

**ONTARIO
SUPERIOR COURT OF JUSTICE**
(Central South Region)

BETWEEN:

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

Applicant

- and -

DELLEN MILLARD and MARK SMICH

Respondents

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July 25

A letter to an Arabian Princess

I have a new prized possession. It's a little scrap of paper with a muddy paw print on it. It's fabulous! Thank you - you really do know me better than anyone else. It's the perfect gift in this place.

When I was first brought in they treated me as though I were Hannibal Lecter. Paraded down the halls in chains and surrounded on all sides by a team of guards. I suppose the attention should have been flattering. For the first two weeks I was kept naked in a bare video recorded cell, and given only bread and jam to eat. In conversation the presiding psychiatric doctor, actually admitted he was trying to see if he could make me suicidal as part of his pet project to figure me out. He called me an enigma. He never did get a chance to finish his experiment. I managed to slip out of his clutches and into prison orange clothing. The good doctor does not realize the service he actually did me. He applied such great pressure in his quest to crack my spirit - what he accomplished was hardening me, like loose carbon turned to diamond. Once I almost broke down. I had taken a styrofoam cup and broken it into little granules. I was pushing them about on the floor into different geometric designs. Almost immediately there was a bang at the door. 'What are you playing with?' I replied that it was styrofoam, that I wasn't aloud to read, or draw, and so that was all I had

available. The guard confiscated the styrofoam granules, and I was back to absolute deprivation. I sat, hugging my knees, and began to cry. I wiped away the first tears with a forearm and the words tattooed there immediately jumped out. Here was text the doctor could not confiscate.

"I am heaven sent, don't you dare forget." I had forgotten, and thanks to that tattoo, at the moment I most needed reminding, I got it. I stopped crying and smiled. If the doctor had not been so cruel, I do not think I would be fairing so well now. I've been in 'the hole' for two months.

This is where other prisoners are sent for misconducts, such as fights. They come, they stay for a couple weeks as punishment, and they go back to their respective ranges. They think this is punishment? Ha! I have clothing, pencil, paper and books. As my great grand mother would have said 'tis luxury'. The challenge is no longer enduring the day to day realities of prison life, it is bearing the loneliness. Being seperated from you is terrible. All the pleasures of modern society; cars, movies, restaurants, things I can do without.

My favorite activities; sailing and flying. I could do without. What I long for most is to wake up next to you. I miss you so much - gonna cry.

Your letter has uplifted my spirits like an infusion of helium! I love you like I've never loved any other woman. I'm coming for you.

Some day sooner or later X may be forced to give a statement, or be sepinaded to take the stand.

People often make small lies, and are caught lying by the details. X NEEDS to know, what the police already know, so that X doesn't say anything contrary. X must have this information!

Police know Mark gave Dell a locked toolbox. They know Mark told Dell it contained drugs, and that Mark wanted Dell to hide it. They do not know if Dell was told the combination. (Dell will say he did not know the combination). Police know that Dell used Christina's cell phone to text Matt and ask him to hold the toolbox, and that at 4am Dell drove the Yukon to Matt's and handed him the toolbox.

Police do not know if Christina was in the Yukon, only that Dell had access to her phone at the time.

Matt stated he could not see into the Yukon.

(Dell will say the toolbox had remained locked the entire time. Christina may have seen it in the car, but it was closed never opened. Dell will say he borrowed Christina's phone to send some texts.

The only reason he gave was that Mark had made a terrible mistake and Dell was trying to contain it.

Dell will say he left Christina and Pedro at Maple Gate, taking her phone with him, saying he had to meet someone briefly, and would be back soon. Dell will say he returned to Maple Gate without the toolbox, and returned

Christina's phone to her, with the text history cleared.) Police know that after Dell's arrest Matt returned the toolbox of drugs to Mark. After Mark's arrest police found the toolbox EMPTY in Mark's basement.

Aug 4rd

Hey Princess,

So I just heard the province [REDACTED] Great... I'm reminded of a breaking bad quote 'Never, trust a drug addict'. The words stood out when I first heard them. I should have applied the wisdom rather than merely noting it. Live and learn. Every day above ground brings new hope of being reunited with you. I miss you so very much! Keep writing me. I adore the effect your spirit has on me. It's like sunshine to a meadow.

How's work?

Are you enrolled for school?

What are your parents saying?

So far the police haven't released that much disclosure. They've turned over their recorded interviews, some security camera footage, and the crime scene photos. None of it places me at a murder. Cell phone records are the most damning piece... that's of course assuming I hadn't ^{lent} my phone to someone else. The entire case is circumstantial and full of holes. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] Still to come are forensics reports and of course the many computer files confiscated. None of this will help. Still their case will be incomplete. [REDACTED]

Do you have him on facebook? Is his page still up? There used to be photos of him working at the

airport. Specifically ones of him sanding or grinding
metal with sparks flying. If that's still there, save
it, and print me a copy, and send it in your next
letter. Could be important.

Hi Princess,

Aug 2nd

Well... I just lost my snarler criticisms, for having 'attitude'. At least that's how this new guard puts it. It would of course be far more accurate to say I lost them for talking faster than the new guard with an attitude can think. So I'm accumulating b.o. for a few days. It's no big deal. All the regular guards like me plenty.

Compared to most of the nut jobs in here I'm... well I'm me! Haha. Well behaved, generally good natured. Kinda quiet, and no trouble at all. But I do look someone in the eye when I speak to them, and if they use logic to justify an unreasonable position, I jump at the chance for debate. The new guard was lecturing me about disobeying a guard's order because I had stopped to sharpen a pencil when he called for me.

I stood blankly staring at his eyes, after a minute more of quoting regulations he added, "You can stand there quietly with that little smile on your face, it's not going to do you any good." I was quick to answer, "would you instead prefer I frown quietly or maybe try to talk over your lecture?" I'm a little fuzzy on the problem with a quiet smile. Those are the little quips that amount to my attitude.

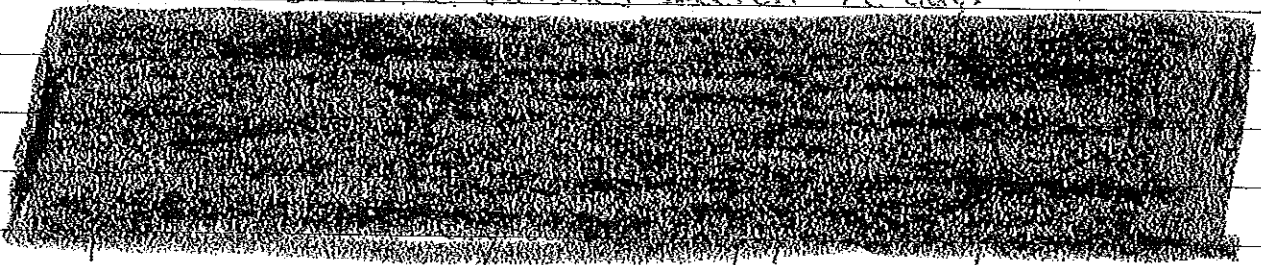
He said, "You don't know where you're at!" which I interpret to mean my spirit is not broken to his liking. I stayed quiet, smiling slightly, and he put me back in my cell. This guard is gonna be trouble.

On the subject of trouble I got my first look at the ISA team today. Nathan, in cell five, who is a constant annoyance turned his

Frustrations away from other prisoners and towards the guards. He began by throwing his garbage out of his cell door hatch onto the range. Then refused to let guards close the hatch; threatening to stab any that came into his cell. Never strike or threaten a guard. Then he clogged his toilet and kept flushing for half an hour; until they shut off the water supply. In came the ISA team. You can hear them coming from far down the corridor outside the range. They march in unison, every fourth step stamped hard against the ground. They are six regular guards, dressed in layer upon layer of riot gear. They even have enclosed helmets with voice boxes. Faggot Darth Vader wanna be's these guys don't get all dressed up for anything less than blood!

Outside Nathan's cell, they ordered him to lay down, which he did. Then they opened the cell door and all rushed in. They beat him to bloody pulp. I'm pretty sure they knocked him out and then beat him back into consciousness. He's in the hospital now. As the prisoners say, Another day in paradise.

The chess score between K.C. and I is eight to five for me. Little victories sweeten the day.



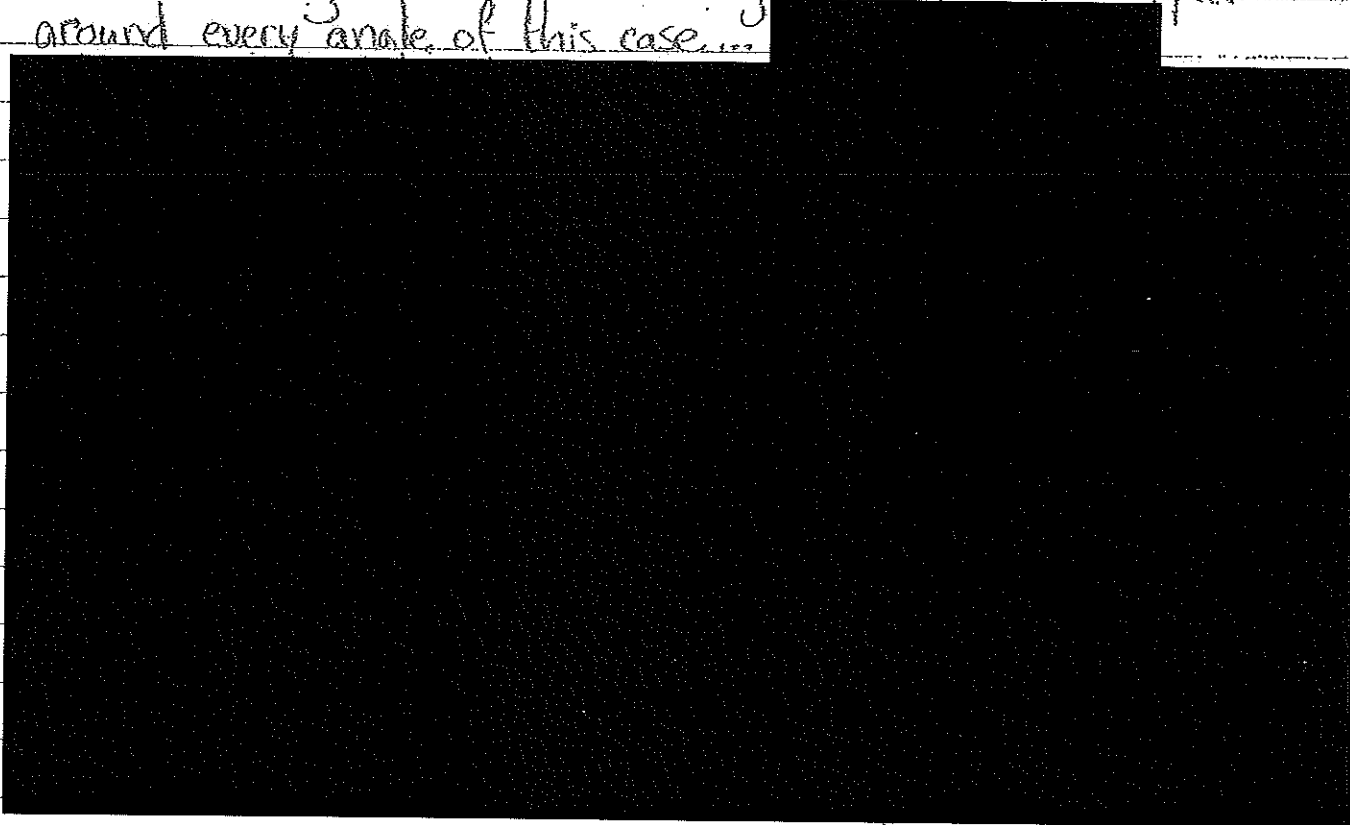
I love you, I miss you
p.s. You lost your conversational heater with penis attachment? I lost my best english student and airfreshener!

