridiculous position on adult-child love. However, I believed that my intelligence would enable me to find a way around these barriers so that success would eventually be mine.

For the next few days, I kept on waiting for a phone call from Kim asking for some further explanation of my decision but it never came. I didn't want to prematurely congratulate myself for erasing a potentially bad situation from really escalating, but after a week of not hearing from her, my mind was able to calm down. I still had thoughts about Lucy and all the unfinished business that remained to be done but there was a certain satisfaction in remembering what had been accomplished without discovery. Now that I was without any love attachments some planning would be needed on how to meet new people without falling into the same old problem. The thought of not being around any children was beginning to bother me and gave me an irritating restlessness. I didn't know anyone who had kids and even if such a person was available, it would take time to develop a budding relationship that would lead to my satisfaction. I had to calm down and think of my next move without taking great risks that could lead to my downfall. But before I could start on a new beginning, Ms. Sagela and my treatment group had to be dealt with.

I could never tell whether surveillance people were watching me but even if they were, nothing had been done overtly to give them suspicions. When I came to Ms. Sagela's office again, she was much

more civil to me than during the last visit which not only gave me a sigh of relief but indicated that nothing had been reported about my actions that would alarm her. She wanted a very detailed accounting of my whereabouts particularly those of a social nature. I told her that no women were in my life at this time so complications would be minimal. I'm not sure if she believed my story of avoiding women but there was no way for her to disprove it. She knew nothing about Kim or any other woman I had been close to and if my luck held out, nothing would ever be known by her. Ms. Sagela had many clients to supervise and probably could only spend so much time with me. Since there was nothing in my behavior that was disturbing or potentially risky, she gave me another appointment and said goodbye. As usual, whenever I left her office, a sense of relief and euphoria engulfed me. However, I did not wish to fool myself into believing that Ms. Sagela accepted the accounting of my activities without a good deal of reservation. There was no doubt in my mind that she did not trust me very much and was looking for some way to discover any misconduct.

My most pressing problem involved dealing with my treatment group who were going to continue to thrash me very hard. If there was any way to opt out of that situation without causing greater distress, a solution was beyond me. If I didn't go to the group, Dr. Konrad would notify Ms. Sagela who would call me into her office for an explanation and further tongue lashing. Then the group would really believe that I was hiding something and become more relentless. I decided that the best way to handle the matter was to show up and put on an offense that would create doubts among a few of the men. If that occurred, I would press my attack and attempt to convince others of my trustworthiness. It would take a lot of nerve to pull it off, but when my back is up against the wall, I can stand up and fight. The one aspect I had to avoid was becoming too aggressive and turning the men further against me. I didn't think that Dr. Konrad would be taken in by my ploy, but he would have a harder time criticizing me if most of the group were on my side. With this plan in mind, I was now prepared to confront the group.

Not having heard from Kim in over a week bolstered my confidence that good fortune was on my side. I had expected her to make some kind of attempt to win me back but it appeared that the embarrassment of committing herself had caused so great an adverse reaction that she would never try to contact me again. Now it was time for me to face a panel of my peers and when I walked into the group room, it was evident that all eyes were upon me. I took my seat and waited for Dr.

Konrad to make his opening remarks which dealt with deviant cycles and the cues that preceded them. He always stressed total alertness to the slightest changes in ones behavior or thought processes. The Doctor also spoke about risk situations that may appear to be meaningless at first, but if ignored could lead to dangerous actions. His talks were always interesting although certainly repetitive, and managed to keep the men attentive. Whether his words really made any impact on the offenders was something I could not discern. Finally, he asked if anyone had some urgent matter to discuss and that's when it started up with me again. One of the men turned to me and asked if I was cognizant of my deviant cycle. Before I could reply, others chimed in with their doubts about my truthfulness and demanded a full accounting of my contacts with minors. It seemed that they were really out to get me this time but I remembered my plan and started implementing it. Of course, everything I said was a lie but by keeping a straight face, it wasn't hard to deceive the men. I began by telling the group that other than insignificant minor contacts on buses and in stores, that my efforts to avoid children were paying off. Then I reminded them that several polygraphs had been passed that specifically dealt with minor contact. I admitted that a relapse had occurred at the park but that my being there was more of a curiosity than some nefarious attempt to commit a crime. My voice raised slightly when I asked how many of them had passed several polygraphs and who in this group hadn't thought of children during the last few months. Apparently my plan was working because several of the vocal men became quiet and others toned down their rhetoric. After about twenty five minutes of discussion, Dr. Konrad interceded and moved onto another person. He did say that we would return to my situation at another time. Without showing any smugness, I felt the group was backing off and would not turn so strongly on me in the future.

I had achieved my goal by following the plan and success gave me an added boost of confidence that almost made me feel invincible. I felt so heady that it seemed like being intoxicated. Within a few minutes, my thoughts calmed down and a sense of reality set in which brought me back to earth. Lots of people spending time in prison had thought they were superior and then became reckless by making the fatal mistake leading to their downfall. I always had to watch my actions because many of the other group members were probably skirting the edge in some way and would love to see me fall as a way to escape detection. I detested the thought of giving any of them the satisfac-

tion of seeing me arrested for a violation. Why these people wanted to bother me and find reasons for my destruction was a total injustice. Did they think that I hurt children or didn't love them dearly and want to share pleasure with them? I could go on thinking of questions for hours but no answer ever satisfied me. The truth is that no one had a logical response and only acted as if they did because it seemed to follow the old nonsense that Society spewed out. The only ways that these stupid laws could be changed was a vote, but who in their right mind would support my cause? People considered sex offenders among the lowest of the low and no politician would ever support my cause no matter how right it was. There was always hope but the probability of a change was almost non-existent.

