

Reply ID# C7ui

1/7/13

Hey, the reply time-line seems long, but I'm just grateful to be responding to someone out there. In order of the postings:

Voice12

My fingers are killing still. My second did succumb to a deep blister eruption, leaving my— well the music school's— fret board bloody. I've been playing with a band-aid/tape contraption. Yes, I'm a junky. I've been playing several Jimi "God" Hendrix, Led Zep, Stevie Ray, and some Willie Dixon; However, I mostly jam a repertoire of my own bluesy influenced songs.

SAH

The new year has been great: I'm back to training the elderly and infirm at Special Gym, but more importantly, for the first time in 27 months, I got my "H" level. This means I can go jam at the Chapel's Music School in the afternoons— previously I had to lock in my cell at 11:30am, I do have a cardboard guitar I built to practice on in my cell though. Yes, Music is the conduit to the soul.

~Thank you, for responding to prisoners blogs. I appreciate both of you guys commenting, and your interest in music.
N.L.E.A.L.