

I first met Whispers over 25 years ago when we were both housed in the Double max ~~of~~ unit of our county Jail. It was a dungeon-like structure built to house pre-trial detainees who were too defiant to house anywhere else.

We were isolated, ^{each} in a single man cell, with 3 ^{vacant} cells between us. Over the months we traded stories, some true, some false and became as friendly as ~~a~~ black and white convicts could w/o betraying ~~the~~ race/gang identity politics that define the California penal society. We were soon separated by our convictions and ~~set~~ jounies into the CACR labyrinth.

I ran into Whispers again in 2015. Both of us had grown into ^{more} mature versions of previous selves. We spoke often, and more truthfully than we did all those years ago. I found out a lot of cool stuff about Whispers, some I demanded he produce

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newspaper articles to prove, and which he did. ~~After a year~~ So if he ever told you a story involving Waco, the Fed or the Million Man March... that shit was true!

After about a year, I transferred to another yard and never saw him again. When I heard he decided to tell this entire planet to fuck off, I was neither surprised, nor particularly sad. That was his choice, and his right to choose. If you knew him like I did, you'd know that personal freedom was kinda his thing. That's who he was.

The most fitting tribute I can pay him is to say this: Don't waste your personal freedoms cowtowing to what's decorum in this society. You shouldn't need me to tell you that... Whispers would agree, ~~and~~ smile wide, and tell you to fuck off.

- anonymous

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