A couple of weeks had passed since my breakup with Kim and just when I thought it was safely done with, she called. I was a bit stunned when my ears recognized her voice but quickly pulled myself together and asked how things were going with the family. I decided that making small talk would give her no grounds to think that our romance would rekindle. She told me how everyone was and how sad her mood had been since our last contact. Kim mentioned how the children missed me and emphasized the loss they felt. I told her that it was not good for me either but unless we could be friends without romantic involvement, there was no use in starting over again. Her conversation changed to my reversal of feelings and how she thought we were heading toward deep intimacy that would have made everyone in the family happy. Although the temptation was great for me to appease her and see the kids again, I knew that it was an impossible situation that would result in big trouble for me. I told her that she had perceived events wrongly and had overreacted to the erroneous reasoning. When she heard my words, I could sense the anger in her and after a few more seconds, Kim stated that this was her last call and hung up. Too bad I thought, meeting her daughters was the best thing that had happened to me in a long time.

I had certainly extricated myself from several jams in the last few days and was not looking to experience further aggravation. While I had eliminated the greater problems facing me, there were no resources available at this moment for finding lovely little ones to snuggle up with. Finding little playmates was now my highest priority and gave me more reason for living than anything else. Other recreation that most people sought did not interest me in the least. I never went camping nor visited the beach and was not interested in fancy cars or the latest

electronic gadgets. My social life with adults only served as a vehicle for meeting children and since that was not happening at this time, life was looking bleak. The problem was in taking too much of a risk when locating young ones and sometimes finding myself back in jail for the effort. The avoidance of incarceration actually took precedence over anything else in life. It was the most miserable existence one could ever imagine and it made me understand why people took up the fight for freedom at any cost. However, my fight was a solo battle and had to be won by careful planning with a little luck. I always believed that my intellect was good enough to solve any problem and now was the time to put it to the test.

I had not phoned my Father in some time since my concern for him was minimal. It was not a great surprise when I received a call from him asking how things were going and when we could be together again. His voice sounded shaky and cracked several times, making me realize how old and feeble he was. I couldn't tell how imminent his demise was, but a trip to see him was probably in order for no other reason than to see what assets would be mine when his death occurred. Actually, taking a long trip at this time was not a bad idea. It would ease the pressure of needing to mingle with children for awhile and remove the group and Ms. Sagela from my life at least temporarily. I told Dad that a visit would occur in a few days and the arrangements were being attended to now. I phoned Ms. Sagela and told her about my Father's ill health and requested a trip for a weeks stay in Phoenix. She was not too eager to grant the request but after discussing the matter for a few minutes, sympathy won out and I could leave. She wanted me to develop a risk plan that would indicate how situations around minors would be handled. I could pick up the permit at her office and fill in contingencies that might occur and solutions for dealing with them. My supervisor gave me a week off including two days of paid vacation to minimize my salary loss. The only thing left to do was notify Dr. Konrad and leave a detailed message of my plans with his secretary. I phoned my Father and told him when to expect me, bought a bus ticket, and looked forward to a well deserved vacation to forget events of the last few weeks.

All my affairs were now in order and I boarded the bus early on a Thursday morning and escaped from all my problems for at least a small period of time. As usual, the bus ride was boring and people sitting next to me were not of the type that I would speak to. On this trip I had bought a few magazines to read which made the time pass a little

quicker. I knew most of the sights from previous trips so looking out the window held no interest for me. After a period of time that seemed like an eternity, the bus reached Phoenix at night. I hoped that my Father would be awake and remember to come for me at the depot. At that moment, it didn't occur to me that he might not be able to drive. I just expected to be picked and driven to the house. Standing on the curb and looking for his car for twenty minutes without it appearing started to raise my temper. I was thinking of how to get a ride when a car pulled up and a voice called out my name. I didn't recognize the person driving but the man said he was here to pick me up because my Father was too weak to make the trip. While driving to the house, Roger, a neighbor, explained that my Father was not feeling well and had recently taken a turn for the worse. Dad was in his seventies so it didn't surprise me that old age was taking its toll on him.

We arrived at the house within thirty minutes and I immediately went inside to see what condition my Father was in. He was laying on the couch in the living room and the sight of him actually caused me to have shudders. My Father had really aged since my last visit and looked extremely feeble. He looked like a man in the last moments of his life. I greeted him and barely received a response although there was a momentary flicker of recognition in his eyes. Roger remarked that Dad did not move around much and hardly spoke to anyone. In his opinion, Dad was simply willing himself to die and nothing seemed to deter him. I sat down on the couch next to him and spoke about my trip and anything else that came to mind, just to see if he would react. When he didn't speak or move, I stopped talking and wondered what was going to occupy my time for the next few days. I was not a person who cared for the sick and dying. The neighbor told me that a visiting nurse stopped by every other day to check on Dad's condition and that a few women in the area cooked and cleaned the house. That news was a great relief for me since I could relax and enjoy a little recreation. I was really exhausted, went to bed and slept deeply until nine the next morning. After waking and dressing, I entered the living room and met two elderly women who were puttering around the house and attending to Dad. One of them told me that his condition had not changed in a week and she feared for the worst. They hoped that I was up to the task of facing his death and attending to the funeral. Actually, I didn't know the first thing about funeral arrangements but surely, I reasoned, someone among his friends would be knowledgeable about these matters.

There were so many people taking care of my Father that I didn't

think they would miss my absence from the house. I really had no stomach for this kind of situation and even if no one had cared for Dad, some way to get off on my own would have materialized. My Father was a little more than a vegetable and if people obtained satisfaction from looking after him, then good for them. As for me, I wanted to take a tour of the city and see what kinds of opportunities were available for contact with little ones. Sometimes, luck happens in the most unexpected places but one must make an effort to seek it. I left the house and took a bus to the end of its route just to see if anything of interest would turn up. The bus route took me to the suburbs and passed by several parks that contained areas for children. Unfortunately, on this day there were very few children playing and it didn't seem worth the effort to get off and take a closer look. In order to really whet my appetite, I needed a larger pool of children to insure at least one contact. As the bus went by the parks, I made mental notes of where the adult areas were and any places that would shield me from their prying eyes. There usually were bushes or trees where a large person could be concealed, or at least difficult to see from a distance. I rode the bus back to my starting point and returned to the house. I decided to go to a movie later that evening and leave my Father to his friends.

