¹ Un día cualquiera, me encontraba caminando por la calle cuando me encontré a tres muchachas que venían de la escuela.

1. Al pasar junto a ellas, una me miró con una mirada especial y una sonrisa agradable.

2. Me puse nervioso, pero a pesar de eso, tuve el valor de decirle unas palabras conquistadoras. Ella solo dijo: Hola.

^{3.} Me gustó tanto. Para mí era como un ángel caído del cielo. El día siguiente, en la mañana, fui a buscarla a la escuela.

^{2.} Le pregunté su nombre y ella me contestó con una agradable voz: Me llamo Catherine. Entonces le pregunté si nos podíamos conocer más.

^{3.} La invité a dar un paseo por el parque donde la había visto por primera vez. Ella me contestó:

—No hay ningún problema, pero quisiera saber su nombre.

-Mi nombre es Adonay-dije. Y ella me dijo que tenía un lindo nombre.

4. Cada vez que nos mirábamos a los ojos, sentíamos una sensación extraña. En algún momento tuve el valor de pedirle un beso. Ese beso que me regaló, me llevó hasta las nubes. Le dije que era tan hermosa como una rosa.

^{5.} Poco a poco me fui encariñando con ella. Todos los días iba a traerla a la escuela donde estudiaba.

^{6.} Una de sus amigas, que iba con ella cuando la conocí, se rio conmigo. Se acercó y me preguntó si yo andaba con Catherine.

⁷. −¿Por qué me hace esa pregunta usted?— le respondí. -No, por nada- me respondió. Solo quiero decirte que me gustas y quisiera ser más que tu amiga; Catherine no se va a enterar.

Caí en su trampa, la invité a mi casa sin que Catherine se enterara de que lo hacía.

Me iba encariñando de las dos princesitas, pero M tropiezo en la relación que yo tenía con Catherine enteró de todo lo que sucedía con Mónica, y se ar cusión

4. Le prometí que iba a alejarme de Mónica para poc relación, pero nada más fingía para que siguiera si me creyó.

Días después, llegó Mónica a mi casa. Me pidió q mento maravilloso en la cama, y aunque me se Catherine me había dicho que iba a visitar, no me ese momento me sentía mejor con Mónica.

Estábamos haciendo el amor cuando llamaron la p hacer. Era Catherine. En ese momento me sentí ta aún cuando entró a la casa y se encontró con la so taba Mónica, como dios la trajo al mundo. Entonc que ocurría.

Catherine me miró a los ojos y se fue llorando, sin

8. Mónica solo se reía. Le pedí que se fuera de mi ca car a Catherine, pero no la encontré en su casa ni nada de ella. Y me quedé solo sin ninguna princes

LET ME DIE by Sgkaan

Let me die I've had enough

Tarnished ruined, tainted, beyond repair My last candle, extinguished

Having forfeited all desire

Being absolutely worthless

about different personalities. want the leave also

ferent degrap and symptoms donce one getting upset be aggitated. The Duay & gan read the deans able to deffuse the detreation:

(4)

The most recent look that has stimulated me intellectualy was The Horse Why opener. elit was written by Nicholas Evans. let is about a gay who goes all over the country to take pare of horses. polying he is not able actually talk to the porses. is, able to communicate here, on a flevel, where he can let them know that he is pot, a threat. He is just there to help.

That's how of want anemals to me domeone who is here to help & yant there to know that when I gome around everything urll be okay. Sky closeng, & just want to

peterate that & would be very beneficial to this program al ram a very intelligent indurchial

nerme se enterara de		n and a second se
	Shadows behind me (W2)	Entry#8:
Mónica era solo un	by Sgkaan	My reflection of the Seminar with
ne. Un día, Catherine se armó una enorme dis-	This was the third consecutive night, she had woken up in a state of panic. As she adjusted to the darkness, she began to recall the nightmare.	
oder seguir con nuestra siempre conmigo. Ella	Antoinette was alone, running from a dark shadow that increased towards her. She has always bee afraid of shadows since she could remember.	has been a very long time where I was in a setting with a professor discussing
	Her mother told her once, that shadows do not harm people. However, Mother could not explain what shadows are. She stayed awake until the morning sunlight filtered through her window. She heated some bathin water in one of three pots, bathed and put on her old jeans and a T-shirt. If today is anything like yes terday, she would not need a sweater. There was no need to think about breakfast. She has eaten the	got into groups and shared ideas to reach a goal.
a puerta. No supe qué tan confundido. Y más	last scraps of food in her merge kitchen. Two slices of bread and water.	the way the students were able to word what ineeded to be Said. The speaker for the group I was in was on point, and
sorpresa de que ahí es-	As soon as she hit the road, she heard her name calling.	took all the ideas we came up with and
nces discutieron sobre lo in decirme nada. casa. Entonces fui a bus-	"Antoinette, Good Morning." Her neighboring pal, John Mwendwa called out to her, as he has done many times before. Antoinett waved at him quickly, so as not to encourage additional conversation. John liked to show off b speaking English with an 'accent'. Antoinette often indulged him but her sleeplessness was slowl causing a short temper.	y alot of interestily things to say that y kept my attention.
ni en la escuela. No supe esita a mi lado.	Yesterday was a long, difficult day. She visited eight places, looking for a job. Searing for work has proofed to be very frustrating. The economy is down, companies do not hire, in fact, a lot of people are being laid off.	for for some sof a coport may recover,
	Antoinette had not been in employment for three month. All her savings were depleted.	
	Moving on, she remembered the lady who asked her to come back today. She retracted her steps an walked towards the house.	d
	A thin boy answered her knocking. Looking at her, he called out for his mother. A voice from withit answered.	n
	"Who is it?"	
	Antoinette yelled.	Last Journal Entry

