Dear Baz,

I am not happy with the world. I am tired of the deaths of young African-Americans, not only by the Justice System, but amongst each other. My Poems are just the footprints a head; that great leaders left behind, for me to follow and lead. You Broke many barriers for me dealing with the components of race. I no longer stereotype, But I understand color has meaning.
As I become more aware it is hard to not be emotional and keep from Crying (My Poetry). Baz I am an activists that understand, it may be tuff, but I am willing to Sacrafice, Home is being free inside of Me. I am basically going to get to the Point, thank you for believing in me and lets make a difference.

[redacted]

[redacted]

Journal Entry #3

The color of water Presents me with the struggles dealing with Race, Identity and being accepted for who you are. From the very beginning, the arthurs mother lets it be known she has issues. She feels she is not accepted and loved in the Jewish life she was born and raised in. As a result, she runs away and tries to leave behind her family, Religion and Identity in the holes of Folding what she's looking for — Love and Acceptions.

From the beginning the mother strikes me as Someone who is delusional and selfish. She's backsing in whatever direction she feels she can be Loved. Throughout her narrative. she expresses the thought that Blacks were easy going and trusting — thus making them easy to get over on. With that thought in mind I feel her intentions were to seek comfort and Love. In the Process she creates an interracial family.

nice assessment of character here

I feel a dislike and distrust of this individual, as a result of her suppressing her feelings regarding Race and Identity. when questions come from her children concerning these issues. She blows

THE BEST PLACE TO START MY STORY IS A SMALL ENGLISH COUNTRY VILLAGE CALLED SPEEN. THE REASON I START HERE AT THE AGE OF 4 OR 5, IS THAT I DON'T REALLY REMEMBER MUCH OF LIFE BEFORE THAT. I HAVE SOME MEMORIES IN FACT THEY AREN'T EVEN MEMORIES AS MUCH AS FEELINGS, SUCH AS THE RUMBLE OF WHEELS ON THE BROKEN PAVEMENT WHILST BEING PUSHED BY MY MOTHER IN AN OPEN PRAM, TOO YOUNG TO KNOW OR WORRY ABOUT THE WHERE AND WHY OF THIS TRIP. I KNOW I WAS BORN IN CHEIM A PART OF SURREY, SOUTH LONDON, BUT I ONLY KNOW THIS BECAUSE MY BIRTH CERTIFICATE SAYS SO. MY STORIES, MY MOTHER AND FATHER RECITE WITH SMILES AND MERRIMENT TO GUESTS AT DINNER PARTIES. BUT I HAVE NO REAL RECOLLECTION OF THESE STORIES OR EVENTS OUTSIDE OF MY FATHERS ELEQUENT STORY TELLING.

WE MOVED TO SPEEN AS A FAMILY AT A TIME WHEN THE WORLD SEEMED ENOUGH TO ME. MY FIRST RECLISTION OF OUR NEW HOUSE WAS HOW INSIGNIFICANT IT WAS SITTING AT THE BOTTOM OF A RATHER SAVAGELY STEEP C SHAPED DRIVEWAY, A DRIVEWAY THAT TO ME SEEMED LIKE A MOUNTAIN, AND LATER FELT LIKE EVEREST WHEN WINTER CAME AND IT WAS MY DUTY TO CLEAR THE SNOW FROM IT'S PERILOUS ICY SLOPES.

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THE EXPECTATIONS OF LUCY WERE SIMPLE, TO BE A NURSE AND AN OBEDIENT WIFE. HOWEVER, THAT'S NOT WHAT SHE WANTED. THIS IS WHAT I BELIEVE CAUSES LUCY [redacted] AMBITION. EVEN THOUGH SHE DOESN'T REALLY KNOW WHAT SHE WANTS, SHE [redacted] KNOWS WHAT SHE DOESN'T WANT.