Several people were still in the house hovering over Dad but he looked oblivious to anything happening around him. By this time, I didn't even try to make minimal contact with him since it seemed useless. I hadn't seen him make a gesture since arriving and whatever others said about his improvement was unbelievable. I went into my room and rested in bed for awhile hoping that everyone would leave but that would mean no one was left to care for him except me. I knew that my attitude was selfish but that's how my entire life had been and there was no use trying to change it now. I occasionally had thoughts of Dad dying so we could have the funeral and be done with the entire matter. I knew that some money would come to me from the estate as well as the house but that was not very important. I just didn't like the idea of staying in Phoenix where everything seemed depressing. One of the women brought supper for me and after eating, I told the people at the house, that something important needed to be attended to. They didn't know what I was talking about but it was my exit cue to leave. I took the bus downtown and walked around a bit looking in stores but mostly eyeing children strolling with their parents. I really missed the touch and smell of a child, since it was the most invigorating sensation known to me. After I had my fill of looking at little ones, my inter-

est turned to finding a good movie and staying away from the house for a few more hours. I wanted to spend as little time at the house as possible where the entire situation was annoying me more and more. Thankfully, I only had a few more days left on my trip permit from Ms. Sagala and while she probably would have extended the time due to the circumstances, it was not in my plans to request an extension.

Staying at the house was proving to be unbearable for me. The constant chatter of these old fogeys and looking at my Fathers decrepit body was going to drive me mad. I wanted to return to San Diego but an early exit would present a bad impression of my devotion to his welfare to the very people who were doing all the caretaking.

Chapter Seventeen

Deceit And Pleasure

The next morning I left the house early and rode the bus to a park where there was a chance of meeting someone. The temperature was already warming at a rapid rate and many people might be looking to cool off among the trees and bushes. I got off the bus and surveyed the park area for possible situations developing. There were several groups of people lounging around the shaded areas and I noted activity in the children's playground. I started walking slowly toward the kids, always looking carefully at where adults were positioned. I didn't want to take too long to reach the play area since my large body could be noticed if people looked in my direction. I was about twenty feet from the play area in a grassy spot and decided to kneel down to make my frame less noticeable. In this way I could watch the children very closely as they ran around and pick out the ones who were most desirable. Of course, the boys always seemed to branch out the farthest while the girls stayed back nearer the parents. I noticed a couple of very cute little girls who were kind of looking my way as if they had an interest in me. I looked right at them and smiled as if to invite them over but received no response. After a few minutes, the youngsters started looking my way again and started to move slowly toward me. I wanted to wave at them or stand up but that would have invited potential trouble. Luckily, I didn't have to do anything since they kept on walking toward me until no more than a few feet separated us. I said "hi" and asked their names in my most friendly voice. Instead of giving their names, they asked me what I was doing on the grass and my reply was "taking a rest." One of the girls moved a little closer and asked if I had a daughter. I shook my head no and added that it would be nice to have one who looked like her. She seemed pleased with my answer and said her name was Betsy. We then started having a little discussion about her play activities and schoolwork. Her friend had been very quiet up to now but started to join in. Heather was a very pretty little blond girl who had initially caught my eye from a distance. I was hoping that she would become a little more friendly and move right next to me. Betsy was a bit more aggressive and approached to within three feet

of me while Heather stayed several feet back. After talking for awhile, I asked the girls where their parents were and they motioned to a spot about fifty feet away that was partially hidden by trees. It seemed safe enough for me to remain with the kids so I asked them to come close and sit down. To my delight, they came within a foot of me and sat on the grass where they could see my size. They seemed impressed and asked how I got to be so big. I continued engaging them in conversation while slowly edging up so that we were almost touching. I asked them if they would like to be tickled or have a massage. When they didn't reply, I took the initiative and started to rub my hands slowly on both girl's arms. They must have liked the feeling because neither one told me to stop. It was wonderful to touch a child's skin again after a long abstinence and I could feel my body becoming highly aroused. I was almost in a state of ecstasy when a little boy approached us and asked what we were doing. That seemed to break the spell and both girls pulled away from me. I felt a momentary flash of anger at the boy and wanted to throttle him for showing up at this moment. Anger was an unusual reaction for me and caused me to work on calming down. By this time, the girls had gotten up, said they had to go and started walking away. I called out to them about meeting again but wistfully watched them leave without responding. I had been in an excited state of mind only to have it diminish suddenly.

I never seemed to have any luck in fulfilling my desires. Every time my emotions are soaring toward a high pitch, something turns up to stop them. The only thing I had been able to do after most contacts was masturbate to the memories of the little beauties. I wasn't doing something right or my plans had to be thought out more carefully in order to reach my goals. While I hadn't always wanted to admit my ultimate high, it was starting to seep into my brain with a strength that could no longer be ignored. The highest level of pleasure that could be achieved was an actual orgasm with a little one either through intercourse or any other form of sexual release. The end goal was becoming more evident to me and the rest of my actions were nothing more than window dressing. I needed to take care of my needs more than anything else and better schemes had to be concocted to achieve success. Other than that, I would need a lot of luck and fortuitous circumstances. At this moment, there was no certainty that good fortune was coming my way.

