

Derek Cress



INTRODUCTION

Before I tell you about Derek Cress, I'd like to tell you a little about myself. In the winter of 1996, I was renting a tiny house on the far southwest side of Indianapolis. When I say tiny, I mean it was smaller than some garages I've seen. I had a living room, a tiny kitchen, and a bathroom. I slept on a couch just inside the front door.

I got that house because it was near a factory job I had gotten out on Brookville Road. As it turned out, that job only lasted a few weeks, because I got into it with a supervisor and walked out. I don't even recall what the problem was. Just a personality conflict of some sort. I quickly got another job, as an assistant manager in the Speedway station at 2012 English Avenue.

One morning, around 6am, I was awakened by a knock at the door. When I answered the door, there was a five year old girl standing there. It wasn't real cold, but there was a little bit of snow on the ground. The girl was barefoot, and wearing a nightgown.

The girl looked at me and said, "My grandparents left me alone, and I'm scared. Can I come in there with you?" I was standing there in my underwear. I told her to give me a moment to put some clothes on, and I'd come outside and talk to her. Just as I stepped outside, the grandparents pulled up.

The grandfather was very irate, and yelled, "You get your butt in that house." I chatted with the grandmother for a few minutes, describing the encounter I had just had with her granddaughter. She explained that the girl's father was in jail for molesting her, and that the grandparents had been awarded temporary custody. I'm not sure exactly what was going on with the mother.

The girl was seeing a psychiatrist, who said she appeared to suffer from a schizophrenia like illness, and that she didn't have the same need for affection as other kids. I replied that it didn't look to me like she had any problems that couldn't be explained by the abuse she had suffered, and I expressed the opinion that psychiatrists generally do more harm than good. I told her that I would like to talk to the girl for a few minutes, and asked if I could walk her over to the Hardee's down the street.

I offered to buy the girl something to eat, but she said all she wanted was a soda. I think it was a Sierra Mist. So I bought her a soda and chatted with her for a few minutes.

I remarked that she was almost old enough to start school, and asked her how she felt about that. She didn't seem to like the idea. She apparently had no interest in being around other kids. She just wanted to be around adults all the time. She also liked animals. I reasoned that interacting with animals was the only safe way for her to receive any kind of affection.

Later, as I chatted with the grandfather, he appeared to be greatly distressed, and expressed his frustration with the situation. He thought they should just put her in an institution. I don't believe this

was because of anything the girl was doing. I think he was just wrestling with his own demons. He struck me as the kind of man who might molest a girl, and then blame it all on her promiscuity.

A few days later, some relatives came to visit. They were gathered in the front yard, maybe ten of them. The girl was prancing around, as a five year old is apt to do, when one of her uncles blew up at her, whereupon she ran over and threw her arms around him. She had learned to appease dangerous men by showing them affection. That is something she needed to know how to do, but I was concerned, because I knew it would create problems for her as she got older. I got the feeling every man in that family was a child molester.

I was barely taking care of myself. I was in no position to adopt this girl, but I really wanted to. If I had the means, I might have home schooled her, and gotten her involved in some kind of volunteer work with the humane society or put her in a stable where she could learn to take care of the horses. Socializing her to the point where she could establish healthy relationships with other people would have been a challenge, but I felt that it was worth the effort.

She would be around 33 years old now. I wonder where she is, and what her life has been like up to this point. I can't say I'm optimistic. I would try to track her down on the Internet, but I don't recall her name.

THE PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE

About six years later, in 2002, I was hired by an office cleaning company, and put in charge of a downtown office building. As it turned out, the top two floors were occupied by the Marion County Prosecutor's Office. One floor was concerned with domestic violence, while the other was sex crimes. Kristina Korobov was in charge of sex crimes.

I had the keys to the place. I was in there alone at night. I would often be in there chatting with deputy prosecutors who had no idea I had just gotten out of prison. I did not try to put myself in that situation. I was just looking for a job, and that's what happened.

I alerted my employer to this situation immediately. He told me that he didn't have a problem with it as long as no one said anything, but if someone did complain, he would have no choice but to let me go.

Once this situation came to light, I'm sure there were concerns that I might have been rummaging through the files or something. I had a job to do. I didn't have time for that. Also, the results would have been rather pathetic, compared to what I can do on the Internet. I once came in and saw evidence of a party that had taken place that afternoon. I did help myself to a piece of cake.

That does raise another possible concern. I could have put rat poison in some of their food, and probably gotten away with it, as long as I was careful about the fingerprints and smart enough to lawyer up as soon as someone read me my rights. Background checks would not prevent that, as the perpetrator could be a person with no criminal history who just happens to hate cops, and by extension, prosecutors. Many of the deputy prosecutors left candy dishes out on their desks. That candy dish might become a murder weapon. That might be worth considering, when planning the placement of surveillance cameras.

The prosecutors later moved out of that building, into their new offices at 251 E Ohio Street. This resulted in my hours being cut in half, which didn't leave me with enough to live on. I ended up getting another job.