AS I look back on a year participating in the learning exchange, + an humbled. This experience has tavget me more about the Justice involved population than any criphinal justice class + have taken out John Jay. Our class was a constant exchange of ideas, deeply tooted thoughts, and an opportunity to tell our stories. when you combine some of John day's finest students and put them in a classroom suenced with the inside students, he became attet It is the evidence that something along The way failed them. Prison to college Pipeline reveals the great putential Inside students have. Our silence is not a represengation of our disinterest, by of our amaze, I reel amazed by the influence these students have left in mo. I am rooting for their success and I hope this is reached through education. to hear that our classmates want to attend John Day and can envision a different puture, that is very different from their past chows that this program

WORK, THIS IS NOT A COURSE WHERE

in conversations, using our history

Value Me and My Children's lives... As you Value You and Your Children's lives!

When they abused the poor, I didn't do anything because I wasn't poor

When they abused the immigrants, I didn't do anything because I wasn't an immigrant.

When they abused the uneducated, I didn't do anything because I wasn't uneducated.

When they abused the Black Americans, I didn't do anything because I wasn't a Black American.

When they begin to abuse white Americans, who will stand up for You since everyone will be

When they abused the prisoners, I didn't do anything because I wasn't a prisoner.

to help us rechape the way he think.

projessors recture at you, but a

Noting Will Change Until <u>You</u> Learn to <u>Respect me!!!</u>

You Threaten Black People... You Threaten Humanity!

Our Protest Will Not be confined or defined by YOU!

Our Pain Will Not Be Restricted to Our Communities!

Truth and Reconciliation or ??? The Choice is Yours!

There Must be Consequences for Our Actions!

America's Conscious is Pained!!!

gone?

A Rose just for You

I woke up alone, desertation complete

Detached from all loved ones, devoted by none

I glance through the window, six roses I see

Promenade to the cliff, to discard my travail

Brisk walk to the garden a slashing I go.

A burial, as Vikings, into the deep sea

At last at the edge, I thrust the **first** bloom

For my father it is, his wisdom and grace

He left me behind, for the great unknown

The torturous rocks segmenting each petal

One Community! One Voice!! One Vote!!!

course where equicators engage

PERSONAL ESSAY.

Jam Nicholas Oteko bon in Diviti District a bout & Kilometres of from South town. I am 32 years of Age. I Studied in Amuric Senior 1988 - 1992 - Go-have Second king School trike and all my Eteror by an the a I tero. On my child hood with my truty who stayed in A area occupied by rebels One day the rebels came and attacked our place and ran and left me alone in the the rebely care and got nea house abducted me at the age 10 when 14 they yet got niced to staying with her in not that Willage. Que

moliter came to cee m One day what happened is that I narrated how Insas taken and how the all story I mersed being with my firters and billers to Lee me then my whowher longing_ Igathe asking mother called my hi to with some of the sister who were undergoing Schon and that I could An get wh that I may 00 to me during had happened being out my tran 80' Concerning_ "So so terrified b'c faller Insas Mother and left me to had Knew my without any sympathy the strangers' My Fister finder Kept on asking m It. I are not been Cleing_ ALL A

The branch is cracking

and the leaves

are coming down

The air is moist

ever truly rung

Roots of this tree

wraps the globe

like a child wrapped

as her skin flushes

with an umbilical cord

in a cocoon that never

releases the substantial

It grew from red mudded rivers

of man who never face liberation

till the calling of Womankind

then becomes integration

Between them and nature

with streaks of glittered oil

Mankind's richest soil

Sitting on a rusted branch

is Maya's cage bird, singing

the Harriet Tubman's railroad blues

understanding no freedom bell

in a tornado rhythm

sounds like falling egg shells

THROME A Bloody Tree

Guess all people know that life is not good in prison: AH 2 can Say, Prison is not place at alt . But to some people whom can call foolish, prison is the best home for hem. To who ami talk about? I talk about those who are always imprisoned for many Simes on same cases and even imprisoned for 2 dietu Cases 1 annualing 1 TOME, Life in prison is not good but not Shame extent of being wasse than death It's because I make life dery busy in doing Somethings: Forexample: 1 spend Mu fime in worshipping, having fair with others, beaching prisonments and in fearning i get end advices from liferent hind of Bist in the First place life went bad! because I was Missing My Wife and My family But when they started to come and second see of me, 2 became fine and life move on well And i also started to tearn more things in prison, pined Bible study and FAL, where I got My two certificates I have per now prison I've come to know any

Mean while Alpha and Bravo teams move like

Where do you thin!

youre going.

love this!

IN PRISON

0000

a wave of death on the tanker.

tid not know : first of all ? used that I was a friend to one but now I know am just afriend to few ones. And i also have

l to know that I not one need money Coma any more i only need GOD to link me to the

people And to let Mil wife always be their number two in everything do because NODO

I had the opportunity to revise Between and Bullets and Bars-and I want to kick myself in the

A LETTER

A letter to me!

Oh! How can that be...?

Will there be a fee?

Going on one knee,

I thank God for thee,

For through his decree,

I'm furnished with glee.

I'll wait and see.

All my effort turned to dust Every love discarded, cast aside Am I so repugnant? Have I zero merit? End this mockery of existence Strike me down!

A lifetime spent, watching and listening Teaching me nothing, but bagatelle Like a cat chasing its own tail Life of repeat and rewind From days, to months, to years..... Undying perpetual, ceaselessness,

The monotony of loneliness Inability to commune with others Tired of lies, their unpredictability, Sorrow and despair cloth me A miasma of isolation suffocate me Deserted on an island of personal woe

The hereafter?

