

STORY... By Assata Shakur

You died.  
I cried.  
And kept getting up.  
A little slower.  
And a lot more deadly.

It speaks to me about being able to continue the fight.

This is what I know I will leave here with a licence in Cosmetology and will be able to do alot more for Trans rights by staying clean, having a job and showing society that people like me do not have to live on the] fringes of society and there's abetter life than drugs and prostitution. O.K. I know its time for me to close as I m now officially rambling.

Please know that I appreciate all of you who send me notes and letters, its nice to know that people are interested and care...Thank you all so much for your words of encouragement and interest in my stories.

Life can be enjoyed no matter what your circumstance. the ability to change resides soley with you...There is a better way of life if you so desire.

*LOVE THRU STRUGGLE*

*Assata*