

September, 28th, 2017
2nd Letter to the APWA, By,
Richard L. Tabler, #999523

4-pages mailed out on
Friday, 9/29/2017.;)

Dear The Editors,

Peace! May this second letter reach you all swiftly and in the best of health and spirits. Thank you, for getting right back to me letting me know that you got my first essay speaking about my friend's execution, and for keeping it real in letting me know that it'll still be sometime before what I sent to you is in the system for everyone to read. I don't mind this as I myself am not going to be around forever but I would still like to know that I was able to leave something behind for our future society to read and learn about what is really going on within the prison's of this world.

We are currently on lockdown here within the Polunsky Unit where Texas Death Row is housed. Lockdowns are a real bitch [sorry about the language]. Before I get down to the nitty gritty in this essay, please allow me to remind you that you already have a signed and dated **permissions-questionnaire from me.:**)

With that said, may we now begin this second essay for everyone?

When Do You Say Enough Already & Ask To Be Executed?
By, Richard L. Tabler, #999523
Texas Death Row

For those of you who do not know me, my name is Richard L. Tabler, though my friend's know me as either "**Blue or Slim Shady**", feel free to think of me as either one or to some who are set against those who have been placed on Death Row as whatever floats your boat.

I have been on Texas Death Row since early April of 2007, and during my time here it has been a really rough ride, but than again we make it hard on ourselves, right? Or wrong? My situation has been harder than most of any other inmate in a prison. I say this cause I know it to be true. When I first got to Texas Death Row, I was sent directly to F-Pod which houses all the inmates who breaks the rules and needs to be disciplined by the staff. It didn't mater that I had done nothing to deserve being punished, my violation was in being sent to Death Row in the first place. When I chose to take the life of another human being I gave up my rights, and when I was sentenced to **Death**, something inside of myself also gave up on any kind of life. Though this wouldn't become clear to me until years later when the State of Texas would murder my last and only bestfriend on Texas Death Row.

In 2008 I was busted within my death row prison cell with a cell phone that was used to contact a state senator. To everyone within these walls regardless of why I had contacted this person I was now labled a snitch. I caught so much hate and ill will towards myself from not just other inmates but from the officer's as well. And what is bad is I didn't snitch as so many people would like to believe. The truth is that I had contacted this person after **witnessing** another inmate getting his ass beat while in hand restraints and leg irons, by ranking officer's and none ranking

[note to the editors, please forgive the spacing on the previous page, as i'm fixing it on this one.:0]

officer's. The purpose of a baton that the officer's carry on them when escorting an inmate to and from visitation or anywhere else they see fit to take an inmate from his/her cell; is in the event that an inmate gets out of hand, then an officer is allowed to use his/her baton to jab an inmate. At no time should a officer beat an inmate like he/she is going out to play baseball. The day that I used a smuggled cell phone to call a state senator was on the day that I witnessed officer's beating an ad-seg inmate while he was in restraints and leg irons in his cell. When you are sober and not under the influence of anything and you see another person beating the shit out of someone who is unable to defend himself, something inside you wants to go to his aid. When you hear the hits from the baton impacting on this inmate for whatever reason and the hits start to sound like that of a butcher beating his meat with the cleaver, and then you see the blood of the one being beaten splay among the walls of the cell, and in the end he is left for dead and no medical of any kind comes his way. You want to aid this person in some way, cause that could very well be you the next time. For this I was called a snitch by all. It wasn't over the fact that a lot of us on Death Row lost their cell phones and attention was pointing at us from all over. It was because of who I called and why and nobody cared that an inmate was getting beaten like he was another Rodney King but only in prison. For this action on my part I was cast out from my own peers. From the years 2008 through to Jan. 2011, I was housed on a section by myself. Where normally there would be fourteen men on a section in single cells, there was only one, myself. Each cross over door that would allow the officer's to cross over to another section from where I was being housed was sealed with tape per the Unit Warden at the time who was Warden Timothy Simmons. I was placed inside of a cell that had a video camera mounted above the sink/toilet combo that would watch my every move, and an officer was also assigned to sit in the front of my cell 24/7 even though I had a camera watching me. The officer to sit in front of my cell 24/7 was armed with a Radio, a Huge

can of LEL0 Chemical Agents, a Flash-light, and a chair to sit in. You had to be a LT. or higher in Rank to come on the section to feed me and give me my mail or to take me to the shower or to a legal visit with my lawyer's. For 1½ years I was only allowed my boxers to wear. I hadn't even been given a mattress to sleep on, and I was being shook down every thirty minutes, while the lights within my cell were left on 24/7. In the end I would go through numerous uses of force, which only resulted in my ass getting beat up by officer's suited up in all kinds of gear to protect themselves from harm. In the end I would catch them all slipping. This was on **May, 20th, 2010**, where an officer that was assigned to sit in front of my cell left to go down to the control booth that could see me through the in-cell-camera, but it was all I needed. Long story short I ended up slitting my left arm open from the wrist to my elbow and caused me to flatline three times before medical brought me back to the land of hell, Texas Death Row. For those of you wondering how I was able to cut myself open being without property, just know that everyone has his/her price and is willing to bring someone a box cutter blade. It wasn't so much the isolation and being singled out by everyone, as it was knowing that i'm guilty of the crime that landed me on Death Row in the first place, and because i'm not allowed to visit with my mom, sister, and niece. Though they have never been to the prison to see me, the Director of TDCJ had my loved ones removed from my approved visitation list in 2008. Every six months i'm allowed to appeal for my visitation to be reinstated but everytime that I do this, i'm denied. It has now been almost ten years since I last saw my family, actually I take that back. The last time I saw my mom, sister and niece was the day I was sentenced to Death in April of 2007. Dealing with the fact that i'm not allowed to see my loved ones, as a means of punishment on top of my death sentence, has only added to the ache within my heart and soul. When these people also executed my best friend Tai Chin Preyor on July, 27th, 2017 it pushed me over the cliff's ledge that I had been standing on. I am currently in a legal battle with my lawyer's while I try to end my appeals and volunteer for execution. Can you understand my pain?

With that said, please allow me to close this here for now. I hope that someone out there or even within the APWA Staff are able to gain something from these words I have shared with each of you. I ask that you please let me know that you got this essay in the mail as I continue to have issues with getting my mail out off the Unit. I would greatly appreciate this from each of you, and if you have any questions of your own, please feel free to ask them; and I will do my best to answer them for you in my next writing. Thanks again for allowing me to write this for you and everyone else.

Respectfully,
Richard L. Tabler

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "R.L. Tabler", is written over a horizontal line. Below the line, there are several long, sweeping horizontal strokes that extend across the width of the signature area.

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