Will it be kinder than this? I don't care. Nothing matters. Encased in calamity, depression and gloom. Having lost fear of death. I welcome an end to this wretched life

It's raining again I hate rain It's wet and dark outside Even the sun hides from me A chasm waits to swallow me How much farther can I fall?

I prayed yesterday Oh God end this agony. I said "where are you?" "Why have you abandoned me?" "Shunned me, disregarded me" "Will you witness my self-murder?"

I am cursed Bedeviled by my creator Blighted by my mother Foredoomed by life itself All I touch withers All hope shriveled and decayed.

I must exit End this misery Of toil, and foil, and boil. The last dice long cast Let me die!

Two silly Lollipops

by Sgkaan

(W1)

The Lady replied. As Antoinette passed the living room into the hallway, she realized the woman of the house was in the bedroom. She found her kneeling over a bundle of cloths, provoking Antoinette to advance forward for a better look. She thought that she was to wash the fabrics. She is willing to accept any kind of work for instant payment. As she bent, she detected a metallic smell and also noticed some red spots. On further observation, she was surprised to find the red spot spreading all over. Antoinette looked at

the kneeling lady's face and heard a sharp yelp, emanating from her throat. She heard subdued footsteps closing in and a dull pain emerging from her left sided temple.

Darkness took all the light as she saw herself falling into nothing.

"Me, Madame, you asked me to come back today."

"Come in."

The next sound reaching her ears was a man's voice, telling her to wake up. She attempted to move her head up but it took a great deal of concentration and caused her a lot of pain. "Wake up now!" Said the man with a heartless undertone. He was dressed in a policeman's uniform. 'Tell me. What happened here?" In front of her eyes laid a young woman who appeared to be sleeping, except for the splattered blood around her torso and the big knife sticking out of her chest. "Oh God!" She uttered and hurriedly tried to move away from the dead body. "You have blood all over!"

"Why did you kill this person?" He asked

Antoinette spend the next two hours explaining how she was looking for a job and how she was invited in by the young boy and his mother. The police officer however kept repeating. "This house belongs to the deceased and she has no child."

"Yes she does. I mean the other woman does, the one who invited me in." Antoinette cried.

The investigating officer became very upset. He grabbed her by her T-shirt, scratching her neck, as he man-handled her and eventually dragged her into a cell. He literally threw her in and while she banged her head onto the adjacent wall, the door slammed close. Antoinette heard the click sound of a key and lock.

How long she stayed in the lonely cell, she had no idea. She was cold, hungry and scared but eventually started to go over the sequences of the horrifying event. Then she realized she had to start from the day before, when she first knocked at the door for work. She remembered the lady telling her to come next day. In fact, she recollected seeing a light skinned man next to her.

'It was a setup! How am I going to get out of this mess.'

She wondered out loud.

As she sat in the dark corner, Antoinette started to cry. Her entire body shock as tears run down her cheeks. She began to pray, loud, asking God to her out of the predicament.

of the lock and key on the door. N'joroge, the investigating officer Wake up came by the walked in.

"Wake up and step outside!"

He ordered with a commanding voice.

Antoinette. .her eyes as she walked into the corridor. She was shown into a large, airy room and asked to sit on a soft chair.

Asked N'joroge.

"Yes."

He said.

Antoinette said without giving her preference for. Suddenly she noticed the officers attitude was kinder than before. Some kind of trick, she pondered to mke her feel comfortable before the accusations A gloom to my mood with a nod full of gloom started again

The next person walking in was a big surprise to her.

"Do you want something to drink? Water? Chai?"

John Mwandwa, the neighbor who said "Good Morning." to her. "How are you? I learned what happened and decided to come to your defense." "My defense? Why?" She said.

"I heard you are in trouble, so I came to help."

"I followed you yesterday and witnessed everything."

Next rose let loose, cast off from my hand.

10 X0901 (Englisk 110 Junal Exam

Dear Baz,

12/14/15 Rief. Dressinger How Jesas Jeaches History

In "How Judge Jeaches History," by Ms. Rockmore she burge brings to the surface burgard the way in which Sexan Republicano would like to use re-write history by using political power & perseasion. Mp. Ballouin speads such in his essay, "If Black English Sort a fanguage, Then sell Me, What Is?" He goes on to state, "... that language MO is also a political instrument, means, I proof of power. It is the most wind of crucial key to identify: It remals the private identity & connecto one with , of divinces one from , the larger, public, or communal identity."

Issas, or powers to log in texas, are rewording tigh looks to make howie scenes in history mor acceptable of less bloody. In doing so, by minimalizing the event, it's pusines, & importance it has played; you are derying that the inent has accord accord. The Gumans denied the Holocaust for years of this denial postponed the healing process for the servicions of their families. Slavery, like the is heat told, industord, & filt with the blood Holocaust This is the essence of the but of Jangung. Music, Docty, Jung, Plays to word your fuling to allow another person or persons to experience it.

Slavery is a love story. A story of success, enderance & faith. Which was learned & gained though slavery.

