

Daniel Gwynn Blog Update  
Date: 7/8/15  
Subject: "Confessions"

I'm still here. Some days are good, but most are bad. It's difficult for me to settle into this prison life as being my home. Every fiber of my being rejects and rebels against this conviction. **I AM NOT A MURDERER!!!** I am, however, a victim of an unjust corrupt system. The proof of the injustices that has placed my life & sanity in jeopardy is finally coming to light, and I am anxious to expose the hypocrisy of this malefic judicial process. Here I sit on PA.'s death row in solitary confinement for 20 years, because the prosecutor lied & hid evidence, and the police coerced me into confessing to a murder I didn't do.

It's easy to sit on the sidelines and say that, "I could never be forced to confess to something I didn't do. But when your mind is susceptible to the harsh influences of a police interrogation, you'll say and do anything to make it stop. The police are trained manipulators & liars, set out to close their case by any means --truth be damned. No one cares if you're innocent. They got their suspect and are determined to make the evidence fit you.

There was no evidence leading to me or naming me as the suspect. It's still unknown how I became the person of interest, as I do not know the any of the victims. Once the police got there hands on me, applying "Persuasion, Manipulation & Pain" aka "The Third Degree", I became their man. In this closed environment, the police interrogators shaped the tone of their intense questioning by dissecting everything I told them, taking it all out of context, hearing what they wanted to hear and disregarded the rest. Then they got me doubting myself by confusing me and getting me to believe what they needed so I'd say whatever they wanted--a confession.

The police & the prosecutor didn't even bother to check the veracity of the story, because they got what they wanted. no matter that the statement didn't match the crime scene facts. The presumption of innocence was completely lost in this process. They needed me to be guilty, and was determined to make the evidence (and me) say so. Where's the justice?

