

This peice will be generally oriented towards the decency of people, who are being forced to stop sharing that decency with ~~othe~~ others...

I'll most easily be able to convey this by sharing with you ~~va~~ various things which I personally have been tortured by having to hold away from the people I could be giving these things to -- if I were not being threateningly held away from society...

Just moments ago, I was listening to a news broadcast, about how the government in america was about to stop funding the free-lunch program in schools, or, at least they were talking ~~of~~ it happening. I was in such a disturbed state of mind, I really had not clicked to what they were saying definitively, as I was in a rush in my mind to see what I could do to help feed kids in ~~schon~~ schools. 145

I'd thought, how I would willingly give away ~~vtrays~~ I'm fed + to kids, after I'd got to sit with them in the cafeteria, and see if they were good kids. Not liars, trying to get extra food, but somebody who had nothing to eat at lunch. After letting my heart ~~fi~~ find the child who would be putting that fuel to the best use, I would then say, "Here. You can have my food. What you don't want, we'll go find somebody else who may want it..."

I had also thought of cooking huge ammounts ~~of~~ food, and ~~the~~ then going to a Junior High ~~+~~ during lunchtime, and having a group of people I trusted help me hand out little meals to kids who ~~the~~ they could tell were honestly hungry, had no food, or were ones who we could tell the meal was "meant" to go to... funding had came into my mind later on, and I'd thought to myself that I'd

simply take money I'd worked my ass off to make, and just go do it. It's my money, and I earned it, and this would be what I would spend it on.

If I was not being forced 24/7 to be restricted from being outside of this concrete cave with electricity, and running water. My splendid A/C as well, that I'm grateful for every day.

I want to go to one of those villages, where people have to hike through the woods to get water, and bring a pack with me, so I can carry nutrition shakes and things I could re-fuel with, for optimal performance, and make marathon hiking trips, bringing them load after load of drinking water.

But there's absolutely no way I can leave designated housing areas within prison for more than ten more years...stopping me from having any chance at all from doing any of those sorts of things.

I'd wanted to pay for cleft-surgery I'd seen advertised in a national geographic I got. One from 2012, as a place I order them from sends me back-issues for cheap.

First, the prison I live in does not allow me to send money to anybody not on my visitation list, and has a restriction on places I may send money. Second, I have no access to a manner I could get the order-form I needed (to be 'approved' for me to send out the money for the surgery for a child), or an updated address without going through a place by mail, that reply's to me anywhere within a 4-9 month range -- as they're overwhelmed by others asking for things from their prisoner-resource program. Relatively, it takes 2-5 months for the approval-process for me

first send the request to be allowed to send my money somewhere, to the point that a check is actually mailed to the place I'm asking it be sent.

Now, just covering the time it would take for me to be able to get the info. and send the check, we're talking about taking 6-14 months, for me to try to do this. Not mentioning how staff here simply throw away some of these requests out of blind hate, spoon-fed to them by their bosses who tell them how disgusting, manipulative, and horrible the people who live here are.

I've been trying to order a childrens-spanish magazine I can use to teach myself spanish, then mail to my baby couzin, who can use it to teach her child to become bilingual (as this childrens magazine is made to do), for over 6 months now. I have not made any progress, because I'm being ignored by anybody in a designated position within prison administration to answer me, in regards to this specific subject.

I realize people are being raped, and extorted by officers in other countries, and I'm thankful every day for the laxity, and pampering I receive as an American, in a prison in America. I want you to know, this is not forgotten, but, I also realize that it does not determine the treatment, ability, or the limitations being forced upon my person -- or my capacity to be doing good things all over the world...

Knowing I could do so much, but am literally held 24/7 away from the good I could be doing for humanity. Knowing that I can waste years of my life, doing every possible thing I can to give something as simple as a hug to someone, and to have to

know that I can spend 4,000 sleepless nights, forced to agonize over the fact that I'm "not allowed to"...