Over the next few days, my Fathers condition had not changed so I decided to pack my suitcase for the trip back to San Diego. I explained

to the people at the house why it was time for me to go and they all expressed understanding of my decision. I could not be sure, but they probably realized that the burden of caring for my Father was too much for me and exiting was the easiest path to take. I really didn't care if they thought well of me or not because all that mattered was getting away from this entirely awful situation. The next morning I took a taxi to the bus station and shortly afterward, boarded a bus to California. I had very mixed feelings about this trip. On one hand, it got me away from the Parole Officer and treatment group but it did mean spending five days in a mausoleum like setting that gave me a disgusted feeling. I had no difficulty leaving my Father because at this juncture, there was no empathy within me for him.

The ride back to San Diego was the usually boring trip with all the same landmarks that were becoming too familiar. I decided that when my Father died, the next trip to Phoenix would be by plane. I knew that there would be some money coming to me from the estate so cost was no concern. After droning on for endless hours, the bus finally arrived at the depot and I took a taxi to my apartment. I fell on the bed and got some much needed sleep before having to return to the world of supervision and restrictions. I must have been really tired from the bus ride because the next time my eyes opened, it was night time. It was very important to call Ms. Sagela tomorrow and let her know why I was a day late in reporting. I also had to return to my work and unfortunately, attend treatment. I had something to eat and fell asleep again for another few hours. I thought that my body needed some attending to and made a mental note to eat better and do some exercise. I never really had done much to keep in shape but just seemed to stay that way without any effort. But now as I aged, the muscle tone seemed to be losing its firmness and fatigue came much quicker than ever before. I would love to exercise by taking walks in the park but knowing Ms. Sagela, she would suggest joining a health spa.

I phoned my Parole Officer the next morning and told her about my Father and his prognosis. She was somewhat sympathetic and made no mention of my day late call. She inquired about my activities in Phoenix and I really gave her a good story of a loyal son looking after his dying father. I don't know whether she believed me but nothing more about the trip was questioned. Ms. Sagela asked me to visit her the next day and made it known that a polygraph would be needed soon. I spent the rest of the day at work practicing my routine of sincerely speaking to customers. It took me about one hour to rise to

my former smooth delivery level. A few of the people at work asked me how my Father was and they received stock answers about my unswerving devotion to him. None of them were on more than a superficial basis with me so whatever I said sufficed. At the end of the day my supervisor commended me for doing a good job under adverse circumstances. His remarks made me feel very proud since it meant that I could deceive anyone at anytime. Now all I had to do was get in touch with Dr. Konrad and rejoin the treatment group. I didn't feel so good about going to group but playing up my Father's condition should be good for a few weeks of respite from any confrontations. When my Father died, I could probably take several weeks off from the group without any static, and that was a very positive event.

I went to see Ms. Sagela and wondered what she was going to say. The entire process was getting to be a boring nuisance that I would love to see eliminated from my life. I decided to ask her what had to be done in order to drop down to a lower level of supervision and treatment. I knew that passing the polygraph would satisfy one objective but what else did she want? When we met, the conversation involved the usual questions that were answered as well as possible. I told her that a polygraph was scheduled and should it be passed, asked what more would be needed to show my rehabilitation progress. She looked at me for a few minutes and said that my last violation had set me back quite a way but there was an awareness of the good steps taken. What she really wanted me to do was engage in appropriate socializing and demonstrate my preference for adults over children. I told her that a few people at work had invited me to parties and exaggerated the number of events attended. Ms. Sagela was pleased with my mingling and mentioned that passing the polygraph would give her some reason to rethink my supervision level. I thanked her and left with a good measure of optimism because if everything went just right, the parole straps could be loosened.

Everything in my life seemed to be in order as all problems diminished in importance. The only area that was not satisfactory was the problem of finding little ones to love. It was not going to be easy because women with children had to be located and socialized with. I had to come across an opportunity somewhere and be careful to avoid dangerous risks. My Parole Officer wanted me to socialize but that is easier said than done. Finding children in parks was a fair possibility but there is always the problem of parents watching me. There had been so much publicity in the media about sex abuse, that parents

were watching their kids with a much greater sense of alertness. I knew that adults had lapses while tending their children because of my prior experiences but there was very little room for mistakes. I decided to try making friends with more people at work and see if any single women with children were available. I was not the kind of person who went to bars or joined dating services and never really cared about meeting women at all except that it was a way to meet youngsters.

My treatment group was scheduled to meet today but the usual fear of confrontation was greatly subdued because of my plan. I was certain that someone would immediately ask about my Father, thus giving me an opening to really put on an act. All I looked forward to was hearing Dr. Konrad say "time to end our session," and leave the room as soon as possible. When I walked into the group room, the men sort of gave me a little smile and shrugged their shoulders as if to say "that's life." Instead of turning to me immediately, they continued to deal with another problem that had not been resolved yet, that thankfully, took up half the session. Finally, Dr. Konrad asked me how my feelings were holding up after visiting my Father. That was my cue and I launched into a long depiction of his condition and how it was affecting me. When I was done, the group was silent until people started offering sympathetic remarks. It turned out exactly as planned and when the session ended, no one had asked anything about my deviance or minor contacts. Even Dr. Konrad kept any remarks about my behavior to himself, although eventually, they would come up.

I was feeling elated at the groups conclusion and wondered how to celebrate. I thought about calling Kim but rejected that idea quickly. No use opening up a can of worms that had already been safely eliminated. Going to the park where I had met children before was an option but it was getting late and no one might be there. I had no one else to call so my celebration involved eating out and going to a movie. After coming home, my arousal level became extremely high and I masturbated a few times to the faces of cute little girls. A good night's sleep followed which brought forth a great burst of enthusiasm for the days activities. I really hadn't been friendly with people at work lately so it would not be easy to broach the topic of socializing. The only thing in my favor was the sympathy that some felt for me because of my Father's condition. I only had to determine who wanted to become friendly and then use them in whatever way would provide a meeting with single women who hopefully had children.

