
A Sixteen-Year-Old Sexual Predator

My name is Andy and I am a sixteen-year-old boy from Iowa. I have one younger sister who has the same dad as me. I also have a younger brother who has a different dad. I am going to share my life to tell about how I ended up where I am today: A sixteen-year-old predator that is locked up like an animal and faces the likelihood of being on the Sexual Offender Registry for the rest of my life.

Growing up, I did not have much of a family life to speak of. I really don't remember knowing my dad. I heard stories about him being a man who drank a lot. My mom says that he used drugs too. I guess he used to get drunk and beat my mom up. She told me that he used to hurt both me and my little sister. The only memories that I have of him are when he was yelling at all of us. My dad left my mom, my sister, and me when I was about three years old. I don't care if I ever meet him because I don't know what I would do. It probably would not be good, and I don't need any more trouble in my life. From what I have heard, he was an asshole anyway.

Our family didn't have much money. I don't remember my mom ever having a job. We lived in the same apartment until I was about five years old. It had one bedroom and that is where my mom slept. I usually took turns with my sister sleeping on a mattress or on the couch. When my little brother was born he would usually sleep in my mom's bed. That apartment was always messy and dirty. I remember that my mom always had a lot of friends coming over to party. Sometimes us three kids had to sleep in the bedroom together because my mom and her friends would be drinking and playing music all night long. We had to move out of that place because we couldn't pay the rent anymore.

We moved into a house with a guy named Billy that my mom was friends with. Billy was an asshole too. He fought with my mom a lot. I can't remember how many nights I laid in bed and listened to them yell. Sometimes Billy would hit my mom and push her around the house. That made me really mad, but my mom always told me not to say anything about it because he let us live with him and that he really didn't mean to

hurt her. Billy sometimes treated us kids pretty good, but when he was drinking beer, he would get mad a lot. When he got mad at us, nobody wanted to be around him. Since I was the oldest, he would usually take it out on me by throwing things at me or pushing me around. My mom would try sticking up for me, but it didn't really change anything that he did.

Sometimes Billy tried to be nice to us. He took us places and tried to be my dad. When I was about eight, Billy told me that he wanted to teach me to be a man. One night, after all the other kids went to bed, he put in a video. It was a pornographic movie that showed a guy having sex with two different women at the same time. I remember being scared and confused. I didn't understand what it was or why I was watching this. Billy told me that when a man liked a girl, he used his dick to show her how he felt. Billy made me stay up and watch those movies about once a week for a long time. A couple of times, my mom also stayed and watched them with us when she was home. Billy was always drunk when we did this. One time when Billy and my mom came home really drunk, they took off their clothes and did the same thing that the people on TV were doing. I remember Billy being on top of my mom and I was scared that he was going to hurt her. I didn't like watching them have sex, but Billy made me. That happened more and more often as I got older. I asked my mom about all of this and she said that it was just part of growing up, because that's what adults do. She always made sure to tell me that I shouldn't tell anybody.

Billy also taught me how to masturbate. He would give me magazines with naked women in them and tell me not to let my younger brother find them. I started masturbating to these magazines a couple of times a week. I never thought that any of this was different because Billy and my mom always said that it was normal. Billy and my mom would always have parties and lots of people would come over and drink and do drugs. One night this lady named Tammy took me into a room and I had my first sexual experience. She played with my penis for a while. She also showed me her tits. I was very scared and didn't know what was going on. She was very nice to me and told me that I was a very good boy. Tammy told me not to tell anybody about our little secret. She did this about three or four other nights in all, and one time she made me put my fingers inside of her. Tammy was my mom's age and I was only nine-years-old. There was one

other night that I was using the bathroom and an older guy walked in. I was scared and tried to hurry up but he told me to stay there. When he touched my penis somebody started yelling in the other room, so I ran out of the bathroom. This totally freaked me out so I told my mom and she got really mad and yelled at the guy. He called me a liar and they eventually forgot about it and went back to drinking beer. I didn't realize it at the time, but all of these times I was being sexually abused. I had no idea at the time, but this abuse would be a big influence on the rest of my life.

