



DEAR ORANGE JUMPSUIT SANTA

Why is it, that ever since I was a little boy, I've pretty much wanted the same thing...?

And I could get it every year; and never be disappointed.

I guess I'm just a simple guy.

Nothing complicated; nothing expensive.

No particular brand, or model.

I mean, sure---Ming Na Wen would be preferable---but, a girl from www.pacisl.com would be great too. Someone kind, sweet, likes cook, likes cars, romantic, seeking well, a guy like me.... There are a lot of really great women out there in the world.

I just need one.

My chances of recidivism are greatly decreased through the simple act of marriage, and the stability of family. That's one of the things prisons are currently lacking, something to better support the family unit so that prisoners are not just tossed out of prison ... alone.

About the only thing I can hope for from Orange Jumpsuit Santa is a case of Hep C with a side of HIV/AIDS---and he can KEEP THAT! I'll just keep biding my time. I came into prison clean, morally sound, and uncompromised; and unlike many I've met, I'll be leaving prison the same way.

Thing is, this time, instead of nesting: making my home, and getting the usual stuff that attracts a wife. I think, I'll start simple, start a pizzeria, and once I find a wife, I'll let her pick the house, the stuff to go in it, the cars, the boat, etc. And maybe that way, through that journey of us building our life TOGETHER, instead of me prebuilding it, things could expand on to better things for many years to come? But, one thing is for sure---I want my children to be a major part of my life.

Orange Jumpsuit Santa only brings empty dreams, rotten food not meant for human consumption, nonpotable water, urine and feces encrusted walls, broken toilets, and creepy showers. So, I just ignore this place. My real gift is out there---in the world somewhere---waiting, searching for (in so many ways) the same things as I am.

MERRY X-MAS

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