Haha, love the rock!

Hi Princess ↓

Aug 20

Just had a meeting to further review disclosure. It's amazing how chatty some people can be. No worries though. I feel like I'm getting my head wrapped around every angle of this case...



So yea, just remember you've done nothing wrong and that police will bullshit and push but that's about it. If disclosure keeps going this well I'm going to put bail back on the table as an option. We'll see. I wish very much to get bail, to hold you; god I miss your presence. I feel the sands of time wearing away at the vividness of my memory. Send me photos of you. Dirty ones. Sexy ones. Classy ones. About half the prisoners have girls waiting for them on the outside. I don't like being in the half that doesn't have any pictures of his girl. To bail or not to bail, that is the question. Oh Shakespear, oh lord Byron, grant th this wayward soul a f'pence worth of eloquence, that he might lament of his plight and time spent day and night, in the hole, in the prison, for his role, in a schism. Back far from bent upright and a mind far faint, this one was sent, from heaven to hell, to tell the story of Dell, to a jury, not of his peers; filled with worry and fears, he waits. Will the fates be kind? Will his mates upset this bind? Will regret be the end we find? Or might the jury mend this friend of mine? Hurry, I hope they do. For him, for me, and for you. Not guilty, not guilty, throw out this filthy charge! Lay it large and heavy upon a beavy of those malficent and cruel souls, I am innocent, and you'll know. Bring th my day in court, Ring th with truth what I say in retort. Freed I shall be. For all will see, that greed is not in me; and I shall lay bare, the unfair events, beyond reason or sense. If you would but lend a f'pence worth of eloquence.

Haha! I went off on a bit of a tangent there. I enjoy medieval english. In a time when so many of man's achievements were being undone, language flourished. To bail or not to bail was the question that sent me onto that tangent. As it stands now, there will be no bail in september or october. The fact of the matter is I'm not trying for bail until we have full disclosure. Unfortunately that means the government can stall. I don't have any of the forensics (blood ash, fingerprints) reports. Nor do I have any [REDACTED] I go to the same court for bail as I do for trial. I must go fully prepared, which can not be achieved until the prosecution releases all disclosure. In other words I'm currently stuck in jail waiting in a government line. If disclosure goes the best it can I will be out for christmas. If it goes the worst it can, no bail and I will be in jail all the way to trial. The police shooting of that Yatim kid is actually going to make getting bail easier. The cop is charged with murder, and he got bail right away. The law works like dna. For the most part it repeats what was done before. When it mutates successfully, then the mutation is added to the repetition. That

cop being let out so quickly has now slightly affected (mutated) all future bail hearings. Anyways, for now, I wait for the next round of disclosure. It's been three months, but it feels like six or even nine.

Tell me about your life; your day. Give me a window into some other place.

A place where you are.

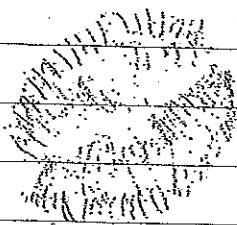
Send me pictures! I'm locked in a box.

Which do you prefer, and why?

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------|
| X- the nissan versa 2013 | I don't expect |
| - the ford escape 2013 | you to go to |
| - the chevy malibu 2013 | dealer ships, |
| - the mitsubishi lancer 2013 | google and |
| - the ssc acadia 2013 | manufacturer |
| - the mazda6 2013 | websites will |
| - the chevy volt 2013 | suffice. |
| - the renault 206 2013 | |

I await your answer 'english professor'.

ilp



XOXO

Aug 00th

I'm not sure which is more therapeutic, reading or writing. I don't recall everything I've written for you. Did I tell you of how my shoulder has been progressing? Only a small range of motion is still debilitated. With so much spare time on my hands, I've done my idea of physiotherapy every day. It includes lots of gentle stretching all the way through the injury, and plenty of exercise around the edge of the functional range of motion. Every week the disabled range of motion shrinks. A month ago I could stand on my left hand for three seconds, on my right hand for twenty seconds and I could not do a single push up of any kind. I still cannot do push ups with elbows wide, but today I did twenty with elbows tucked close to my ribs. It has taken many low planks to upward dogs to get there. I'll check right now to see how one-arm hand stand against the wall is coming.

Forty five seconds on my left hand; fifty two on my right! It's a traumatic experience, jail, but I'm making the most of it. I wonder if those monks, the ones that spend days and weeks creating works of art in sand, retain a memory of the art, or only use it to alter their state of mind? This place, these experiences; I have no wish to forget this. Every day my spirit is challenged, and every day I prevail. Each torment has come, in life, with just enough space between them for me to recover just enough to survive the next.

For twenty years, ever since my parents got divorced, I have been surviving one spiritual blow after another. It's been progressive overload, in the most textbook body building form; accept spirit, rather than muscle, has been what's under stress. The psyc doctor said it himself, "I've never seen a subject able to handle stress as you do". I very much dislike the bastard, but I'll take the compliment.

The chess score between Krazy Corey and myself, is nine to six for me.

The guard with attitude wasn't working today. So I enjoyed a hot relaxing shower, and smell pretty good as I write this letter.

Lights have been out for a while. I'm going to blow you a kiss from the window, and peep myself while fantasising about your naked body, your sweet smell, and your beautiful spirit.

Good night my love!

Sept. 5th

This morning I woke up and could picture your face so clearly. Waking up in a cell day after day is depressing. But with your smile in mind I awoke with a smile on my lips.

I enjoyed the history of your grandfathers. When your dad sat me down and went through some of your family's history, I was happy to listen, but I was confused as to why he wanted to tell me.

A few days later I decided it was because he thought it was the thing to do, tradition, because through you, I was coming closer to your family.

Although I didn't fully understand, I very much appreciated it, and wanted to reciprocate. I'll

give you a few highlights in an attached letter you can hang onto.

It lends me strength to think of those who have endured prison before me. But your grandfathers had children before they were imprisoned. Pedro is my child in name and spirit, but the most basic life goal is to have children of my own flesh. My one true fear is to die before being a father.

I usually keep my hopes and plans to myself. Did you know my plan for us and the sailboat? I know I told you I was buying one soon. It was supposed to be this summer. What I didn't tell you was that as early next spring as weather would have allowed, I planned on Michalski bringing it, with me, to Toronto. By then you'd be done with your school year. I wanted us

to set sail, just you, me and Pedro, and we'd head for the Atlantic. From Halifax we could go wherever the wind blew us. The winds would probably favor Norway, with a stop in Iceland. Then south to Scotland and England. I figured we'd explore each by harbouring, and renting a car. After that the summer would be ending and you'd have to decide if you wanted to fly back for school in Canada, or keep on going. I don't think it would be hard to convince you to keep going.

The next fork would be heading into the Mediterranean or down the coast of Africa. After two stops in Scotland and England, I think I'd prefer Africa. I planned to sail the world with you. I hoped to time our ship's return to Canada with you pregnant. So we could each benefit from the advice of, and share in the joy with, our mothers.

It chews me up on the inside knowing what I'm missing, worrying what I may never have. If I beat the charges, this dream could still be realized. On the bright side you wouldn't even have to decide about returning for school, because you will have graduated. No matter how dark my fortunes become, I will still look on the brightside. But, I can't help but worry about the options I am faced with. If I beat the charges, it will have been nearly two years in jail, just getting through trial. If I cut a deal with the prosecution to plead to accessory after the fact, then I'd get three years. If I am convicted, the jury would

call for manslaughter (five to ten years), murder two (ten to twenty five years), or murder one (twenty five to life).

I knew before I was arrested, that I wanted you to be the mother of my children. I was waiting for you to finish school. I was waiting for my businesses to stabilize. I was waiting for us to explore the entire globe. Maybe I was waiting for me to be just a little more mature; to be better emotionally settled. But I've known for some time ^{that} I had finally found the girl I have spent my entire life waiting for. And now I'm in jail. Fuck!

What if I don't beat the charges? What if I'm given a life sentence? I'm sure you would book overnight trailer visits. But for how long? I'm certain that if I win the trial we'll have children. But would you have children with a man in prison for life? It may not be a fair question, but these aren't fair times. It's on my mind, and it will be everyday.

