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Subject: (Continuation from February 12, 2025. "A...

(Continuation from February 12, 2025. "A Much Needed Identity Crisis.")

To some of you it may seem that my cellmate and I put forth quite a bit of effort in the accomplishing of. . . as he said earlier, "Getting a name." And I would think there are some of you who may even think how pointless such a facade was in the first place. Be that as it may, I know I have never regretted perpetrating it all. Because not only have I seen and overheard some of the positive effects it produced, I am also quite sure it has been beneficial to me on occasions I'm not even aware of. This is why, even after 20 years, I have tried my best to keep the flame lit. Although, I must admit, it's nowhere near as easy now. One reason being, due to my epileptic seizures, I have been transferred to 10 different camps. That's about twice as many as an average prisoner with the same amount of time. And, as we all know, the most difficult step in making a fire is getting it started in the first place.

Then, there was the losing of my. . . HANDBOOK. That disadvantage took place during one of my transfers, when the guard who was checking through my property for any contraband decided to confiscate it. With an appearance of confusion, I asked what the problem was. I believe his exact words were, "It was jeopardizing to the community."

And then of course, there was the losing of something else. . . my mentor. For some strange reason, my request to take him with me, at the time of my first transfer, was denied. . . In all honesty, a couple of years after I had moved into his cell, he got into a fight at the library, and was taken to confinement. So I haven't seen him since.

(Next week I'll share with you an example of how my new identity really proved itself beneficial.)