

An open letter to the community -

I am writing today in an attempt to correct a poor message I sent last fall, in the form of a plea offer, via a letter to the Alaska Dispatch News. In that letter I suggested that my sentence should be no longer than those served by my victims and my abuser. That suggestion resonated with many in the public, but I write to correct that sentiment now.

There is no place for vigilante justice in an ordered society and I want to deter others that find themselves in a similar position as I found myself in the summer of 2016.

To those who understand how it feels to live through abuse and carry it with you, let me share my story in an effort to prevent its repetition. I was born here in Anchorage in 1975. My father adopted me around the age of 4. Both of my parents were dedicated Christians and had us in every church service available, two or three each week. So you can imagine the horror and confusion I experienced when this man who adopted me began using the late, late night 'prayer' sessions to molest me. Also, he beat me with a custom made 2x4. I recall the scribed handle with wrapped tape to protect his hands, and holes drilled the length of the device. He preferred to use a two handed grip and beat me between my butt and the backs of my knees. These beatings were quite frequent and some days it was difficult to stand upright.

My older brother ran away from home at some point, and I was devastated that he would abandon me with these people. He was eventually arrested as a runaway and decided to tell the police the truth. As a result of the investigation, they charged and later convicted my adoptive father, Larry Lee Fulton, of 2nd Degree abuse of a minor. I am ashamed to recall the sessions when I was questioned privately by the

ator, for some reason, I lied and downplayed the abuse. I remember that my family had decided my brother was wrong to have gone to the police and that he shouldn't have told anyone. I can attest that ultimately it didn't really matter what was said or done, his plea deal gave him a suspended sentence, not one single day in jail for beating and molesting his children. Immediately after this occurred, they pulled me out of school, sold the house in Anchorage, and moved us out to Wasilla. There I was placed in homeschool and the isolation was complete. The State of Alaska did no follow-ups, no periodic check-ins, no mandatory counseling for the kids involved - nothing. I was thirteen or fourteen when my brother ran away, by the time I was about sixteen, I couldn't take the beatings anymore and began thinking of running away. I had always been a hard worker, commercial fishing, working for hunting guides, bagging groceries at Safeway, but no amount of work could keep me away from home all the time, I began saving whatever money I could. After climbing out my bedroom window one night in Wasilla, I came back the next day to retrieve my belongings. I found what they were allowing me to keep in trash bags on the front porch. They withheld my driver's license and social security card, I recall my mother saying, "they didn't want to facilitate my flight into sin." I was trying to put as much distance as I could between myself and the torments of home, so I flew to Spokane, Washington.

I found work easily in Spokane, but soon learned I would not be paid without a State ID. Hungry and desperate, 1000's of miles from my hometown, I looked for money left where I could take it, Health Clubs and gyms, I began stealing from lockers. About five months after arriving in Washington, police arrested me for theft and forging checks. I then did my first stint in Juvenile Hall. Nine months later I was out, but soon returned for similar crimes. Most of all, I feared being sent home, but it never came up. Being a thief and a liar fit nicely with my lack of self-worth, my silent understanding that I was worthless, a throw away. The foundations

laid in my youth never went away. They simply remained hidden and everything I chose to do was built on those thoughts and feelings from the past. I had started down a long winding path of deception and self-abuse. I became a full-time regular pot smoker to try and dull the painful effects of my upbringing. I attempted to hold regular jobs, and was successful for periods of time, but without any support system or real family circle to relate to, I continually made poor choices that cost me.

At 18, I was arrested for driving without a license. This happened about eight times over the next two to three years. Each time, I would spend a month in prison, each time a little longer than the last. By age 20, I had spent roughly half my adult life in jail. Moving from city to city in the lower 48 became the norm for me. I followed the construction jobs wherever they led and lived only for the moment. If a project ended, and I was laid-off, I wouldn't hesitate to steal to support myself. This behavior continued as I matured, never saving money or planning for tomorrow, I existed only in the moment. Time and again, my choices reflect a lack of concern for myself and others. Many, many nights I simply wanted to die.