I mentioned that Kristina Korobov was in charge of sex crimes. I never got to know her real well, but I once saw something she posted on the bulletin board, a humorous reference to tossed salad, which is prison slang for a man being forced to lick another man's asshole. I have heard diplomacy

described as the art of telling a man to go to hell, in such a nice way that he looks forward to the trip. I think Kristina Korobov could walk right up to a child molester, and pretend to like him.

It's interesting how a woman who was raised by an abusive father will often end up marrying a man who is worse than he was. I see that Kristina Korobov appears to be good friends with Derek Cress, a retired police officer who worked in sex crimes.

ANGEL

One day, as I approached a bus stop, I noticed that a woman who was seated nearby appeared to be watching me with interest. I turned and walked straight towards her, which appeared to frighten her. I walked past her, and found myself a seat a few feet away from her. Now, she looked like she was disappointed.

I don't recall which of us initiated the conversation, but she said her name was Angel, and there appeared to be some mutual interest. She was missing all of her teeth, and she might have made a point of checking my arms for needle marks, though I'm not entirely certain I'm not confusing her with another woman I had encountered many years prior. She appeared to really like me, until I made the mistake of mentioning that I had just gotten out of prison a year ago. That scared the hell out of her, though she did appear to warm up to me again a few minutes later. She boarded her bus, and a few minutes later, I boarded another one.

Angel was attracted to me, until I made the mistake of telling her that I had been in prison. I thought she might regain her interest, if I could just convince her I'm not Jack the Ripper. She told me she was staying in a shelter, but she didn't say which one. After a bit of research, I concluded that she was probably staying at a nearby battered women's shelter run by the Salvation Army. I wrote her a letter, and went over to the shelter to deliver it.

I had to push a button and speak to someone over the intercom in order to gain access. I explained that I had some knowledge of a domestic abuse case, and I wanted to speak to someone about it. Nothing I said was technically untrue, but I'll admit that it was somewhat deceptive. The receptionist buzzed me in, and I was escorted into an office to speak with an administrator.

I told the administrator about my encounter with Angel. I told her I understood that, for security reasons, she couldn't tell me if Angel was staying there. I then handed her the letter, and asked if she might deliver it to Angel, in the event that she was able to do so.

This woman's eyes got real big, as if she was concerned that I might pull a gun out at any moment. Once I had said my piece, I excused myself, and was escorted out of the building.

Prior to getting that job in the prosecutor's office, I had considered employment in a liquor store. I walked into an office of the Alcohol Board, to ask whether being on probation for a violent felony might prevent me from obtaining a liquor license. I just said, "Excuse me, I have a felony conviction." As soon as I said that, everyone in the office looked like they were about to dive under their desks.

Showing up at a battered women's shelter looking for a date, while on probation for a violent felony, is probably not the smartest thing I've ever done in my life, but at no time did I even hint at being an FBI agent, which is what I ended up being accused of. On the day that I allegedly did that, I wasn't even there.

I can see where the woman I spoke to might have had reason to suspect that I was dangerous. In addition to my criminal record, and my behavior, I believe I am mildly autistic, which might cause me to appear somewhat odd.

I went to trial, believing myself to be a victim of mistaken identity. I have since concluded that there was no mistaken identity, but that the entire incident had simply been fabricated by another staff

member who saw me being escorted from the building. Why would she do that? My best guess is that she thought I was dangerous, and figured that would be a good way to get rid of me.

When the people in the prosecutor's office learned that a man who had previously worked in the prosecutor's office had just been arrested for impersonating an FBI agent, they freaked. A special prosecutor was appointed, and the judge ordered me not to have any contact with anyone from the prosecutor's office, not only while I was awaiting trial, but afterwards as well.

NANCY BROYLES

There was a judge, an appointee named Nancy Broyles, who handled the probation cases in Superior Court Five. When dealing with a probation violation, she would generally give the guy more time than he even had on the shelf, which was blatantly illegal. If you hired an attorney, she would say, "Oh, I didn't mean to do that.", and turn you loose. In the meantime, she has just managed to generate a little revenue for that attorney, and presumably for herself.

After I arrived at the Indiana Department of Corrections Reception and Diagnostic Center (RDC), I received my paperwork, which confirmed that, just as I expected, Nancy Broyles had just done to me what she had already done to so many other people.

I wrote Nancy Broyles a letter, explaining the problem with my sentencing. Among other things, I said, "I know how this works. I'm supposed to pay an attorney, and the attorney pays you, thereby benefiting the person who created the problem in the first place. I have some advice for you... when making a campaign contribution, most attorneys provide their office address. You foolishly provided your home address, thereby making it available to anyone with an Internet connection. I don't know if you can go back and change that, but I recommend looking into it. I'd hate to see something happen to you."

A few years later, in 2005, a man named Harold David Buntin was scheduled to appear in front of Nancy Broyles, after being cleared of a wrongful rape conviction by DNA evidence. He spent an additional two years in the Marion County Jail even after his exoneration. Nancy Broyles was eventually booted from the bench over this travesty. Harold David Buntin spent two additional years in jail, because that bitch didn't get her money.

UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE

Before I even left the Marion County Jail, I wrote a letter to Marion County Prosecutor Carl Brizzi, thereby thumbing my nose at the judge's order. Among other things, I said, "While enlisted in the United States Air Force, I swore an oath to defend the Constitution against all threats, foreign or domestic. I took that oath very seriously, and I still do. Under certain conditions, defending the Constitution might mean shooting the president."

While I was at RDC, I was notified that I had an attorney visit. It wasn't an attorney. It was a couple of guys from the U.S. Secret Service. I explained to the Secret Service agents that I was about as hostile to President Bush as a typical Democrat, but nothing more than that, and I certainly wouldn't want to do him any harm.

When asked whether I had any ideas, as to how I might go about assassinating the president if I was interested in doing so, I answered that I did have some ideas about that, and proceeded to tell them how I might go about it.

They later approached my sister, and asked her if she thought I might pose a threat to the president. She replied, "Oh no, he's just looking for attention." One of the agents said, "Yeah, that was our impression too."

KRISTINA KOROBOV

After arriving at Westville Correctional Facility, I started writing to various people in the prosecutor's office, including deputy prosecutor Kristina Korobov. A few years later, when I was in the Marion County Jail, I was approached by my public defender, who assumed that I was obsessed with Kristina Korobov, until I explained that writing love letters to the woman in charge of sex crimes was just my weird sense of humor.

In one of my letters, I said, "I'm getting sick of these women and their Goddamn restraining orders." When that was read aloud in court, both of my sisters burst out laughing. They know my sense of humor, but everyone else in the courtroom took it seriously.

THE DOLLAR INN

I've told you about some of the antics I engaged in as a convicted felon, but how did I become a convicted felon in the first place?

In 1997, I started driving OTR for Star Transportation, out of Morton, Illinois. I used to come home to Indianapolis just about every weekend. I would typically roll into town on Friday evening, check into the Super 8 on South Harding just north of I-465, and get a rental car for the weekend. I would generally be on the road again Sunday afternoon, usually heading into Pennsylvania or somewhere on the east coast.

When I first started driving in 1997, my trainer warned me to avoid the Dollar Inn across the street because of the prostitution and drug activity. I usually heeded that advice, but on Friday, September 3, 1999, the Super 8 was booked solid due to the Labor Day weekend. So, I checked into the Dollar Inn instead. My choices were somewhat limited, because I needed a place with truck parking.

After entering my room, I noticed that there were no towels. So, I walked up to the front desk, and requested some towels. Then I lifted up the toilet seat, and noticed that an entire ashtray full of

cigarette butts had apparently been dumped into the toilette. I didn't bother to say anything about that. I just flushed the toilette. I sat down on the side of the bed, started taking my shoes off, and noticed a used condom on the carpet next to my foot. The other stuff was somewhat annoying, but that pissed me off. At that point, I didn't want to talk to the manager. I wanted to talk to the owner.

There was a lot in the rear, where truckers could park overnight. If you checked into the hotel, you could park for free. Otherwise, you could just pay to park there. I had heard that Carl Ritchie, who owned the Dollar Inn, sometimes worked as the lot attendant, which is not an unusual thing for a business owner to do. I decided to walk back there, to see if I might be lucky enough to run into him.

I never did meet Carl Ritchie, but I chatted with the lot attendant for a few minutes. He told me that he was employed, not by Carl Ritchie, but by a Marion County Sheriff's Deputy. The deputy leased the lot for \$200 a month, and got to collect the proceeds, which amounted to \$500 to \$600 a week. I immediately concluded that was how they were paying off the cops, in connection with the prostitution at the Dollar Inn. I didn't bother to get this deputy's name, though I probably could have gotten it at the time by simply asking for it.

I didn't bother to get the name of the deputy who was taking those payoffs, for a couple of reasons. For one thing, I am personally in favor of legalizing prostitution. In Germany, it's legal, and it's regulated. They have their own places of business. If you don't want to patronize them, just don't go in there. I think that's how we ought to handle it in this country.

Police corruption is another matter. If a cop takes payoffs to look the other way, that stuff can get people killed. It nearly got me killed. More often than not, I wouldn't report it, not because I approve, but because I understand that I would likely be reporting one crook to another.

There is the occasional bad apple, but there is also something much more serious going on. If I'm in charge of a government agency, and I'm embezzling money, the last thing I need is to be surrounded by honest people, because I never know when one of them might decide to tell on me.

If I let a man get away with cheating on an expense voucher, he's likely to see me as a benefactor. I also have something I can use against him if the need ever arises. If another man is accused of sexual harassment, I might defend him, ostensibly out of a respect for due process. In fact, I am defending him, not because he might be innocent, but because he might be guilty, which means I can trust him.

If you see a Russian cop doing something crooked, and you mess with him, you're messing with Putin. That's how corruption works in our own country. In Russia, that's how the whole country works. When I hear Donald Trump saying things like, "I tend to like people who like me", that kind of talk scares me, because that is how dictators think. I don't care what Trump has to say about the border, Ukraine, or anything else. When he makes it clear that what he values most is loyalty to him, that is all I need to hear.

