

PEN PAL REQUEST

Thursday

March 27, 2014

I'm a 6'1", 170 pound, 39-year old (until the end of April), white male with reddish brown hair and blue eyes. My interests are various and numerous, ranging from anything and everything related to technology in its natural nature, whether it's camping overnight in a designated camping area or roughing it for a few weeks off the beaten track. I enjoy reading, and have a special fondness for books that movies were based on (the books are almost always better than the movie). I'm extremely tolerant of people and their peculiar beliefs, but in exchange, I expect the same in return, living my life by a simple philosophy: that people are entitled to believe and do whatever they want, so long as their beliefs and actions don't disrespect, or cause harm to anyone, including themselves.

As with my interests, my values are both numerous and varied, but if I'm asked to describe only one, my answer would be swift and sure: friendship. True friendship, by friendship, I mean a genuine friendship with someone who loves you for the person you are, not for the person they want you to be; someone who, if they do judge you, judges you with the compassion and love that can only come from someone who cares about you and what happens to you as a true friend could. In prison, it's not impossible to make a true and lasting friendship with someone, but it might as well be. Everyone in here is guarded, and with good reason, that it's impossible to get to know people as their real person behind the facade they put up, and those that you do get to know always, without exception, end up leaving one way or the other: transferred, released or deceased.

Friendship is a strange thing. Without a doubt, it's the most valuable commodity in the world, yet true friendship isn't something that can be bought or sold on the open market. Instead, it's given away freely. Despite its great value, it's rarely treated with the respect it deserves, more often than not being taken for granted until it's too late. It's a mistake I'm guilty of making on more than one occasion, but it's a mistake I'll never, ever repeat again. Despite the evil lurking behind these electric fences, and the complete lack of any real semblance of true friendship, prison's taught me the true meaning of friendship, if only because it's something that's so rare.

With that said, I've written this introduction in the hopes of finding people who are interested in giving friendship a chance, be it something that never progresses beyond writing letters, or something that one day involves much more. If you've read this far, then there's a pretty good chance that you might be, at the very least, looking for someone to write to as a pen pal. I ask you to drop me a line. I can be reached here, by leaving a postcard or a response to my post, privately by sending me an e-mail address shawnlperrot@hotmail.com or better yet, by sending me a letter via snail mail. Please be advised that if you do send me an e-mail, it will take approximately 2-weeks for me to respond, as I don't have access to the Internet. It has to be downloaded, printed and then mailed to me.

It's difficult to reach out and make that first contact. Even with the anonymous nature of e-mails and snail mail, we still secretly worry about being rejected, so let me dispel any of those fears by saying that I promptly respond to any and all items sent my way, be it an introduction letter, or nothing more than a name and an address.

Looking forward to hearing from you,

Shawn L. Perrot CDCR# V-42461
CMC-East Cell# 6326
P.O. Box 8101
San Luis Obispo, CA 93409-8101