

Dear Outside World,

6/21/18

JUNE 29th will be my 35th birthday spent inside this belly of the beast, and what's different this time is that my family is not allowed to send me a birthday card due to a stupid prison policy.

Since my imprisonment, I've noticed how the little simple things like a letter from my family, a birthday or greeting card, a phone call, and a visit are all slowly being taken away from us. The few little simple things that allow us to feel like human beings are being taken away from us in order to break our human will and spirit. They are killing us softly and slowly.

The good news is that, "I am strong, broken, I am human!" I'm still waiting on a ruling on my Post-Conviction Relief, and I feel good that my liberation is soon coming!

Strong but human,
Christopher Trotter
WUE #862556
P.O. Box 1111
Carlisle, IN 47838