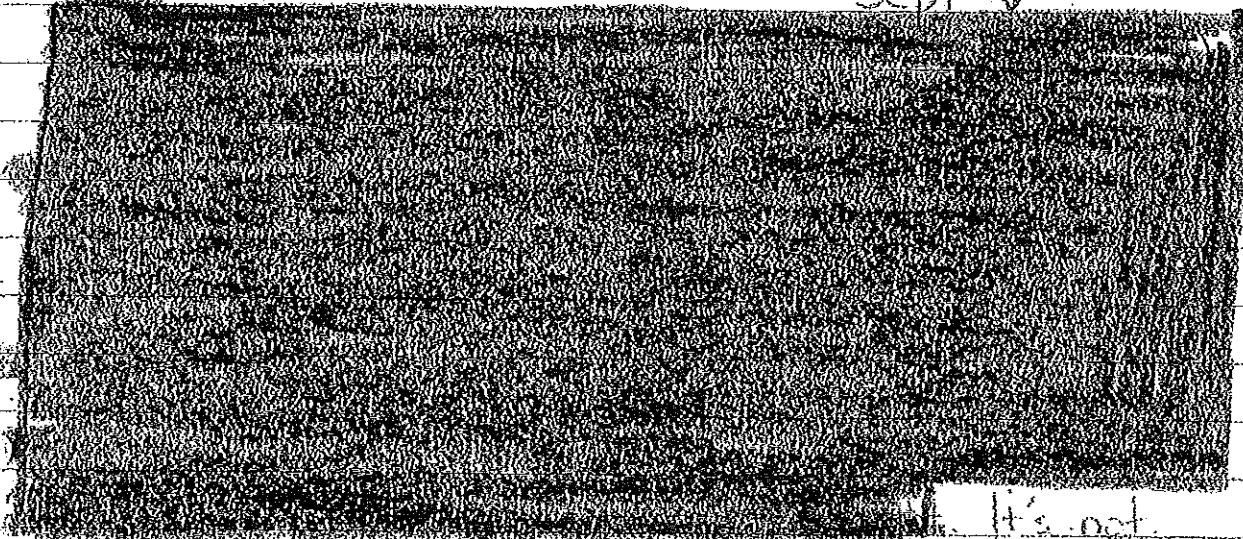
galbi arid, means, 'my heart wide'.

p.s.

Even as a prisoner I could make a better husband and father than most free men.

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Sept 10th

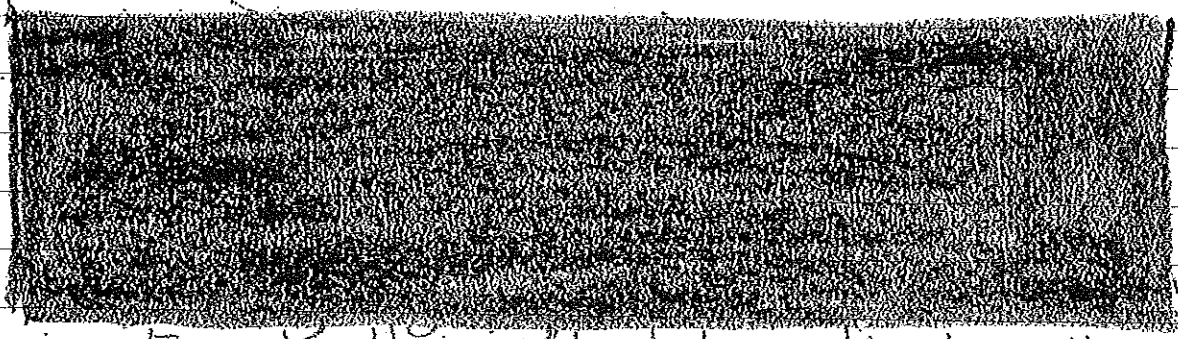


It's not like I'm in general population. (The jail has three classifications of prisoner: General population, protective custody, and segregation - and the same classifications for female prisoners, with their own tiny section of the jail). I'm in segregation. To a lot of prisoners, this is apparently punishment. General and protective custody (P.C.) guys are given short terms (5 days, 10 days, two weeks, maybe even two months) in segregation as punishment for disobeying a guard, or fighting with another prisoner, or hiding a weapon (you should see some of the dangers most of these guys carry). It's punishment to them because they long for companionship amongst their brethren.

The jail has offered to let me out of segregation; considering I'm such a non-troublesome prisoner. But where they offered to send me was a P.C. range. The child molester's range. (There is an unwritten rule, in jail, that if you should find yourself unsupervised with

a child molester, it is your duty to attack that molester and land a minimum, several, damaging blows; while killing said molester is considered something revered and admired by all in general pop). So do I take the jail up on it's benevolent gesture? Ofcourse not. But, I've learned even being a P.C. is a huge stigma to General pop. When I first came in the truly nice guard (Dave.) took me aside and told me something about not signing P.C. transfer papers. I didn't understand the jail politics then. But I did understand he was warning me not to be moved into P.C. Haha, his instincts were more than right. The jail didn't tell me where their offer was: the didler range. It's not designated in title as such, but it is the truth of it's function. Haha, fuckers in administration tried to trick me into alienating General pop (forever). Ofcourse I didn't understand any of that when it was offered to me. But I did have Dave's warning. Later I found out it was the didler range. So that is how it is, that I am still in segregation. (segregation is 'the hole'.) In seg we're locked in our cells twenty three hours a day, and completely separated from physically interacting with eachother. The weak, the most dangerous, and the most annoying are the three cliques in seg. (We are allowed to request to move into an empty cell, out of the one we are in. With time, prisoners group up their cells, in accordance with the cliques.) Or, so is my observation. ~~██████████~~

social worker checks in on me. (Once a month). And asks me why I wouldn't want to go to a nice, peaceful P.C. range? I say I am one of the weak, a panzy rich boy like myself couldn't deal with those hoodlums. They'd threaten me in exchange for money, and they've been yelling death threats! She accepts it and says she'll stop by in a month to see if anything has changed. Thus far I've had four of those meetings. All of them have been the same. What has changed is my cell location; eight times that is. My cell is now at the center of the dangerous clique;)



Four months in the hole, and making the most of it. I spend most of the day reading about law, language, and war strategy. I had the thought that maybe this is a good place from which to prepare for a trial. The motivation is right in my face every day. This is what life will be if I lose. I've always been able to achieve extraordinary goals. Winning back my liberty... Wow, maybe it's beyond me, on my own! Maybe, all the things I've achieved have been. I've always gotten help in one form or another. To get out of this bind I need help. I won't ask you to give testimony that could be disproved. What I've written to you before is a 'rough draft'. I wanted your feedback. I WONT have you made a witness if you don't want to be. I can't promise the prosecution won't subpoena you and force you to testify though. We need to get our stories straight. I need to know what you're willing to do? And ofcourse nothing will go without being checked against phone and internet records. You said you wanted to be a secret agent. Be mine? Life has a funny way of giving us exactly what we wish for. Here's your chance to be a covert operative. I wished for two years off work. I wished for a challenge

worth devoting myself to. Seems I got it. You know what I wish for now? My liberty. Yours and Pedro's company. Freedom and exploration. To get these things I need to win at trial. To win at trial, I need help. Help could be testimony. Help could be other things too... like secretly delivering a message... just staying quiet has been an immense help already. If Mark and Andrew had done the same this would be a lot easier. Poor Andrew, shit his pants, and spilled his guts. And treacherous Mark; got himself charged by trying to put it on me. These are the most lethal pieces currently played against me.

Anyways, I'm absorbing it all; learning, strategizing, evolving. I've had a lot of time for self reflection. A lot of time for extracting emotional shrapnel. Spiritually I'm stronger, heartier, and becoming more so. I have been very injured, and I did not realize how weakened I was in some ways. It led to many mistakes. There are many things I would do differently now. Most of them having to do with you. I resisted loving you. Frankly it scared me. Love had always resulted in heartbreak, and I wasn't strong enough to face heartbreak. So, I tried to avoid loving. Now that I'm facing life in prison, now that I've had months to think about why I am who I am, I'm not afraid of heartbreak anymore. To be sure: I certainly don't invite it! I still think it's the most terrible pain. But now I'm willing to risk it. Before I was not, and it was an injustice to the love that has grown

between us. In one of your letters you asked if being mushy emotional was something that bothered me. I've let you in deeper than any other person and I've still had my guard up... If you feel emotional, be emotional, if you feel mushy, be mushy. I've always wanted you to be you. I love all that you are. Even the parts I hate ;)

Fantasizing about our reunion; about the possibility of us living the rest of our lives together, is what got me through suicide watch. The good doctor admitted he was trying to force me to react. Dreaming of you is what got me through that without reacting.

In one of your letters you asked why I did not contact you first. I tried to. I wrote you a letter before

I was allowed pencil and paper. I wrote it in a meeting with my lawyer. But he could not send it to you, because of the court order, and because you had not retained a lawyer. Eventually I made contacting you the only priority, and wouldn't discuss the case until you knew that I longed for you and was being barred from communication by the state. Supposedly word was gotten, but there was no reply. Not for a long time. Then I'm told that you made contact. And here we write. It really was tearing me to pieces not being able to communicate with you. That first letter from you completely shifted my emotions. I was starving emotionally, I was down and just hanging on. That first letter was like life itself being returned to me. I did contact you first. It just took a very

Σ

long time to get through. In one of your letters you asked how I came into contact with Dejana. She wrote to me: 'hi, you don't know me, I believe in you'. I immediately suspected she was a cop, hoping to get me to say something about the case. I'm still suspicious. The tone of her letters is unusually familiar. She writes as though we are old friends. I return the familiar tone, I had thought she'd (if it was even a she) start asking questions about the case. There by giving me hints as to what police were interested in. The facebook leak is either a strong indicator that she's not a cop, or the best play ever. I even had her come visit me (behind glass). I think she is who she says she is. Although I remain extremely cautious. It's damned odd. But she could actually be helpful. As I think I've mentioned before, the people who are in the court as spectators, have an effect on the jury. She has offered to come to court to support me. I could use that. Perhaps she could even bring people with her. I put little faith in that happening, but I'm going to do what I can to encourage it.

I just read 'King and Lionheart'. I don't recognize the song. But wow, knowing you picked these lyrics to send to me, I imagine you singing me this song. I imagine the lyrics as your words. I shed a few tears at 'And as the world comes to an end, I'll be here to hold your hand, Cause you're my King and I'm your Lionheart'. I have always thought of you as a lionness.

Oh god thinking of your love undoes all of my defenses. I want so badly to be with you. The pain of missing you grows so intense I expect lightning to materialize, arking from my chest, bouncing off the walls, and out of the cell window; to go in search of you. Even though my eyes do not see it, I feel it. Five, ten, fifteen minutes go by. The pain subsides enough to begin writing again. The wild ark is returning to powering the war effort. Time for some exercise. I want let my body atrophy away, like so many of the prisoners do. (especially sea prisoners) I'm keeping it sexy for you; for when we can get naked together again.

I love you.
I am not afraid.

I hope my September 10th letter Oct.st made sense. Haha, I was in a special state of mind when I wrote it.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED] My lawyer, the crown prosecutor, and the judge will meet in private to discuss how much time the pretrial and trial will take. Then I walk into court, say my name, and get the next date to appear, which will be the pretrial. At pretrial useless witnesses, that would waste a jury's time, are weeded out. No defense is presented, but the crown will be showing most of its case. It's all recorded and under oath, so the crown's witnesses get locked in to what they say. Andrew will be called to testify at the pretrial, as well as the trial. None of the science included in the disclosure is hugely relevant. I'm assuming they have Grissom from CSI Las Vegas working the case, and will discover and prove everything that science can. If they miss something, then bonus. If they fake something, then it's a chance to catch them faking. The science shows a body was disposed of. It does not, in this case, show how someone died.