There might have been a dearth of eligible females known to the

office workers because no one came up with any possibilities after several days of probing. Either I had a poor reputation with these people or all of their friends were married. If nothing came of this venture, I would really have to become innovative in order to meet young ones. It was not my first choice since spontaneous actions were fraught with risks that could pose a great danger to me. Public contact with minors always invited adults to notice me and possibly provide descriptions to the authorities. Because of my large size, it would not be difficult for an identification to be made which would be followed by an arrest. I began to rack my brain and look for feasible ways to overcome these handicaps. Society was certainly trying to make it hard to achieve the goals that would make me happy and I resented their interference strongly. Once again, I was tempted to call Kim and rekindle our relationship but a strong inner admonition kept saying not to do it. I had to find someone new or my fantasies would begin to dominate all thought processes. Without a child interest in my life, there was very little incentive to carry on with other activities.

A few days later I phoned my Father's home to see how he was doing and spoke to Mrs. Gillis, one of the people caring for him. She told me that no change had occurred and that a nurse was stopping in each day to check his progress. She didn't make it sound too hopeful but Dad was still hanging on and the longer he stayed alive, the longer I could delay returning to Phoenix. Some type of inheritance would be forthcoming but money was not that important to me at this time. Having contact with a love child was my highest priority and to this end, I vowed to succeed quickly. The sensory deprivation that I was undergoing made me feel more like a predator than ever before. There was never a time when I identified with perverts described in newspapers who molested children. I always considered my actions to be a much higher level than those people since loving and caring were involved. Now I was starting to feel a desperation that nothing was going to happen by accident. I would have to act aggressively which meant exercising the greatest degree of caution. During my non working hours, I began to ride buses on different routes and made notes of where the most potentially bountiful areas were located. I must have traveled on five routes and compiled a few pages of likely areas where contacts seemed plausible. I had also looked over the terrain to see how easily an adult could notice a stranger among the children. Many of the areas were wide open and offered no concealment but a few playgrounds were blocked by trees or buildings so that kids were not in the direct

line of sight. I studied my notes very carefully before choosing the three best sites for success. Now all I had to do was execute my plans flawlessly and begin enjoying the pleasures of my labor.

Before I could put things in motion, Ms. Sagela phoned to remind me about the polygraph that was scheduled shortly. I was very annoyed since not only was it an unnecessary expense but a time consuming pain in the ass. It was just another hurdle to get over although passing this one would free me from a good deal of suspicion. Passing never seemed to do any good with Dr. Konrad, who always appeared leery of my motives. I was pretty sure that he used influence with Ms. Sagela to have me put on surveillance. He was the kind of guy who didn't trust any sex offender although often intimating that they could be rehabilitated. I didn't know how a man like him could live with the deceit he fostered on group members. Should he find any reason to suspect a violation, it was practically mandated that the offender had to notify his Parole Officer within a day. I thought that his job was to help us and not make further trouble with our jailers. Some day, I hoped he would get what was coming to him.

I scheduled a polygraph for later on in the week with an examiner who was familiar. Many of the offenders had complained about the validity of lie detectors and the competency of the examiners. The largest objection was the fact that test results were not allowed to be introduced in Court as evidence of guilt or innocence. We also complained about the high cost of these procedures which had to be taken every six months. I could sympathize with all these complaints but did not join in the chorus of protests since the test had never given me any problems. While waiting to take the test, I continued pursuing the possibility of finding some social outlets at work by becoming more chummy with several of the male workers. I stayed away from the women to avoid any semblance of harassment. I knew that many of these women were sensitive to men suddenly taking an interest in them and while a few of them might have been flattered by the attention, it was a little too risky. I wasn't having any luck with the men since none of them had offered to provide a blind date nor invite me to their house for a social gathering.

It's quite possible that none of these men were acquainted with single females or if they were, had no interest in helping me. Word had gotten around the office that I was trying to change my attitude and become more friendly. Up to now, I had remained aloof and never attended office parties or after hours socials. Now if someone invited me

to an event, I would make it my business to attend and appear to enjoy myself. My expectations were not met and nothing ever came of the overtures to these people. Well, at least I tried and could tell Ms. Sagela about my forays into the dating world even if they had been unsuccessful. This outcome was a definite disappointment to my plans and left me with no new opportunities to bring children into my life. Now I really had to find creative techniques to attain my goals.

Today was polygraph exam day and I was feeling highly optimistic about the results. I had not been around children for some weeks which kept my level of anxiety about contacts very low. Even if it hadn't been lower, I had no sense of wrongdoing about my activities and should not show any deception on the test. I arrived early at the examiners office and was ushered into a room with Mr. Billig, who was not known to me. He greeted me and explained that he was among a few new examiners hired recently. Mr. Billig seemed like a decent sort who would be honest in his relationship with me. We chatted for the next twenty minutes and I learned that he had been a policeman until retirement but idleness was not for him. He had attended polygraph school and was not yet a full fledged examiner. After our little banter, I was hooked up with the machine and the test began. The procedure was well known to me and questions pertaining to my activities over the past six months were asked. They had to do with minor contact, deviant thinking, child pornography and grooming of potential victims. About an hour later, Mr. Billig announced that the test was done and he was ready to discuss the results. On the three relevant questions, I had passed two but found to be inconclusive on the matter of minor contact. I was probed for about fifteen minutes concerning possible situations involving minors that may have appeared too insignificant for reporting. I told him that no such events had occurred and couldn't understand why the response was inconclusive. Finally, we ran out of areas to delve into and Mr. Billig stated that he would send the results to Ms. Sagela who would talk to me about them. I left his office and headed for work consumed by thoughts of why that one question tripped me up when it rarely had happened before. Certainly, I had many contacts with minors but had always been able to deceive the machine completely. I wondered if having a new examiner unnerved me in some small way or caught me off balance so that my physiological state was not under tight control. The results would go to Ms. Sagela immediately and she would contact me very soon about them. I did not feel in any imminent danger of discovery since inconclusive results have many possible explanations.

