

The Conyers Mystery

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With Liberty And Justice For All

Jane Young

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THE CONYERS MYSTERY

(With “LIBERTY and JUSTICE” for All)

IN-JUSTICE - Part 2

By Jane Young

Chapter 13

Ten days later, Warden Julia Edmunds received a letter from Judge Edna Martin. The letter confirmed that the prisoner Marie Rebecca Conyers #840344 confined at Twin Valley / Training Services – and that this woman was the same person that Judge Martin had sentenced to fifteen to thirty years, seven months. The letter also contained the Courts approval for cosmetic surgery on Conyers in anticipation that after the corrective procedure it was hoped the woman would stop her incessant complaining she wasn't Conyers.

“See Thelma, I told you, if we made prisoner #840344 look as much as possible like Conyers the judge would confirm our position. By pointing out the fact we found her within ten feet of the prison travel uniform. Judge Martin came here expecting to see Conyers and that is exactly who she saw. By hairstyle and clothing we confirmed her preconceived notion that she was seeing the same person she sent to us. Now if Conyers is never found our count will always be correct and the perfect record of Twin Valley under my stewardship will remain intact.”

“What do we do now, Julia?”

“We talk to Dr. Wanda Folmer and get the operation scheduled and completed quickly. Then Conyers can get on with her womanhood. She won’t be able to claim to anyone that she is a male. Her body will belie her. We won’t need to keep using a blocker for Testosterone. Slow time-release implanted wafers can replace daily estrogen pills. After five years the implant will have melted away and Marie will need a new implant to maintain her feminine figure. She will want the new implant because Marie’s brain will have been permanently rewired so that once she is out of prison she will be of the opinion that she has always been a woman.”

Julia continued speaking, “Marie will see a woman in every mirror she passes. She may even question the motives of the people who raised her, but then deserted her. Marie may think they were trying to steal money from some hidden trust fund set up by her true parents or she may think they have some other devious scheme on their mind. Marie will be convinced in her mind that the Whittles must have known she was adopted, but withheld the truth about who she really was from her. Then they sent her to that Pine Wood

Girls School because they wouldn't be able to hide the truth of her femaleness from her much longer. The new Marie Conyers will be convinced that she is a woman no matter what any other person tells her."

Two weeks later Marie was escorted into the dispensary on the assumption she was going to get a flu shot. When the shot was administered, she soon faded into oblivion. Twenty-four hours later the former John slowly regained consciousness and realized she was in unrelenting pain in her groin. She wondered if a flu shot could be that potent.

Marie asked the attending nurse, "If this much pain was usual with a flu shot."

She was told, "The doctor would be in to see her shortly and possibly her pain could be eased at that time."

When the doctor talked to Marie and informed her that the anomaly that caused her to perceive her self as a male had been corrected and now she was the woman she was always destined to be.

The former John said, "What did you say Doctor?"

"We repaired your detached vagina and removed your ovaries that were outside your body. This will allow you to be functioning woman after you heal. Your vagina is completely opened into your body now. I will remove all the stitches in a few days and you will then completely heal. I will remove any scar tissue and make sure everything is in perfect order. I will perform that procedure in about two years. That should fix you for the remainder of your life."

"You made a woman out of me. But I was happy being a boy."

“You were never a boy. You were always a girl waiting for estrogen to show the world your curves.”

“Are you saying I have always been a girl, but that it wasn’t recognized as such by my parents, teachers, family and friends?”

“Yes, but you must realize they weren’t trained to recognize it or weren’t looking for it. I have been trained in this phase of medicine and I don’t think I would have recognized it either until estrogen began sculpting your body.”

“Maybe my parents did recognize it and sent me to that girl’s school and camp to see if I would recognize it myself. They probably felt ashamed that they failed to recognize it earlier and didn’t know how to tell me without hurting my feelings once they were aware of the problem.”

“That may well have been the situation Marie. I never talked to either of them about that possibility so my answer is only conjecture at this time. Possibly if you are good and get out of here as scheduled, you can get answers to questions like that from your parents.”

After John was alone again he thought to himself, if I had just gone to Pine Wood School and cooperated with their program I wouldn’t be in this damned mess. It is all my stupidity. It appears my parents knew what they were doing when I was sent to Pine Wood Girls School. They somehow learned I was going to grow into womanhood, but because they raised me as a boy they couldn’t face the truth so off to school I went and was scheduled to continue when all this came to light. They knew the faculty and staff of the school who were detached from the problem would insist that I learn to live a girl’s life. After I returned home Mom and Dad thought I knew the whole story so they never raised

the issue except to insist that I continue to wear dainties. Many girls wear boy's jeans and shirts so I was allowed to get more use from those I possessed until I needed new things which would have been replaced with girl clothes. Again I have been resisting what was deemed best for me under difficult but changing circumstances and again I have been proved wrong by circumstances. I am too skeptical of the motives of people trying to help me."