1

If someone dies accidentally, and then the body is disposed of, that's not murder. If someone dies accidentally, during a robbery, that's murder. Because the robbery is intentional, even an accidental death can become a murder conviction. Most of the evidence points towards me going to Buy a pickup.

This results in an acquittal, and I'm a free man. But there's a problem, and it's the testimony of Andrew Michalski. Cops tricked him into thinking a) that he was charged with murder, which he was not, and b) that they already had the evidence, he was just confirming a tiny meaningless piece for them.

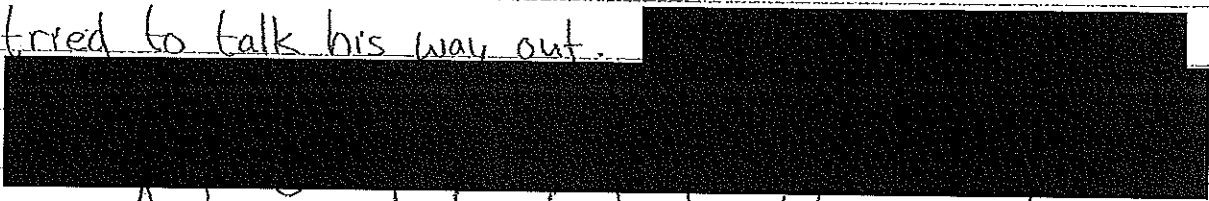
Andrew told police that on May 5th I showed him a picture of a black dodge pickup truck, printed from the internet, and told him that there were two trucks to choose from, and that I asked 'who's should I STEAL, the nice guy's, or the asshole's?'

It took five hours of interrogation, and Andrew contradicted himself many times, but that's what he gave them. Fucking panzy, scared into giving up a true friend. He doesn't understand the law.

He doesn't know what his words mean. He's the only piece of evidence that puts me in the category of intentional robbery. His testimony, not forensic science, is going to get me convicted. He is the most important single piece of the case against me. His statement was not given under oath. At pre-trial, he will be under oath. His interrogation seems guided. As if the detective were hinting at what Andrew should say: When Andrew said

'no Dell didn't tell me anything about anything' the detective gets angry. When Andrew says, 'there was a picture of a truck' the detective is all warm and cuddly. We are going to argue that Andrew was given the message that he wasn't going home until he said what the police wanted to hear. That he was untruthful, so that police would let him leave. The interrogation really does look that way to. The court takes 'the oath' very seriously. It won't punish him for lying to intimidation police, but telling the all mighty court the truth. It might even commend his bravery. Thus far, aggression has been a great strength for police. Every strength can also be a weakness. If Andrew were to testify that police coached him on what they wanted to hear, before his statement was given, that would be a huge blow to the prosecution's case. With all the police aggression displayed during his interrogation, it's very believable. He was recorded in the police cruiser on the way to the station. Then there is a long gap. The next recording is his interrogation. What was said to him during the long gap? Was he told, 'we want to hear about the planning of a truck robbery, tell us about it or else you're not leaving'; only Andrew knows. Andrew's a bit gullible when it comes to authority. He is probably mad at me, blaming me for his frightening interrogation, so that he doesn't have to admit to himself how completely he has thrown me under the bus. All he had to do was say nothing, but instead he

tried to talk his way out.



Andrew needs to say I showed him a picture of a truck and asked who's I should BLY. That, he changed it to steal, because, before the interrogation began, cops told him they wanted to hear about the planning of a truck robbery, and he wasn't going home until he told them what they wanted to hear. He felt clearly pressured by the police, so he said what he had to, to go home, and swore to himself to correct his false statement in court, where the police could not wrongfully charge him with murder.

They really did have him believing he was charged. Someone needs to shake him up. I protected him by telling him nothing. He should never have moved things after I was arrested. That was Mark who brought heat to him not me. It was Scullion who ratted Andrew and Matt out, not me. It was Mark who fucked up a truck robbery, not me. And just because I helped clean up Mark's mess, does not mean I should also pay for it. Especially not because of a technicality in the law. Especially not because Andrew didn't know how to keep his mouth shut. I need him to undo the damage he has done me!

I love him, and I know he loves me. He has a loyal heart. If he knew that his words were going to get me a life sentence, he would want to change them. Show him how he can, and he will change them.

Best answer is, I don't remember which. Male
Which cop? Best answer is, I don't remember which. Male
Uniformed or plain clothed?
of female? Male. Uniformed or plain clothed?

Oct 4th

Hi love!

Today was the first day I sat down and started reading the Ukrainian phrase book. For just having started, I think I'm picking it up well. I haven't even begun with actual phrases yet. I'm still learning the alphabet. Ha! check out the exercise I devised on the back side of this page. I had a look through the book; checked out full stories. I think I can learn it on my own. My pronunciation is going to be atrocious though. And I'll need lots of retraining to fix it. I can already see the first bump in the road will be the Ukrainian letter "b". I remember in grade four the teacher explaining the difference between a hard consonant and a soft one, and I didn't get it then, nor do I now. For how much time it took; lower school taught me so little. I have to admit, I've learned a lot here in jail. It's a terribly uncomfortable experience, but so long as I am learning I can tolerate it. It drives me to learn. I pull knowledge from books which is not efficient, but it is still effective. With all of this isolation, I've learned a lot about myself. And of course I'm learning about humans. The interactions between guards and prisoners, the system, the posturing, and backstabbing (literally in here). Every day I push to expand my perception and understand, to not let this time be wasted. It's painful to be away from you and kids. The three of us formed a family. I take that pain and burn it as fuel for the journey back to you.

In one of your previous letters you said something about mushiness. If you're feeling mushy, I'd love to get a mushy letter.

Mm! just had your pictures out. God you're gorgeous!

Thursday, November 3rd
(October 3 as per LN)

**The balance of the lines translated as set out with the exception of the last line which translates to:

By the way, this phrase book is awesome! (LN)

ЧЕТВЕР ЖОВТЕНЬ ТРЕТІЙ

Dellen loves Christina

Деллен ловуз Кристина

Never a lender, nor a borrower be.

Невур а лендр, нор а боровр бі.

First learn the alphabet.

Фирст лурн ду алфабет

then work on the language. Нага.

Ден врк он ду лангвџ. Гага.

It may be a ridiculous way to learn.

Ит мей бі а рідикюлус вей ту лурн.

but such are the challenges of self teaching.

бут суч ар ду чаленџз ув селф тічинг.

бі ду вей, дис фрез бук из осум!

October 7th

ЖОВТЕНЬ СЬОМИЙ

Ok, miss elusive, let me bring you up to speed on some latest happenings.

Police broke into someone's car (technically illegally) to confiscate a satellite receiver they thought was some kind of security camera hard drive. That was in Waterloo, and Waterloo police.

Next, very recently, someone went to my Mum's house in Kleinberg. They rang the doorbell. There was no answer; no dog barking; my Mum was away. The street was quiet; no sign of police. Fifteen minutes later, on the highway (May 27), he is pulled over by an unmarked cruiser (the kind that look like cop cars, but the word police is obscured). It seems like a routine traffic stop, until he's ordered out of his car, and the car is searched! Nothing was found. Then to top it off, he was asked what he was doing at my Mum's. The cruiser wasn't there in Kleinberg. He was called in by real undercover. The ones you couldn't tell were undercover even if you flipped your bike over their hood. They are watching my Mum's, and you can't spot them. I think it's safe to assume they know you two meet. I hope you read these letters in an enclosed place where none of the public can see you. I hope you take this warning very seriously. These aren't unmarked beat cops. These are real undercover, and they are watching. Be careful my love.

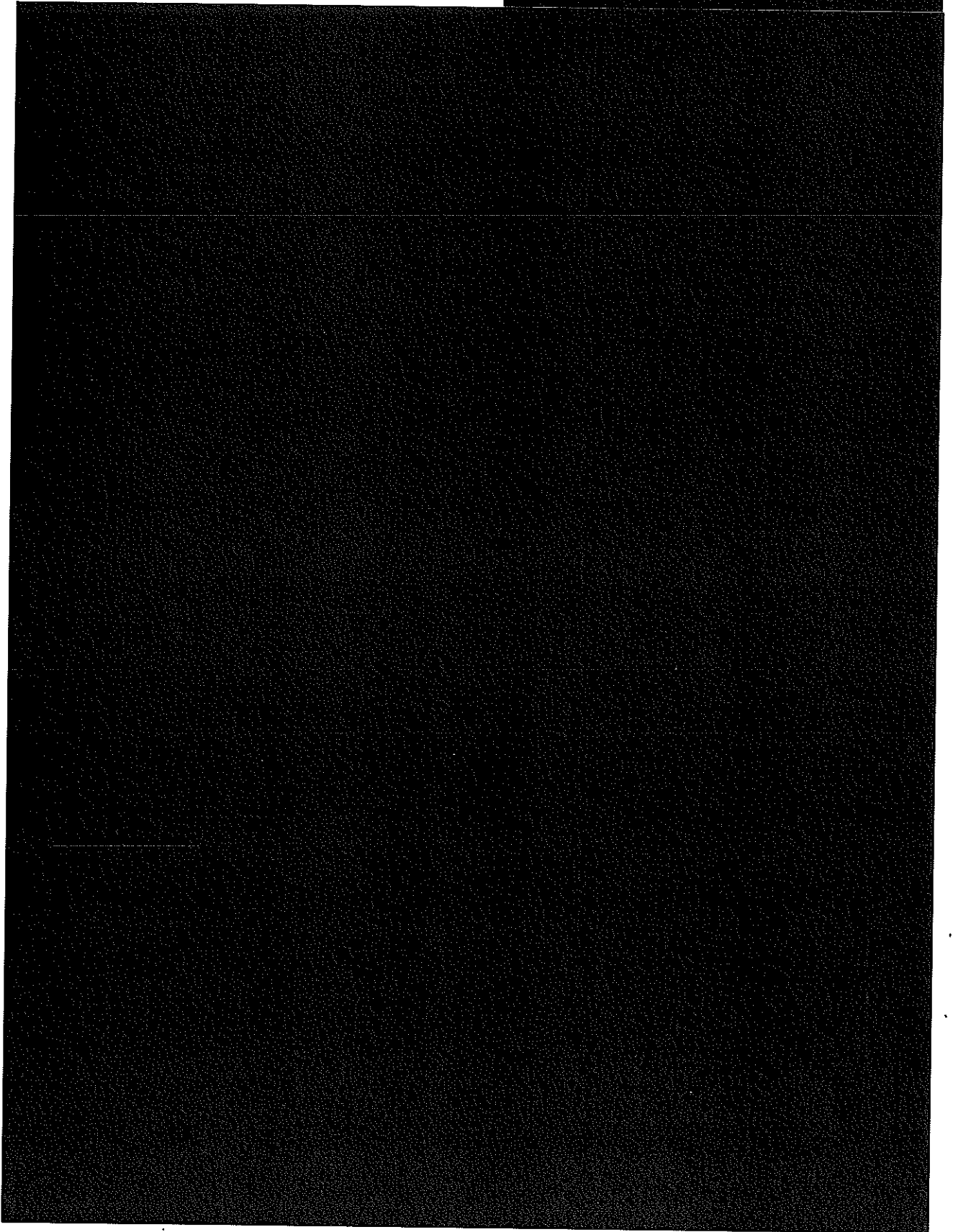
If you're going to undertake contacting Andrew it has to be done with Mission Impossible, James Bond, super spy perfection. You must assume that you, and he, are being followed always. Assume you, and he, will be confronted and questionned. Have your cover stories planned, and ready. Romance is always a good one. I don't mind you being publicly flirtacious if it's in my favor. Just so long as all of him stays on the outside of you. I leave it to you to plan. But do plan it. Don't wing it. They are stopping people to search cars, for a ring of a door bell. This is like nothing anyone dreams Canadians have the resources or training to do. This is full out CIA espionage. How ever careful you think you need to be, multiply it by a factor of ten. And then double it.

