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First of all, I want to tell you that Prison is not a game, You Might Believe you are tough and you never will be here, But let me tell you, that that's not true, Prison is for everybody My Name, let me say Ayala an ex member of a gang Tears Jhaa!! that something no body want to talk about, But every body inside here in Prison In ther heart want to scream, because your soul wants to burn, The sky is an imagination of freedom and the only people who are here are your Family (if you have some one) because sometimes even your girl leaves you. Your Friends disappear and God is the only here to Protect you.

In Prison the game is not like in the street here you cant Run, when you least expect it, your homeboy betray you. In Prison the name of the game is to survive, not to be the strongest man, with a six Pack and all that with a Big Mouth, to survive you need a Strong Mind, to Face Prison and the situation from the streets (Family, Friends, Business) here you have junkers every where, different's groups and gangs you cant trust even in your own People Because they are the first ones to put you in the Fire to Burn your Life. When I came here I was lost

I saw all these different people, gangs, groups. People with life in Prison, when I said life is Because they are never gonna Make it outside even if it is only 35 years, Because that people not all but most of them Block there Mind Really when you just get here you want to look tough, and you dont care about the people with life, but that people know how to eat your Mind up to put you in the work of the Prison. (if you stay away From god the only thing will come, will be Problems) Racism is every where, drugs, Porn, alcohol, and all that you can have, But you gonna Kill your self slowly, And if you start being in a gang will be worst. I did a Mistake that's the reason I'm here, Because I never listen my grandma, My Mom and My father die when I was 3 and 4 years old, I grow up Rebel with all this pain in my heart. Being in Prison Make me think in my Past. But I cant have Pity For my self. I stand up to fight, Because I was Born to shine, I have been a couple of years in Prison, this is my second time And I'm tired to have the Police Ruling my life, this and that, the Phone calls

the Food, the cloth all that and more
But I have learned that's the way to
learn and I did do things wrong

It's my fault no body said for me to
stay in the BOP Resorts "Hell No!"

Im here because of my Bad decisions

That's what put me in here

When I just come here my girlfriend left me
my aunt and my grand died, months after, a got
here, only God and people who been here know
How much you suffer in Prison. When you lose
people that you love that hurts.

All of the time you have lost in here
that time that you can never get back.

Every night I meditate. Revenge is a Demon
if you let it be. Forgiveness is Love

But how to forget? that's the question
every night I asked my self, But Im' learning
the answer. With love you can forgive

any one. when my Aunt died I felt Bad
because she died 3 weeks after I came here

Then my grandma too. The Blood of my veins
wanted to explode, My tears where like a

Flood and the voice in the night started
to talk. I Found help on God, But its
hard to Believe that the time past so fast