The nurse said, "I don't know if what you said is true or not, but I do know Marie Conyers, we have found and corrected a problem with your anatomy. Now when you return to normal society you will have had enough time to rehabilitate yourself. Don't waste your time Conyers. Teach yourself a useable skill as you live out your prison sentence. When you are released you'll still be a young viable woman, but no one will pay for your meals or to keep you out of the weather or keep clothing on your back. That will be your responsibility. If you don't have employable skills you'll revert to crime again."

Dr. Folmer overheard this last pronouncement as she approached Marie's bed.

"What crime is that? I'm going to be here for a while aren't I, doctor?"

"Yes you will be incarcerated until the sentence for your crime has been served."

"How long will that be?"

"I don't know. You'll need to talk to someone who knows the answer to that question?"

"I've been screwed haven't I Doctor?"

"No. I'm sure you got a sentence here commensurate with your past sins."

“To change the subject Doctor can I have something for the pain now?”

“The nurse will give you something in another hour.”

“Why not now Doctor?”

“It is important your body learn to cope with your discomfort without chemical intervention. Each dose of medicine you receive will be administered at greater and greater time spans. Hopefully in a day or two you will have been successfully weaned from drugs and you won't need any more pain-killers. opefully H”

Dr Folmer said, “Julia I have fixed Marie Conyers as your have requested based on the authorization of Judge Edna Martin.”

“That is exactly as I predicted the judge's position. She knew that the John Whittle story was a fake and that Marie was trying to get sent to a mental hospital where her family's wealth and influence could be used to get her out of jail entirely or at least qualify for a new trial where she might be handled more favorably.”

“How did you know that when I thought the Whittle story was probably true?”

“I have experience with criminals Doctor Folmer. I have developed a nose for the phony after nearly thirty years dealing with criminals and their attorneys. You would be surprised how twisted some of these characters and their yarns can be.”

“What did I tell you, Sandra, if I played this correctly everything would work out to our advantage? Dr. Folmer informed me that Marie is convinced she is a woman and always has been female. She thinks her

parents were ashamed that they didn't recognize her femaleness. They sent John as he thought he was, to this girl's school and camp where she could be eased into girlhood while the parents tried to come to grips with their mistake. That will be Marie's belief. Their belief will be one hundred eighty degrees away from Marie's position. Neither side will give in to the other, Marie because of brain-washing and the Whittles because they are correct in their assessment of the situation."

"What about the Conyers position?"

"They will know that Marie isn't their daughter, but they will be unable to prove it since Marie believes them to be liars. If they try to convince some judge by their family's influence and formidable resources they will be proved to be in error. The FBI file on Marie Conyers matches the new Conyers down to her mug shot and fingerprints."

"How did you manage that Julia? Did you payoff some agent to do your dirty work for you?"

"That isn't necessary Sandra. All you need do is to know how the system operates, find a weak spot and exploit it. I knew if I explained that a mistake had been made and the identity of a Juvenile delinquent had inadvertently got mixed up with the murderess Marie Rebecca Conyers, when a busy agent was getting ready to depart for a weekend that they would substitute the bogus information I supplied to them. After all I am from another arm of the justice system and what did I have to gain by pointing out an error that would be visually obvious to me. Then almost as quickly as I explained everything to the agent the master file was modified. The real Rebecca Conyers no longer is in the FBI files. If she gets stopped for a traffic violation and

someone runs her name and prints it will be returned to them with a no wants, no warrants status. She is as pure as the driven snow save for the fact that her name is the same as an infamous murderess."

"You are a genius Julia. Your position is secure and your record is clean as a whistle. No make that as clean as a Whittle."

"Some mistake the Whittles made in not recognizing their child as female and raising her as a boy instead."

"That wasn't a mistake on their part Sandra. It was a fact only recognized by experts as the child got older. Even Edna Folmer didn't recognize the truth until the order from Judge Edna Martin assured everyone that the situation was known to the family, but covered up to protect the family name. The condition would have been corrected by medical experts any day, but for the fact that Marie fell in with a bad lot and became a criminal. Now the state has paid to have her fixed in the hope that it helps her turn her life around when she is eligible for parole in twenty years."

"How will that help turn her around Julia?"

"If she isn't self-conscious of her anomaly, maybe she won't associate with anymore sleazy scum masquerading as human beings."

"Your plan seems to be working Julia."

