

"would you risk your life for the one you love?"

So I've been concentrating on this Doe v. Harris thing. It still hasn't passed in the state but it's in effect in the 9th circuit of the federal courts. I have to file a writ of Habeas Corpus and get past the state courts without being "time-barred" which means they could say I'm too late in filing, but this is new law so it should be considered new evidence. If it passed in the state I'm good but I can't just sit around and hope that happens. I need to just file and argue my way past the Hated State. There's cases where they let others thru so my argument is basically "fair & equal treatment." Yeah, Right! My biggest obstacle right now is money. Lawyers aren't free and they definitely aren't cheap. If I had 100 million I'd give every rotten cent to get my freedom. What's your life worth to you? I was thinking about this the other day: You always hear people say they'd give their life for the ones they love but how many people actually get the chance to give their lives for someone? And how many really would risk their lives? I've always known I'd really kill or die for my girl, whoever it may be at the time. I've felt the same way for every girl I've ever had a relationship with, and this sentence I have is due to the fact that I did give my life for the one I loved. It means a lot to me, obviously since I'm living it but I guess it doesn't mean much to others. I mean how many people really would step up and put their life on the line to protect someone else? This world is full of cowards that talk the talk but it ends there. I still can't get over how these people get drunk and want to pretend they're gang-bangers, jumping my girl just because she was my girl and when things didn't go their way they call the fuckin' cops and make up stories about what really happened. That's cowardly. I'm sitting here doing this time alone but I'm consoled by knowing that I did what had to be done. My girl was being stomped out and I stepped up. The ones that are really hurt are my kids. Because these cowards were just pretending to be gang-bangers and really were just cop-callers they left my kids without their Dad. They are the innocent ones in this mess. That's the second time this "victim" has attacked the ones I love. Do I really need to say anymore? I can take whatever the state dishes out. They won't break me. Whatever happens I'll remain "bloodied but unbowed," and I will always know in my heart that I am willing to give my life to protect the ones I love. There's some things that the state can't take: my loyalty, my love, my honor and integrity, my learning, my ART and most importantly, my memories of my loved ones. That's about all I have left of the people I love is memories. In many cases the people I care about have forgotten me. Forsaken me. It makes me think: Is there anyone in my...

Life that would put their life on the line for me? What if three people were stomping me out in a drunken rage? It's depressing to think about. I'd like to think it's not about me, but rather a reflection on the Heart and Loyalty and Bravery of the people I associate with. There's a few of my people with a gang of Heart, but some are dead, the best ones, and some have more important priorities. And some just don't care about me that much. Oh well. It's not like there's a shortage of people that don't like me! Get in line, Bitches! Anyway, while I'm fighting for my freedom (oi, fff!) I'll continue improving myself. Educating myself. Reading all the books I'd never read otherwise and making sure to learn something from every one, from Beowulf to Paradise Lost to 1984 and Moby Dick, from Walden to Pride and Prejudice, from Faust to The Republic. Without this time I'd never have read about Galileo, Churchill, da Vinci, Gandhi, Aristotle, Copernicus, Euclid or even George Washington! This hasn't just been wasted time. Well, a lot of it has, but that's been by choice. I've learned so much "useless" knowledge that I'd otherwise never know. And like everything else, every traumatic experience, every loss, every relationship, my "self-inflicted" education has molded me into who I am today. What would I be if I hadn't spent the last 13 yrs here in prison? Dead? Good chance. Dumber than I am today? For sure! Like I've always known, I have to live this life like there's a light at the end of the tunnel. I can't just give up like there's no hope, there's always hope. No matter how grim things look. No matter how it seems there's no way out. There's always a way out! It may just be a matter of time, but I will beat this "murder by incarceration" they've sentenced me to. This Doe v. Harris may just be the rope I've been waiting for to pull myself free. We'll see. I just have to stay positive and keep my mind free from hate and thoughts of revenge. I just have to let Karma do its job and make sure mine remains on the right side of wrong.

If anyone would like to contribute to my legal fees I'd be more than grateful. Even if it's just a few bucks. It all adds up. You can send a money order directly to me or use J. Pay: SCOT PINKERTON J87837. And I thank you now. Also thank you to whoever reads these rambling thoughts. I'll jabber more later.

PS: I just said "there's always a way out!" that's true, except for when there isn't! I can only survive this sentence if I keep my mind believing there's an out. It's hard to believe that and there's times when I believe anything but that, but what can I do? Give up? Not me. I'll never give up. Not when I'm this close to the exit.