

10-17-16
Cell - 138 / IPD
BCJC

Choices

I became like an animal being fed through a fence when I made that choice. Having to fight for my right to exist and never completely succeeding, I'm only a number in this maximum security hell. I wish this would end, But they wouldn't get their payday, would they?

You see, that's the reason for this hopelessness, Sadly, for all this madness, Are we meat for the beast? IF so, which one? This can't fix my problem. Or the problem for most of us, Our addiction.

A week ago a man was found hanging in his cage. The very thing that hung him... the guards, The people who are suppose to watch us and keep us safe, Darkness and despair caused his depression. That was his only choice. Or so he thought. Maybe for him there was no other way out, Look at us, treated like animals. No end in sight. No break in the storm for some. But for me? This nightmare is almost over and I'm about to wake up. A new day will dawn with new

choices. No more fences for me... Only
Freedom. Maybe. Depends on me and what
I choose. No matter what... I won't be an
animal any more. Either human or a slave
to my addiction.

God, help me!
God, help us all!

For some, You are all we have.

- Amanda
Collette
Gallis