[redacted]

15/3/2012

The next day I decided to come home to my parents home and this took me about ten days in the way. What was becoming hard for me was that all this time I just not having my parents were trying to have me but no place to be found. They told me that they put announcement on radios and more they were worried. I found them in tears and worried of where I could be and how I was traced to explain where I have been all this time. I am okay and because I had written feel as a result of coming would fifty kilometers from my uncles home who did not give transport for because to feel thought that I had come to visit him as I told him which never back. The all situation was unbearable for me I could not tell the truth about what had passed to with and go visit my uncle and I discussed them about the all thing happening that I was taken away while in away home to home by unknown people. My mother believed the all thing should was not come my palace this period my father to go and try to find and that family and he tried always everything and get all the information of where I were and what had happened to me in days that I had disappeared.

Time came and my mother became sick and the situation was serious. This made her not to continue pay for my school fees because she was not working anymore because of her illness. As a result I and my mother were made to go back to village because because my mother being sick. My I had no one to pay my school fees and my father and uncle had stopped supporting and did not need anything to do with me at all. This made me to be with my sick mother mostly in the village.

As overall the all situation made my national having me stopped and so I had to drop out from school which forced me to start having something else to do in order to survive with my mother. And it was because of my behaviours that could not allow consistent and listen to teacher's advice from mother my parents no others that prepared my education consist at an early age of pattern which were unpardonable for all of my life.

1º Acordo [illegible]
que é por [illegible]
(2º) [illegible]
[illegible] capaz de identificar [illegible]
[illegible] e pluricultural. Bom, apesar
da distância do, por exemplo.
2. Que você considera ser a coisa
mais diferente do sistema de ensino
do Brasil - o que surpreende?
Eu considero o sistema penitenciário do
Brasil, apesar de eu não conhecer o sistema
brasileiro, mas a super lotação,
superávit, a insalubridade da prisão, o descaso dos políticos X
2º O acordo ainda não foi [illegible]
[illegible] 22 horas em uma cela.
Sim, por 22 horas trancado.
É muito tempo, agente fica muito
longe das nossas famílias, e o
nosso pensamento acaba ficando
afastado a cada dia.
Por o penitenciária federal [illegible]
[illegible] 360 dias, assim, se
[illegible]
José [illegible] de Araújo

GETTING NEW KNOWLEDGE
KAMPALA REMAND STORY
By [redacted]
MARCH 10, 2015.

One Day, I, and my friend named Musingusi Paul, we where for the fellowship in the Church under the avocado tree next to the wooden two Block, our friend named Alex Came to us, and said, there is a work shop and the Training there in the Libirary, If you want to go and attend you are most well come. We wanted to know from him, who are those people? And he said there are some two women, [redacted] one white people. One named BAS and the Other one named Josephine. It was true that we reached the Library and found the two facilitators whom they are women and other Participants also known Theogen, the Introduction began and done well.

We had seminar Very well and the first Topic of discussion was why writing matters. We discuss all these and it was Dismissed discussion. Indeed. The second topic was about how Frederick Douglass Birth and Background was and we found there this man had suffered alot in this world. This is why he wrote this suffering so that many people in this world could know. Another one was Nelson Mandela an excerpt from "Long Walk To Freedom". It was very easy to overcome the long struggled to bring peace in South Africa. He suffered almost for twenty seven years in prisone but in all he had finished it. Teogene I could say, If God showen you for something to be done, no one can say no. God is good all the time, yesterday, today, tommorow and even alwaies.

Another thing I had learned was about how to make dialogs. Conversations between two people or three. Now I'm so happy that I have idea about that. In the new yorker, when I had got that how Dave stumped in and stole Trand Vea and Nnamabiat's story how he stole the Mother's Jewelry and broken window that Obama Teogene for his wages of

MY STORY 14-03-13
WISDOM IS BETTER THAN EVERY THING.
[redacted]

I married a wife called Smiles, She was a beautifully girl 28 years old, Madi by tribe and our but was formally agreed until the end of the world we shall remain in the marriage. I love her with my all heart. One day the wheather was hot and I was Ill Sick. I received visitor my brother in law he found me lying on Ground under the tree, I sitted down but he was crying, I asked him what is wrong he told me my in law father, in law was dead, that we had to go for burial. I took him. I took one bull in the funeral with the reading there we found women only is there at home. So I told my wife let Bury my father in law. I dug the grave my self and my wife Smiles was helping me pove the stone. We buried my daddy in law and people came and help us only to put the coffin in grave and I was fine like we buried him well.

