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The crown of prison reform could only be worn by an activist who's mind and body were able to bear its awful grace; I determined to be the Omniking of Change. My neverending quest's path was riddled with debased politicians, partial judges, and detestable prison officers - Heartless monsters above human relations. Pendleton's envious and jealous offenders were like venomous serpents constantly poisoning the body of its civilization. I worked tirelessly to build the Archive; strengthening it drain me greatly. The emotional dialysis was essential in maintaining my overall health, yet was still taxing upon all my being.

My Editors were a godsend. They guarded my original hardcopies, and did

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everything conceivably possible to ensure the world received my best work. When they published my indignant correspondence to them, their impartiality was proven absolute. My Editors gave it the perfect title - "Every member of The Human Race". It quickened me from diva bitch mode at once; I could have been purchased for two nickels the moment my eyes saw the posted letter.

I honestly did not give a shit how many authors were writing for the Archive; I was going to be its champion; Danny the Great. If I was going to realize that dream, and ascend the APWA's summit, then I had to outwork everyone else. I was committed - Twelve hours per day - All my available time was

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devoted to my work in pursuit of prison  
reform. The vast majority of my time was  
spent composing and sending promotional  
correspondences to literary journals, Universities,  
Colleges - national and international. I even  
had the audacity to send multiple letters  
to the Norwegian Nobel Institute in Oslo  
addressed to its Executive Director Lars  
Heikesten; I knew he would appreciate my  
work; We were peers; Equal in every way.