I threw myself into work during my shift and was able to push the polygraph results from my conscious mind. Whenever something did not go exactly right, it caused disturbing thoughts to waft through my head. They were not strong enough to present serious blocks to my usually logical thinking but non the less, they upset my positive outlook on matters. Fortunately, these unpleasant moments never last long and by the next day, I had all but forgotten them. The problem of meeting women with children was still unresolved and no progress was being made toward that end. I would have to start visiting the parks again and put up with some risk from interfering parents. I went over the routes and maps made during the last month and decided to try the one that looked most promising. Before I could start on my quest, Ms. Sagela phoned and asked to see me about the inclusive response on the polygraph. I should be able to stop in and hopefully, resolve the matter in a short time, before going to the park. It was amazing at how good I was getting at this game with the authorities. There was certainly an element of danger that brought out elation from within as the game was played through. I had experienced a few scary moments but each time the Parole Officer was fooled, it gave me a great deal of satisfaction. Actually, it was the only way I could extract some measure of revenge for Society's treatment of me over the past few years.

My meeting with Ms. Sagela was short and abrupt. She was not happy with the inconclusive response but could not find a reason to doubt my word about having no minor contacts. I knew that there was little she could do about the test since none of the responses had been deceitful. Other than her questioning of me, she would leave it up to Dr. Konrad and any of his techniques that might discern an outright lie. Even though I had not passed the polygraph completely, my result was good enough to prevent any further restrictions or more intense surveillance. I wasn't too concerned about being watched because all these spies could see me do was leave the house and head downtown. I never noticed any attempt to follow me so that once downtown, taking a different bus to a park was very simple. The thoughts about children was starting to have a strong effect on my behavior and I knew that some kind of contact would have to be made soon or my mind would not function in an alert manner. I didn't want to become obsessed with the little girls but the lack of stimulation was definitely becoming a problem.

When I left my apartment for downtown, it did not even occur to me that someone could be watching my movements. I really didn't care be-

cause my thoughts were preoccupied with meeting children. I decided to return to a park where the children had been friendly and the adults lax in watching them. The bus ride seemed to take forever and I could feel my excitement building up at the thought of any intimate contact. I was hoping that some daring little girls would be there who would not hesitate to approach me. When the bus arrived at the park, I got off and quickly scanned the area to see if children were present. At first, I could not see any but then my eyes spotted a group of adults standing under shade trees. They were mostly men but a few women were sitting on benches which presented a greater risk since Mothers were more likely to keep a sharp eye on their offspring. I quickly located the areas that had allowed me to remain unseen by the adults during my previous visit and was pleased that it was still out of the parent's line of sight. I started to slowly wend my way to the play area while keeping a watchful eye on any movements by the adults. In a short time, I was within twenty feet of the play area and the several children who were present. I looked over the group of youngsters and as luck would have it, two of the little girls happened to look my way and we made eye contact. I smiled at them and crouched down to make myself nearer their size and less noticeable by the grownups. One of the girls, a cute little blond, was wearing tight shorts that showed off her shapely legs and smooth skin. My eyes riveted on her since I had not seen anyone so beautiful in some time. Quivering with passion, I waited until the girls were about fifteen feet from me before raising my head and giving them a big smile. To my surprise, they waved back and I motioned for them to come closer. The sweeties were now within five feet of me and I could really see how beautiful they were. I was pleased that they seemed so friendly and felt an incredible warmth throughout my body at the thought of snuggling next to one of them. I started up a conversation with the most aggressive of the little ones who was named Amber, and hoped that she would come closer so we could touch. It appeared that no one else in the park noticed us as if we were the only ones in the area.

As we continued our little chat, Amber slowly kept moving closer towards me until she was within two feet of where I was crouching while the other cutie stayed further back. I nervously kept looking toward the adult area every few minutes to see if any of them had noticed us but saw no activity that would alarm me. By this time, Amber was sitting close enough to brush up against my arms. I was starting to become highly aroused and wanted to hold her close to my body. Instead, I

reached for her hand and held it for a few minutes while continuing to talk about nothing of significance. She did not pull away but seemed content to keep her little hand in my huge grip. I could almost feel my eyes glazing over from this turn of events as if in a state of rapture. With my other hand, I started to massage her forearm very gently. She seemed to enjoy the massaging of her wrists and elbows while I attempted to pull her closer so that my arm could go over her shoulder. I was hoping to caress her back and work my way toward the front of her body. After a few minutes, my hand was on her shoulder and starting to rub her neck when I heard a loud voice say "stop right there." When I looked up, there in front of me was a Policeman holding his baton. Then I realized that many adults were standing around and glaring at me while making ugly threats. The worse I could imagine had once again occurred and it scared the hell out of me. The Policeman asked me to stand up and tell him what I was doing with the little girl. I stammered and stuttered before mumbling something about liking kids and wanting to talk with them. He asked for my identification and motioned to another Policeman who took my ID card over to the patrol car. A few minutes later, he walked up to us and told me that I was under arrest for a parole violation and then handcuffed my wrists. The Policemen placed me in the patrol car and drove off amidst the jeers of adults yelling out "pervert and child rapist." I could not believe the level of anger these people were showing without even knowing what had occurred. I wish that they could understand that my purpose in life was to love their children, not hurt them. Why are people so twisted up in their thinking that they cannot see beyond the obvious. I realized that some men did harm children but that was not my intention.