Jack Cottey was the sheriff. The Indianapolis Star once ran a story about the deputies being pressured to donate money to buy the sheriff a new car for his birthday. If you were in the Marion County Sheriff's Department at that time, your loyalty to Jack Cottey meant everything. Was Jack Cottey personally taking payoffs from that Dollar Inn? Probably not, but as far as I'm concerned, Jack Cottey was about the biggest crook to ever hold that office.

In hindsight, I should have gotten the name of the deputy who was taking the payoffs. More often than not, by reporting it, I'm only going to create problems for myself without accomplishing anything. However, opportunities to make a difference do present themselves on occasion. It doesn't hurt to take notes, even if you don't expect to use them.

As I headed back to the lobby to use the soda machine, I was accosted by a couple of females who were standing just outside the Investment Lounge, which was on the property, right across from the lobby. They didn't actually say anything to me, but gestured like they were trying to entice me. I

judged them to be a mother-daughter prostitution team. I later learned that they were in fact mother and daughter, and that the girl was 13 years old. I just ignored them, and kept walking.

I encountered the girl online a few years ago. From what I have heard, all that transpired since that initial encounter left her terrified of me. At no time did I have anything against her, but I never had an opportunity to explain that. When I reached out to her, she told me to never contact her again. I have decided to respect her privacy, by not naming her or her mother. I do hope she has managed to get her life together.

As I emerged from the lobby with my Diet Coke, I spotted the two ladies accompanying a man, who I later learned was named Richard Stanley, into his room. I entered my own room, and immediately called 911, hoping to assist the police in catching a child molester in the act.

I didn't see the response, because I remained in my room, but I later learned from police reports, depositions, and court testimony, what transpired after I made that call.

When I called 911 from my room, that activated an alarm at the front desk. The assistant manager couldn't hear what I was saying, but she could see that I had called 911. The 911 dispatcher then called the front desk, to ask who was in the room that I had called about. The maintenance man then went to the room, and warned the occupants that police were en route.

DEPUTY DEREK CRESS

Deputy Derek Cress, with the Marion County Sheriff's Department, responded and found Richard Stanley in the room, alone. When asked whether he had had any females in the room, Stanley responded that his fiancée and her daughter had been in there, but that she had gone up to the lobby because she needed to speak to her ex husband. When Deputy Cress questioned the mother, she said, "I bet that guy in 206(me) is the one who called you, because he had been harassing me and my daughter earlier." At that point, Deputy Cress told them not to approach me, and then he left.

I didn't learn about this until much later, but Richard Stanley had been convicted of child molesting in Monterrey, California, in 1985. I got that information from my attorney while I was awaiting trial for what I subsequently did to Richard Stanley.

Deputy Cress might be excused for suspecting that I, rather than Richard Stanley, was the problem, based on the statements given by the other witnesses. However, assuming Richard Stanley properly identified himself, he should have known about his prior conviction for child molesting. If Richard Stanley hadn't properly identified himself, that information should have been shared with my attorney. Also, Deputy Cress should have gotten my side of the story before departing.

Maybe I was a good citizen who wanted to help the police catch a child molester, or maybe I was a nutcase who was harassing that woman and her daughter, and continued that harassment by making a bogus report to the police. Either of those possibilities should have given Deputy Cress sufficient reason to speak with me.

In any event, Deputy Cress should have known that there would be further trouble. I think he was actually hoping that someone might go in there and kill me.

About 30 minutes after I called 911, Richard Stanley started banging on my door like he was trying to break it down. He was also cussing up a storm, and yelling at me to come out. I was concerned that he might have a gun, and he had me cornered.

I immediately turned off the lights, and grabbed my buck knife and a canister of pepper spray. If he forced his way into my room, I had nothing to lose by fighting, even if he did have a gun.

I again called 911, and explained the situation to the dispatcher. I told the dispatcher, "If you don't get someone out here in a hurry, he's going to kill me, or I'm going to kill him."

I also told the dispatcher about my weapons. That was a mistake. Now, the problem became that there was an armed man barricaded in that hotel room.

After a few minutes, while I was still on the phone with the dispatcher, everything got quiet. I looked out the window, and saw a police car. I told the dispatcher that, when it was safe, I wanted to step outside and talk to them. After conferring with the deputies, the dispatcher instructed me to lay my weapons on the bed, and step outside with my hands in the air. As I did so, Deputy Cress, who had taken cover around the corner of the building, instructed me to place both hands on the railing, and stand with my feet shoulder length apart. Then he searched me to make sure I was unarmed.

I do not blame Deputy Cress for handling that encounter as he did. At no time did I have any ill intent towards either of the deputies, but they had no way of knowing that. Being prepared for the worst is what keeps cops alive in such situations.

On the other hand, I have a feeling Deputy Cress might have killed me, if he thought he might get away with it. His partner, Reserve Deputy Miller, probably saved my life, just by being there.

Once I got to speak with them, I explained everything that had transpired up to that point. Deputy Miller seemed friendly enough, but Deputy Cress made it apparent from his demeanor and tone of voice that he saw me as the problem.

As we spoke, Richard Stanley stood in the parking lot below, and repeatedly drew his hand across his throat, mimicking a knife. I mentioned that, but they didn't even turn to look at him. They were focused solely on me.