We when went back home enjoying our lains my wife Smiles death I took her to hospital I tried to treatment. It feeled then after one week again she became blind it was problem in my side I thought that it was the end of the life.

One month later brother in law came to that brother in law santos, your mother in law is dead, so tell your wife that her mother is dead. It was so silence that is really good because I took the sport of dugging the grave I gave her one by one and the understood them. It was really wisdom and I made

soil went the plows in many hands that planted and harvested the food that fed and the cotton that clothed Uganda. As lead up, a man said, "All men are created equal. Empowered and endowed by their creator among life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." No man is good enough to govern another man without that other's consent.

Womanhood
By [redacted]

As womanhood, I have got the children to tend, the clothes to mend, the floor to mop and also going to shop for food. As womanhood, you have to go to the garden to weed, have shirts to press and also the tots to dress, you have to clean the tut and free about the sick and picking cotton in the garden just like moons and suns with the certainty of tides, just like hopes springing high, still I'll rise.

Sunshine on me, rain on me, rainfall softly, dew drops and cool my brows again. Womanhood storm, blows me from here with your fiercest wind, let me float across the sky till I can rest again. Womanhood fall gently, snowflakes cover me with white cold, icy kisses and let me rest tonight sun, rain, curving sky, mountain oceans leaf and stone star shine, moon glows. You are womanhood, all that I can all my own, leaving behind nights of terror and hear I rise.

Manhood
By [redacted]

July is known to be harsh with hot weather, dry winds coupled with dust, famine and scarcity of pasture in Mbale district, two hundred and seventy kilometers east of Kampala. Legend has it that this month was cursed centuries ago by one of the gods that lived in a cave inside a mountain known as Wandale. It is said in folklore that Wantamba, the God of the harvest, was not pleased by the little quantity of the food that was gathered for it at the foot of his housing mount Klanale.

However, the same month is also famous for the initiation ritual known as Imbalu. Here, manhood is not about birthday celebrations at 18. It is about facing Maloba, the surgeon's knives without tears at circumcision. It has been the only time that the folks of Nabumali and surroundings got into celebration mood amid scarcity of food. Boys about the ages of 16 and 17 were all herded from various households of the numerous cells of the villages and camped out at an open field locally known as "The gods await you at manhood." It is a season that boys are to be distinguished from men out of bravery as the fairly blunt knife as the local surgeon slices away the foreskin of the penis with accuracy of a larger beam. And within seconds, one became a man and so many gifts await the really brave who does not even blink an eye.

Without undergoing this ritual, a boy would remain a boy forever because manhood in this community was a synonymous with circumcision and bravery. But

A FRIGHTENING REVELATION

Walking into the intake area for new arrivals, I notice that the room had the ambience of a medieval dungeon. Noticing the many pairs of handcuffs and shackles hanging about the room bought an ominous feeling over me that something would happen. When the guards called my name, I immediately started sweating, because I noticed two sets of hand prints on the wall and two sets of foot prints on the floor. "They're going to torture me," I thought to myself. Snapping me out of my thoughts, a guard asked.

"How long do we have you for?"

Why would you ask me that, when you already have my paperwork? I asked.

"Oh, we got us one of those young smart mouth city slicker," the guard said.

Nah, you just asked me a question you already know the answer to, I replied.

"Boy, you need to learn real quick, that when you are spoken to, you respond to what's being asked and nothing else. You hear me?"

Yeah, I hear you, I said.

"Now that we understand each other, turn around and put your hands on the lowest prints on the wall, and your feet in the furthest prints from the wall."

Following the guard instructions, I noticed two enormous and menacing looking guards holding what appeared to be axe-handles as nightsticks. Completing the task literally placed me in a 45 degree angle to the wall. Feeling stretched and vulnerable, the two enormous guards stepped on either side of me and rammed their axe-handles into my ribs, and then they dared me to come off the wall.

"What, you don't have any more smart talk?" asked the guard.

Shaking from pain and pure fear, I stayed silent and glued to the wall. I should have known to expect anything, but what happened next left me in utter shock and silence.