You wanted to be a spy... Wish granted!

The pretrial will not be until next year. Take time to sit on this. Think it through. I'm not asking you to run out this minute. But do reply, will you be my spy?

Destroy this letter!

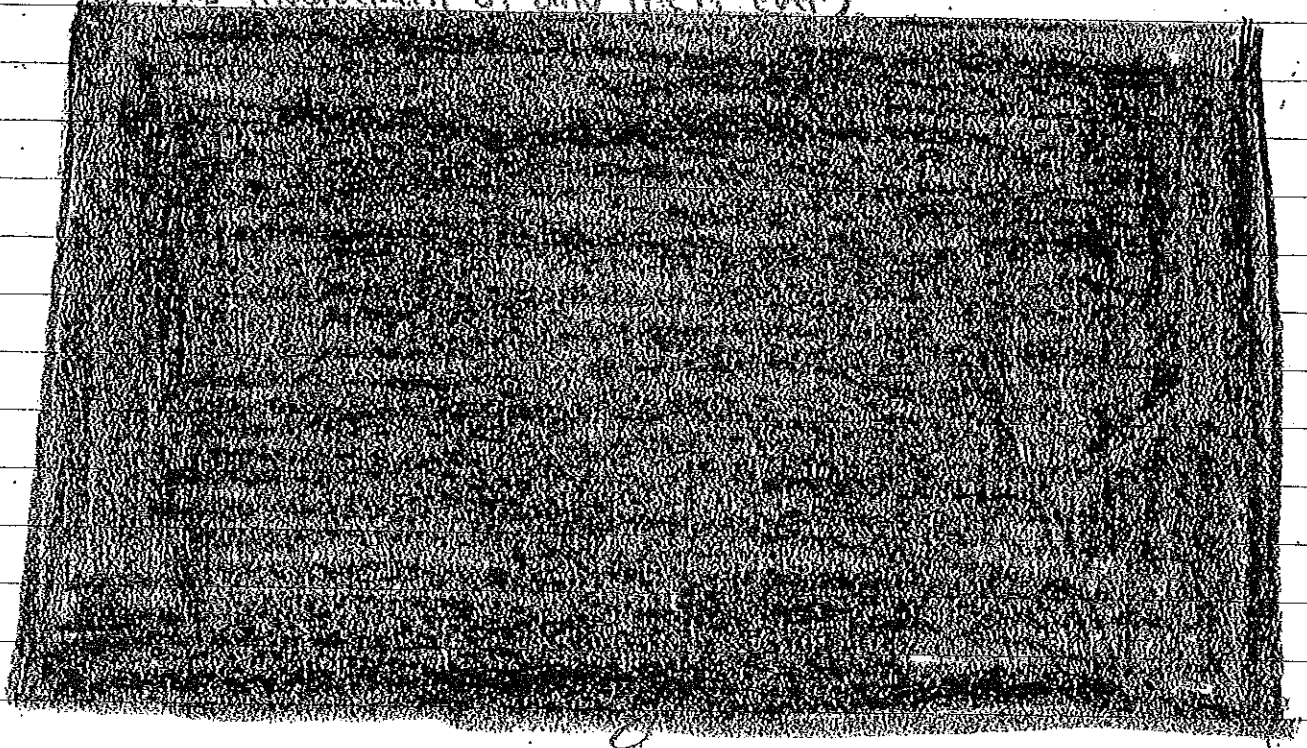
I draw just to see you...



Oct 5th

Even planning a robbery, which someone else goes out and commits, results in a murder conviction, for the at home planner, if a death occurs, even an accidental death.

Andrew is the only evidence of any planning. He must say he did not hear any planning of any kind. Ever. No other thefts either (there is no evidence of his involvement of any theft ever)



If ever there were letters to destroy, these are they. Re read them. Take the contact info. Destroy them now.

My mom's house is - I love you ♡
under very elusive surveillance, someone just got grabbed and questioned for ringing her door bell, they are better than you think

As it stands (pun!) your most important role is going to be taking the stand. As you know I was trying to prevent this for you, but the prosecutor is going to force it. Protecting your credibility, and preparing to give testimony, is how you can help me most. Do not allow that to be sacrificed by trying to solve less important issues.

The second most important role, is getting Andrew on board to help. He's got to say he never heard anything about any thefts or plans to steal anything, especially nothing about stealing a truck. He heard I wanted to buy a truck. Lots of people heard buy, he was just being pressured, coached even, by police. If he's onboard to help, he could retain that lawyer who's contact I sent, or even better I could get him some cross examiners to grill and train him. That's going to be tricky to set up for him, but it's doable, it all depends on how much he's willing to help. Let me know what he's down for? Contacting him is very important, but it is still secondary to protecting your credibility on the stand. Bringing Andrew back to my side, brings me back from losing, and puts me at a tie. Your testimony though, will be what wins it. [REDACTED] So

as important as Andrew is, you are more important.

Don't get caught! Prioritize. Protect yourself! ❤️

Matt and Sean are much less important. If Andrew wants to be helpful, maybe he can contact Matt.

Andrew's good hearted, but a tad bit slow. If he does want to help, impress upon him how important it

is to keep any contact with you a secret. If he goes to talk to Matt, he must not say where he got his information. He needs a cover story completely thought out in advance.

Help me Obi-wan Rubikinks, you're my only hope.



DESTROY
THIS LETTER
NOW
!!!!!!

October 16

ЖОВТЕНЬ ШІСТНАДЦЯТЬ

Hello my love,

On my window sill I have a line up of little treasures. They are tear outs from the letters you've sent me. There's a purple lipstick kiss, a red pastel heart, and a little blue ink, surrealist doodle, that features a tiny spider and hidden feminine forms. The day has just begun. I've rolled my bed ladders into a ball, and tossed them on the top bunk. I've pulled my mattress, if you can call it that, off the lower bunk, and set it up, in its daily position, under the cell window. I was just sitting here, staring at my little treasure trove, and realized I felt like writing you.

More than any thought, I most want to express how much I feel in love with you. This long lonely isolation has had its benefits. Before we met, I had had repeated and powerful negative experiences with romance and love. I liken it to having leaped into a grenade, in an emotionally metaphorical sense; I was mangled and full of shrapnel. The flesh of my bleeding heart, grew back. I have a fabulous ability to heal. But the shrapnel remained. I've resisted loving you, because I was scared of being injured again. I was scared, because I was still full of grenade shards. Despite my resistance, despite emotional shrapnel, I still felt in love with you. I'm a little ashamed to admit it. Loving you was scary. (But worth it!) A few months in the hole allows for a lot of introspection. I've used the time. I've been extracting shrapnel. I feel emotionally stronger than I can ever remember having felt. I can be vulnerable without feeling threat'nd. And I love you more than ever.

October 19

Greetings my love

.....*It seems much longer.* I miss you. I miss your scent. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] "Ha ha". How do I
write?

Your man
or husband

ЖОВТЕНЬ ДЕВ'ЯТНАДЦЯТЬ

Привіт моя кохання,

This morning began with an early morning strip search. Yesterday I noticed that the dorm next to mine range I am on, was being searched. I expected we here were next. So I prepared my cell last night. I like to have a super orderly cell when they come to tear it apart. It seems to have the effect that less of my shit gets thrown out.

The only other things they took were, an orange, some jam, and a few styrofoam cups. They actually left behind the sugar and coffee. I think this is because of how neat I make the cell, and I leave the sugar and coffee right out in the open for them. First thing I did after search was sell two packs of coffee. I was the only one who still had any. Those sugars and coffee packs they left me, were actually the sacrificial ones. I have quite a stock pile stashed. Prison economics, haha.

I need your phone records for May 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th. Specifically, incoming and outgoing, calls and texts, times and locations.

It's been about two weeks since I've heard from you. It seems much longer. Я скучаю за ти. Я скучаю за ТВИЙ запах.

Гага, як мов пишу?

Send me a copy AND keep a copy for yourself. So that I can write you about them, and we can cross reference.

- ТВИЙ ЧОЛОВІК



Hello my love,

It's Oct 27th and I still haven't received a response to my requests for aid. This method of communication is bloody slow. I was going to wait to hear from you before writing this letter, but I don't want that much time to go to waste. So until I do hear from you, I am going to continue writing as if your response is a resounding yes! that you will be my secret agent; effectively my savior.

We're dealing with a 'lay charges first, investigate later' police force. Only the craftiest of coyotes will be able to avoid charges like - witness tampering - or - perjury -

I'm going to lay out the problems. Maybe you can effect some remedies. Maybe you can't. Do not attempt to unless you are very, very certain that you can succeed without getting trapped yourself.

Of paramount importance, is that you keep our contact secret. Not just the content of our communications, needs to be kept secret, but also that we have any communication at all, also must be kept secret.

