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Wed.
Jan 9, 2019
Essay on: VALUE

Hello there World.... How you and yours...
Today marks my first essay being submitted to APWA... As well as my fourthieth month officially done out of this twelve year sentence I have while being incarcerated in OHIO. This essay is to embark on Value... therefore I hope you enjoy...

This is my forth penitenchary number that Im mortified to admit I have to start out saying. The world we are born in give value off clones, pairs, common mass OR fortitude. Everyone is either given value through automation of the first three OR they actually own and earn their value through authenticity... where at the end of the day the only raw value comes from a virtue which is only authentic and original. Alot of this revolves around inclinations that had a navigational pull to unlimited joy and felicity from childhood... this is the only way we reach what our purpose to life is by centering it through our authentic inclinations from childhood.

As, goes for in here it's the whole opposite... it's either monkey see, monkey do... OR... be a virtue through a original resource only you can steer... it may be human based OR a entity in itself that a person is connected to and feeds off as a host like a tapeworm to thee human intestines. Incarceration is the underworld of the limited and animalistic where everyone is basically going no where fast even administration which their gimmicks and filters of antics to try and trick inmates out their spots of comfortablity. So everytime a person gets into their bid meaning get a routine that activates a velocity that sheds the days to months and months to years of their bid, administration is always on their way to infest you and your time with oppression and adversity it never falls it's just welcome to the life of the sad songs and miserable minds, bodies, souls and misfornate from inmates to administration. Everyone in majority seems to stand on comfort then Potential which consummates them as Arrested Developments it sad but it TRUE.

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formal definition of Value is MONETARY OR MATERIAL WORTH ... but personally if you ask me it's rather the upper or lowered honor people engrave onto you. Inwhich it is usually given automatedly thru images, appearance, strength or Association. The measures are given off the solidity or shallow base of foundation people stand on. I painted cars, did autobody collision repair, own a LLC for a Auto Body Shop and was a full time single parent to my oldest son but one simple slip from my temper landed me back here for a fourth time to only recently absorb my true clairvoyance and wisedom that I was too have been absorbed and realized three peniterchiary numbers ago. So value was prominent to my success and foundation as long as I navigated the proper nourishing essentials that equal balance not just for me but for my child as well as the civilization around me in society. Where one slip of proper navigation of these essentials surrendered my position I upheld in society as well as my child, LLC's, my place of business and the house and several vehicles owned as well as the elements that equated my comfort or convenience in my personal life. Money, women, entertainment, music, travel, etc. FROM a present basis while incarcerated this is what seperates the strong/solid from the Hollow and the poor from the fortunate. Which is whether you were a actually man handling business protecting, leading providing and your dynamics of sagacious choices you make because their is a max of 160 choices to make in prison while in society their is a max of 16,000 choices ....

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Value I've earned prior to this entering of prison seems to only be valid or limpid partially here due to if I have solid support from the relic of my finances or from the world where my actual value really reigns love, loyalty and endurance. Living in this world the administration always seems to find a way to demean or steer you into some sort of botched Filter that holds oppression to the point it breaks all common Hollow people but never phases the authentic solid mind, Heart or soul. The personal experience of this world comes from a recent outpour of some made up rules. I caught a rule 39 from a urine test that tested positive for THC. It's only pose to be cell restriction for 7-30 days ... tell me why administration gave

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me six months restrictions of all the (as they call them) privileges I can use to keep my time flowing so no phone, no jpay, no visits, no packages ordered, no any kind of commissary only $20 limit of hygiene once a month, all this is none existent for 6 months and get this they had me send my 15" tv and timberland boots home also. All this oppression by choicing to burn my time in here as I am freely able to if I was actually in society. I have a twelve year sentence like I stated earlier so the administration trying to use how I chose to burn my time against me to reform me as a puppet to their structure of a spiritual and mental slave which would actually make me a true charlatan if I accepted. I refuse to lose because if a person had four toes on each foot they still couldn't fill my shoes.

My value is given through the moral ethics that shine off my base not from the face value as like everyone else has seem to give or follow. Incarceration has lasting effect on everyone because this world isn't actual its rather makeshift. Me personally I'm ready to just be able to put this shit all behind me ... I've expanded my horizon from the streets, fast money and entertainment unto economical ventures that will amplify me and my net worth to be solid as ten golden gate bridges and stand taller then the empire state building. I'm thirty years old with four prison numbers and worst come to worst eight years left til september 2027 comes around all I kno is the virtues that people challenge others with create resolve or further complicate basic measures, so if you want something did you gotta make sure you do it ... thats the effort to true value if you ask me...

Well,

I really don't know what kind of essays you are use to recieving but I just enjoy writing books, tattooing, drawing, cutting hair, communication, and growth financially / mentally and spiritually... I hope the essay can be a periscope to enlightement for wisdom or aspiration by unleashing the measures from the recipe that composes my life currently. I haven't had a visit since 2016 and am 3½ hours away from my hometown. All I would like is for my mind, time and options to be admired and absorbed beyond just a local bases. Everyone has eyes but everyone doesn't have a vision and this is where I

come in at... time is of thee essence so, hopefully the time being sacrificed out my life and my child's life can reap a benefit of grandeur amongst you world, as well as myself. Hopefully you enjoy my harmony and well if not then, at least it was worth the good jolt of positive energy laid forth in the universe like a lite M-1000 on Independence day! (I guess)...

Yours Truly,
Sam #684686