.96

Baz

I hope that your trip was a success. You are definitely doing things that is making a difference in peoples lives, especially the men involved

A gentle lift, of the **fourth** red rose, armour Clasped close to my heart, my beloved, My pillar of strength, my first born I launch the red blossom and watch it descend. It lifts, glides welcomed by the sea

A pick of the **fifth** bloom, selected with care With a prayer of thanksgiving, I let it fly This special baroque, relinquished to God His loving me, a wretched, sinful self For lending to me, four perfect beings

Consumed with passion, I draw the last rose A Lift to the left a salute to the right

The sixth flower's for you, my listeners,

head for rushing it out before giving it a more complete proofread. The revised version now stands at around 100 words less. I've also enclosed piece Societal Neglect: The Unintended Enabler of Societal Harm. I know you have a full plate, but if you have the time I would greatly appreciate your comments. Thank you

The Ingenuity Vault

Galvanizing trees The leafs tinted of urban breeze Lights laminating the ambiance Giving vision to a cultural renaissance A transient entourage Reminded by the locomotive smog Of a mechanical prowess that serves all

Moved by a people's devotion To a metropolitan ocean Swimming against the current To find the dream of resurgence The pursuit of class emergence The drive to a people's perseverance

A commuting shout I welcome its stirring pout Eradicating the dullness of a town Injecting life with a vaccine of sound Curing it of its downs The frequency of civilization's buzz

Makes me wonder if Rome was like this Was Athens as vibrant as this metropolis? With their gravel pillars Monuments of Gods and rulers Citizens in silk robes With the outskirts of verdant lawns The armada of ancient schematics The influence to a modern world

> And here I stand Standing amid the results In the midst of an architectural vault A utopian sought Achieved by a relentless vision By the hands of men and women The contusions in their clench A sign of a labor immense An expense for the lives we foresaw A vision of alloy reality As I witness outside my window An urban gift to unwrap

Phat is making a didderence in proprie in 1 isthe the prison to college Pipe-line program. I have one question I would like to ask you relating to the march in Washington, and a request concerning the John Jay folder containing iformation necessary for submission to the up-coming parale board appearance. September 23, 2013.

Q: Do you truly believe that the purpose of the march and its anniversiony allebrated today is similar and beneficial as it were during Martin Luther Kings

sime : bald you contact me soon as possible regarding whether I will receive the formation from you, Bianca + Ann supporting my participation in the John Jay Prison College Pipe-line program and my release.

resolve these issues in a real manner is "We're talling about the same pool of offenses; rape, murder, drugs, weapons charges, etc. and out of that some good of charges, they have an 80% success rate, we have 40%. a charge is a charge and is no different in say Europe. If kill someone, it's murder, dealing weapons is dealing weapons, and so on " If you can assist me in a better rebuttal to this one and only argument that they always use, I'd gladly receive it from

you covered a lot of issues throughout the stages of our so-called "justice system, however, there's one stage that, in my eyes, is integral to our justice

