



**Secrets Of The PKA**  
pcam0302

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# Chapter 1

## New Chapter

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It's in the eyes. Yes I can tell by a man's eyes if his thoughts of children are the right and proper thoughts of a normal human being. Whether he feels real pleasure at a child's smile or an unreal tingle. Whether he feels genuine warmth at the touch of a child's hand or a secret stirring. Whether his motives are those of the fatherly protector or the merciless molester. Yes, I can tell.

Mirrors of the soul? Perhaps. But two-way mirrors that can be easily penetrated by the PKA to provide evidence of their owner's intent. I can peer straight through to the evil, pierce the outer covering of respectability and reveal the ugliness within. Unfortunately for the thieves of childhood innocence this ability is common to most PKA members. So unless the gods of perversion are providing round the clock protection for their deviant disciples, discovery and retribution are only a matter of time. Somebody has to be able to do it. More importantly somebody has to be willing to do something about it.

So here I sit in this eight-foot by twelve-foot room writing of the past successes of the PKA. Being a lifer gives me the privacy of a single cell and lots of time to think and write. No cellmate to divert my train of thought. Of course there are still the occasional shouts from other inmates after lock up that float around the central courtyard and rise past the cloudy sentries to the heavens. All in all though, long-term prisons are pretty peaceful places, especially at night. Most of the men just want to get on with their time as quietly as they can with as little disruption as possible.

When I first started my scribblings it was just a way of passing time. They are never pretty they are always grotesque. They are never funny

they are always tragic. They are never believable unless you are one of us, but most of all they are never lies.

At this point I should say that no member of the PKA or child victim will be identified by name. And although I'd love to, believe me, for legal reasons, namely being used in evidence against us, no offender or his burial place will be identified too closely. I'm not even sure I could remember them all anyway. After all why should scum be afforded a memory that would serve as an epitaph? They just don't deserve it. They deserve exactly what they got – excruciating pain and ignominious death. Bastards!

Therefore, I leave it for the normal reader to ponder and for the deviant reader to wonder as to the authenticity of my story. Do we really exist? Alternatively, are we just a figment of my overly fertile imagination? Let me try and help you decide.

Believe it or not I count myself lucky to be serving only one life sentence. I'd need to be reincarnated fifty times over to serve the years the law would deem appropriate punishment for my crimes. Yes, so lucky.

As most thinking people will agree, prison is just a state of mind. What was it the poet said? -Lovelace I think – 'Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage.' How right he was. Even outside I was serving a sentence of the mind after the loss of my little girl. My beautiful eight years and ten months old daughter. I loved her more than life itself and indeed still do- her memory at least. I hadn't missed my weekly visit to her grave for fourteen years, until I came in here. Fourteen years that have not diminished the intensity and magnitude of my love for her. Yes, the one thing I can affirm solemnly is the strength of the father daughter bond. It is a strange, satisfying and extremely powerful phenomenon. I am sure there are millions of fathers in this world who will testify to that. There will also be a proportion of renegades who would rather ravage than love their daughters, but more of that type shortly.

The other phenomenon is the mother son bond which I know exists but cannot attest to as firmly, not being a mother and only being an active part of that pairing for three years before my mother's death. My memory isn't that good. Some things you can't forget, some things you don't want to forget, some things you won't allow yourself to forget, some things you shouldn't forget. Other things are just too long ago.



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