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# TINA'S TALE

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Her story, in her words



As far back as I can remember we have always been outsiders of some kind and always on the run. My mother used to say that the masses just couldn't understand how we were right and how their lifestyles were destroying humanity. Daddy never liked how they called us a cult. He would say how to most; a cult was just a religion that they didn't follow. Some people call Catholics or the Mormons a cult. My uncle Joseph told me that we must accept what the majority calls us on the surface but never in our hearts. He would say how the government would use such tactics to control the people much like how they used their public education and social politics. It's funny to look back at what he and my parents would say considering where I am now. They would say how society was a prison and that the only true freedom is in your hearts and minds. I may be locked up here for the rest of my life, but I am as free as my mind can go and as free as my heart can feel.

As was our tradition my father married my mother when she was thirteen. She said how it changed her in many ways but most of all it made her see how traditions were important. I can't say the same. Maybe because my husband died so early or how he died. More on that later. I guess I should go back to the beginning. One of the first things I can remember was we were always on the move. Daddy took jobs where he could, but he kept us moving as was the tradition, so people didn't interfere with our beliefs. Then when I was around six my uncle, Joseph helped daddy find a house and job where we could settle down with like-minded families. I remember seeing my room for the first time. I had never had a whole room to myself before, and it felt so big and claustrophobic at the same time. Not that I understood what claustrophobic meant at the age of six. That room was no bigger than the cell I occupy now. The community needed mom to work so unlike the generation that came before me I was to be educated by the state in a public school. Our religion tells us not to use our given names, so Ingrid became Tina.

Daddy told me to make friends and watch them and see just how society corrupts them. Most of all they had to be the right kind of people. In my time here in prison, I learned what words to use and what not to say so I won't use the words I would if I was free. When daddy said "right" he meant white and most of all no one of that faith. In week two of that first schooling, I was approached by a girl with blonde hair and fair skin. What daddy would have called one of

God's children. Her name was Jennifer, and she became my best friend and worst enemy. I remember just how my father reacted when he saw her. While I had the blonde hair, it wasn't the same as Jennifer. She was what he would have wanted as a daughter. As we grew up together, she also became the kind of girl he would have wanted as a wife or at least in his bed. I could see his disappointment on his face when we were together as well as the growth in his pants. Is it wrong to say daddy had wood for my frenemy? Because of our beliefs, my mom gave me drugs to force both puberty and development early. It was my job to marry and have children to keep the line going. When I turned thirteen, I would get a husband and my time in school was to end. At least that was the plan but more on that later.

Somewhere around the age of ten, Jennifer and I joined what would be our gang. It became known as the gang of J's because of how many girls were named some sort of Jennifer. Now of course little miss perfect would have never used such a name. For some reason even though I was more of a woman than her, Jennifer would always get the attention. I was a C-cup long before she was out of her training bra but the boys all wanted her. To be fair, I wasn't allowed to be around boys. A first kiss would happen on my wedding night along with other firsts. My everything belonged to my husband. I think it was then when I started to hate her and the others. Their society teaches that life is a series of experiences and you should live for those experiences. Your first day of school, first kiss, first fuck, and other firsts that eventually make you who you are. My life was built around being someone's wife and a mother. Now I am a widow, and I have a son that I will never see.

As with everything I experienced those first long before the others. Despite what Jennifer would tell you is that meat sack Zander wasn't Jennifer's first. Her first time was in our sophomore year with a guy whose name I just don't care to remember. She doesn't talk about it because it was so quick and nasty. If you listen to her, nothing in her world was nasty until that night at the pool. I like to think he forced himself on her, but I know I shouldn't think like that. One night about two days after my thirteenth birthday my daddy came into my room with a man. Hans was nineteen and now my husband. Daddy told me to do as I was told. Hans stripped down to his boxers and got into bed with me. The bed was a twin and not big enough for two, but we

managed. He didn't do anything sexual that night. That is, we didn't have sex. He touched me and kissed me but nothing else. He later told me I was crying making it too hard to get hard. All I remember from that night was the feeling of his hands on my breasts and his penis on my ass as he held me close. We would sleep that way from then on until Jennifer murdered him. About a week went by and nothing. I came to understand that while Hans was strong, he was also weak, and I would have to take control. That night I came to bed naked and told him to do the same. Both of us knew that it was against the rules for me to give orders to my husband, but we also knew that he would never act on his own. That night we finally consummated our marriage.

For a few years after that, I had to listen to these girls talk about boys and their parts. Sex was on everyone's minds and like every time before I was first, but I couldn't tell them that. In our group, a girl named Tammy was the first to as she said, "do it." She and some random junior hooked up after a football game. From how she described it the whole thing sounded suspect, but I had no way to explain how I would know that. While she bragged about a seventy-second sex act, I had nightly intercourse with a man who was now in his twenties with the goal of getting me pregnant. I was told that to keep going to school until I was pregnant which was unusual for us. We were to learn to read and write so we can teach our children then the elder men would teach the boys in the ways of the outside world. Time went on, and my husband started to stray. I think he was disappointed with our relationship. He thought he would be in charge. The law said he could do what he wanted if his side-girl weren't a member of the church.