by Sgkaan	Tonowed you yesterday and writessed everything.	This for my mother, her diligence and grit	For your tolerance of me,
	'Follow me?' I thought. 'Followed me?'		Your attentiveness, a rose, just for you.
Six weeks ago, during book-club, someone put two lollipops in front of me. I looked around	"Yes."	I miss her resolve, confidence and drive	Tour attentiveness, a rose, just for you.
and observed that everybody else had already started eating, or were in the process of un- wrapping theirs. I threw the two sweets into my bag and continued with my assignment.	He proceeded on.	As for the third rose, exuding laughter and joy	
A week later, while cleaning my bag, I came across the lollipops.	"I told the officer everything, I vouched for you, they will let you out shortly."		
'What to do?'		My last born's wild, enthusiasm of life	
	He snickered.	Her radiant face, pre-set in my mind	
I pondered.	"Followed me? Why would anybody follow me?"	The shinny rose, sinks	
Coming from a family with a history of high blood pressure, I stopped using sugar 30 years ago. In addition, I think it indecent for a woman over a certain age to suck on a lollipop.		Like the Excalibur, slowly into the sea.	
'I will enjoy one sweet as dessert after supper.' I mused.	Two hours later Mwendwa escorted Antoinette home. He would cast a large shadow in front of him,		
	as they silently walked alongside. His shadow fell over her as they kept walking. She remembered the recent nightmares.	YHI FICE	
After supper, I went outside, spread my blanket on the ground, opened my novel, I love reading Alistair McClean, and put the lollipop in my mouth. Two pages later, I sensed a			X(n)(C)
person joining me on my blanket. I continued reading; the story had certainly captured my	A shadow chasing her.		$\mathbb{D}(\mathbb{D})$
attention, until I felt little finger on my upper arm. Looking to my right, I saw a little boy	"Was this it?"	S PT B DT C	Transcendent Transcendent
of about three years of age.	The ominous turned out to be a stalker.		<u> </u>
"Auny!"	'I have a stalker.' Antoinette envisaged as she opened her front door and quickly locked it behind her.	SZ IN STRAT	Let me be the tree in autumn time.
He said.		ma to hall	The Genesis!
"What's that?"	'Now what? I wonder if I dream tonight?'		Rid of revelation flesh
He pointed at the white stick between my lips. I lowered my head and quickly moved the			in mind.
lollipop from my right to my left cheek. This did not deter the young one.1	Now four weeks later after every days work the little boy comes over and sits by me. He talks about	THEFT	Let there be commencement,
"Where did you get it from?"	school, his toys and the other kid at school. I usually take him to the swings, push him and listen to		AGAIN! 24 years rewinding.
He relented.	his screams of joy.		As planets realign.
Another soft touch later.	In addition, every evening I engage in small talk with Antoinette. We even pray together.		Untwine the malefaction,
"Can I taste it? Just a little. I'll give it back."		EBRA I AREA PARTICIPA	from my DNA.
He added.			Let me be the
One look at those eyes and I knew I'd lost my candy.	Today our book club instructor presented as with pizza. Once again, I did not personally stand up and		spent shells, unspent. Before caliber
Looking up I observed three adults watching me.	thank him. I did however spared two slices. My plan was to eat them later, but I have already given		was my abode.
	one away	A LA LOSYVE	Greated by one,
'Damn?' I thought it looked almost as bad as snatching a candy from a baby.		FOR ALLANT	who's odd.
"If I wash the lollipop, can I give it to him?"		FAL AS VI	Let me be the preeminence
I asked the mother.			To agony and misfortunes. The morning!
"You don't have to wash it."			I shall disappear,
She said.			In thin air. Make Earth!
After rinsing it off, I handed it to the young boy and witnessed his face burst into an incan-			Heaven here.
descent illumination.	A shadow is a dark area where light from a light source is blocked by an opaque object. It occupies		
"It was silly to waste water for washing it."	all of the three-dimensional volume behind an object with light in front of it. The cross section of a		By
He said and walked away.	shadow is a two-dimensional silhouette, or a reverse projection of the object blocking the light.		
			OUND OF FLESH
I then decided to take better precautions with eating the second lollipop. After supper. I sat on my bed inside my room and took out the second lollipop. That's when a sudden move- ment from across demanded my attention. My roommate had her head on her knees and her arms tightly wrapped around her thighs, just like a cabbage.	Point and non-point light sources[edit]	Pencils By: Created, Written & Inked By:	· First Encounter.
'Shall I ask her; what's the matter?'			
I argued with myself.		BROKEN WINDOW	Turk and A. C an Green and cultures
'She will tell me a long story.'	Limbra, persumbra and antumbra	I look outside my broken windowpane	Just people: As far as races, and cultures. There was no difference to me. Honestly,
Instead I said.	Umbra, penumbra and antumbra		School is what sparked my interest thats
"Janet, catch."		And all I see is pain	where my curionsity came, About my lightskinned
		Kids are killing kids for fortune and fame	
And threw my last sweet to her. She grabbed it, looked at it and gave me the saddest smile. She rolled over and covered herself with her blanket.	A point source of light casts only a simple shadow, called an «umbra". For a non-point or	And their parents are not home	Family and the picture in my living room. My mother did not Raise me
"You okay? Sorry, I tossed that stupid lollipop at you."	"extended" source of light, the shadow is divided into the umbra, penumbra and antumbra.	So who's to blame?	
I said.	The wider the light source, the more blurred the shadow becomes. If two penumbras over-	In my broken windowpane	to look at skin color, but she did introduce me to it. IF there were differences
	lap, the shadows appear to attract and merge. This is known as the Shadow blister effect.		
"Don't be stupid, that's not why I'm crying.		I've seen grown men go insane	between me and someone, or me not liking
Mary said.	The outlines of the shadow zones can be found by tracing the rays of light emitted by the	And young ladies selling their body parts	someone, it was never behind skin color.
She kept my candy and did not say thank you.	outermost regions of the extended light source. The umbra region does not receive any di-	Soul, flesh, even their heart	Maybe personal problems, money or disrespect,
I forgot about these less grateful people until two weeks later, as I sat on my bed again,	rect light from any part of the light source, and is the darkest. A viewer located in the umbra	Just so they can buy poison to put inside their veins	but not racial issues. My mother once
reading, Mary came over, exited and sat next to me.	region cannot directly see any part of the light source.		told me, to treat people the way, that
"I did give the sweet to my son."		While bums be pushing dirty shopping carts	I would want to be treated Not, treat
"Hmmh!"	By contrast, the penumbra is illuminated by some parts of the light source, giving it an in-	Digging in garbage cans looking for food	people the way they treat you. So when it
I was a bit7 confused.	termediate level of light intensity. A viewer located in the penumbra region will see the light	And sleeping in the community parks	comes to race, or ethnic backgrounds, I
"Remember, the sweet you gave me."	source, but it is partially blocked by the object casting the shadow.	Talking about please "give me change!"	treat every man and woman with respect.
"Oh."			Individuals might make me dislike them,
I said.	If there is more than one light source, there will be several shadows, with the overlapping		or think differently of them personally.
"That was two weeks ago."	parts darker, and various combinations of brightnesses or even colors. The more diffusethe	As I stare outside my broken	but not as a whote. So even though years
"I know."	lighting is, the softer and more indistinct the shadow outlines become, until they disappear.	Windowpane	have came and gone, I have not louked
	The lighting of an overcast sky produces few visible shadows.		at another race, culture, or skin color as.
Mary said. "I several it. I limour mus som was coming and I wanted to give it to here"			being above or beneath me. To me a
"I saved it. I knew my son was coming and I wanted to give it to hm."	The absence of diffusing atmospheric effects in the vacuum of outer space produces shadows		person may be richer than me, or poorer
"That's nice."	that are stark and sharply delineated by high-contrast boundaries between high and dark.	Written by	
I replied.	For a narroon or chiest touching the surface of the touch is the touch		
	For a person or object touching the surface where the shadow is projected (e.g. a person		
		38 <u>-</u>	
As she walked over to her bed, it occurred to me that I did not say thank you either, when	standing on the ground, or a pole in the ground) the shadows converge at the point of con-	30. ž	

system's problems, pre-trial detainment. The	
current design has given the prosecution have advantage	
autors acting the given so production share and the	
while committing severe harm, mentally and physically	
to the accused.	
"I wish I was in Prison!" Sounds like	
a real execatching title to a book, night? No, sadly	
this is a declaration dive heard from a imajority of	
detainees in Boltamore City, Maryland, as well as in	
Sherburne county Jail, Minnesota. This very	
statement speaks volumes of pre-trial conditions in	
these county and city jails.	
It is very understanding that a detaince is	
innocent until there proven quilty; detainees; not	
convicte. Oh, I know that this phrase is just some	
innovent until they're proven quilty; detainees; prot convicts. Oh, I know that this phrase is just some form of legal propagando- to make us feel	

John Jay College Admissions Essay Question

June 8, 2011

Write a 600-800 word essay expressing why you feel you would make a strong addition to the Prison-to-College Pipeline. You should include discussion of personal and professional reasons for you interest in higher education, academic-intellectual interest and/or the most recent book you have read that stimulated you intellectually.