MY HILARIOUS SUNDAY SCHOOL FRIEND:

My son Trevor is one of the best things that has happened to me. He recently asked me, "where does God sleep?" I cleared my voice and ~~[illegible]~~ said, "Heaven my dear." He looked up in the sky for quite a while and innocently said "How do I get there?" I had no answer.

He once invited me for his Sunday school class and that's when I realized that children have an innocent sense of humor. Their teacher asked them who was the richest person in the Bible and an eight year old kid stood up and said "Pharaoh's daughter." She went down to the bank of the Nile and drew out a little prophet.

Along the way teacher was telling them about Moses and later asked the kids, "what kind of action was Moses before he got married?" a brilliant boy jump jumped and shouted "Rush-late".

Jacinta, one of the kids who are obsessed with cars, wanted to know what kind of motor vehicles are in the Bible. While the teacher was still contemplating on the answer, another ten year old girl said, "God done fitting and five out of the ocean into a fish." Kelly, one of the loudest children in the class objected, "No, it was a Honda... because the apostles were all in one Accord." The teacher was almost shocked out of existence.

A girl in the front laughs so hard and called them Comedian. The teacher the asked her who the greatest comedian in the Bible was. She said, "Samson, he brought the house down."

As the Service progressed the teacher asked my son Trevor who the greatest babysitter in the Bible was? He confidently looked at me and that said, "David, he rocked Goliath to sleep." That's exactly what I told him when I wanted him to sleep.

Smith

Most memorable learning exchange:

There are two. The one with Dr. Kimora and the very last one for the semester. Dr. Kimora had the entire class engaged. We were all students being taught and the message of not bullying individuals by what you hear or what there part was, resonated with everyone. I believe we all enhanced a better apprehension for each other after that class. The last exchange, each student expressed who they really are. Whether it was through a written work or a performance or we were down to tears (hope I spoke that correctly) we did not want to part leaving it was the last we would see of each other until release (maine). I truly miss these guys and I am grateful for the experience.

Looking those finish grades:

I did it! I'm officially a college student. It is so surreal that is such, hard work pays off. I did not expect the A- that I received, I thought I would get a B+ (C!) however, I know there is still more that I can do. Looking forward to the next Semester.

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I finished Reading "NEGOCIOS" and was not suprise on How it ended. I was Raised in the Dominican Republic and visit from time to time; I must of heard this same story enough times that by half way into NEGOCIOS I already Guessed the outcome. A Big Macsority of these situations end the same way. these are Real life situations and lessons well learned. Ramon may not be my favorite character; selfish & Irresponsible, a leech type of personality. However I Believe that the wife in D.R. Vista also had her VISA. All they needed was plane tickets as Ramon stated in the story. she could of came HERE to the state instead of having her father Give Ramon the money. ~~she just discovered he was UNSCRUPULOUS~~ a Person may Read this story numerous of times but they will never feel the struggle that Ramon and others face when Arriving to the U.S. A Person may hear ~~at~~ about and ~~the~~ think they know but they are in no position to Judge. If Vista would of Been the one traveling Instead of Ramon It is likely that Ramon will BE forgoten about.

[redacted]

Dear Baz,

I had the pleasure of listening to your interview on the "Think" radio program on July 25th and mentioned your discussion in a letter to one of my Friends. She then surprised me by sending me a copy of your book, Incarceration Nations; now three times read and extremely dog-eared.

As you can see by my return address (not to mention the fact that I'm sending you a handwritten letter on prison stationery) I am incarcerated in the Texas prison system. I am a 60-year old, white male currently in my second year of a 25-year sentence for aggravated sexual assault.

Your interview captured my attention as I shall soon be entering the faith-based program offered at this unit and I tuned in to the radio program at the point when you were talking about faith-based programs in prison. I've done a fair amount of travelling (Europe & Asia) and lived abroad for 5 years (Philippines), so it was most interesting to "travel" with you through the book, even more so as a prison resident. (We are officially known as "offenders" but I refer to us as "residents".)

I knew after listening to you - your passion for justice, a "just justice" resonated well across the radio - I knew that you get it; you, who has never been incarcerated, understand the object loneliness and fear that can only be found on this side of the razor wire. I also knew that I wanted to write to you and tell my story (or part of it, anyway).