"I knew it would work because it is based on a "big lie". That big lie was so preposterous that not one person in any position to do anything to check it out, bothered to do so. Everyone assumed that since it was so unusual it had to be true or someone would have stopped it cold before it came to this latest person's attention."

“That is amazing, Julia.”

“History is full of examples of falsehoods being assumed to be true. The worst big lie being Hitler’s blaming all of the German people’s problems after World War I on the Jewish people. If one tells enough people a lie enough times, a few will believe it to be true. When you keep repeating your “big lie” these new converts will help you perpetuate your myth, by convincing others that their own failings are a result of someone else’s actions and or failings. Thus the bigger the lie the easier it is in selling it to others. It is like a steamroller going down hill. Don’t get in its way or you will be flattened like a pancake as it gains momentum.”

“Then Marie’s being a girl was a “big lie”, Julia?”

“Was it, Sandra? My next mission is to sell the “big lie” of Conyers background to Marie. Eventually even Marie will believe she was always Conyers and her life with the Whittles is the lie someone is trying to sell to her for some unknown reason.”

“How do you intend to sell that “big lie” to Marie?”

“Just watch how I handle it and learn Sandra. If Marie believes she has always been Marie then any skeptics will be faced with the fact of her belief. It would be difficult for a mere mortal to believe that Marie didn’t know all about her own life. Now if you are ready Sandra, go get Conyers and bring her here. Then you may watch her first step on the road to acceptance of the “big lie” if you desire to do so.”

Good wasn’t going to miss this “big lie” concept as it was put into action. Sandra knew the scheme was illegal and shouldn’t have a snowball’s chance in hell of working, but she had seen Julia maneuvering since Marie had arrived in prison and she was amazed at what

had already transpired. The captain wouldn't sell the warden short on her ability to sell this whole fairy tale to Conyers. Sandra knew better than to buy a used car from this lady and if she says she will sell the "big lie" she will sell the "big lie". How it would occur was all that needed clarification in her mind.

Marie was escorted to the warden's office where she was told that she must learn her actual background and not the one that had been falsely driven home story to you that you were a boy when you were young. "If you cooperate with you learning you'll soon be ready to join the other women in the general prison population."

"What do you mean Ma'am?"

"I am going to give you a copy of the story you wrote to give to the judge. You will read the story completely. Then you will read it again and again until you know the truth of it."

"But ma'am I already know the story. Why do I have to read what I already know?"

"You have been showing signs of confusion recently Marie. Therefore I want you to read what you wrote from cover to cover. Then we will test your knowledge of your background."

"You are going to test my knowledge of my own life, Warden?"

"That is exactly what is going to happen, Conyers. Now you go read and later today we will start checking your recollection of past events."

John exited with the type written pages in his hand. He was escorted back to his cell where he began to read. The pages also contained an encapsulation of her crime spree, trial and the bus accident. Exactly what

had happened in the bus after it began to tumble and the ensuing aftermath including the scene in the barn, was a complete fabrication concocted by Warden Julia Edmunds.

John began to read "I Marie Rebecca Conyers was born on or about March first in the year"

John wondered what could have possessed him to write such tripe. He was born three years later in the summer and my name wasn't Marie it was John wasn't it? He quit reading and tried to digest what was written in each sentence. He didn't remember anything as it was written and in particular writing that he was a foundling and really had no idea what his true identity was or if that information was important in any way. The Conyers took him into their home as an adoptee and raised him as their own however anyone looking at a photo of the Conyers and the child would know immediately that he was adopted and not a family member.

Marie (once John) was unaware that Julia Edmunds had concocted this story based on information in Conyers file and the newspaper accounts of the events about her murder conviction laced with ideas she improvised to prove the "big lie" she was in the process of selling. The first buyer had to be John.

When Marie reentered the Warden's office she was bidden to sit, Edmunds said, "Conyers, have you read your writings from cover to cover?"

"Yes ma'am, I read the whole story, but I don't remember those events the way they are written."

"That is what the guards have told me Conyers. It seems you are more confused than what I dared to be-

lieve possible. I must get you attached to the lie detector.”

Marie was told the machine was a lie detector. However she wasn't told that it was modified with a treadle that allowed the operator to give the person attached to its electrodes a quick jolt of electricity. The subject of the interrogation was told the electric jolt was totally within their mind. If you perceive pain maybe the truth will come back to you bit by bit.

“I don't think I need to be attached to the machine, Warden. I remember what I wrote and it doesn't match this written yarn in any way.”

“That is why we can't waste time. It is imperative to bring everything to the surface quickly before you lose it entirely. Have I ever misled you Conyers?”

