

Fellow readers:

May 19, 2013

This misive is to inform you that I am officially back. I decided to take a break because I was going astray from who i am as an individual. My sole purpose for strated this blog was so that i could introduce myself to the world. Share that intricate part of me with you. I thank many of you for taking the few minutes or so it took to at least check out my blog, and seeing what I had to say. I am forever grateful for the opportunity.

Now to those of you who have stuck it out on this long journey with me. You and I will forever be in a conspiracy. A conspiracy to find the intent of life and the understanding the heart of a man. I'm talking to you who left comments and waited patiently for a response. To you who reached out personally through mail. All that you have done has changed my outlook when it comes to people. You all have touched me deeply. You saw pass my mistakes and looked into my heart. Words can't express how that makes me feel.

And NOW..... The moment you've all been waiting for..... Hal There is no big reveal if that's what you thought. But I have decided to change the name of my blog. (Although a name change is superficial.) Anywho, the name title will be called, "A Day in the Life!" Why? Because at least once a week I plan to share with you the struggles I am faced everyday an hope that you not only care, but is motivated to do things in your own life. The struggles I face on a daily bases are old pattered re-emerging to keep me from becoming a better person. This environment is structured and determined to corrupt and embitter you.

Not all prisons are designed this way, but the Wisconsin economy thrives off of mass imprisonment. It's the backbone of the state. Sure, there's dairy, but if you strip away the socalled "Correctional Institutions," i'm sure these small towns that they build the prisons in would collapse. I won't get into the politics and all but i'll say that from my prospective as an aspiring writer who has composed three novels and am wrapping up a forth while at the same time working on myself, this environment doesn't foster making better men. Not just a better man, but uncle, brother, father, or son.

I not only want to be loved, but want to love. I wanna know what it feels like to be **NORMAL**. what it means to be apart of the human race. If you're wondering what I mean, allow me to explain: To be apart of the human race means to feel. To take leaps. To care and love other than yourself. It means that I can see the Sandy Hook shooting and feel compassion not just because

were innocent children or because I have a daughter of my own their ages, but because they are human beings. They're people, just like you and me. I wanna be able to put myself in their shoes just because I can. To feel full instead of empty all of the time. To know that you can count on me to do the right thing - rather someone's looking or not. To not want to seek revenge on all of the people who've hurt me.

That's being apart of the human race. The human experience. I know it won't happen overnight, but I am prepared to do whatever it takes to get there or die trying. My question to you is: can you ride this journey with me, hand in hand, every sharp turn together, to see if I can make it or not? We'll share ups and downs, highs and lows, and through it all you'll find out who I am as a person. They say circumstance reveals character. If our circumstances were reversed, how would you react? Would you do anything different? Read my weekly blog "A Day in the Life" and find out.

Until next time, peace and love,  
Michael McHune