I'd done the math of my entire sentence in days, and it came to about 8,500 -- that's how deeply I had looked into how long I may have to wait, how far I have to plan, what range I am forced to walk carrying goods that will rot before anyone can get them...

I do look constantly to what I can do now, and do things you wouldn't believe to be helping people around me to live a life better than what they would without what tools I may be able to give to them. This is no substitute for the raw physical prowess I have, that I am simply forced to let decay, because I am given no possible way to get outside, and to do the labors I know will contribute to causes I believe in:

Veteran support

Feeding kids

helping people with debilitating nerve/brain damage (like me)
disaster cleanup work

moving assistance for elderly and any in crisis zones

arts events for charity/fundraising

There's just so many things I'd love to do, but am being kept from doing....

I have done much labor in my life for free, charity, to give something to someone else, or because I wanted to use myself to do something generally good -- instead of wasting it on something for myself. I have found that one thing I do amazingly well is to work physically, with little breaks, or water, and all that. I am

not being allowed to do what I do best, and to give all that can be reaped from this fantastic skill/ability I was born with, to those it would do good... I'm sickened, I am mentally anguished, I'm literally being tortured because I'm a good person, and am being continually having my well-being, and basic functions/needs threatened, dangled in front of my face as a tool of manipulation to what end?

Why, in the name of all that is good am I not allowed to give what I have in excess? Why am I being forced to try and find some way to unaturally contort my physical dexterity, into some 'allowed' manner of conveyance by some invisible mass of thousand upon thousand of disgusting people using me to be part of some scheme to make them money -- or control the populations thoughts/actions through sociology?

The depth, and complexity of the malice, ignorance, the intentional warping of values, the crookedness of public offices, the sweeping under the rug of why american prisons saw a boom of population, size, land, money, and all that in the mid-1800's can become something any person with sense can begin to question if they read the 13th ammendment to the Bill of Rights -- and how it's worded.

It's no conspiracy theory, they are facts, well documented, of the fact that I live on a plantation... I just hear a smear campaign ad against a governer going for office, where they played a clip of him actually stating that prisons here are an open, shamefull extention, and an allowance of slavery, backed by, and on the properties that used to be plantations...

I wished I could vote for him, but, I'm also aware that the ways that alot of polititians get voted in is because of their great showy statements like that, to get voters to storm in just off the fact he'd say something like he did -- that it doesn't mean that all his values match that clip, or that he'd honestly try to change this horrific wrong that's happening right in front of all America...

I spend many hours awake, wishing I could rest, weary as I may have spent the last 50-plus hours awake, doing all I can with the tools available to me to get what I feel is right, to the people I may be able to get it to, trying to help others. I'm so restricted by my enviornment, I know I'm not getting .03% of what I have boiling inside me out to the people, and the places where it can do the good it could...

I've spent years, and marathon-sessions studying, and practicing the many things I'm noticing are furthering my ability to convert things in myself into mediums I may be able to somehow present to other human beings. I do realize the richness in myself being incited by my forced containment, but I'm also quite aware of the suffering all over the world of people, and lifes that could benifit from what I'm having to expend to save the life of some disgusting peice of garbage I live around -- who abuse their position as one of authority of some sort.

I have to waste hours of irreplaceable time, trying to keep myself from hurting some evil, rotten, shame of a person -- who I feel deep down in my heart wont change for the better for the rest of their miserable lifes. Making a misery of anyone they are

associated with, talk to, see, or interact with...someone who sours your day when you enter a room they happen to be in, you don't even need to interact with them to be sickend by the rot and putridity of their soul, mind, and way they treat others...

I realize that sociology, geneology, childhood, and much can contribute to a persons radiance, but, I also know how a choice made by someone to say, "fuckit" all day everyday can ruin the lifes of those around them. How it can permanently scar the minds of those under their rule, authority, or supervision...

I appologize for the sloppyness of many parts of me trying to put this together, but it's so charged with the limitation of my intelect, the tools I have to use, the things I'm forced to do to keep focus, the hundreds of things trying to burst from me ~~her~~ onto this page -- just so much I'm wrestling just to get out ~~h~~ what I'm inarticulately conveying to you here...