At this point, I knew about the payoffs, and I had a cop giving me a hard time after I called to report what appeared to be child prostitution. I did not say anything about the payoffs, because I figured telling a crooked cop I knew what he was up to might be a good way to get myself killed.

After taking my statement, the deputies started to walk away. I assumed Richard Stanley would come after me again, and now, I didn't have my weapons, because the cops took them.

I said, "Hey, wait a minute. I don't feel safe sleeping here tonight. I think I should gather up my belongings and get out of here."

Deputy Cress looked at me like he was furious. He was trying to get me killed, and here I was, taking the steps I needed to take to keep myself alive. Deputy Miller said to him, "That's actually not a bad idea." The assistant manager then walked up, handed me the credit card slip, and told me not to worry about it.

At my trial, Deputy Cress testified that the manager had asked me to leave. The truth is that leaving was my idea, because I didn't feel safe sleeping there. The assistant manager also testified that she had asked me to leave, and that I had left the room strewn with beer cans. As I pointed out in my own testimony, I did drink, but had not consumed any alcohol that day. The jury appeared to believe me on both counts.

I had two vehicles that I needed to get out of there, the rental car, and my truck. I suggested to Deputy Cress that they follow me as I drive down the street in the rental car, then bring me back so I could retrieve the truck. He replied, "No, we don't have time for all that." So I decided to leave in the car, and figure out how to retrieve my truck later.

As I was about to get into the car and drive away, I asked Deputy Cress if I could have my weapons back. He looked at me angrily, tossed them onto the floor in the back seat, and told me not to retrieve them until after I had left the property.

As I approached the driveway that the Dollar Inn shared with the Pilot truck stop next door, I had to stop for a truck that was leaving. I then noticed Richard Stanley about 100 feet ahead of me, on an island with about five or six people, waving his arms in an animated fashion, presumably as he told them whatever it was he had to say about me. He then stepped out onto the driveway, looked me straight in the eye, and drew his fingers across his throat, mimicking a knife.

When I checked into that hotel, I gave them my credit card information, the license plate number on my truck, and my mother's address, which was the only permanent address I had at the time.

I thought to myself, "I am going to run into this guy again, at a time and place of his choosing, and the cops are going to make it look like an accident."

I then thought, "Not if I get you first", and floored it. Richard Stanley took one step to the right, like he was going to jump out of the way. Then he changed his mind, and stood there with a defiant look on his face, like he was daring me to hit him. I wasn't interested in playing chicken with him. After I hit him, the car was undrivable, because the windshield was destroyed. The damage to the windshield was caused by Richard Stanley's head.

A woman came running up behind me yelling, "Stop the car. Stop the car", after I had already stopped. I then lit up a cigarette, and stepped out, after she was kind enough to open the door for me. Then she started yelling, "Get out of the car. Get out of the car", I just looked at her and said, "I'm already out of the car."

She later told the cops that I tried to drive away, but that she stopped me by jumping out in front of me. She was supposed to be one of the state's witnesses. I think the prosecutor was actually lucky she didn't show up. The reason she didn't show up is that she had an outstanding warrant on an unrelated matter. I think it may have been something regarding a prostitution case.

When they heard the commotion, Deputies Cress and Miller came running around the corner. Deputy Cress went to Richard Stanley, who was crumpled up on the pavement in a pool of blood. Deputy Miller ran up to me, and asked, "What did you do that for?"

As Deputy Miller approached me, I took one last drink from my Diet Coke, and set it up on top of the car. Then I replied, "I think it would be better if I didn't say anything until I talk to a lawyer."

Deputy Miller later testified that he had physically removed me from the vehicle. The following photograph, which is an official crime scene photo, proves that he did not. Notice the Diet Coke sitting up on top of the car.



THE TRIAL

During my trial, the prosecutor said I had no right to take the law into my own hands, as if I was in the wild west. Excuse me, but a wild west type situation was essentially what I was dealing with. This dangerous situation was created by Deputy Cress, and by the deputy who was taking payoffs from Carl Ritchie. Under those circumstances, I continue to believe hitting Richard Stanley with a car was perfectly reasonable. If you don't want me to do stuff like that, don't put me in a position where I have to.

There is a legal defense called necessity. If I came across a police officer who had been shot, and I grabbed his gun for the purpose of saving his life, I would be breaking several laws, especially given that, as a convicted felon, I'm not even supposed to possess a firearm. I don't believe any prosecutor would touch something like that. If one did, I would plead not guilty, by reason of necessity.

By invoking the necessity defense, I am not attacking the law. I am merely suggesting that, given the circumstances, the law ought to be set aside for a moment.

There are people who would think it reasonable to bomb an abortion clinic, and claim necessity, on the grounds that it was necessary to bomb that abortion clinic, in order to save the lives of babies. Necessity would not be a valid defense for that, because bombing an abortion clinic is an attack on the law itself.

I am speaking hypothetically here, but if I did want to justify the bombing of an abortion clinic, I might draw an analogy to the actions of John Brown, the abolitionist who led the attack on the armory at Harper's Ferry in 1859.

John Brown felt justified in acting as he did, because he was obeying God's law, which took precedence over any law made by men. That is an entirely different defense. What I am claiming in my own case has nothing to do with that.

