

Dear Readers,

Greetings from this side of the wall. So far we have yet to feel the full rate of this Covid 19 virus. The worries are real. No free 15 minute Phone Call can change that I don't want to pick up the phone. No SKYPE visit can make me feel safe when I have to explain to my love ones why I am inside of a dogs kennel.

5 foot 7 inches I stand. 179 Pounds I weigh. A crime I was convicted of, yet do I deserve the description of a animal? I and everybody who resides in north branch Correctional Institution have wondered if this is the end of the line, what is destiny in control of? Do I belong, or do I merely just co-exist with societies description of broken?

It is common practice for education on issues such as this Covid-19 Pandemic to be learned through word of mouth (grape vine) or from the Television or Radio. No One has educated those of us who're not able to have a Radio, T.V, or Newspaper source. My Property sits in the back of NBCI's Segregation building. So I ask again, why must individuals who are without money to purchase these things and individuals like me in Disciplined Segregation be forced

to rely on the mental ill person next to us, or the same individual that swears the calendar has 375 days on it?

This is not a Compliant. This is a chance to show the world why illumination is a must. This is not a Compliant. This is a war cry of Conscience to those who wake around in darkness. This is not a Compliant. This is a 29 year old who has realized at this point he will only add to the recidivism rate because he has yet to receive the proper mental health treatment that causes the night terrors and inemical behavior.

Conversations are being had now. An awakening is taking place. Change is in the air and I am literally afraid that now will repeat then. Just recently I was told because I am ready to confront Unjustice Prison Conditions this will make me a hero. I strongly had to disagree because credit is only suppose to be given to things that are not autonomic. I do however recognize that one is elevated to a Prisoner of Conscience when he will not only correct his behavior, yet those of officers and convicts alike. A status of Political Prisoner I am told was afforded to me on December 17, 2015 at Western Correctional Institution located

Spitting distance from NBCI.

So close that our mail rooms are shared
So close that they heard the Shot Gun that
was fired in late September of 2016 as we were
in the Yards, classrooms, and cells. So close
that when I decided I couldn't allow
my mental health, health issues or fear keep
me from speaking UP or OUT about a basic
human rights violation by Common Senses
standard.

I wear an I.D card around my neck
with a SID# and Doc# on it. Along with
weight, birth date, complexion. On the back
my medical alerts are announced and my
allergies. I am more than that I swear. Just
ask me to identify myself and you'll look
pass the 300 something tattoos that I
carry on my body. Allow my id to tell you
that I got them to cover UP old cut marks
I made as a juvenile and gunshot and
stab wounds as an adult.

Thank You APWA family for allowing
me to identify myself.

Revolutionary Embrace
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