David Wayne Hull

*Eggs* the hand painted sign read. I followed the arrows. The road was paved, but a few hundred yards after it became one lane, there was one more of those signs in front of a house, so I pulled in. There was another sign posted that said *Beware of Dogs,* so when I heard ferocious barking, I sat in my car with the window lowered. Walking down a slope from a barn with a Confederate flag on it was David Wayne Hull. He said I was fine to get out- the dogs were fenced up. I explained I wasn’t interested in eggs, but I was in conversation and possibly a photograph. We sat on his porch and talked.

“Let me be clear, I’m a white supremacist. I’m the Imperial Wizard of the Invisible Empire of the White Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. We’re not the cross-burning kind of Klan, although I got no problem with them. We put the emphasis on the Invisible part of our name. Like if there’s someone selling drugs, they might get a visit in the middle of the night by some of the boys. And they’ll make it real clear to that drug dealer that they’re not welcome in this county. Sure enough, a week later that dealer has moved on. They can sell that shit somewhere else, but they can’t sell it here.

“I spent nine years in federal prison. Wait, eight years, eleven months- I don’t want to be a liar. I believe it’s important to always tell the truth. It was on bogus charges. Even the ACLU told me the charges were no good, but they couldn’t take my case because of who I was. So I did my time.

“Prison is as bad as you think. It’s hard to sleep, the food’s awful, you have to watch your back all the time. But I had people I could trust. Some of the best friends I ever had were in prison.

“Prison is like being dead, but without the sympathy.

“When I got out all they gave me was forty dollars, a wrinkled shirt, pants that didn’t fit, and a bus ticket.

“I grew up tough in Pennsylvania, but I always believed in hard work. There was a ton of Pennsylvania Dutch around there and a lot of your worth was based on how hard you worked. They’d say, He’s a son of a bitch, but he’s a helluva worker. That’s just how they felt and I feel the same way.

“I’d work if I could. You may think I’m a deadbeat on Social Security Disability, but I paid into it and by god my knees won’t let me work.

“I could be in Mensa. I tested 151 and 153, but because of my criminal record I can never vote or own a gun again the rest of my life. It shouldn’t be that way.

“I always thought PTSD was a farce made up by weaklings, but I’ll tell you, that shit is real. I have it, but not the kind you hear about where you can’t be in crowds or loud sounds set you off. What I have makes me cry at inappropriate moments. Like one time I went to the store to get feed for my chickens and when I got there they were closed. I sat in the car and cried. Weird, right?”