Deputy Prosecutor Elizabeth Page Prentice apparently misunderstood my position on that issue when, during subsequent proceedings, she asked me whether I considered myself subject to Indiana law. She was disappointed when I failed to respond with the kind of Sovereign Citizen rant she was obviously hoping for.

The self defense statute prohibits the prosecutor from using certain arguments that might otherwise be permissible, but it also requires that the perceived threat be imminent. My concern that Richard Stanley might come after me two weeks later made it impossible for me to use the self defense statute.

However, it would be possible to claim self defense even if there was no self defense statute, by calling it necessity. That is what I wanted to do, claim self defense without benefit of the statute. That way, arguing that Richard Stanley might have come after me two weeks later would be permissible.

The jury doesn't have to buy it, but I could at least make the argument. Of course, the payoffs would have been relevant to such a defense. That is something I never had an opportunity to talk about.

In her closing arguments, my attorney, Kim Devane, told the jury that this was a case of self defense, on the grounds that I had a reasonable fear that Richard Stanley might shoot me as I attempted to drive away.

In addition to being a lie, what Kim Devane told the jury wasn't even plausible. I had been concerned that Richard Stanley might have a gun, while I was back in the hotel room. By the time I was in the car, I was reasonably certain he did not have a gun. The jury found me guilty, because they didn't believe a lie that my attorney told them against my wishes.

Kim Devane knew the jury wasn't going to buy that argument, and she used it anyway. What she was really asking for was jury nullification, which is much more radical than what I was asking for.

Had the jury found me guilty after hearing the truth, which is what I wanted to give them, I might disagree with the jury's decision, but I would not be able to claim that I did not receive a fair trial, which is what I am claiming now. When Kim Devane decided to lie to the jury, rather than a defense attorney, I found myself facing two prosecutors. Kim Devane is a fantastic attorney for a defendant who is guilty as hell, and who wants to escape justice by lying about what happened, but God help you if you want to tell the truth.

Deputy Cress wasn't just being an asshole. He was clearly trying to get me killed, lending further credence to my belief that he was the one who was taking the payoffs. I later concluded that this belief, though reasonable, was mistaken.

When my attorney told me of the upcoming depositions, I told her that I would like to attend. As I sat in the waiting room, Deputy Cress came in with some other deputies. He didn't recognize me, because several months had elapsed. He was talking, and I was taking notes, while pretending to have no interest in what he was saying.

Deputy Cress told the other deputies that he was called back to that same hotel a month later, responding to an attempted rape that was allegedly committed by Richard Stanley. My charging documents stated that Richard Stanley had suffered a broken hip, which resulted in a more serious charge. How does a man with a broken hip even get accused of attempted rape?

Richard Stanley actually testified that he had suffered a broken hip, but no medical records were ever produced. Richard Stanley had been deposed by Sergeant Reginald Roney while he was in the hospital. I believe the broken hip was actually Roney's idea, and that Richard Stanley had merely gone along with it. That is the impression I get from reading the deposition. Of course, the jury never heard anything about that. That would have been irrelevant to the defense Kim Devane used, but it would have been perfectly relevant to the defense I wanted.

After I hit Richard Stanley, I saw another deputy speaking to a young female witness. I couldn't hear what she was saying, but I did see her draw her fingers across her throat, as Richard Stanley had done. This particular witness conveniently disappeared, and I was unable to walk over and get her name, because I was lying on the ground in handcuffs.

Ironically, Sergeant Roney's attempt at framing me for the more serious charge of aggravated battery probably ended up helping me. I suspect that's why the prosecutor didn't bother to go for attempted murder. I have to wonder how many innocent people these clowns might have railroaded, and how many actual criminals they might have turned loose, just through their own stupidity.

The prosecutor, Kraig Kinney, who currently works for the Indiana Department of Homeland Security, showed up for trial totally unprepared, through no fault of his own. Sergeant Roney and his accomplices made an absolute fool of him, by lying to him about what happened.

We were unable to bring up Richard Stanley's prior conviction for child molesting, because it was considered irrelevant. However, it would have been relevant, had I already known about it at the time, because it might have influenced my subsequent behavior. For that reason, Kim Devane explicitly

told me to falsely state that I had known about it, possibly because someone else at the scene had mentioned it to me. I refused to lie.

In my opinion, Richard Stanley's child molesting conviction was important to Kim Devane, only because it would have supported Kim Devane's implicit message to the jury, that I hit Richard Stanley because he was a child molester, and that I hated child molesters. Rather than a defense, that would be nothing more than a motive for committing a crime. It is quite possible that some of the jurors saw it that way as well, and may have convicted me for that reason. She was looking for jury nullification, and I wanted no part of that.

I did not hit Richard Stanley because he was a child molester. I hit him because I felt personally threatened by him. I felt threatened because of his behavior, because of Deputy Cress' behavior, and because of the behavior of the deputy who was taking those payoffs, which demonstrated to me that I could not trust the police.

