

"Right now, somewhere in America, ...
 an animal is being locked in a cage, left to die."
 an ASPCA commercial says, to my bemusement.
 I wish people would treat me like an
 animal!

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For just 50 cents a day for the next
 30 days you can help this animal be able
 to create + send out writings + art.
 Imagine that - an animal who can
 write + draw!!! Please order me postage embossed
 envelopes + pads of yellow legal paper for me from
wiinmatepackage.com, which I can't purchase myself
 due to the thousands I owe for court fees from suing
 prison officials. (I'm an animal in the courts too:D!)

Seriously, without your help, this animal is fucked.
 Anyone wanting to mail a letter or card to this animal
 can do so at? And currently I'm in need of female company,
 for mating + rubbin' on purposes.

Hope you've checked out my memoir, recently published
 in Adult Children of Incarcerated Parents: Telling Our Stories, by Routledge.
 It's shocking, but true. My main hope is that it'll help some kids facing
 a situation like mine. I make no money off it. - Please tell Dr. Phil
 about it.

I'm 150 pgs. into the rough draft of my prison biography. Maybe
 10-15 pgs. left. Those pages have 40-50 lines of text per page, so will
 come to 300+ in typed format.

I do need a trustworthy person to transcribe it + post it on
wordsmash.com, for which I'm willing to pay 30% of royalties
 received in the first two years. That'll be way more than a buck a pg.
 Contact me by mail if you wish to commit to this.

I'm litigating a federal appeal, 16-1528, Lindell v. Pollard (look the
 case up on www.ca7.uscourts.gov). I've won 3 prior federal appeals,
 but each cost several hundred more in debts. I should win this one
 too, but it's put me another 500\$ in debts. Any petty prison pay I
 get or money sent in to me is taken to pay those debts, which is why
 I depend on you for envelopes + paper - I go with deodorant, etc.



You might wonder how I could win 3 appeals but win no money. Ha! That's a long story, which reading the judges' decisions in my suits will only partly tell (those judges omitted facts + didn't apply the law properly, to make their decisions look valid) — you'd have to read my briefs too. Basically I brought controversial issues before judges who didn't want to acknowledge those issues, had their own agenda, so they shafted me, ran their mouths. Then there's the fact that I'm a "mere" prisoner in their lofty eyes, undegreed, behind bars rather than a Bar member — like an uppity slave is how those plantation rulers see me.

It's a well-pushed myth that judges in America issue justice. Only if they're forced to by money, friends in high places, or the media.

"Pay no attention to the man behind the curtain," the Wizard of the Courts would say, while putting on an impressive show.

Hell, most people — Joe Farmer, Jane Office Worker — don't give a fart about Free Speech. But I'll kill for it, die for it too, and, as you can see, I work it like a vibrator hooked up to a car battery. ☺

And that gets to why out of 7 billion people on the planet, I'm lucky to have one pen-pal. Ha! Ha! Sooner or later I'll say something that'll offend someone. E.g.:

I'm a human rights activist + support Trump, or Bernie;

I'm anti-religious (there goes billions of Muslims + Christians — bye bye!);

I'm for LGBTQ rights, but ^{from} straight;

I'm nuts, but don't do dope or even drink or smoke;

I'm against unfair treatment of a race, but fought + will fight for white people's rights;

Superficial, foolish, lazy, cowardly ^{+ stupid} people irritate me.

Thus this animal is alone in his cage. C'est la vie.

Thanks to those of you who transcribe my posts.

Appreciate it if you share my posts with others, link my blog to other sites, and any other assistance you provide.

Don't forget to look at my old posts. You'll miss some funny, enlightening, vicious stuff.

Hugs + Kisses,
Nate