About a week before the first day of my last year in high school I pissed on a stick, and it turned blue. I was pregnant, and that meant no senior year for me. I was to quit school and move to a place where we could raise our child away from those people that knew us. I knew that the J's would go on to have these lives that would mean nothing. Human filler for a world filled with worthless people. I know I am better than them. I didn't want to leave them without doing something about that. I was a woman, and they were nothing. It was about this time when Hans told me about this girl he touched. He is such a child. I told him that I want to do the same thing with a guy and he said yes. Somehow my daddy found out about it and told me I could if Hans could kill the boy when I was done. It was about this time when Jennifer told me about the pool

party. I thought that I could get some then we could clear some of the deadwood from the ocean of humanity. In one night we would cleanse the world of the J's, or that was the plan.

I was naked with a man every night so getting naked with a group of boys didn't seem that scary. Also, I knew how this night was supposed to end. We took our tops off and the boys that weren't already naked stripped. If I had my choice, I would have taken the meat sack named Zander, but as usual, Jennifer got to him first. His co-captain was nearly as well built and was ready for more than a little touch and feel. I took him into the stands and took him right there in front of everyone. As if they would live long enough to talk about it. I brought with me some of the men we called enforcers. Thick-necked goons who liked to do things that didn't fit well with the church. When it was needed they killed for the family. They waited with Hans for me to finish then signal. From there all the fun was supposed to happen, but somehow Jennifer got in the way. I won't go into the story, but she did, and somehow, she made herself out to be an action hero when it was gravity that saved her.

After that night we were on the run. My husband was dead and soon so was my mother. She was shot down like a dog in the streets by the government goons. I made it to the center of our religion here in America. In the deserts of Arizona was a town named Johnstown. It was burned to the ground sometime in the 1890's. The founder of our religion made it our haven from the outside world. A place where we could be us. Our religion was founded in Germany in the late 1930's around a man that was a true prophet. After his death, the faith went into hiding. Because of all the persecution, our faith made our own language. A mix of German, French, English and a few lesser tongues that only we would know. This mix fostered an accent that doesn't sound like any of those languages and was hard to cover as a child. Our symbol was that of four boxes tilted to one side. Look at a swastika. The spaces in between them became our way to honor the prophet Hitler while remaining in hiding.

Some time passed but not my hatred for Jennifer. She had to die before my baby was born. It was around the Prom, and I knew that the J's would be at it with all that stupid

Americana crap. I have or rather had this cousin that worked as a DJ, so she could gain access to houses and inventory them for later liberation for our needs. Some would say Helena was a thief, but I say she was an artist. She went by the name Flaming Lib so that the stupid sheep people would think she was one of them. Through her contacts, she learned about the lame-ass Prom and the After Prom. From there we devised a plan to not only deal with the J's but most of my old class. As if they were in my kind of class. Like before I won't go into details. Jennifer did in her story as like before she was such a hero, blah, blah whatever. We did kill off many of my former class as well as several of the J's. I almost did away with the meat sack Zander, but then things ended. On the way out, we found Tammy hiding in a bush.

The enforcers had their way with her then we taped her to a chair and tossed her into the pool. She struggled a bit then went still and just like that another one down. I knew that we could lure Jennifer out if she thought that Tammy was still alive, so I called her and told her to come alone. Of course, she didn't, but her backup was two girls that got stuck in the tunnel between the high school and the pool building. That night didn't end anything but my freedom and Helena's life. For some reason that I don't know some Russian mobsters followed the other two girls. They killed Helena but stopped short of killing me. I think it was the police that stopped them. I went to jail then prison and Jennifer went on to college. I had my baby, and the government took him away from me. To add insult to injury, they adopted him to a mixed-race lesbian couple. The great, great-grandson of Adolf Eichmann was being raised in an atmosphere where he would never know just how important he is. The family said they would rescue him when the heat was off. I hope that will be soon and long before they poison his mind.

Time passed, and I found myself in a small barred room then court then back to that room. My defense team tried to make me into a victim, but the jury knew better. Forty life sentences plus an additional twenty-five years just for good measure. It was during that time when we developed our next plan. After some angry notes, I was banned from contacting Jennifer, but I still had my prison network, and they helped with the simple bag and grab that put Jennifer and one of the other in the trunk of a car. I think it was one of the Jenn's, but I don't know which. After they did a little house clearing, that is my goons killed off what's her names

family she helped us set up Jennifer. After a few days, I found out that they failed and both girls lived. There was talk that I might be charged with the new deaths and this time they would go for the death penalty. That would be fine, I would die as a martyr for our cause, and the resulting anger would eventually kill off the rest of the J's including Jennifer. The night I found out about the failure I was brought out of my cell and nearly beaten to death by a couple of guards that were related to what's her name. To make things worse, both then took turns on me. The woman used a baton, and the man used his own fleshy stick.

After the beating and rape, I was moved to a special super-max prison where I found out I was somehow pregnant again. It took Hans nearly four years to do it, but it took this guard just one time. My lawyers said it would be better if I kept the baby. One said how they might not put a pregnant girl on death row. What my lawyers don't know is that my family works in my prison and they are working on the way to free me and reunite me with my son, and yes, I am keeping the baby. The guard was both white and blonde so he would fit in with our beliefs. When the time is right, I will escape then flee to a place that won't send me back. It is surprising how many countries won't send a person back if they face death. From there I will deal with Jennifer and the meat sack Zander. I will show them I am better than them. I am going to win.