“No ma'am, you seem to be the only person trying to help me throughout my ordeal.”

“I hope we can maintain our relationship going forward as it has been up to today. I will be asking you a series of questions about your life while you are attached to the lie detector. If you don't answer the questions accurately that I put to you, you will think the machine is punishing you. However, your punishment will only be in your mind. You will soon learn the truth to prevent the perceived pain.”

“You mean if I make a mistake I will think I am being punished?”

“That is correct Marie. Although you will not be experiencing pain you will think you are actually hurting. Now let's get you hooked up to the machine.” In a few minutes Marie was attached to the machine Warden Edmunds said, “Now Marie please read the following paragraph.” She handed a paper to John.

John read the paragraph and looked at the warden with a strange look on her face.

"What is your full name," asked Julia?

"I am John Whittle, ma'am." Buzz, buzz, buzz felt the prisoner as a jolt of electricity charged through the boy's body.

"Now let's try that question again. What is your name?"

"My name is John Whittle, ma'am." Buzz, buzz, buzz, sensed John as another jolt hit him. "What is happening ma'am? Every time I answer you I feel as if I'm being punished."

"You are not being punished. Remember I told you if you told an untruth the lie detector would know that fact and would remind you to be truthful. Now again, what is your name?"

"My name is Marie Rebecca Conyers," said John looking at the type written paragraph he held in his hand.

"That wasn't so hard was it Marie. When the machine sensed you to be telling the truth, it didn't remind you not to tell lies did it and therefore your brain didn't shock you?"

"I guess not Warden Edmunds."

"If you pay attention to what the truth is you will soon cease telling lies to everyone you meet. Then when you have completed your re-education here you can go out into society as a productive woman."

"But I'm a man." Another buzz, buzz, buzz coursed through Marie's body.

After another half hour of questions and answers Marie was sent back to her cell. A multiple number of times she was jolted with electricity as she was spoon fed a concocted history and learned her new identity. The fact that Marie was feeling true pain and not perceived pain as had been explained to her didn't cause Marie to believe what is written on the pages she read.

Julia turned up a dial and the jolt of electricity Marie received was increased. She still denied she was Marie Rebecca Conyers. However after another adjustment to electric dosage the pain caused Marie to swear that she was indeed the woman in question.

Over the next few months Marie's education continued as she learned all she was to know about her adoption and her life from birth until her incarceration. Warden Edmunds was unable to learn very much about John's actual early past and was therefore unable to program Marie to feel pain whenever she thought of something from her true past. Like the time she explained to a questioner that she didn't play with dolls and couldn't tell this person all about her favorite doll. Marie explained she played action games like baseball and basketball. Quizzed about being a "Tomboy" to be involved in such activities Marie responded she was never a "Tomboy". Since many girls participated in these activities she was programmed to tell anyone she was allowed to play boy games with boys as well as girls and was classified as a "Tomboy".

Marie never thought much about these things because every time she thought about boys or boys activities she was shocked, if not physically, then mentally. Her education as Marie continued at a rapid pace. She was hooked up to the lie detector three times weekly for a month, then only twice weekly for two months.

Finally Marie was down to once weekly or bi-weekly training session, which was to protect against a back slide in learning her new life story.

“Now that you are being released from isolation into the general prison population Conyers I am faced with a decision regarding which other inmate I should put you in with for your protection and our reputation. We like to believe the women in our custody have the right to be secure in their cell assignment. I had a choice of either the biggest bully or the oldest inmate.

I have decided to pair you with Hester Proctor. Proctor has been in prison for almost forty years and will probably die an inmate of TV/TS W. She knows everything about prison life and this prison in particular. She was among the first bus loads of prisoners that were transferred here from other prisons when Twin Valley opened. Nobody bothers Proctor and she doesn't bother anyone. I believe she will be the perfect role model for you during your stay with us. In a few years you will be moved into another cell whether or not Proctor is still with us. Every month you are here a number of women will be released or assigned to other facilities. To replace them the courts are always kind enough to send us newly convicted felons and murderers. Most are first time murderers with long stretches of time ahead of them or are felons with multiple convictions which sends them here for the remainder of their life under the three strikes and you are out (in prison for life program). Do you have any questions Conyers?” asked Warden Edmunds.

“No ma'am”

“Good you may move her to her cell Corporal.”

“Yes Warden. Now move Conyers.” They exited the Warden’s office and headed to isolation to get her few possessions before settling in one of the cell blocks.

“Yes Corporal,” said Marie. She approached each door and stood behind the stripe on the floor, while the Corporal confirmed that this prisoner was being transferred to the North wing. When everything was checked and approved the door latch was buzzed open and they moved on to the next barricade and so forth until they reached a cell #103 on the first floor.