The Police took me to jail where I was booked and put into a holding cell until morning when Court would convene. The holding cell was bare but at least it had a television so I could pass the time without going stir crazy. There were a few other men in the cell with me but because of my size, no unpleasant situations developed. We were given a plain meal at Six PM which was not sufficient for my appetite and caused hunger pangs. Afterwards, one of the men turned on the news and to my great astonishment, the lead story featured a picture of me with the caption "sex offender discovered playing in park with little children." That scared me more than anything else and caused other inmates to stare at me with bad intentions. I realized that the news story could really get me a good beating from these men so it was imperative that the guards move me out of the cell. I called for the

guard and explained the situation to him. He left to notify his supervisor and they must have realized the potential for violence because the two of them returned quickly and moved me to an unoccupied cell. All through the night, I could hear other inmates yelling out at me and was thankful when daylight came since Court would be convening soon. I was also glad to eat again and felt a little better about facing whatever the day held out for me.

About eight AM, I was handcuffed and led to an elevator which took us to the courtroom. Several people were being arraigned and when my turn came, I told the Judge that a court appointed attorney would be required due to a lack of funds. He stated that an attorney would be appointed but would have to be paid for privately since my status was not indigent. The Judge set another court date for next week but in the meantime, bail was denied and I would stay in jail. This was terrible news for me since the meals never provided enough food for me. I only had a few dollars when arrested and would need more money to buy extra food from the commissary. When finally able to use the telephone, I called my work supervisor and explained the situation to him since he had always been sympathetic to me. I asked him to forward any wages due to me to my account at jail and he agreed to do so. At least in that respect, I would have sufficient money to buy snacks and avoid the pangs of hunger. The supervisor also told me that after the news story of the arrest had aired, the management had terminated my job. I expected something like that to happen but couldn't worry about employment at this time. Finding another job would not be a problem once freed from this disgusting place. I thanked him profusely for forwarding the money and returned to my cell for another wasteful period of time. It was even more boring during this incarceration and watching television or reading made me sick. It was a torturous existence and I felt that the punishment was far greater than warranted for a minor violation. On my fourth day in jail, I received a visit from Ms. Sagela, which at first gave me an optimistic feeling but it didn't last long. She notified me that after discussing my situation with Dr. Konrad, her recommendation was for a severe sanction involving prison time. Ms. Sagela told me that she believed I had been violating my parole restrictions continuously and lying to everyone involved with my case. She mentioned having a long talk with the polygrapher and Dr. Konrad concerning my ability to pass the tests without difficulty. They had come to a decision that my passing involved a belief that nothing I did with children was wrong which in their opinion, made me extremely dangerous. Since I

had been charged with a parole violation, there would not have to be a trial before issuing a sentence. All that was needed was a hearing presided over by a Judge and witnesses who would testify about my behavior and prognosis for future conduct. When she finally left the jail, I plunged into a deep depression because of the certainty that nothing good would come of this mess. I had finally overstepped my bounds, become careless, and would now have to pay dearly for my stupidity.

Chapter Eighteen

The End Of My Line

I had often heard the expression “when it rains it pours,” and these words truly had meaning for me at this juncture of my life. I had called my Father’s residence to see how he was doing and was told by one of the neighbors that his condition had deteriorated so badly that an ambulance had taken him to a hospital. I sensed that the end was very near for him and expected to receive a message at any time notifying me of his death. I was allowed to call the hospital collect and spoke to someone at the nurse’s station who took a few minutes to locate my Father. A supervisor explained that my Dad was on life support systems and not expected to live very much longer. She advised me to come to the hospital at once but without telling her of my situation, made it clear that it was not possible to make the trip at this time. I asked if any of my Father’s friends were nearby and able to speak to me. She called someone to the phone who remembered me from my last visit, and after advising her that I could not be there at this time, asked if she could see to the funeral arrangements when the time came. Dad had prearranged his funeral after my Mother died so that everything was ready including the ceremony at the graveside.

After that phone conversation, I sat in bed and thought about nostalgic events in my life that involved Dad. There really wasn’t a whole lot of memories to dredge up since we had never been close during my childhood. However, I did feel a tinge of sadness at the thought of losing my last close relative. Now I would truly be alone and left to my own devices. Luckily, I had some assets from the estate but they would sorely be needed to pay for a competent attorney if the one appointed by the Court was mediocre. A few days later my attorney came to see me to discuss the situation and how to best deal with it. Ms. Draker seemed to know her business and let me know right off that the chance of acquittal did not look good. She had done her homework and knew of the events that led up to my arrest. Ms. Draker also knew of my past proclivities toward minors and made it clear that the authorities were going to be very harsh. She really put a lot of fear into me but I trusted her to take care of the trial. Ms. Draker or Ann, as she wanted

to be called, advised me to take a plea bargain for whatever minimum sentence could be negotiated with the District Attorney. She had not been able to see him yet and work on some kind of deal for leniency. If the D.A. thought the case was rock solid, then no leverage existed that would help me. I thanked Ann for her diligence and offered praise for continuing to work on my behalf. I knew that if my plea was guilty, then it would be up to a Judge to impose a sentence after listening to testimony from any witnesses who came forth. If I went to a hearing, Ms. Draker believed that a guilty verdict was a certainty and could bring on a harsher sentence from the Judge. Either way I was screwed by a Society that only wants to punish and has no appreciation for an extremely loving but somewhat misguided man.

The next few days brought more bad news that was not unexpected. I had phoned the hospital in Phoenix to see how Dad was doing and was told by a nurse that he had passed away during the night. I should have felt some remorse over his death but my own immediate situation took precedence over anything else. The nurse mentioned that his friends were taking care of the burial which would be held in three days to allow enough time for my arrival. I thanked her but knew that chances of leaving jail were very slim. At least my Father would be spared the knowledge of the notoriety falling on my head.

