

An Excerpt From My Journals

I already have a file!

11/18/17

I cried again today. The tears are beginning to form easily. It doesn't take much. I guess I'm just super depressed. I truly miss my family. They are all so good to me. I wish I could shake my addiction. Maybe then I could be a better son.

I haven't heard from Samantha nor Draven since the last time they visited me. Maybe Draven really meant what he said. Right before they left, Draven blurted out that he hated me. At the moment I just shrugged it off and let it go. Probably something he says all the time. But considering the fact that his birthday cards were sent back to me and such... Maybe he really does hate me.

I can't stand this facility anymore. It's all I can do to keep my composure on a daily basis. I just want to explode and go Rambo on these guys in here. All day everyday I have to deal with idiots. Man I'm so fucking tired of this shit. Just the way this place is set up. It's like I'm back in the county jail, except this pod is larger and holds more people.

I try to hide out in my cell whenever I possibly can. Usually I put a sign up on my door in order to cover the window. There's so many nosey ass people. They walk ~~down~~ and as they do, they stare into people's cells.

Whenever I have to go into the dayroom, it just kills me. I feel like everyone is watching me and I try my best to avoid people. However, those people are unavoidable.

Because I have to converse with dumbass people, I'm beginning to notice that I'm losing my conversation skills. So when I do talk to a C.O. or people from the outside world, I fail miserably. My charisma is gone. I always clam-up and my mind goes blank. I cuss and say stupid shit because that's all I hear on a daily basis.

Lord what have I done to deserve this? I truly feel as if my dues are paid. Please God set me free. I want to see trees and hug humans. I haven't felt any love nor affection in so long. Lord I miss my family. I miss freedom....

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