I'd like to tell you of another idea, that I never got to bring to anyone else, because I was locked away, given no way to find the people it should have gone to, and lacked the ~~mental-ten~~ capability to percieve how I'd go about giving this idea to some person who could make it a reality:

using tiny machines generating waves to resonate with organs of th brain to bring them into a "healty" frequency/function.

This idea came to me over 4 years ago, before I'd even heard that they had started doing something called trans-cranial magnetic treatment. Being so isolated from humanity, I suffered literally for years, thinking humanity could not reap the gain of my idea, to find out a couzin of mine was recieving a treatment

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much like what I'd believed was a novel idea...I'm so ignorant, not able to possibly know the most basic of things, all because millions of people I've never met in my life are maliciously placing restrictions upon how I may contribute to human society. How I may live my own life, or anyone who likes me in any fashion will be forced to suffer the ugliness of this machine they must try to operate to keep in contact with me.

If I could, I'd spend my days in some sort of incubation chamber, where my every energy, thought, potential, ability, or life-substance could be siphoned off me, and sent to the places it is the most needed -- unhampered by my pain of a twisted back from having to fist-fight somebody to be able to use a phone, or having to communicate with any being outside of prison by a written letter, by my exhaustion from not having enough food for somebody 20-pounds lighter than me to have the recommended calories to just lay in bed, with their bodies burning all that in nail growth, liver function, nerve signal movements, and all the basic maintenance of a human body.

In a static/still state.

By my forced ignorance, as I've not access to ways my body can process things -- having so many mental disabilities/traits that mean some things cause something like a seizure when I try to expose my mind to it, in an attempt to study. Like books. I can learn from books, but, the mechanical parts of my brain that are necessary for alot of higher function have been starved most my life, and so are feeble things/organs -- in comparison to what they could be if I could access the many tools even a 1 year old

child is casually given outside of prison-world.

You know, I haven't accessed the internet in over 10 years?

See how many people you'll meet on the street will tell you they have been forcefully withheld from doing research by using a google-search engine for ten years. In america.

I used to spend hours and hours at my desktop computer, feeding my mind with so vast of knowledge of the things that are continually inspiring my mind that's so active I actually break a sweat all over my body from thinking so intensely... regularly.

I have been able to find various agencies that I can do charity-works for, and can give some of myself to that will take what I give, and pass it on to many I couldn't contact if I'd spent 15-years trying to find them. But they are so overwhelmed by the amount of people living in prison who must go to them, because there is nobody else who does what they do, or, we can't find a mailing address for the place who does what we're looking for, or we can't find a place that can find that place for us, or any of the various limitations of socializing with society from behind these damn walls.

Yes, I'm well aware of the great privilege I have to be given 3 meals a day, and being required to do nothing for it, not having to pay for utilities, and being able to just sleep, or lay in a air-conditioned room literally 24/7 (which I could not possibly stand to do, as I have way too much I'm working on, and need to get done with my life...), but, my God, if you would just live here for a while... try to stay inside my cell, for

just one day, and see how crazy you feel... see how horrific you feel not being able to do basic things for yourself, like open a window.

I don't have a window.

I've seen the sun 3 times in the last 2 years.

What can I do?

Who will actually reply to my letters, and how can AI help get the bills passed for things like body-cameras being mandatory for these crooked bastards to be wearing -- so they don't keep getting promotions for things the United Nations courts would have them serving multiple-life sentences for if they were seen doing these inhuman things to prisoners. Their co-workers too.

Know how many female officers are gang-raped by their co-workers, or forced to quit if they don't put-out? Know how many male and female staff go lie in court when they try to report that abuse, or how many administrators in the chain of command cover it up after larger agencies take notice -- who falsify documents so they aren't punished at all?