"Education is the act or process of imparting or acquiring general knowledge and of developing the powers of reasoning and judgment."(Webster's)

Because of my desire to obtain or shall I say enhance my powers of reasoning and judgment, I know that I would be a very strong addition to the Prison-to-College Pipeline. My present situation forces me to seek any and all avenues of self enrichment, the pursuit of a more respectable and responsible way of life, and a college education will be a precursor to achieving these goals.

I am currently employed as a Peer Aide within the Transitional Services Center and a Customer Service Agent for the Department of Motor Vehicles Call Center here at Arthur Kill. My duties include but are not limited to disseminating of information, prevention and harm reduction, assistance with 34 housing, rehabilitative programs, and reintegration tools that can be utilized to help with the transition back to society. I also

help with resolving complex motor vehicle problems, and at times counseling within both fields of employment. With further educating myself, I will be able to enhance my chances greatly of entering the counseling or human services field which is my ultimate goal.

Yes, I want to help others. I would like to take my life experiences and learn how to cultivate these experiences into learning and teaching tools. Upon my release, I will be enrolling into college. This is one of my short term goals, and the Prison-to-College Pipeline will be of great assistance in reaching that goal. To be able to start the process here at Arthur Kill and to obtain the assistance because of ones dedication and hard work, to continue the process on the outside is truly a blessing. The time and discipline required to excel at the college level is something which one has to be willing to endure, and I am.

One of the books that I recently read was titled Who Moved My Cheese? This was written by Spencer Johnson, M.D. The Cheese in the book is a metaphor for what an individual wants out of life. Then there is a maze in the book. The maze represents where the time is spent looking for what you want. The characters are Sniff and Scurry as well as Hem and Haw. The story is about change. It is about when there is a change in attitude and your belief system, and then there will be a change in your behavior. It teaches that the biggest inhibitor to change lays within ones self.

The maze represented me. How I allowed my life to live in certain corridors. For so long I didn't allow myself to be challenged intellectually. I felt I had just enough smarts to get by. But, by staying hemmed in (like the character in the book) I let life move on and I remained the same. I didn't sniff out that a change needed to happen. Nor did I scurry ahead to go about things a different way. It is possible that mistakes would

As she walked over to her bed, it occurred to me that I did not say thank you either, when I was given the lollipops, about a month earlier. Then I decided it would bestrange for a 57 years old to thank another grown up a month later – for two lollipops. The good hearted lollipop giver might not even remember.

Now, four weeks later, everyday after work, the little boy comes over and sits by me. He tells me about school. I take him to the swings and push him, listening to his screams of joy. In addition every evening I engage in small talk with Mary before she sleeps. We have even started praying together.

And today, our book club instructor presented each one of us with a box of pizza. Once again, I did not personally stand up to thank him. I did however spare two slices. My plan was to eat them both later, but I have already given one away ...



Liberator, Liberator Peculiar but so common Approachable and helpful Tall, clever black smiling African, Head of the Liberation Army That liberated a country From the evil hands Liberator Liberator. Many people hate me, Many people love me, I have friends I have enemies. When I am right, No one acknowledges, When I am wrong, No one forgets.

To: Boz Breizinger

Liberator, Liberator.

May Aerel bless your, and all that your family Thank you coortunity for alloun participate in the me to John fay Minn Pipe line program. This opertunity in ort w much importance of hope and sway that I am accepted. This opportunity mill allow me the charce to do productive and sentine things as will an learn and help ather. Thank your

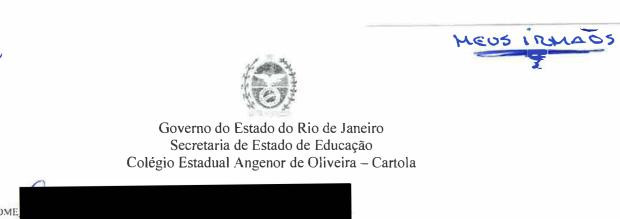
tact.

ALNO'

6

object from the sun-side, hence the mirror image of the silhouette seen from the other side.

A shadow shows, apart from distortion, the same image as the silhouette when looking at the