Had Kim Devane used the defense I wanted, that might have made Richard Stanley's conviction relevant, because it was evidence of Deputy Cress' mishandling of the situation. The prosecutor might have responded by stating that I hit Richard Stanley, because I hated child molesters. If I had hit him because I hated child molesters, that would be a motive for committing a crime, not a defense. My own lawyer, rather than the prosecutor, is the one who did that to me.

I do not hate child molesters. In my eyes, a person who hates child molesters often ends up being as big a problem as the child molesters themselves. I think it's important to hold them accountable for their actions, and to protect children from them. At the same time, I recognize that most of them started out as victims themselves.

Would I approve of a 40 year old man having sex with a 13 year old girl? I would not. However, I can see where a developmentally disabled 40 year old man might see a 13 year old girl as his

intellectual and emotional equal. I do not approve of what he is doing, but I also would not confuse him with someone like John Wayne Gacy.

Just before the deposition, I told my attorney what I had heard, regarding the attempted rape. During Deputy Cress' deposition, she asked him about the attempted rape allegation. That question startled him, and he glanced over in my direction with a look of alarm on his face. Then he nonchalantly answered that there had been some kind of a domestic disturbance.

Then she asked him about the payoffs being made by Carl Ritchie. That didn't startle him. When he heard that, he just looked confused. I believe he was telling the truth when he replied that he didn't know anything about those payoffs.

If Deputy Cress wasn't the one who was taking the payoffs, why did he behave the way he did? The possibility that he might be a child molester himself did occur to me, but a hunch was all I really had at that point.

THE MURDER OF KIM HICKMAN

I knew that Richard Stanley was a convicted child molester, because I got that information from my attorney. I later did some research, and learned that Richard Stanley had apparently been connected to a murder in California. Kim Hickman was raped and murdered in Pacific Grove, California, which is in Monterrey County, the same county in which Richard Stanley had been convicted of child molesting. You can read about that here.

<https://www.kimhickman.com>

CONCLUSION

If Richard Stanley did in fact murder Kim Hickman, as I believe, and if he is a serial killer, as I suspect, I would say Derek Cress bears some responsibility for any subsequent murders he might have

committed, as well as the wrongful continued imprisonment of Kristin William Hughes, who is currently on California's death row for that murder.

Deputy Cress later went to work in the juvenile division, and ended up working in sex crimes and child abuse investigations. If I was looking for a child molester within a police department, sex crimes is the first place I would look.

I am not suggesting that most of the people who work in sex crimes are child molesters. I'm sure most of them are not. There is nothing wrong with working in a toy store, but if I discover that a man who has already aroused my suspicions is working in a toy store, that is going to set off some alarm bells. My recent discovery that Derek Cress works in sex crimes has set off some alarm bells.

This would explain some of his behavior in my own case. Perhaps Derek Cress treated me the way he did, not because he didn't understand that I was trying to help him catch a child molester, but because he did understand that, and he didn't like it.

It's sort of like an arsonist becoming a firefighter, which does happen. If you Google [firefighter arson], you'll see what I'm talking about.

I wonder how many of his buddies he has covered for. We've all heard stories about predator cops who use their positions to coerce women, and sometimes even children, into having sex with them. Kids who have been molested are often terrified of police, because the perps tell them they should be afraid of the police. I'd hate to think of some little kid being molested, trying to report it, and running into someone like Derek Cress.

I recently watched the video that showed Sonya Massey being gunned down by Deputy Sean Grayson. I think this guy went into police work, just so he could shoot people. Illinois no longer has a death penalty. Former Deputy Sean Grayson sure as hell deserves it.

I know of another case where a man in Texas called 911 to report a prowler, and then walked outside with a shotgun to confront the prowler himself. As might be expected, he ended up being shot by police. That was just stupidity, and I'm not going to blame the cop for something like that.

I can generally go about my business without fear of being robbed or killed, because of the police officers who routinely put their own lives on the line to keep the rest of us safe. I absolutely do not hate cops, or prosecutors for that matter.

Unfortunately, we do have cops like Sean Grayson and Derek Cress, who I believe we would all be better off without.

Derek Cress has since retired from police work. This is where he works now.

<https://zeroabuseproject.org/profiles/derek-cress/>

Here's the bio they have for him.

Biography

Derek Cress is a Child Abuse Investigations Specialist with Zero Abuse Project. He recently retired from Indianapolis Metropolitan Police Department (IMPD) after 24 years of decorated service to the community by achieving the investigative designation of Master Detective. For the past 17 years, he was assigned to the Criminal Investigations Branch where he held investigative and training roles within the Child Abuse Unit, Sex Offense Unit, and most recently, the Internet Crimes Against Children Unit. He was fortunate to be selected and cross designated as a Task Force Officer with the FBI, where he participated in multiple successful federal child exploitation investigations, prosecutions, and convictions while partnering with the United States Attorney's Office for the Southern District of Indiana. He strongly believes in continuing education and training for ICAC investigators is the key to combating online child sexual abuse, which dynamically changes on a regular basis.

Derek holds an associate degree in Criminology from Indiana State University, a bachelor's degree in Management from Indiana Wesleyan University, and is a graduate of the IMPD Leadership Academy.

I believe the Zero Abuse Project is a fine organization, but there appears to be a fox in the hen house. I think it's high time the Zero Abuse Project got rid of that piece of shit.