After I was arrested, Mark contacted Andrew and Matt, and asked them to bring him all the drugs. I have to admit I laughed when I heard that. 'Bring me all the drugs!' ought to be tattooed on Mark's forehead. Not too surprisingly, Andrew and Matt did as he asked. Then a few days later, Matt told his buddies (Michael Cinfo and Sean Scullion) about a toolbox of drugs being dropped off at his house, and how he and Andrew had driven out to

Oakville to leave it for Mark. They did not actually meet up with Mark, but left it in a stairwell for him. Police questioned Matt five separate times.

I have heard the first four questionings. The fifth I do not yet have. The first four times Matt (Hagerman) talks about how Mark is a bad influence, he thinks Mark is involved, but that he knows nothing about any toolbox. Even in the face of the police getting quite cross with him, he sticks to his story. Now as you know, he should not have spoken to police at all. I don't think he knew/knows that someone can refuse to speak with police. I'm sure by the fifth interrogation Matt had to spill the beans. By that time Sean Scullion had driven down to Hamilton to tell police all that Matt had told him. And by that time police had used Sean's information to crack Andrew. I don't know what Matt said in his fifth interview, I'm sure he cracked, and I don't blame him. Sean, on the other hand, is a rat bastard with the heart of a sheep. There was absolutely no pressure on him to talk. He sold Matt and Andrew out for free. I think he is under the impression it his duty as a citizen to give the police whatever they want. He has said what he has said, and it can't be changed.

I don't think he wanted to talk to police. He really didn't

know that he had a choice. The most we can do, is inform him that he does have a choice. The least we should do, is inform him that he does have a choice. You should not be the one to inform him. He's weak minded, will likely crack under light pressure, and is not someone you should contact. - Matt and him might have some things to talk about. If you were to contact Matt in an untraceable way, and impress upon him the need for secrecy, I think he could be trusted to keep the contact confidential. I think he's had his eyes opened to how easily "friends" talk.

So obviously I'm suggesting you contact Matt.
(NOT BY PHONE OR FACEBOOK! only ever talk in person, in an enclosed, hidden from view place.

Always have a cover story ready in advance to fill in what you talked about. Make sure the stories match. Maybe he can shut Sean's mouth.

Obviously it's important that Matt not tell anyone, not even hint, that he has had contact with you.

Obviously you should not tell even Matt, that you have contact with me.

So that's the problem. It's not nearly as important as other problems. So don't jeopardise your future credibility on the stand, to address it. But if the opportunity presents itself, maybe something can be done? (ONLY IF IT'S EASY AND SAFE!)

Thursday, November 4

Good evening beautiful,

For dinner beef & vegetable soup with boiled potatoes. I like the soup but in my view boiled potatoes here are garbage.

Wish me luck!
I love you very much

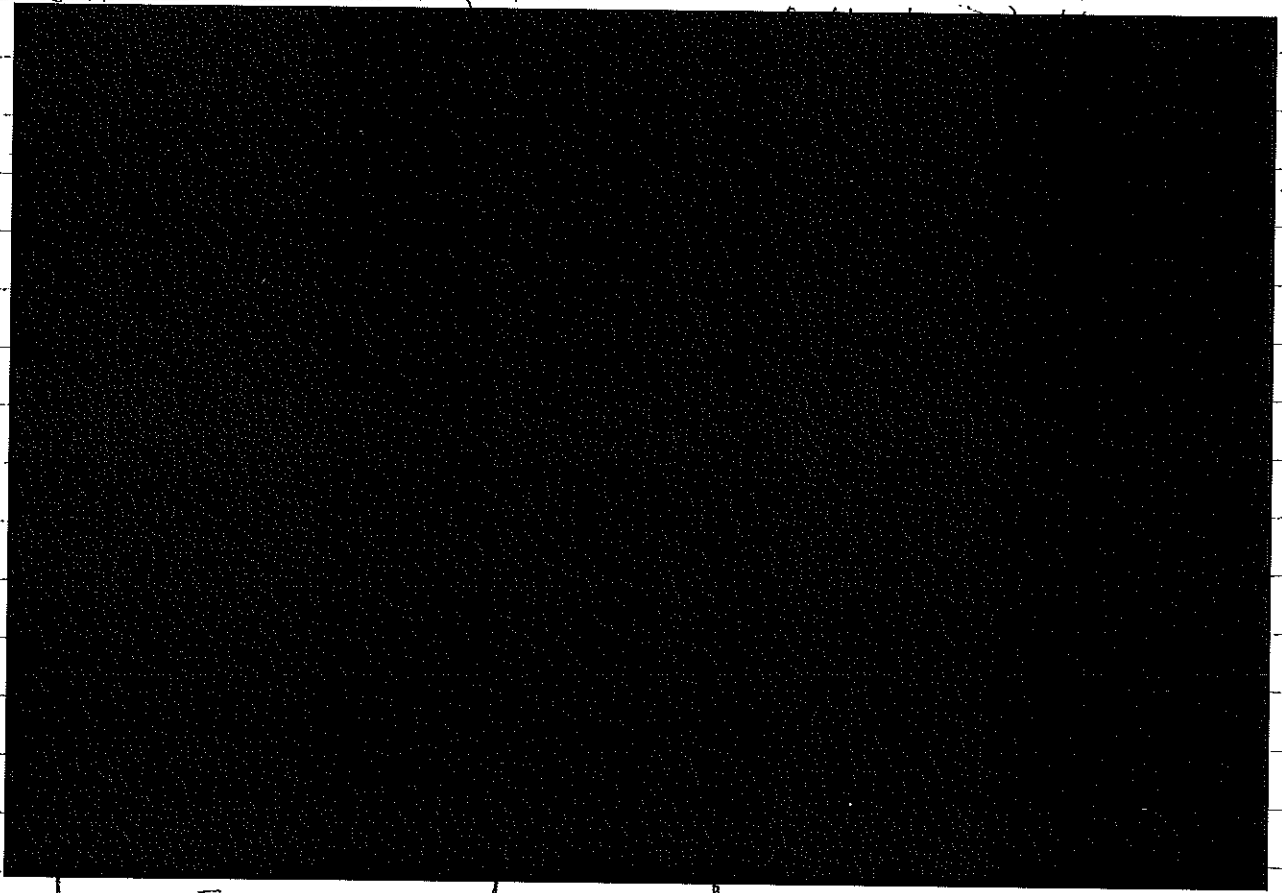
I miss you

Четвер листопад сім

Добрий вечір гарна,

Для вечера біф і овочі суп зі варених картоплі. Мені подобавться суп. Але на мою думку варених картоплі, тут сміття.

Ha ha, hope that makes sense! You're going to have quite a task sorting out all the errors I imprint while self-teaching.

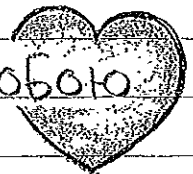


Бажаю мені щастя!

Я тебе дуже кохаю.

Й

Я скучаю за тобою.



Wednesday November 6th

Good morning,

I love you!

Середа Листопад ШІСТЬ

Доброго ранку,

I'm having one of those, 'holy shit I'm in jail!' moments. I get those a lot.

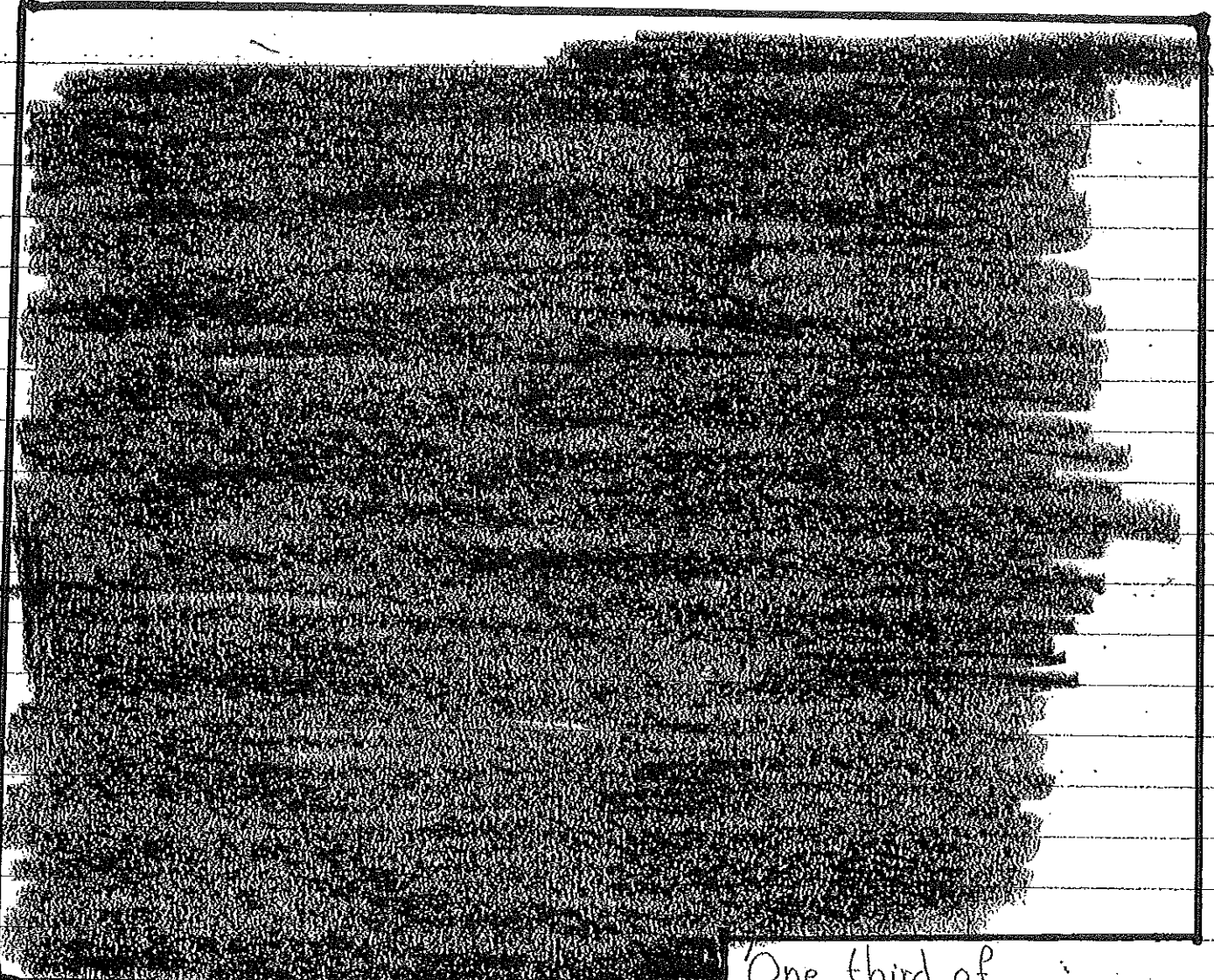
That guy that got the shit beaten out of him by the ISA team, is back. Nathan is his name. They charged him with assault with a weapon, for throwing a cup of his pee at a nurse. He was supposed to be out in December. Now he's in until March, to wait for the assault charge to be heard in court. It will get dropped, but he's still gonna have to spend three more months in here. So, what's the first thing he does? He throws a cup of water at a guard. Last night he flooded the range. When a lieutenant came to talk to him, he threw a cup of water at her too. He reminds me of a baboon, equal in temperament, and possibly less intelligent.