The next piece of bad news and possibly the worst imaginable came from my lawyer on her next visit to see me. She asked if I knew a woman named Kim who had three young daughters and if so, what the nature of the relationship was. I was stunned by her inquiry since Kim had been out of my thoughts for some time. I told Ms. Draker that we had been acquainted some time ago but the contacts had been very minor. Ann then informed me that Kim had seen my picture on the news and had been horrified to learn about my past. Apparently, she had agonized over the decision of whether to call the Police for awhile but finally contacted them. Now I was going to be charged with more violations that would push any chances of leniency out of picture. Ms. Draker had spoken to the District Attorney yesterday and was told that he was recommending the maximum sentence possible to the presiding Judge. She thought that pleading guilty and throwing myself on the mercy of the Court was the best thing to do. I was kind of numb after hearing her words and could not think logically for hours. I had tried to lead a decent life and except for a little quirk in my personality that Society frowned on, had done a pretty good job.

A really stern Judge could send me away for many years on the

pretext of protecting children and just about put an end to my life. I was helpless and could do nothing but wait for the Court hearing. The next few weeks in jail were filled with anxious thoughts and poor sleep. I read all the books available to keep my mind off the trouble that lay ahead but it turned out to be the most terrible period of my life. I did call my Father's house and spoke to one the elderly people who were watching the premises and was told that the funeral had been very dignified and well attended. I had been missed but everyone understood that it was impossible for me to be there. People were still waiting for me to show up and settle the estate matters. I thanked the woman and wondered how the assets could be managed without my presence. Then I thought of asking Ms. Draker if she find a reliable attorney in Phoenix who could liquidate the estate and put the money in an account for me. At least when I was a free man again, money would be available for living expenses.

Finally, after what seemed to be three eternities, the day of the hearing arrived and I was taken to a large hearings room where several people not known to me were sitting. Ms. Draker sat at my side and mentioned that several witnesses would be called to testify against me. Ann would try to soften their testimony and depict me as kinder, caring person to the Judge who would ultimately dictate the sentence. I didn't want to look at anyone in the room but did have a sensation of many eyes staring at the back of my head. There seemed to be an aura of hatred and disgust directed at me by people who had no idea of the kind of person I was. The District Attorney started the proceedings by summarizing my past record and the current charges against me. He was attempting to convince the Judge that I was a dangerous person who could not be trusted to roam the streets of the City. The prosecution was emphatic when stating that no children were safe from a fiend like me. While he spoke, I could see the Judge scribbling on his pad which didn't seem to bode well for me.

The first witness called was Dr. Konrad who gave a brief summary of my group experience. He mentioned that I was able to pass polygraphs because of an inherent belief that no wrongdoing or harm was befalling the children. The psychologist further added that he was treating victims of sex abuse who were in their sixties and had not yet gotten over the stigma and shame of what had been done to them as children. While he testified, the Judge scribbled more notes on his pad. Then Ms. Sagala was called as a witness and her testimony unveiled my web of lies and deceit including the ability to elude surveillance at-

tempts at keeping track of my movements. She spoke in a very calm voice and made it known that I was one of the worst sex offenders ever supervised by her office and there was really no trust in my willingness to ever comply with supervision requirements. The last witness and possibly the most damaging was Kim. She recounted our visits together with the kids and how I spent time alone with the girls in their bedroom. Kim also mentioned that her daughter, Lucy, had carefully detailed my touching of her body when we were alone. She became very angry and tearful when recounting how they all trusted me and thought that I was a responsible adult. Her words about my betrayal of her trust brought gasps from visitors sitting behind me and I could feel myself sinking right through the floor. Ms. Draker could do very little to soften or negate any of the testimony. At her summation, she asked the Court to show mercy to a mentally disturbed person who was in need of intensive treatment at a psychiatric hospital. The D.A. briefly repeated what was already stated by witnesses and asked for the maximum sentence. At the conclusion of the hearing, the Judge said he would take a brief recess and return with his decision. My attorney looked at me and sighed as if to say expect the worst, and then guards led me back to a cell until Court reconvened.

I felt kind of relieved that this matter was almost over even though it was not going well. There were no regrets over my actions and I'm not sure that if the chance presented itself again, that anything would turn out differently. Can I help it if little girls are the most precious things in the world to me? The guard came and took me back to the courtroom. I noticed that none of the people had left and sensed that most of them were looking to see me destroyed. The Judge entered and sat down, looking at his note pad. Then he started speaking about the protection of our children from people who could see no wrong in their abusive actions and would probably continue to commit them repeatedly. The Judge looked at me sternly and said I was a menace to Society who needed to be removed from circulation for a long time so that further victims were not created by me. He told me that I was a pitiful person who had made no attempt to stop the harm levied against helpless youngsters. After a few more minutes of haranguing me, the Judge simply stated that I was sentenced to a term of incarceration at a Department of Corrections Institution for a period of thirty five years. It was the maximum sentence that could be mandated and yet he sounded regretful that the term could not be longer. At that moment, cheers and applause came from the Court spectators until the Judge quieted

them. My attorney turned to me and said she would file an appeal but I knew that any such action would be useless. We shook hands and the guards led me back to the holding cell to await transportation to my next destination.

A short time later, I was taken by bus to an orientation institution for a month and then to my final home, a maximum security prison filled with sex offenders. I would be here a long time and had to find some meaningful use of my time or keeping sane might be a problem. Well, that's not important now because I'm sure that the entire sentence will have to be served before leaving this place. By that time, I'll be in my sixties and probably old and decrepit. What hurts the most is not the incarceration but not being able to love and touch sweet little girls anymore. It doesn't leave me much to live for and I can only blame myself for making stupid mistakes that led to my downfall. Too bad for me but more opportunities for the men out there who are willing to take my place in the world and I'm sure that many will.

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About the author:

Mitchell K. Stephens, Ph.D. is a psychologist who has studied, researched and taught college classes on sociopathy and sex offenders to Law Enforcement personnel for over thirty years. His contact with hundreds of these offenders has taken place in institutions and private settings and resulted in a keen understanding of the motivations and desires of these people.

His hope is that reading this book will help the Public understand more about the offender and create a greater alertness of their habits with the result of lessening these offenses as quickly as possible.

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