At this moment, I've been in aching, sweat-causing pain for over 7-hours, trying to find out how the hell I can jump through whatever hoops I must to do good for humanity -- to get this need out of me to the places my life-force will do the most it can. No To be sure I'm not wasting any of myself on frivolity, or that what I do can not be corrupted by some disgusting person who's hands I am forced to put all that purity into, so they can soil it, destroy it, or otherwise stop my heart from being given to a truly good cause/endeavor...

I feel like I'm going to vomit, my back keeps spaming, causing spikes of pain that make me feel I'll lose control of my bladder, but, I can't go find medical treatment, as I have seen too many times intentional medical-malpractice done to us who reside in this place.

Truth and instinct tell me my only hope is to heal it with my mind, with hope, yoga, and holistic approaches I may employ using my own spirit-power, and body. Which I shall do.

I say this, because I'm compelled to continue to type to you through this convulsion of my body, as this is one of the only hopes I've seen that anyone outside of prison will know the truth, that somebody will try to make a change... I know some places I can write, but, I can't possibly learn all the things I would need to know to ask the right things, say the right things, to conduct myself in a way that would bring what I have killing me inside out into a form that may be useful to others.

Instead of just torture to me.

I do push. I do study, I fuckin drive myself literally insane every day with horribe, righteous rage overflowing from me like twenty-thousand of Earth's largest volcanoes errupting at once -- but I don't for the life of me have the ability to convert it into some workable medium for humankind to utilize, 'cause I'm being beaten stupid by millions of 'rules' made so people in here can not have access to other human beings, tools, or resources to become more independent human beings...

Oh, I bet you see all sorts of articles, and interviews where prisoners are being given new classes, and so many are bein

released, being successful -- but what about the ones so horifically-deformed by geneology, a twisted fuckin parent, by learning disabilities like autism, ones with weak wills and child like minds who are raped daily by 10 or more men in a row.

What about those who were so beaten, so tortured, so sickly tortured and brain-washed by their parents that they'll have to have therapy their entire lifes, and die of old age over 80 still thinking it's okay to force children to watch them have sex -- because they had it done to them by the people they trusted most, by mommy and daddy, telling them over and over how it was the way that things were supposed to be, having other twisted realities forced into their basic function... *So many warped beliefs.*

You know, I fully believed that to show affection to someone, you were supposed to put them through horrific mental suffering, to torture them, and play mind games with them. The more you loved them, the more twisted, and horrific the torture should be you make them live through. Force them to experience. I still have caught myself here and there thinking like that, but, thank goodness I was strong enough to say no, and to try to learn what feels right to me.

Instead of mindlessly doing what I was taught to do.

There are plenty in here who are crippled that way, who will never be able to un-tangle the complex weaves of their parents, and will suffer through things you can never imagine, no matter how hard they try to learn different, or hate themselves more than any being on Earth ever could...

And will never be allowed access to the people, resources, and things available to cure them, to soothe this terrible pain

, to help them stop bellowing at the top of their lungs, tears in their eyes, like their having twenty million burning needles stuck into their bones begin impotency at their ability to articulate what it is their feeling, at the outrage of wrong they feel in the wars inside their mind, at the factions siding against one another within their own head.

Them usually being one of the many fighting to gain territory. To be able to take over a section of nerve tissue, or brain-messengers, so they can spread the truth of knowledge to the rest of their body, helping it so it can share it with anyone outside themselves -- or just so they can keep themselves from stabbing themselves to death with two knives in public in desperation to be heard/acknowledged.

Maybe cared about.

For a moment anyways.

I can't go through this anymore at this moment, I'm off to try and rest, and see what the hell I will have to do with all these things I've torn open inside myself to give you this today. I sincerely hope, and pray every moment of the day not to be discovered, and to be further blocked from being able to send anything outside of prison. There is real and true danger to many aspects of my life by typing this to you, here reading my words, and I again choose to fight with my life, using my real name as I tell you these truths for those who can't, as well as myself...

For you who may be somehow affected by this truth as well.

Sincerely,

-C.R. Philmon-