This experience certainly is an up close look at a different side of Canadian culture. It's quite the education.

I heard you're enjoying your education more this year. I'd like to hear about it. What are you taking? Which classes are good? and which are lame?

I read about a band; AUSTRALIA. They've got two albums; 'Feel It Break' and 'Olympia'; which are supposedly quite different from one another. I thought of your offbeat musical taste. If you check em out, let me know what you think of their music!

Я тебе кохаю!



One third of
the way through this forced separation. In my
fantasies, remembering what you smell like is a
key ingredient. I can feel the memories dimming.
Every night, when I tuck in under the covers, I
review memories of you; of us. It renews the memories;
helps keep them from fading. Don't forget me,
my love. No prison walls can block me from loving
you. And I love you.

I'm going to make my bed, and tuck in now. I'm
going to review every detail I can think of, from our
Annapolis / Washington road trip.

Sunday, November 10th

Good morning!

How's life? I'm not bad. I don't like jail. Window does not open.
Here it's cold and lots of noise. But I'm thankful I can write to you.
Ha Ha. I'm still not very good in writing in the Ukrainian language.

Your man

Good evening,

Wish me luck!
I love you very much

I miss you

Неділя листопад десять

Доброго ранку!

Як життя? Я непогано. Я не люблю
в'язниця. Вікно не відчиняється тут
холодно й дуже шумно. Але я вдячний
я можу пишу з тебе. Гага, я ще не дуже
добре писаю українською мовою.

Твій чоловік



Добрий вечір,

Well, the above is officially my first Ukrainian
letter! It's short, probably full of grammatical errors, but
from start to finish, it's entirely Ukrainian. Despite
the distance between us, I feel a little closer to you.

My next court date is this coming Tuesday. I
have my fingers crossed for setting September prelim,
and October trial, dates.

I've been reading most of the evening. I just
took a short break to do some pushups and stretches.

I'm currently reading *The Defense Is Ready*, by
Leslie Abramson. She's an accomplished US defense
attorney, and the book chronicles her career. I get a lot
from these books written by attorneys. They're educational,
thought provoking, and relevant.

Yawn* It's after midnight. I'm going to bed.

Goodnight my love. I eagerly await your next letter!

Tuesday, November 11th

ВИБОРОК ЛІСТОПАД ОДИНАЦЯТ

I miss you. It hurts.

I don't know whether to embrace the pain, or
detach from it. I find myself switching from
one to the other. Maybe even simultaneously
doing a bit of both.

On the reverse are some (now) his I was
having last night. I expected to write an intelligent
thought out letter but it turned into raw emotion.

Layers are here

- love you ↓

Saturday, November 13th

Your man

Субота, листопад Тридцять

Because there is still so much disclosure left to come, it's not certain what defense I will use. It is clear though, that police are going to use my phone record, in an attempt to pin point my location at a given time. This is based on the assumption that I am carrying the phone I need to attack this assumption. I need evidence that indicates that I am not the only person that uses that phone. Its most important to establish this on the night that Mr. Bosma went missing. Maybe. But it is also helpful to establish this, further in the past, by setting up a common precedent, a habit. I want supporting evidence, and testimony is evidence, that it was usual / normal for me to lend my phone to Mark. This can be done in the positive, ie: someone called my phone instead of me answering, Mark would answer, and say that I wasn't there. Or, this can be done in the negative, ie: someone saw me, but I did not have my phone on me. etc. etc. Will Snoff and Kodiak help create this precedent? Careful what you tell them. Be sure they will help before giving them any information.

ТВІЙ ЧОЛОВІК



-! destroy this letter! -

Wednesday, November 13th

Good evening my love,

Среда листопад тринадцять
Добрий вечір мое кохання.

It's midnight. Lights have been 'out' for an hour. But they're never out, only dimmed. I've been reading for the last hour. I'm half way through that lawyer, Leslie Abrams' book. Reading about other cases helps me push through times that would otherwise degenerate into depression. I see so many similarities between my experience, and those of so very many other defendants'. I'm searching for answers and salvation. More so, than ever before, I see how knowledge is power. There is a constant back and forth, of discovering more ways in which I could lose, and then discovering ways to effectively counter it. Outwardly, I'm always dole. So much so one guard called me 'numb'. Wich was very useful feedback. Inwardly, the back and forth is an emotional tide. Its eddies and whirlpools hint at the ever submerged landscape of my subconscious. To quote Sun Tzu, *Being Unconquerable Lies Within Yourself.*

Jesus Fucking Christ! That spider made me jump! Haha, wow, right as I was starting to get into a very psychological and theoretical mind set, too. What a good reminder that the mind, however theoretical, is also a very biological organ, with multiple regions. That spider crawling onto the page, as I was writing, triggered my amygdala into a shocking rework of my thoughts.



Your man

She could very well be the same spider I shoed out of my cell a week or two ago. It looks the same. Ought I shoe it out again, or kill it, so it doesn't keep coming back? Not going to kill it. It crosses my mind that perhaps it came to my cell sensing that I would not harm it. Should I let it stay? Ultimately, I decide to shoe it out, and seal the door by tightly wedging a towel under it. Good luck, little creepy crawlly.

I'm going to turn in. Maybe I can hold a lucid suggestion, to reflect on knowing myself, from the other side of the subconscious. In other words, a dream experiment.

Yawn Goodnight darling.

I miss you.

I love you.

