

RANT TO RAVE

JULY 2014 ENTRY.

My feeble weak mind recalls when the last time I was in general population during a spring and or summer. It was 2012. I recall it because I was viciously relentlessly harass the entire spring and summer by everyone damn near possible... But, I'm back in I'mu know. But, I've spent 8 years in I'mu, No, this year will be 9 years in I'mu concurrently if you put it all together since I've been down for the 17 years. I'll say about 13 years in solitary confinement. Shit!! I don't give a flying fuck what others experience. If they want others to know I suggest they develop a voice. I only, can focus on what I'm going through... I've heard of all of the scientific reports about how placing one in isolation for an long period of time effects ones significantly. But that shit, don't mean shit, in this world of worlds. In this life, when your the law enforcement, the state or federal government agency or agent you get to do this shit. This shit is the thing they talk about you get to do when you become one of them. You get to become a person who thumb their nose at human rights. You get to enjoy being an criminal of human rights. You get to be a mass murderer. But HEY! Their are not your typical white and black American face individuals, human being life that you then snoop into, destroyed, killed... Shit! So what. They gave birth to some... so what some are children... perversion has know limits, know boundaries... But, HAY! welcome to my crazy life. This world... who do you trust,? So she says. well the answer, is very clear you sexy ass he... The ones who have earned it. But you've yet to answer my question. well... with ethnic, right. or just so. Do you wish so desperately to pull a welcome, to the world babe girl moment and bleed that one drop of blood out of your system. But, which drop? The first one or the last one. For its found in every drop... They wage this social war on us, we have no choice in the matter. Some of their skin is as dark as black gold... I should be one to know... what do you know? Most likely nothing you will tell... So, I-I found myself up in the mental ward of WSP hospital due to me laying down in my cell too much and not coming out to yard and showers. I bind both in my cell. I don't know if any of you experience a situation where you have someone or multiple individuals spitting on you. And its nothing you can do about it at that time. But its a whole other thing, when you are handcuff and they're law enforcement officials, correction officials. I don't desire it so I found myself being housed in mental health like a space crack pot swatting at imaginary fly in the air. And because Shauna Halkin (the last name is not really her name.) The mental counselor for I'mu north made the request. She's more manipulative then the devil myself in a whore house. I guess that's why she got her psych certificate for. while up in there. I ran into Becky Doon (the last name is not really hers either.) And she is most likely like Shauna in character, traits, she just got more of a, 'guys are so stupid and worthless' attitude. Shauna was acting like the witch from dooms ville with her shape shifting body spells, trying to lure the right fool into her venus flytrap to impregnate her, so she can give birth to female she demons. Because you just know for sure any little hate boys found growing inside her will for sure get the witch treatment! If you know what I mean. I found it so funny how this nurse made it her undying mission to let me know how much she didn't like me and consider me the dumbest of persons there. Shit, you know what?, I think she's right.

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But she got a walk and ~~as~~ on her that will make you take a double look... out suit, I have so many things wrong with me, half of the time I just talk to myself just to get me through it. It take so much energy to focus on getting through the days and on top of dealing with these abusive psychopathic government officials day in and day out. Shit.

Is it wrong to envision so many of them in a deep sleep underneath earth's carpet... It was their action that landed them their lot ones insanity. What kind of justice would that be... I truly know the feeling of ~~what~~ all those who're brutally harass by the bullies. I understand what those who went on that shooting spree felt like. The loss of hope, justice, fairness as everyone around them start in on them. Their ability to not cope. It's probably why I don't see their acts as an unjust, wrong act. An act of crime... The systems that was establish, design to prevent this act, these acts, is the very same system that are conducting the very act they were created to prevent, to stop.

Even if they could fix all of the physical horrors done to me the scars will never heal. The pain will always live on inside me. I play this game with one foot in the grave because I have no choice. If both of my foot ~~was~~ was out of the grave I'm afraid at this point I'll still be force to play. ~~is~~ it's the game? what's the game? It's define as life. ~~is~~ the game of life. It's such a cold game. Are you a player or a player hater... As I wait for this competency evolution to go down under the 1077 statute of Washington state law. I no longer can care if I will make it out of here, it's their intent that I don't. Not alive any way... As I was being release from mental health Becky said something to me that seem so out of place. She said, don't think we don't care about you. But isn't that the problem. It's your care, your concern for which compel you to commit these hideous acts. As I set myself to prepare these 3 long poems to submit them to 2 or 3 organization for their annual writing contest which are; let's haunt this womens world, Raspberry Blossom, Buddha.

I close with nothing in mind, but do you see that unseen face of America? Because I do every day!

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