

April 20th, 2017

Dear Ms. Newman,

Hello to you. I hope you're having a great day, or at least a better day than yesterday. I don't know when you'll get this, but I wanted to congratulate you on getting on my short list of people I blog too. What I write to you here will end up on my blog page, so nobody can say I'm trying to hide something. Of course Ms. Newman, I would expect you to share these posts with Ms. Wenzel, too.

I don't know if you realize what you did yesterday Ms. Newman, other than just talk to me while I was in the cage, so I thought I would tell you. You changed my mind and my course I had set and was dead (pun intended) set to finish. But I'm getting ahead of myself. Let me start when I seen you in the medical ER.

You and Ms. Fancher came in and was playing with the officer while I was sitting in blood-soaked boxers, just waiting and planning for the next chance I had to off myself. I was watching the 3 of ya'll joking and playing, but I really wanted to say something to ruin ya'lls good mood.

There were multiple times you glanced in my direction and quickly looked away. (Ms. Wenzel has told me a few times, that I pay close attention to details, and I do, because thats just me) I don't know if you wanted to say something or if you were just keeping watch on your surroundings, but I noted it because, honestly, I wanted other people to hurt as I was, and I was willing to say anything cause what did I have to lose anyways?

So, since I'm such an asshole anyways, why didn't I unload Ms. Newman? I had opened my mouth a couple of times to do so. yet I didn't because I actually saw you let down your shields and act human. Just listening to the three of ya'll joking made me realize I had no right to screw up the jolly atmosphere by opening my trap. My problems are mine, and I shouldn't take them out on ya'll. Also, I actually enjoyed watching the interplay between ya'll and the way ya'll interacted with each other, because in this shit hole, I don't see it enough. And then there was listening to you and Ms. Fancher laughing and smiling. I don't care where I am, what I'm doing, a laugh always makes me want to laugh and smile too.

After ya'll left, Mrs. Weatherby and Mrs. Tatum came in, and Mrs. Weatherby actually looked crestfallen and disappointed, as well as really concerned, in me. Mrs. Tatum started to say something, and I just opened up the guns on her and let her have it. Shit, like I said earlier, I was set to kill myself, so fuck it, I'll go out with everything off my chest. I didn't disrespect her, probably only because Mrs. Weatherby was there, but I sure wanted to. Now, ask me if I felt better afterwards...Nope. There was no satisfaction in going off, except as I was saying it. When I was done, I just felt empty and unsatisfied because everything I said didn't accomplish anything but make me look like an idiot and an asshole. So no, I didn't feel any better. Thanks for asking. ;-)

Anyways, Mrs. Roberts came to evaluate me and I was so mad because I didn't feel satisfaction from venting on Mrs. Tatum, I wanted to shock Mrs. Roberts. She talked to me and I told her I was dead set on finishing what I started cause I'm tired of reliving these childhood nightmares every damn time I close my eyes and I can't escape them. So she was going to send me to crisis Management at Skyview. And then, they put me in the cage.

Ms. Newman, I could tell there were a couple of times you wanted to say something as you were waiting around in the hallway...And honestly, I was just waiting for you to say something so I could lash out at you too. Every time you came into my sight, I would look at you for a second, then look away. But then I flashed back to hearing you laugh and seeing you smile, which is a side of you I haven't seen til yesterday. And that's when I decided 'Fuck it, I'll say something first and respond after she makes her comment with something negative, whatever it is. But I will not allow her to stop me from reaching my goal.'

And when you responded, it wasn't anything like I expected. When I called your name, and started telling you that the message wasn't totally directed at you, but also at other offenders in the group, I actually saw your face soften a little. And then when you asked me if this was part of the reason I cut myself, I began to talk to you even though I had no intention to do so.



I honestly didn't expect that question from you Ms. Newman, and you threw me off. I expected you to say okay, and walk off. Each time we have talked Ms. Newman, it seemed you were always in a hurry to get away. And this is one reason I thought you didn't want to be around me. And so I went offensive instead of defensive. Because I didn't know what, if anything, I did to offend you. And I never thought that you had your own demons to deal with either.

When you asked that question Ms. Newman, I could only respond with my true feelings, without any type of shield, of what I am going through. And the whole time, in my skull, I'm telling myself you really don't give a fuck what happens to me, and you're not going to change my mind.

And then, as we are talking, by your body expressions, by moving your hands and facial movements, I seen true feelings from you when you told me that you wake up from nightmares sometimes, that you go through this from things that you went through yourself. Not only could I see the honesty in your body language Ms. Newman, but it was in your voice too. Just from the sound of your voice, I got the feeling you really wanted to explain it in words that I could understand and that would actually help me when I needed it.

And when I asked you if the case I got for trying to get Ms. Wenzels Facebook page, without a photo I might add, would stop her from being able to help me. You said no, that you've had to deal with this too. You also said that you knew I wouldn't want to confide in you about my problems, but that there were others I could talk to. That's when I told you I didn't have anything against you, that some of the problem was that I was projecting the hate I had for myself onto you, because I needed someone else to blame for this hate.

We talked for about 5 or 10 minutes more after that, but before you left, you did something that still has me baffled Ms. Newman, because I didn't want to live, I was tired of reliving everything. So I was a goner! Yet you Ms. Newman, got me to stay here, accept ya'lls help and got my word that I wouldn't do anything to harm myself, and you were going to try real hard to get me into the office. I was totally set against you Ms. Newman, but when you told me you suffered nightmares and survived them, then maybe, just maybe, I could too.

No, I don't know what your nightmares are Ms. Newman, but I could guess. Yet you work through them, and come out alright. Then you come to work and listen and deal with alot of these dudes bullshit (yes, I am talking about some of the shit I've said), alot of it is made up, yet some of it is real. It must make it harder for you to deal with your own issues Ms. Newman.

*don't* Ms. Newman, I actually looked at myself from what your perspective might be. Although I really like myself too much at the moment, I seen there might be something you could help me with. You went from being defensive with me, to trying to help me. Why? I don't know, cause I haven't been the nicest person to you, thats for sure.

But I wanted to let you know Ms. Newman, that your decision to even talk to me right then, most likely saved my life! Do I appreciate it? I think the jury is still out on that one...;-o But I wouldn't be here to tell you thank you for looking past my faults and smartassness, and my past offenses to and against you, and being there when I already considered myself a goner. You were the last one I expected to give a damn.

Something else you had an effect on that you didn't know about Ms. Newman, is I swallowed my pride and ego, and apologized to Mrs. Tatum for the way I spoke to her. I think she was probably very surprised I did that because of all the venom in how I said what I said to her before. You made that difference when it mattered most and was needed. And please believe me when I tell you this: I never thought I'd have anything positive to say to you or about you, which I'm sure you could figure out by my vibes, and you still showed empathy, kindness and compassion when all I've done is show scorn and attitude. Damn it! I'm getting soft because of Ms. Wenzel destroying my walls and defenses, and then you come along and kick the foundation apart. You two make a good team. But why did ya'll have to pick on me by tag-teaming on me? I guess it was about time for them to come down, so somebody had to do it, huh? I might not like it, it might hurt like a bitch, but they say no pain, no gain, and anything worth having is worth going through the fire to obtain it. We'll see I suppose.

I guess I should close this down for now Ms. Newman, I just had to let you know whats on my mind and to say thank you for your help. I guess I'll see you around. Until then, I remain a pain-in-the-ass bear...

Respectfully Yours,

BAYER, BOBBY 1496320

12-B-55 cell

April 20th, 2017