ASSIM QUE GHEGAR NAS MADS DE TODOS VACES, QUE DEUS ROSSA ESTA DANDO FORCAS PARA VALES PONDUSTAR TODOS OS TEUS OBJETTIVES, RECEBENOS A MENSAGEM QUE DECES MANDARAM ATTAVETS DA BATSHEVA DREISINGER E AGRADECEMOS DE CORACAO A CADA UN DE VACES COM TODO RESPETTE E HUMILDADE QUERO DELXAR BEN CLARO QUE NOS SOMOS UM ROVE SO TODOS NA MESMA SITCACAO LUTANDO PELOS NOSSOS IDEAIS MAIS NOS VENCER CONFTA EN DEUS POR QUE SO ELE MODE NOS AJUDAR NESSE MOMENIO TAO DIFICIL E QUERO CON TODO RESPETTO FAER UN PEDIDO A TODO RESPETTO DIFICIL E QUERO CON TODO RESPETTO SEI COMO E ALO DIA DIA MAIS QUE VACES POSSAM SEMPLE ESTA CUIDANDO E VICTEGENDO DA VADESDERA QUE CON KUITA LUTA ESTA SENVICE AI CON VACES VASSANDO ALGO CONSTRUTIVA VARAO HOVO UN ABRACO MARA CADA UN QUE TA AL CON VICAS CIISTO E NUNCA DEFISTA DE MUDAR DE VIDA POR QUE TA AL CON STRUAOS FICAM NA PAZ DO NOISO SEUNTA LUTA CONSTRUTIVA VARAO HOVO UN ABRACO MARA CADA UN QUE TA AL COM VACES LIBERDADE DA MEUS IRMAOS FICAM NA PAZ DO NOISO SENHOL JESUS CRISTO E NUNCA DEFISTA DE MUDAR DE VIDA POR QUE NOSSAS VALEU TRAJAZIARA DA CADA UN QUE TA AL COM DE SUS CRISTO E NUNCA DEFISTA DE MUDAR DE VIDA POR QUE NOSSAS VALEU TRAJAZIARA DA CADA UN QUE TA AL CUE O RAMERICA CADA UN CONSTRUTIVA MANDARIA DE VIDA POR QUE NOSSAS ESTOSAS VALEU TRAJAZIARA ADO DAS NOSSAS ESTOSAS VALEU TRAJAZIARA DA CADO DAS NOSSAS ESTOSAS VALEU TRAJAZIARA DA CADO DAS NOSSAS ESTOSAS VALEU TRAJAZIARA DA CADO DAS NOSSAS ESTOSAS VALEU TRAJAZIARA ADO DAS NOSSAS ESTOSAS VALEU TRAJAZIARA DA CADO DAS NOSSAS ESTOSAS VALEU TRAJAZIARA TAMO JUSUI O

MATEUS JJV28

VINDE A MIM. TODOS OS QUE ESTAIS. CANSADOS E OPRIMIDO, E EU VOS ALIVIAREI. JESUS AMA VOCÈS.

L'IRERDADE PARA TAROS.

Being a part of John Jay's prison to the street pipeline, has afforded me the opportunity to further my education. Most importantly, it has giving me the opportunity to achieve a higher level of success within my life. Being incarcerated since the age of (18), I have never lived life outside of prison as an adult. Having attended college while I am incarcerated has instilled a work ethic that allows me to be successful in any area of life I focus my mind to.

I believe that every individual that is incarcerated should attend a college program, with the hope of preparing themselves for re-entry into society. The more options individuals develop for themselves while they are incarcerated, the more successful their transition will be. I personally realized that I have a lot to offer society, based off my experiences going through the justice system. Going to college has helped me in expressing my thoughts clearly so that my point is understood. This is something I can use to help enlighten individuals to the realities of choosing a criminal lifestyle.

On behalf of myself and the many woman and men incarcerated, I thank you for your assistance in providing funding to programs like John Jay Prison to the Streets Pipeline. Without society taking a proactive stand to assist in the prison re-entry programs, the cycle of crime will only continue to be an ongoing problem. I believe that we together can work toward making a difference in how the criminal justice system handles the incarceration and rehabilitation of individuals in its care.

Respectfully,

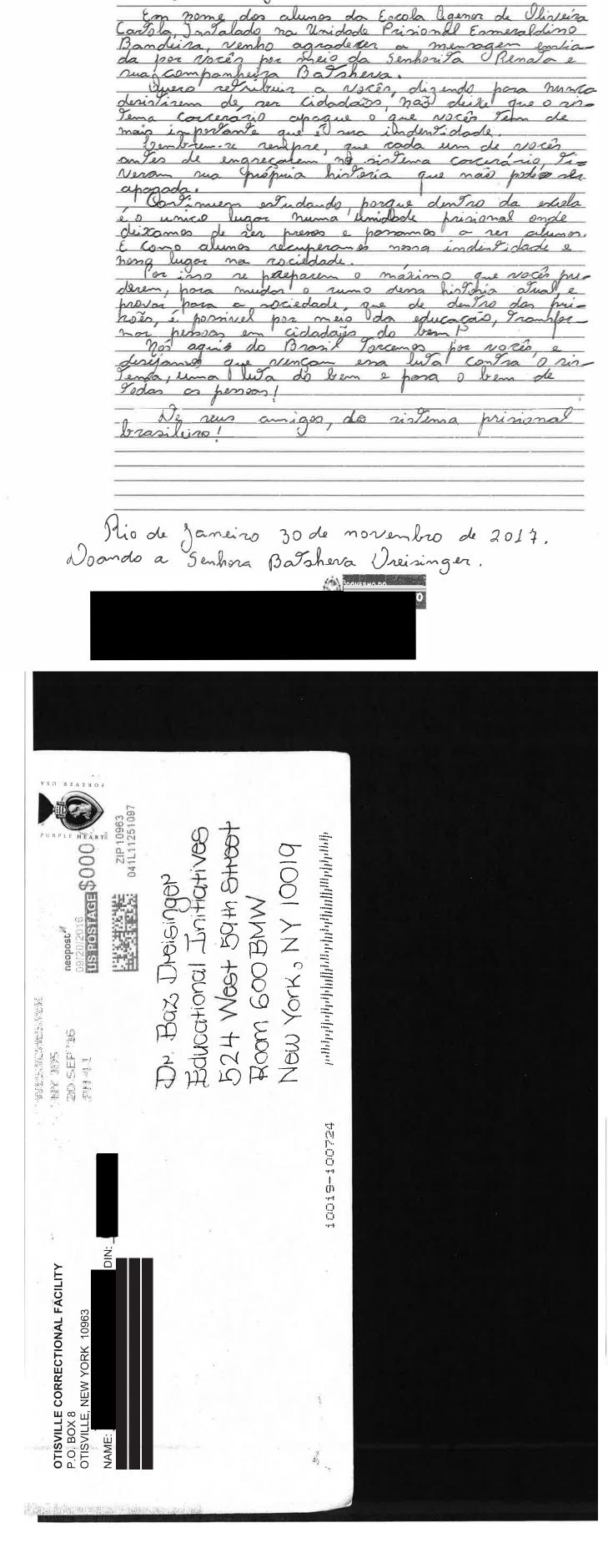
SHE IS A BORE. (W13) By Sgkaan

There she stood, As still as wood, Wearing a hood, Darkening my mood.