I thought that sex was what life should be about. It wasn't so much that I enjoyed it, as it was my way to express myself and "control" others. From age eleven to age fourteen I was involved in countless sexually motivated acts. I masturbated nonstop. I stole underwear from my mom and sister so that I could masturbate in them. I touched girl's butts at recess time in school. I flashed people, showing off my body. I drew dirty pictures and wrote dirty letters and gave them to other kids. I also did things that are probably unthinkable to most of you. I played doctor with my little sister and put my finger inside of her pussy. One day when I was playing house with a neighbor girl I showed her my penis and played with her pussy. One night my mom and Billy came home drunk. My mom passed out on the couch. Billy took off her shorts and told me to fuck her, so I did for a couple minutes until he told me to move so that he could do it. I was never interested too much in boys, but one time I played with my little cousin's penis. This was all normal to me and I never saw it as a problem, just something to be quiet about.

My teachers at school must have noticed that something was different about me because they called my mom and told her that I was harassing girls at school and was making too many "naughty" comments. My mom had to come and get me from school a few times because the teachers said that I was "stalking" girls at the school. When I was thirteen I walked into a girl's house without knocking. Her parents didn't like me and they had warned me not to come over. The girl wasn't in the house and when I walked out, her parents came home and called the police. I ended up getting charged with trespassing. The judge made me do community service work.

Later that same year, I got into trouble again. I had been giving a girl dirty notes and pictures during class and she told the teacher about it. They suspended me from

school. Then I started calling her house a whole lot and her parents got mad. One day after school, I followed her home and tried to talk to her. Her parents called the police and they charged me with harassment. This time I got put onto probation and had a probation officer. I also had to go see a psychiatrist. They made me go to counseling because they thought that I had some sort of mental problem. The whole time, I never told any of them about all of the stuff that I was doing.

When I turned fourteen I got into trouble again. This time it was because I had tried to kiss a girl at a party. When she tried to stop me, I grabbed her crotch. She pushed me, so I shoved her down and told her that I was going to kill her. One of the adults grabbed me and called the police. They came and took me to a juvenile detention center. I stayed there for a whole month. I never once told anybody about what I had done all the other times. When I got out, I told myself that I would not do anything to anybody any more. About two months later, I saw a girl that had been in the detention center with me. We started kissing and I tried to take her pants off. She told me not to, but I kept trying anyway. I ended up tearing her underwear and she punched me. Her mom called the police and I got locked up again. This time, they told me that I was going to get sent away for a long time. It happened, and I have not been able to walk free ever since then. That was nearly two years ago.

Since that last incident, I have been living in a locked down treatment center with other boys like me. For about the first six months, I kept everything that I had done inside of me. I was bound and determined to hide it all. Eventually, I started talking about the four times that I got into trouble with the police. As time went by, I started to talk more and more. I discovered that there were people that I could trust and they actually wanted to help me. I talked about what had happened with Billy and my mom. I talked about being abused by other adults. I talked about abusing other people. I talked about all of those things that I had promised to keep hidden. I can't tell you how good it felt to get out all of the shit that had built up for so many years. None of it was easy. I began to see that I was an animal that hurt many people. For so many years, I felt like a victim, but never realized that I was doing the same thing to others. It still doesn't make any sense that I could become a person that I hated.

The reality is that I will deal with impulses the rest of my life. I will likely be placed on the Sexual Offender Registry. For the rest of my life, people will know what I have done and will fear me and hate me for it. I have learned that there is no way of changing what has happened, but I am bound and determined to keep it from happening again. I have realized that I am a very sick person and will struggle with that illness for years to come. I wish that things could have been different. I wish that I would have had a normal life. I wish that I never would have met those bastards like Billy, Tammy, and that other guy. I wish that my mom would have loved me more and taken better care of me. Most of all, I wish that I would have made better decisions for myself and would not have hurt all those other people that I offended.

Each and every day, I hope that I will get the chance to be free again. I want to be like everyone else who can walk around in the community. I have come to hate these locked doors more than anything. My goal is to complete this treatment program within the next three months. That would be two whole years behind these doors. If I can do that, I may get the chance to return to my family and society. There is also a chance that they may still say that I am too big of a threat and likely to re-offend. I may simply be moved into another locked facility, such as the state training school, until I turn eighteen years old. Only time will tell just what my future will hold for me.

CRITICAL THINKING QUESTIONS

1. What do you think contributed to his sexual deviancy?
2. Do you believe that he belongs on a Sexual Offender Registry?
3. What do you think will happen to him?
4. If you were his treatment agent, how would you treat him?