As for Kristina Korobov, I apologize for having frightened her, and I want to make it absolutely clear that I am not accusing her of any kind of misconduct, though perhaps she should choose her friends more carefully.

More About My History

I've had a lot to say about Derek Cress, and it's only fair that I be scrutinized as well.

I was kicked out of the United States Air Force after being diagnosed with Paranoid Personality Disorder, in response to some accusations I was making. Since then, I have succeeded at triggering another investigation by the Air Force Office of Investigation. I know that because an OSI agent accidentally addressed me by another man's name, and I was able to figure out who that other man was. I do not know the outcome of that investigation, and I am quite certain that I never will, because I no longer have a security clearance. Even if I did, I would not have a need to know.

I have argued that a diagnosis of PTSD might be more appropriate, but after giving the matter a little more thought, I have concluded that the two are actually the same. If a man develops some problems because he was a prisoner of war, he is diagnosed with PTSD. If he has the same problems because his father was an abusive alcoholic, it's Paranoid Personality Disorder. If a man who has spent time as a prisoner of war was also raised by an abusive alcoholic, there is likely to be a synergistic effect.

A psychiatrist told me that I could not possibly have been suffering from PTSD, because I do not have an abnormal sensitivity to loud noises. If a woman developed PTSD as a result of being gang raped, I don't believe she is likely to display an abnormal sensitivity to loud noises either. Psychiatry, as it is normally practiced, is not a branch of medicine. It is a cult. If you want to learn about psychiatry, I think the first thing you should do is watch *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

Doctor Ritter, the Air Force psychologist who gave me that diagnosis, went out of his way to antagonize me, and threatened me with involuntary psychiatric treatment, in an effort to coerce me into adopting his beliefs. When I determined that arguing with Doctor Ritter was pointless, I started humoring him.

If they just wanted to kick me out, no problem. However, if Doctor Ritter handed me a prescription, my plan was to pretend to go along with it, and express my admiration for Doctor Ritter, and my gratitude for the guidance he was providing to me. I would then show up for my next appointment with a gun, and blow Doctor Ritter's brains out.

I do not deny that I am dangerous. I believe very strongly that past behavior is the best predictor of future behavior. Given the right circumstances, I can be very dangerous to a man like Richard Stanley, or Doctor Ritter. For non emergency situations, my weapon of choice happens to be a word processor.

Sometimes, a man who has spent many years filing unsuccessful lawsuits against his neighbors will end up committing an act of violence. A man who loses his job might respond by perpetrating a mass shooting. An argument that I might do something like that could be made, but nothing that I wouldn't be prepared to counter.

I fully expect some to see the very dissemination of this document as a crime. A man is arrested by a police officer who was merely doing his job. Twenty five years later, he retaliates by trashing the officer's reputation with a document that he has promoted specifically to said officer's colleagues.

If an investigative journalist with a major newspaper wrote this story, and published it to the entire country, would that be a crime? We do have this little thing called the First Amendment. Does the First Amendment guarantee certain rights to an investigative journalist with a major newspaper that aren't also available to me? Does marketing this story to a select few constitute a crime, while publishing it to the entire country is not? Derek Cress does have legal remedies, if he feels that I have

attacked him unfairly, but I think anyone who tries to prosecute me for this is going to have a few problems.

I would not pose a threat to a woman who has rejected me, unlike my father, who I was very close to. He didn't think a woman should be allowed to leave her husband, under any circumstances. He even thought death might be an appropriate penalty for any woman who dared to do so. If you're married to a man who comes home drunk every night and beats the crap out of you, you said I do, end of story.

I am like my father in many respects, but we also have our differences. Not only do I favor no fault divorce. I don't think it should even be possible to contest a divorce. As far as I'm concerned, if one person wants out, the marriage is over.

Prior to enlisting in the Air Force, I volunteered on the National Runaway Switchboard. I enjoyed helping those kids, but I was frustrated because that position didn't allow me to fight for them, which is what I really wanted to do. Maybe that explains why I seem to have a knack for getting myself into these situations, first in the Air Force, and then in a sleazy hotel on the southwest side of Indianapolis.

The last time I was in prison, a man who was getting out before me offered to harass Nancy Broyles on my behalf. I said, "Thank's for the offer, but that's not how I do things." My father would have taken him up on it.

If Derek Cress was charged with murder, I saw the whole thing, and it was clearly self defense, I would come forward and testify in his defense. If I believed he was guilty, but I had evidence that might cast doubt on his guilt, I would provide that evidence to his attorney. I can be ruthless, but I do have a sense of fair play.

A friend once remarked that what I did to Richard Stanley wasn't exactly a fair fight. In response, I stated my belief that a man ought to fight fair, if he's fighting with his girlfriend. Regarding

what I did to Richard Stanley, and what I almost did to Doctor Ritter, in the words of Fred Degerberg, founder of the Degerberg Academy of Martial Arts, “If I ever hear about one of my students fighting fair, that’s grounds for expulsion.” I was a student of his, only for a short time prior to enlisting in the Air Force. I hope he finds me worthy.

Allen D. Montgomery