As your book clearly shows, there are many criminal justice models, many schools of thought on how prison residents should be housed, treated, and rehabilitated. With that said, I believe that you and I can help each other. You can help me as I struggle to find my way through this maze of a prison system and I can help you through my observation and analysis of daily life in prison. I realize that you have the benefit of your students at Huntsville, but it never hurts to have another voice to which to listen. An example of the observation/analysis I conduct, if only for my own use: While working in the dining hall I noticed that resident after resident upon entering the dining hall would select and reject 7 or 8 spoons until ultimately finding one that was "just right". I thought on this behavior and then

SE: Absolutely! But, a lie is usually a portion of the truth.

LW: In your opinion of course, does that make it right? Do lies right wrongs?

SE: I think the only time something can be wrong, is if the result of the action was unfair, if the lie tainted fairness.

LW: Now you're beginning to sound a lot like a politically correct C.I.A. Agent. Do you think you would be able to garner the same results, let's say if someone told the truth instead?

SE: I'm sure that can be done.

LW: So why not just do it that way?

SE: You can do it that way. I can do it that way, but that is not how the people of the world think. So one has to adapt, and use the tricks of the trade.

LW: Point taken. It was again a pleasure to sit down with you, and I hope we can do it again sometime.

SE: See, you just gave me a portion of the truth. You have adapted rather quickly.

[redacted]

~~I was born in Kalgoorlie Boulder Hospital~~
~~Attt~~
I was born in Kalgoorlie, a red dirt ~~town~~ town. from which vague memories of running after a mr whippy van in hot summer afternoons. ~~My parents~~ My Dad would be the first to ~~inithi~~ ~~[illegible]~~ particular. emotions in me from the earliest ~~memories~~ in my life, that I can recall, that I believe have played a part in the early stage of my character. The first time I lost trust and also the first ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ of many times receiving ~~[illegible]~~ something. That isn't quite as it should be. The situation was ~~[illegible]~~ fine Spagetti bolognaise, I would have ~~[illegible]~~ but. 2 or 3 yrs old. ~~Being [illegible]~~ I remember taking my first fork full of spagetti, and discovering to my disappointment that what looked would be a warm delicious meal on of flavourless, wet string cold jelly. I wanted dad to finish it but in his innocence to heat it up. Early this young, my identification as an children was thrown with my Dad. It's pain was misunderstood by my father, who proceeded to give me a Smack a hard of over cooked pasta but food, which burnt my mouth had said it my

was amazing to us kids, but quite, bossy and opinionated towards other adults she conversed with. Her cooking was unrivaled. and she always had a fresh batch of cookies ready for the grand children to gobble up. A love also shared by my Pop.

[redacted]

not to entertain the individuals in class who express a different view or opinion of this mother. I don't Believe were Reading the same Book, their arguments have no Real substance than those of a person who feels Attacked and defensive.
Arguments that consist of her Putting peter in Danger when she herself was in danger at those times.
Selfish the definition of this word is someone who lacks consideration for others
She worked to Raise 12 children
Did she have a life of her own or did she live for her children
She suffers from fear and possible trauma also as she saw what her mother experienced and having to Deal with a marriage ~~being~~ being arranged if she would of stay. I feel the theme of this Book shouldn't BE targeted To white and Black Race only. It's much Bigger than that. you should focus on the Struggles & achievements of Raising an interacial family. Giving your kids their own identity and not preparing their expectation.

[redacted]

causing financial loss of Ten thousand United states dollars to my employer, Global Investment Holdings Ltd.

I have always been a people-centred person; open to life and living-large, and I expected family and friends to rally towards me as I have been generous with love and finances. But, to my further shock and utter disbelief, my buddies scorned me as a scoundrel who had no iota of financial discipline. In my darkest and most painful hour of need, my colleagues went on rampage in all social circuits telling all and sundry that am an indecent who almost reached the apex of career and financial health but squandered all in strangely beautiful ladies and loads of Jack-Daniels in high-end social circuits.