Ten years ago, I decided to move back to Alaska, I wanted to start over and live free in my home state. Maybe I could settle down and find some happiness in this beautiful place. I managed to do well until I lost my slope job, again I stole some credit-cards and got myself sent to prison for a six year sentence. Upon my release, I intended to live quietly, enjoy my freedom, and try to find satisfaction in the little things. This was short-lived, I soon violated my parole and was arrested for eluding, I served three more years in prison for that offense.

This takes us to the summer of 2016, I was living simply, taking joy and satisfaction in the basics. Little things, like grocery shopping, mowing the lawn, and pulling weeds brought me great happiness. I began to hear things in the community

Kids being molested, rumors of men abusing their positions of authority to take advantage of children, I thought back to my experiences as a child and felt the overwhelming desire to act. I took matters into my own hands and assaulted three pedophiles. In one instance, upon breaking into the house, the man immediately began punching me, I reached for a weapon, a hammer, and I fractured his skull. I regret that deeply, and am sorry I took things that far. It was never my intention for someone to be that seriously injured.

I want my story to serve as a deterrent. My choices led me to where I currently sit, looking at twenty years in prison. If you have already lost your youth, like me, due to a child abuser, please do not throw away your present and your future by committing acts of violence. There are many kind and loving things we can do to protect children. We must be patient, respect the law, and hope that someday, those of us who have been cast aside, will be remembered. Please, do not set out like I did, cherish your own life and freedom, learn from my story and seek peace, not retribution. If you hear of someone abusing children in your neighborhood, or if you want to take matters into your own hands, please call someone who loves you and talk it out.

I offer all of you this view of my life in the hope that it will help people avoid the pitfalls and traps I walked into. I began serving my life sentence many, many years ago, it was handed down to me by an ignorant, hateful, poor substitute for a father. I now face losing most of the rest of my life due to a decision to lash out at people like him. To all those who have

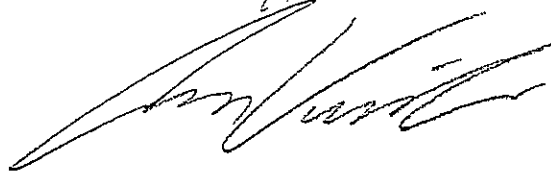
fred like I have, love yourself and those around you,
this is truly the 'only way forward.

There is time left for you to avoid my predicament,
but for me, I will face a sentence dictated by the law.
The course of my life is now inextricably intertwined
with the operation of state law. Though I have been
resentful of this in the past, I now accept it as the
only legitimate way that civilized people should regulate
conduct and maintain order. On December 13th, when I
am sentenced, I will accept as fair, whatever sentence
my judge imposes.

I urge anyone who reads this to engage the
proper channels to effect positive change. Do not glamorize
my actions, believe me when I say -

There is nothing glamorous about my
life now.

Sincerely,



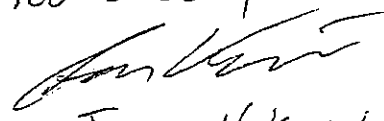
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Ms. Hanlon,

Thank you so much for responding to my letter. I appreciate your professionalism and the direct manner of your reporting. I am completely open to an interview and have offered one to no one else. I will include a separate written authorization for the D.O.C. with this letter. My only request is that you please co-ordinate with Ember Tilton, his office number is 8274-0939. Through the miraculous kindness of strangers, I was able to retain him to represent me at sentencing, that date has been pushed now to January 3rd. I am certain that he will be amenable to an interview, he may wish to sit in or observe.

Once again, thank you for your response, obviously the probable outcome is not in my favor. I am currently hovering in that thin space before resolution, when the cards might, but probably will not - fall in my favor. Maybe I can extract something positive out of all of this, prevent this sort of outcome for others ~~~~~ Then it doesn't matter so much how it turns out for me.

Thanking You Indeed,



Jason Vukovich