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Dear Readers,

April 13, 2020

A introduction into this impulsive Journey of highs is now I feel. A recipient of 24 hour lock down with this Covid 19 Viral Pandemic has My fear and Paranoia at a All time high. No alternative it seem is Made to those of us who need to vent that we truly fear for the 1<sup>st</sup> Time.

This fear is Spoken in the Confessional booth aka The vent that connects Our vents. I Express them when APWA gives My Body a Voice and a Chance to Ask for help. The world should see this, yet to be honest it does not Matter; Right? Worlds are colliding when I Now am Only worried about the OFFICERS lives because it is them who could possible bring the Covid-19 into here to Me. What OF My 1<sup>st</sup> Lung, My Asthma, Open thoracic Surgery, CRANIOTOMY, and a tracheostomy? This is Me- Christopher. Reginald Cox. JR 411292, 2390623. What of the fact My medical file saying I was sent out in 2019 twice for Respiratory issues in a Ambulance? Does Officials No My life Matters? These are Questions that are whispered through the Confessional booths.

Medical here is Running around so Much that they're short of staff. I feel for them because they too are lost. How can they treat someone that is allergic to Flagil, Ciprol, and Penicillin? Antibiotics that are available here, so now Medical is afraid to give Me Meds, so Suffer or what? Chocolate, Fish, Seafood, and I be Profew are added to this list. Should Medical be prepared to encounter that 1<sup>st</sup> inflame and say we need to do our Resedron or should they just Place Me in a bubble?

How does DPSCS allow the Son of a Murdered Grandmother to Reside in the same Person as the Killer? My Grandfather!



Should we be friends, although My Mom was deprived of a mom before her teen years? How can I tell a Licensed Counselor that I have heard My Junts Screams. Does his life matter to NBCI or DPSCS or maybe G.O.D? So many letters, so many questions, and I only can write them to the ACLU, PRISM, DPM, and now APWA when I have some stamps.

How can Prisons improve? I don't know, yet this is not a Complaint, this is a Cry. I tattoo'd fear drops on My face at the Age of 17<sup>th</sup> because I no longer wanted to shed tears. They threaten to fall now because of the Anger that is in My heart. The strongest Part of My body is My Mind. So when I say I Love APWA for this chance it is said with My mind because it is strong. The weakness is the heart in My chest because I don't understand the Policies and Procedures that are constantly broken. Confusion scares Me. Uncertainty Scares Us. Unanswered voices is the Here, Present, and Now! It is here, Present and now.... My hands shake so I must stop.

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