

Retia:

Thanks for the green pages! I really appreciate you taking the time to reach out. The last time I saw you you were at work and you kind of disappeared in the back when I came in. I think it was down on Wible & White Ln? I'm not sure. Anyway... that was a long time ago. So you mentioned me talking about "giving up." I'm not sure exactly what I said because I don't have computer access to check, but I'm probably not expressing myself accurately. Of course I have suicidal thoughts. Just like anyone else in a situation like mine. But my thoughts are more like taking control in a powerless situation. My "exit date" is the one thing I have absolute control over. If I decide I'm done with this torture there's nothing they can do to stop me. It actually gives me a little comfort knowing I am in control of something. And it's the only thing they've got over my head. They're killing me now. Murder by incarceration. I can always fuck up their plan and make them do a bunch of paperwork! But it's not something I'm debating. I want to beat this thing! I want to get out there, get a job and give all my money to my kids! Like everyone else. The Government took my relationship with my kids. That was the worst thing they did. But who knows what the future may bring? Well see.

Yes, I remember meeting you on your birthday. We celebrated our brains out! Remember that box I gave you? 😊 Or how about the night I came & picked you up and we drove all the way across town before I realized I lost a wad of money. I forget but it was several hundred. We drove all the way back to your house & we found it laying in the middle of the street where it fell when I opened the door! How many people drove right over that? I remember a lot of things from back then but this is a "public forum" so I'll be respectful. By the way, did you ever hit five foot? Just wondering. I'm looking forward to hearing from you again. Maybe we'll figure out the answer to "why was I looking?" 