Later that same day Marie was led into a cell shared with one other prisoner. This was to be her home for the next nineteen plus years. She had eight cell mates over her time she spent in TV/TS - W.

“Hester here is your new cellmate. I expect to hear good things about how you are teaching her the dos and don’ts of TV/TS prison life.”

“I’ll do that corporal Keech. Come in girl. I won’t know what I’m working with until I see you and my eyesight isn’t all that great anymore. You need to come close to me so I can size you up. First rule is you got the top bunk. I have a hard time getting up there and then worse yet trying to get down without killing myself.”

Cpl Keech said, “She is all yours now Proctor. I must get on with other duties. Conyers after you settle in for a few days you will be given a permanent work assignment. To keep you occupied until Warden Edmunds approves of your work assignment, you will be working in the kitchen.” Keech departed.

“You are a rather pretty young girl aren’t you Marie. How old did I hear you were? Ah now I remember I heard you are twenty years old. You look more like you are sixteen than twenty.”

“How did you hear that? I didn’t tell anyone my age.”

“There ain’t no secrets around any prison. Another prisoner told me. I suspect she heard it on visitor’s day. A visitor comes to see a con and they tell her a twenty year old murderer has been sentenced to a long term at Twin Valley and within a day it’s all over the prison.”

“I’ll catch on after I’ve been here a while, won’t I Hester?”

“The warden asked me to watch out for you and see you learn what you need to know survive in TV/TS. If anyone tries to do anything funny with you, you tell me about it. I’ll straighten them out.”

“I don’t understand your meaning Hester,” said Marie.

“There are women here who will want to play sex games with you.”

“I’m not into that kind of activity.”

“That won’t matter to some of these women. That’s why I said if anyone tries anything funny with you, you tell me about it. They won’t do it again. I’ll see to it for the warden.”

“I don’t think I’ll have a problem but it’s nice to know the warden and you are looking out for me.”

“Are you an important girl or something, Marie? It ain’t often that a new con gets on the Warden’s watch list.”

“No I’m not important. The family who adopted me is noteworthy however.”

“You are adopted, girl? That information didn’t precede you here.”

"I'm not surprised. My adoptive parents have been in some sort of denial, claiming I was their natural daughter. This process that brought me here with all the lawyers and the judge clarified to me that I was adopted. What I haven't learned is who my natural parents are?"

"Is it important that you know who your real parents were?"

"No I guess it really isn't important. I was and am curious, that's all. Who knows, maybe one of my teachers was really my mother or father. I would like to know what they are like even if I never get to meet them. I wonder if I have any brothers or sisters and are they bad apples the same as I am?"

"Who said you are bad? You just had one bad day and got caught. There are many good women in here who have had bad breaks and ended up in stir."

"I hope you are right Hester. I hope if I ever get out of here that I can prove to people that I'm not bad to the bone. I need the assurance that I am a good person."

"Don't worry about something you can't control. Some people will always assume you are bad because you spent some time in prison. It doesn't matter if you're inside for one day or for fifth years. To those idiots once you are a con you are always a con. At the other end of the spectrum there are some people willing to give you a second chance. If you screw up again most of these people will move to the once a con always a con position. However most of the people you meet will be somewhere in the middle and they won't give a damn if you were a con or not. If you don't mention your problem to anyone this group is mostly interested in normal day to day activities in their own little

corner of the world. They will only care how you relate to them in the present. Most of this group of people will be cordial in that they will greet you or acknowledge your greeting to them. Don't expect them to invite you into their home to meet their husband or children. That isn't the style of middle class America. If you aren't family, a school mate or a work mate then you don't have much chance to become a part of their inner circle."

Thus Marie began her time in the general prison population.

Hester was amazed that Marie who was a high school graduate wanted to get copies of text books to review what she has learned in the last few years. Marie however, just couldn't recall much of what she had learned. It was unusual for a con to spend time learning. Most of them were interested in watching Soap Operas or Talk Shows. When they left prison they would return to the same life that got them sent to prison in the first place. That wasn't good since the women at Twin Valleys / Training Services - Women, were the cream of the crop when it came to losers. They included murderers and multiply convicted felons having long stretches of time to serve still ahead of them.

Marie applied herself diligently to her studies. This attentiveness caught the attention of the guards. They recorded her activities in some sort of a daily log. This log contained the names of the women who did good things as well as those who caused problems. When cushy jobs became available the "good" cons got them. When a drain needed cleaning you can guess that the other women on the shit list found themselves volunteering.