

I almost completed school. I almost found my groove in many good jobs. I almost got married, which is probably the best "almost" I've ever (not) done.

I almost graduated the Men of Nehemiah program. That would've been a helluva accomplishment. But, alas, it didn't pan out. Every time I'm close to getting past almost, something in me says "screw up" and, like a mindless zombie, I always obey.

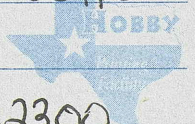
There's a few things I didn't almost do, though. I didn't almost pull a knife on my cousin, and I didn't almost do the five-year sentence that came with that. I didn't almost slap a DART officer after I had only been home four months. I didn't almost serve a two-year sentence for that offense.

Fast-forward close to ten years. I didn't almost keep my hands to myself to avoid an altercation with a group of twelve-, thirteen-, and fourteen-year olds.

But I almost got out early on parole. I didn't almost screw it up, though. I almost got through minimum custody; I almost got through ~~close~~ medium custody. I even halfway almost got through closed custody. I won't almost get through Ad. Seg., though. And I definitely won't almost complete this three-year sentence.

There's only one thing I hope to never almost do. I don't want to almost be a better father, a better son, a better brother, a better uncle.

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