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RANT TO RAVE 4.2013

Our America. A failed
Justice system. A
Failed state.

[A RANT]

I hate it. I do. In what concept or sense of Right can they justify it... What's it? It is the current Washington state court and Dept of corr. Action in throwing me in JMU for inciting the Blacks and Mexican to riot.

I have a life sentence what good would it do me? What good? I swear that Justice in this country is at the drop of your pants or the big CHA-ching in your BANK account. I'm not Black. A Brocker. A Mexican or white supremacy. Why would I want to follow by a policy that openly practice segregating and discriminating against me. How does this fit in? EASY... That's the F*cking policy they said that I violated. You should read the Assistant Attorney General, Miss Candie M.D. Brief.

'And It's False Advertisement'!!! "she don't taste sweet" I got a meal ticket on it... ANY WAGERS ???

And the way she writes her briefs you automatically do that she'll leave the taste of immorale in your mouth. You'll wish you never bit into that, a thousand years down the line. And that court of appeal Division 1 Judge didn't even have the dignity to put his or her name on the Ruling that was pass affirming the racial discrimination and segregation policy within Washington state Penitentiary 6 and 6 close custody units. It was only one female sergeant that stood against the policy publicly... God alone what the outcome of that action cost her. I pray none... But this is Washington state? I sit back sometime and think about the decision to even have involved her... And it was a bad decision... My life is meaningless in this country as a Negro man. It's for the fun amusement of the white race... Kill him or torture him, but remember guys we must use him, get everything you can out of him...

I used every law to show that I am not suppose to be place in administrative segregation according to Washington state laws. RCW 72, Don't give D.O.C. the authorization to place any prisoner but death row prisoners in JMU. I even argue Gentry. And what the state of Washington did to this serial Rapist murderer is out right indecent. They could have help him but they let him out sick, mentally ill. Knowing he will kill or rape and kill again. You can tell by the publish case citation of Gentry. So they release him on his own recognes, no more than a month pass before his sickness got the best of him and he took some young girl into some wooded area in Washington state expose her as an indecent, immoral person by pulling down her under wear and pants and pulling her shirt over her head and Bashed her head in with a Boulder. Hell die for it. Because the state of Washington predicted his action based off his psychosis and set him up to be executed... But the cost was a girls life...

What a price... What a exchange!!! GENTRY IS AN African American. But, read his case law It's PRP of Gentry 137 Wn.2d 378 (1999) and see if I'm not right.

[A RAVE]

I - I Don't have anymore faith or hope in the Government whether state or federal... They could have save the girls life by placing Gentry in a STATE Hospital for treatment. They could have save Gentry life...

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RANT TO RAVE

WHAT'S THE PURPOSES OF A elected Governing body if they WAGE WAR AGAINST THE CITIZEN OF their states, counties, cities, towns? They could have ~~erase~~ subsidies citizenships by attacking the naturally born citizen for a illegal immigrant looking for a better life... I want to submit a book title, 'SAY NO TO I.T.I., (INVASION THROUGH ILL-LEGAL IMMIGRATION.)' Raising key question from my perspective on the topic... It ties into how the courts may rule on an issue. The laws that are pass. The country prison industry. The state and federal mass debts. The country social structure in regards of the standard of living, homelessness, ~~and~~ poverty, unemployment, equality. 'IT'S A HOT BUTTON ISSUE.' I GUESS FOR ME NONE OF THAT MATTERS... 'SOMETIMES IT GET REALLY HARD TO ACCEPT LIFE AS IS. I often lie on my mat and think about leaving this country for another. One where negro people can be at peace. The truth of the matter is even if a place like that do exist on this planet I still would not be at ease. For I've lost hope or faith in the good within people, what good would it do in the end...? The only thing I have to keep me fighting for life is my hatred for others. The hatred that's ~~taught~~ taught to me every day. That hatred fuels a different kind of hope, a different kind of ambitious... a leftist stance... My leftist stance... I want a -, I often wonder what would my life be like if I had the opportunity to have that junior high, high school graduation. Those chances my family, no! My relative and their army played me out of... who nose! And it's too late to care... My battle now is to come to grips with the fact that I must accept life in a racially segregated discriminative state within side of the PRISON WALLS. You know! That other part of the America face. That unseen face... My motion for reconsideration was turn into a motion for discretionary review. It's now sitting before the state supreme court. Oh! don't worry! That's not how it works out here. It's just formality. It will be shot down... I better get on that 16 page response just to preserve the U.S. constitutional issue that will be shot down by the feds FOR SURE.

