

Daniel Gwynn Blog Update  
Date: 10/17/15  
Subject: "Right Or Wrong"

Yesterday, another prisoner got in my face, challenging me to a fight for some offense unbeknownst to me. He asked if I had a problem, to which I stated, "I didn't have a problem," and asked him to "Please don't do this." He then stepped aside and took it no further. This is the second time this prisoner has gotten into my face without just cause. After the first incident I'd thought we'd gotten passed all of this nonsense and built a more friendly relation. Yet here we are again.

Did I do the right thing by not engaging in this senseless bout, risking my freedom, ability to create, or even my life. If I got caught fighting I would go to the hole, lose my job & privileges; He could get hurt and I'd get stuck with the inflated medical bill & an additional automatic Life sentence; Or I could get hurt and lose my ability to paint, or worse, lose my life. Backing down in here is perceived by most as a sign of weakness. It's survival of the fittest: You've got predators lurking in the shadows to take your heart or your booty; there are some who are having a bad day and looking to take it out on someone; then you've got those who don't give a shit and just looking for another victim. So backing down is risky, but equally so is standing your ground.

Although many have stated that I've done the right thing, the chatter behind my back is that I'm a coward and the dude took my heart. I really don't care what other people think; but I feel like I should have put my hands up and said "Let's go!" It's not to save face or for the faux respect of fellow convicts; I feel it's due to the pent up anger & frustration accrued from my 20 years of wrongful imprisonment, and especially for all of the other times I chose to back down because it was the "right thing to do." God granted me the strength to resist the temptation, but I still wonder if I did the right thing.....