It may, ~~An~~ a deep thinker and I have had loads of time to look deeply inwards while in this penitentiary. I have learnt my lessons painfully and am determined to be a better man more than ever before. Humans are not yet the best that I should be, I hereby share my lessons learnt from the foregoing as hereunder:

First and foremost, I will forever only focus on my Potential, not my limitations. As I maintain a positive mental attitude (PMA), I feel am adequate to face situation that am facing at Courts and in Confinement.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF [redacted]

Born in the surburb of the city in Kampala at Nsambya Hospital about 1mile away from the heart of the city. [redacted] mothered by a muganda lady and fathered by an Acholi gentleman,- These parents lived a peasant kind of life style worth of more sympathy rather than happiness.

Love grew sour as the grass ~~that~~ withered by the roof as the sweet love faded, disputes uprising frequently verbal with great expression of anguish that ~~used~~ forcing the "love birds" set aside their agreement and hence parting ways. We got more steeper in my life as I lived with a father without a mother at a tender age of about 8yrs. It seemed sounds whispered at the ears of the father who requested for a reconciliation which turned to be in vain as the mother ~~be~~ chased after a fertile ground that would bear more fruits in her life.

Patiently dad looked toward our growth, development emotionally, psychologically, physically, socially, and educationally. He emphasized more in the education, sports development in ~~my~~ ~~the~~ sports, music, dance and drama that put my life in a compromising state of Survival. To ~~he~~ much concentration in especially the technical skills like tailoring, radio repair, bicycle repair which I attained the needed time of its development. As

As a student with great passion and personality I got more engaged with more cirriculum activities like mining at School, dancing, art and crafts this made

THE WAY I WAS BROUGHT UP.

I am eugenda an by nationality, Etesot By tribe, Aged 28 years, brought up in the Caste part of the Country (Soroti district - Serere). KADETOK parish.

I was taken to Tororo District when I was 3years, by my elder brother (removed from parents). because of Insergency which was in the regone. I went to Busitema Primary School for my lower Primary (P.1-P.4).

I was taken back to my parent when I was 11years old and I was put in kidetok Primary School Primary five (P.5) and unt I completed my primary level and joined Secondary level. That is Serere Secondary School where I ended in form four (S4).

I left my parents and came to kampala where my sister the one I follow was stayin I got a job working with Shell uganda but the Shell deport where I got all this problem which made me ending up leaving in Remand Prison kampala (Luzira, 128).

I have apreshended the life in Luzira Prison because of African prisons project has come in and helped has in educating us in Reading and writing. make us to improve in both reading & writing culture. Thanks

[redacted]

[redacted]

November 15, 2011

How has the John Jay Prison To College Program benefited me?

When I first heard that John Jay College was going to be giving inmates the opportunity to attend college upon release I immediately applied. Going to college is something that I wanted to return to for a long time. My plan was to do so once I am released. Now this program ensures that I will have the chance.

Other college programs in prison give classes on various subjects that may or may not be transferred in the future, which depends on the individuals major. I never participated in a prison college program, because I felt that I would be taking classes that have nothing to do with my career interest. This program allows me to strengthen my skills in core classes, and when released I will be offered the opportunity to attend John Jay College and get a degree.

This program is essential to prisoners. It gives us the chance to take college classes, and improve our academic skills. The program also provides a workshop that teaches us about thoughts and behaviors students may have that can get in the way of him or her being successful. This program is preparing all of us to be successful in life, and in turn be productive citizens in society.

The program is connecting us with agencies that will assist us when we are released from prison. College initiative will help us with Financial aid and/or tuition payment planning, scheduling, and tutoring. This assistance is essential for any college student. The program will also connect us with Osborne agency to assist us with life planning. This will help us because many of us will need assistance to find jobs, housing, etc.

The program also allows us to have class settings with John Jay students. This is very important for inmates who have never been to college or have not been in a college setting for a long time. This would help us not feel overwhelmed in future classes.

This program is very unique, and has many elements that will ensure the success of its participants. Reentry is a very important part of an ex-offenders life, and this program will make the transition back into society productive. This program is not only beneficial to inmates, it is beneficial to their families, and society as a whole.