Her voice caused me bile, Toss her off a mile, Away from this pile, Giving me a while.

> She is a bore, Right to the core, I should have tore, Her throat before.

Get rid of this bitch, That has crashed my beach, She causes me itch, And destroyes my pitch.



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Governo do Estado do Rio de Janeiro

Secretaria de Estado de Educação

Colégio Estadual Angenor de Oliveira – Cartola

l'regodos amigos de carcere dos Estados Unidos:

have been made, or things may not have worked out, but it would have been better to

attempt to change than to remain the same. Hence, my lifestyle didn't change, my attitude didn't change, but my unfortunately address did.

This book has made me think of how being stubborn and fearful of changing my

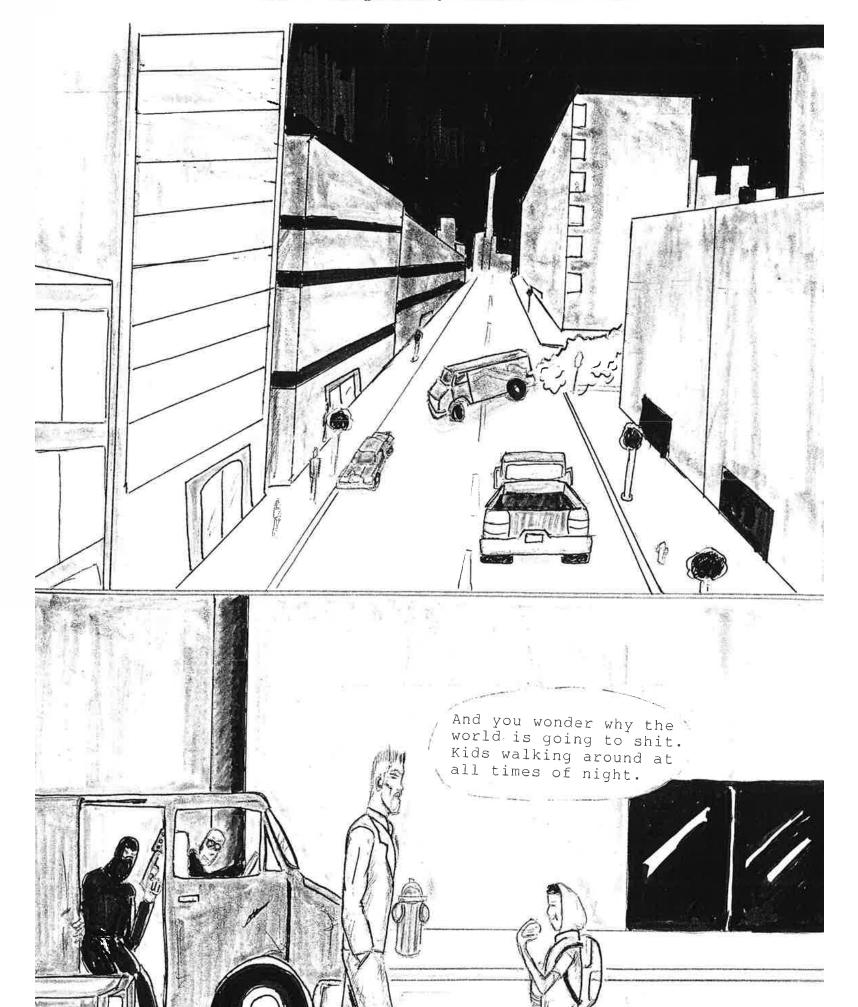
own situation, or refusing to broaden my horizons, will keep me imprisoned physically,

spiritually, and intellectually. This to me is the worst kind of imprisonment because it destroys the soul.

In conclusion, I hope that this essay has given the reader a sufficient amount of

insight as to why I would be a good addition to the Prison-to-College Pipeline.

Webster's College Ditionary.RandomHouse, 2nd E.D.2001



A 100-100

First, I want to congratulate you for participating in this program. Hopefully you are participating because you are curious and wanted to learn, not because you just wanted to do something different. Education is the pathway to freedom. Any chance you get to learn something new, make sure you take advantage of it because it will let you express one if the main elements of freedom, change. Once you start to change you will start to be better at solving problems because you will understand what it takes to get the results you are looking for whenever you are faced with a problem. Furthermore, with every new thing that you learn will come another way to occupy your time in a productive way. My main intention with this letter is to inform of a way to transform your situation into a productive tool so you may use your time wisely and not give up hope. Who knows, maybe a situation may arise that gives concessions to those who possess the same skill you have been working on. For me, being in prison for nine years, my first four years I was just wasting my time eating and sleeping. It wasn't until I met a friend who encouraged me to learn about who I was and why I did the things I did, not only the things that landed me in prison but also the things I did in my everyday life. That consist of me thinking back on how I was raised. I learned that even though my parents loved me and wanted the best for me, they taught me some things that were wrong. Once I was able to get an understanding of that, I began to acknowledge the power I possess when it comes to my destiny. I no longer blamed others for my situations when it came to the choices I made. We all have choices, the choice to change or remain the same.

Sincerely