

# WHISPER TO A SCREAM

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*The author provides an honest, in-depth look at his early life, the horrors and abuses of life in prison, and the effects of trauma.*

We've all heard the expression: "what a difference a day makes." Time really does heal all wounds. Even the ones that are still rather fresh. This stuff is never easy to talk about. However, if we manage to save just one life, then relieving any discomfort will most certainly be worth it.

I was recently sexually assaulted. Now, I know what usually comes to mind after someone says that: imagery depicting those old Hollywood stereotypical prison scenes. This was not like that. Some old creepy bastard casually walked up to pinch me on my nipple. To him, he was simply playing around. Needless to say, I completely freaked out!

I started screaming at him: "You lost your mind? Keep your filthy hands off me! Ya dig? I won't tell you again." Of course, he laughs in my face, pinches the other one, says: "fuck you... you ain't gonna do shit," and turns like he's allowed to walk away. I caught him with a right hook that arcs around with an uppercut to it. WHAM! I think it might have lifted him off his toes a little bit. He lands flat on the floor with a loud thud, knocked out cold.

I'll spare you all the details of my profanity-laced tirade. Point is, it takes a lot to get me to that palace, and I can't stand this side of myself. Something in my head just snaps and it's like: "here we go." I feel like that scared little kid getting picked on all over again. I know I carry too much anger. Believe me... I've been trying to get some help with it all my life.

We live in a society that thinks it's okay to play mind games with each other. Folks will posture, poke, and prod at you; knowing full well their sole intent is to provoke you. That's how the game is played. They want to gang up on someone to degrade and demean a person, until they destroy them; just so they can all have a laugh to get their sick kicks. Well, all I have to say to that is: with friends like that - who needs enemies?

I turn 55 this year. This isn't my first time in prison. Ever since I was a little kid, I knew that people in authority rarely ever "see the bully." Yet, they usually catch folks like me if we strike back or lash out. I've been trying to figure out what is wrong with me for a very long time. Years ago, I finally took some tests after seeing a film and reading a book by Temple Grandin. I found out that I was on the autism spectrum

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I also learned that sexual assault doesn't always mean being "raped or penetrated." It is defined as: "any unwanted touching of your body in a sexual manner." In most cases, it's not even about sex. It's about POWER! It's about Mind Games. It's about that old fashioned bully mentality which makes someone think they can impose their will upon another.

In 6th grade, I remember coming home from school to find our house had been burglarized. The front door was open. Our dogs were jumping on the patio door. When I let them in, they ran growling and sniffing through every room of our home. They were traumatized. Everything was thrown on the floor. I called my mom. She told me to call the police. "Number's on the phone hon... I'll be right there!" This was years before 911.

The dogs followed me to my room. They were shaking as I gave them their treats and pet them to calm them down. I looked in my closet to find an old pair of sneakers where my new boots for school had been. Son of a bitch stole my shoes! I ran to the closet where my dad kept his guns. They were gone! In a panic, I called him at work to leave a message.

I don't need to explain: triggers, trauma, and the fight / flight response. What I will explain is that summer between 5th and 6th grade was a pivotal point in my life. I learned to fight. I learned to shoot. I also learned that anger is as dangerous as it is toxic. Mom and dad were getting divorced. Some neighbors had hurt me in ways that would psychologically damage me. Permanently. Way back then, nobody dared to talk about such things.

Over a hundred years ago, Mark Twain said some very prophetic words about where we're at today in America: "... if you want to see the dregs of a society - go watch the changing of the guard at your local prison..." Way back then, he KNEW where we were headed. And now, the: Mellons, Carnegies, Chases, Kaufmans, Pughs, Kochs, Gates; and every other think tank and philanthropic organization DO TOO! So why in God's name is everything getting worse instead of better?

I would tell you details that make your blood run cold. Only, I can't very well do that, unless my mail goes out as "privileged legal correspondence." Now I've been in contact with lots of attorneys and organizations. I'm not asking y'all to be "my legal representatives." What I will ask, is that we work together in every way possible, to unite against entities which have grown so powerful and corrupt that their organized criminal enterprises make the other mafiosos of the world look like a bunch of two bit street thugs. When they OWN: cops, judges, lawyers, and elected officials — death and destruction cling to them like stale cigarette smoke from a dark bar room.

There's so much more wrong with our "system" and this PRISON INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX, than people out there understand. These problems start WAY before prison. They start before cops, lawyers, judges, and politicians. Best I can tell, they started before I was even born. I'm not sure when our "criminal INjustice system" first began to be used as this default mechanism for our failing mental health and social services programs. So in the spirit of full disclosure, it's

high time we ALL begin “keeping it REAL” with each other. And we need to do it really fast.

Everybody knows a lot of these funds earmarked for “preventing problems early in life” - get: squandered, mismanaged, misappropriated; and for lack of better explanation: flat out EMBEZZLED!

People need to start thinking long and hard about how they treat each other. Used to be “Made in America” was the trademark slogan for quality manufacturing and production. Today, we produce more sociopaths, psychopaths, and degenerates; faster than anyplace else on earth. And I really could care less about what kind of “label” you want to put on me. I’m going to improvise, adapt, and overcome to exceed ANY environment to which I have been placed.

Please don’t judge my family by what I have been “forced to become.” I come from good stock; a loving christian home. Humble, working class country folks who made it through depressions and wars to raise their families by the sweat of their brow and the strength of their resolve.

Therefore, make no mistake about my resolve! I live by a very simple tenet: “Don’t start none — won’t BE NONE!” Ya dig? I pray every day for God to take this burden from me. This thorn in my flesh, is there food a reason, as Paul so eloquently put it. It keeps me humble. It causes me to think about the greater good. The needs of my community. It makes me more compassionate and considerate of others. After all, I did not start this terrible war.

I’m sick and tired of the bullies of this world! I’m not the one people need to worry about. Right this second, somewhere, there is a child getting beat up every day at school. Simply because he/she is... different. Right this second, somewhere out there, a child is being hurt in reprehensible ways; simply because some animal wants to demean, degrade, and destroy them. Somewhere, right this second... a seed was planted.

When this bitter root brings forth its hateful fruit, it will once again make national news. The names, faces, and numbers change. One more candlelight vigil. One more close up of flowers at some make-shift memorial. A face on a t-shirt. A plaque on a stone. A letter on some politician’s desk that is quickly forgotten as soon as some lobbyist with millions of dollars in blood money greases a few more palms or contributes to the next campaign fund. From coffers to coffins; it’s all the same. Don’t you EVER think for one second that you don’t have a voice. WE ALL DO! USE IT!