"IN THE ERA OF NO TOLERANCE.

IT'S EITHER FIGHT SMARTLY
OR DIE STUPID."

2 CONSCIOUS REFLECTION 4.2013

[AN AFTER THOUGHT]

Look, I get MY kick off of writing the message in a bottle literary pieces under my soulful cries. I'm in imu. The individuals I'm around (meaning the correctional officials) are straight up asses, male or females... Me being a negro man don't help any. They do what they can to see that I want never hit mainline in Washington state. I admit that I use examples from my environment. But, truthfully. Tell me what writer that don't... I get a sadistic pleasure and thrill in doing so... But lets be real... it's Washington state... I said I would give you something to open you up to the concept of thought provoking... ~~what~~ well, here's A POLYGAMOUS RELATIONSHIPS.

RANT TO RAVE

I'm really excited about two pieces I'm really thinking of writing under my soulful cries. The first I, is called Goldilocks, (a poem) The 2nd is a short story, about a imprisoned leftist negro man and a white female correctional officer. I really want to make it into a series, and publish them, but we'll see. It will have to be no more than 16 pages at a time due to my environment at anytime anything can happen to where the short stories are confiscated, lost or destroyed by you know who before they are sent out and received by between the bars... Please give me positive feedback on them if you like them.

WHAT MY EYES AND EARS WITNESS, MY SUCCESSION

I witness a judge being RAPE in his chambers by a law enforcement officer! You know, it's very difficult writing this piece. Because it's most likely the reason why I've been framed for my current crimes I'm in prison for. It was all because of Pet-head. If it was not for him setting me up on a bunk D.V. charge I most likely would have not been there. See Pet-head (like most blue flags representatives) is a informant, undercover law enforcement official or a misguided vigilante. Pet-head is a Rollin Sixties Crip. A Arran. It's - Ah - n! Ah - A! At least that's what they say. They say that they don't hate us negro-people but you couldn't tell by the way they call you a N*gg*r. What? You mean to tell me that you were not aware of blacks hating blacks... well, in all truth it dates back a little farther than what one might imagine but the white race help aid them in such sad philosophy... But, it's not all of them, they want a better path... and so many of them deserve it. But it's their on self, cultural racial destructive actions that prevent them from obtaining it. And that's why I exceed... So, it's hard knocks life for me! Pet-head was showing me how they was taking over an area. So he ask me if I wanted to fuck this strawberry and the next thing I knew I was in a police sub-station in Washington state some where, being book for a domestic violence charge. NO! Not a rape, busted down to a D.V. an actual D.V... I was sitting in some undercover protective custody jail full of informants, under covers, and vigilantes hidden out. I slept on a floor without a mat and with a blanket, outside of the cells that housed the whites and the blacks who paid extra for them. They fed us every so often maybe twice a day, if the jailers was in a good or decent mood... Sometime later I'd found myself in a court house in a city I was trying to get myself straight by hustling... The law enforcement official did not know I was familiar with the judge. I was trying to dodge him. How I became familiar with him is a different story altogether. So he was calling me to come back there to his chambers maybe to elicit a statement from me to hook me up on or to help me, but before that even happen the police officers walk into the judge chamber and did his thing... came back to the holding area and said I just got me some dirty brown loving... And that's why I exceed! I was not scare. Because at any moment my death was ever so present. And that's why I exceed.