ТВІЙ ЧОЛОВІК



CODE NAME

Andrew Michalski : Kodiak

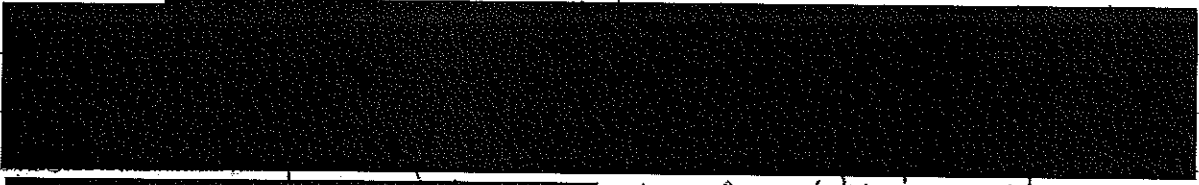
Matt Hagerman : Snoff

- destroy this letter -

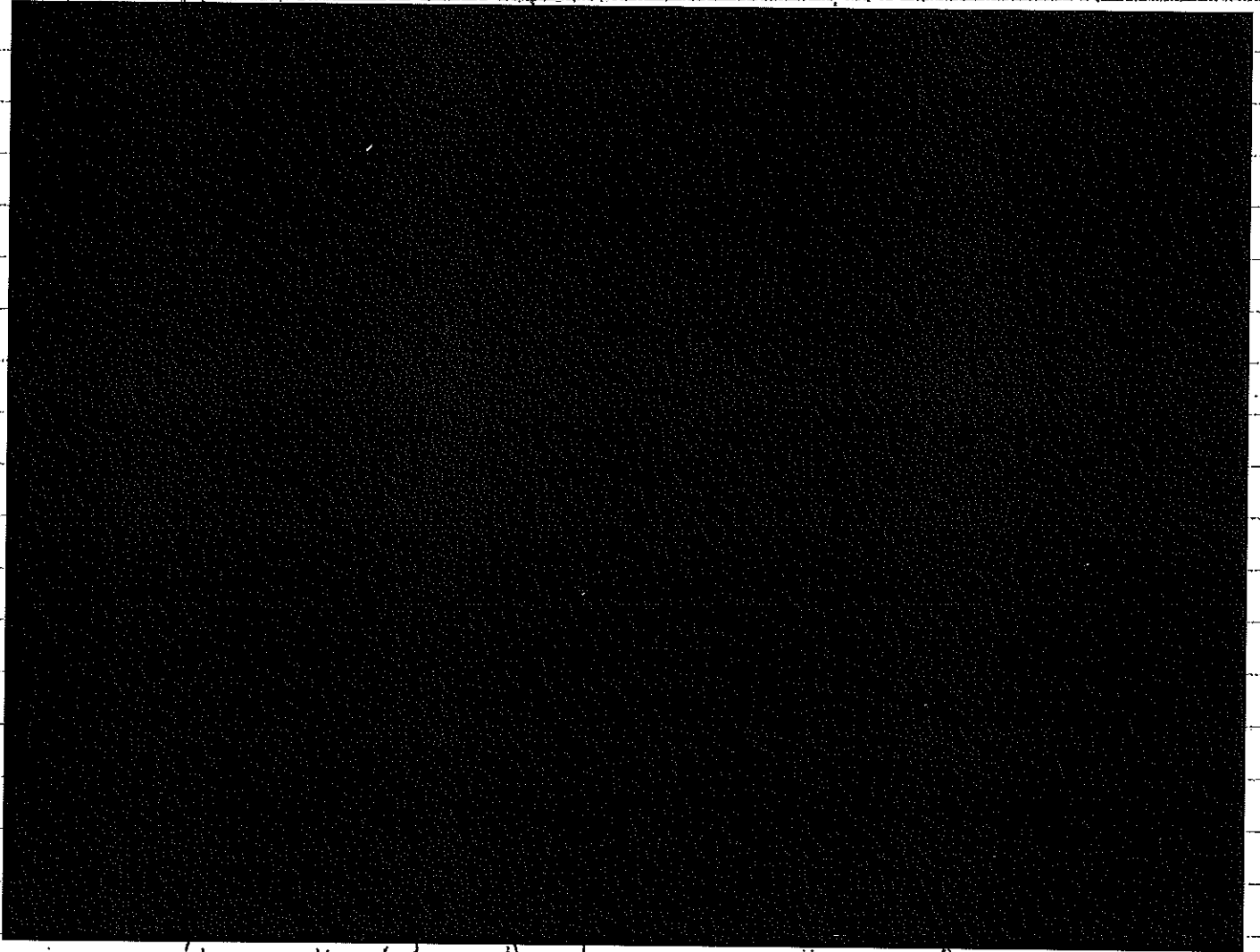
November 14th

Листопад Чотирнадцять

Hi love,



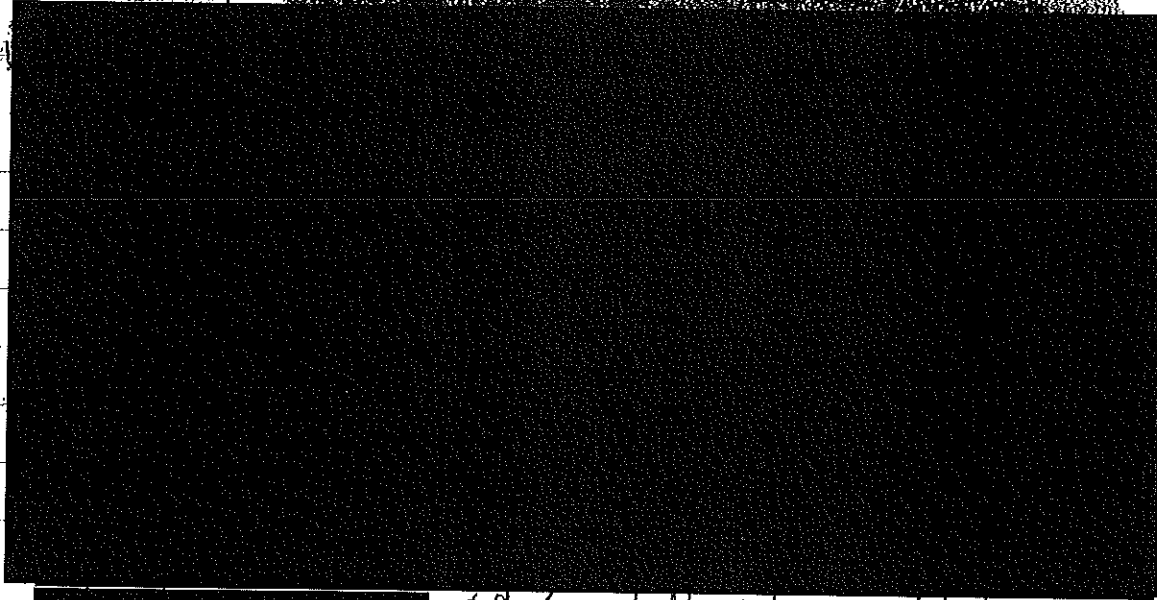
Hopefully the next round of disclosure will offer more clarity. It's past due, and supposed to be a big one.



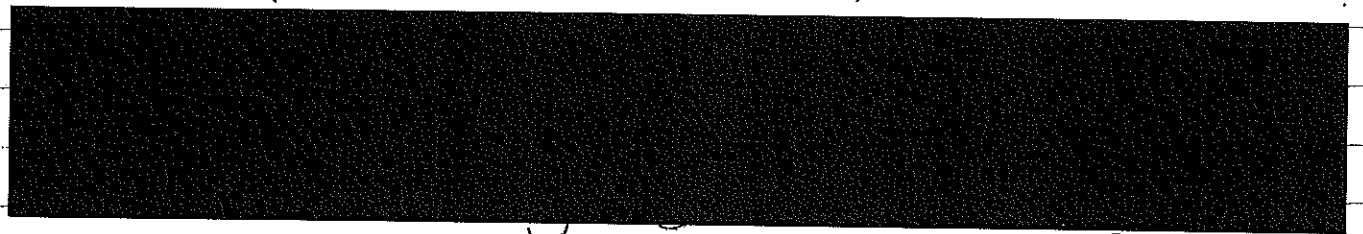
It's all very interesting, in a game of strategy, kind of way. As I continue to learn, I'm also becoming a useful legal strategist. I'm fond of unconventional solutions, especially to conventional problems. For instance, I see some advantages to

I love you

waving the Prelim, and going straight to a jury trial. Well, only one really. That one is your testimony.



Of course, I'm assuming I have your testimony. For me, it has been a foregone conclusion, that so long as all is researched, and you are protected, I had your testimony. But do I? It's not your responsibility to help. You don't owe me anything. Still, I am in desperate need of your help. I would not ask, unless I believed it would make the difference. I need a direct answer on this. Can I count on your testimony?



Я тебе кохано



-destroy this letter- to protect me-

Sunday, November 17th

Good evening,

I love you. Your man

Неділя листопада сімнадцять

Добрий вечір,

It was wonderful to think you could hear me on the phone. I could almost feel your presence. Even now, days later, it puts the hint of a smile on my face.

But, it was also reckless of my Mum to do that. Your credibility as a witness, is the ace up my sleeve. If either you, or her, are under surveillance, what are you gonna say when the prosecution pulls out a snapshot of you in the phonebooth, with phone records, and jail records, to say 'I was on the other end of the line?' 'We didn't talk, honest?' I doubt a judge would believe that. And a jury would become suspicious of your truthfulness.

I want to, I need to, I have to get back to you. To hold you in my arms, to wake up next to you in the morning, that's what I need. A phone call, you can't talk back on, is just not worth the risk. You've got to up your spy game. There were a hundred officers assigned to this case. It doesn't take that many to listen to the jail phone, and fetch coffee. These aren't traffic cops. They're like the KGB. You, and my Mum, are the only people, who haven't given any statement at all. Your names are probably on a board in some detective's office with big question marks drawn beside them. I don't think my Mum appreciates that police focus could be on her, and you. I need you to appreciate it. I need you to play the role of the illusive spy. Illusive, cunning, and cautious; if you can be these things, I can get out of here, and be yours again.

Я тебе кохаю  Твій чоловік

Wednesday, November 20th

Your man

I'd have to pay Peter for his time. It wouldn't make sense for me to stop training for days at a time.

That's when the fantastic idea came to me! I can't stop, Peter can't stop, but someone else could.

Someone else could seize the opportunity this airport to airport hopping provides. You said you wanted to go adventuring, right? How about an air trip, (as opposed to a road trip). Peter and I would drop you, and whomever, off for a few days.

While Peter and I go off training, you, and whomever you choose, explore that city for a few days. Then

Peter and I would return to pick you up, and head to the next destination. Summer 2015.

What do you think?

ТВІЙ ЧОЛОВІК



Tuesday, November 26th

Good day,

ВІВТОРОК ЛИСТОПАД

ДОБРИДЕНЬ,

ДВАДЦЯТЬ ШІСТЬ

I was just thinking about the Lana Del Rey song, Million Dollar Man. You had written me, saying you were sipping wine alone, listening to that song. The singer's heart is broken. How is your heart?

I've got a few more lyrics requests:

- wimbaway - in the jungle - lion king
- radio active - imagine dragons
- sic transit gloria - brand new
- the humpity hump
- ok i believe you, but my tommy gun don't - brand new
- butterfly - cum my lady cum cum my lady -
- lollipop corn bitch - dark side - (same band)
- oh danny boy
- sookie sue - steppen wolf
- la nueva balleza - jason mraz
- loba - shakira
- the night's gambit - K9

For you, check out The Civil Wars, by Joy Williams and John Paul White, and check out The Remixes Vol. 1 by Araab Muzik. Let me know if either suit your taste!

Because typical workout routines are too boring to maintain, I'm focussing on more exotic physical goals. I'm aiming to be able to walk on the knuckles of my feet and stand on the knuckles of my hands. Haha, 'odd' I know, but it requires increasing strength and flexibility in a lot of places, so 'effective' as well. I'd also like to be able to stand/balance on one hand. And, of course, the splits. But balancing on one hand seems more attainable.

I've begun a series of interviews with a reporter. He asked if I had had any contact with you. Of course I have not;) He asked if I missed you. Of course I do! He asked if I would mind him contacting you. I shrugged my shoulders, and said I did not mind. But, when he contacts you, I think, you should not talk to him.

Don't say anything to him, not about me, not about you, not about the weather.

I don't yet know, if what he is going to write, is going to help me, or hurt me.

In the future there may be reason for you to give an interview, give me some good character review, or something, but not yet.

So for now, please, just flat out refuse to answer any questions.

destroy this
letter!

Friday, November 29th

Good evening,

П'ЯТНИЦЯ ЛИСТОПАД

ДОБРИЙ ВЕЧІР,

ДВАДЦАТЬ ДЕВЯТЬ

I'm expecting a visit, any moment now, that will be whisking this paper off, destined for your eyes. Those eyes that I love.

Today I got yard again. That's twice in one month. I expect it may be more frequently available, as people begin refusing, because of the cold. It was chilly today. I took extra deep breaths of the cool air. Next time yard comes around, I'm going to put on an extra t-shirt, or two.

Beef stew was served for dinner. It's one of the decent meals. I traded, with other prisoners, my biscot, ice cream, and six packets of sugar for a chocolate muffin, a second serving of stew, and two apples. Other prisoners make eating healthy cheap. All that they want to eat is sweets. Fruits and vegetables are easily acquired.

I've got a beard right now. It's my subtle way of reminding my lawyer how long it's been since he's seen me. He's quite busy right now on another case, so it's been weeks. I expect him tomorrow. Which is good, because I have a couple hours worth of ideas to bounce off of him. And I'm looking forward to losing the beard.

Hmm... still no visit, and it's getting late. I'll do a mini workout while I wait.

I think it's past visiting hours. Fuck. I was hoping to hear from you tonight.

Thursday, December 5

Good evening

Четвер Грудень П'ЯТИЙ

Добрий вечір.

I got some pictures! I think your Harley Quinn turned out wonderfully. I have trouble believing people didn't get it. I'm left wondering if those people could recognize any costume, that there wasn't a dozen other variations of, at the party. I'm not easily impressed, and I think you hit a bullseye.

You've "with-held" your lawyer? Oh I miss your diction! It's "retained", my love. It's highly unlikely that the prosecution will take you off of the no contact list. They will demand that you first give a statement. And I don't want you doing that! And even if you did give a statement they still would not take you off the list.

It's a certainty that you and Kodiak will be subpoenaed, an absolute certainty.

I can appreciate that people want to stay far away. That's good, for now, because they aren't causing anymore damage, beyond what they already have. I wanted Kodiak to stay far away. I specifically told him very little, so as to make it easier for him to stay out. But he did not stay away, not at all. First he moved stuff that had been hidden. Then Snogg told all his friends. Then Scullion told the police. Then

Kodiak talked to the police. So he hasn't stayed far away at all. He's going to be subpoenaed, and he's going to be questioned hard on the stand. That is happening because he talked to police. He missed his chance to stay far away when he talked to police.

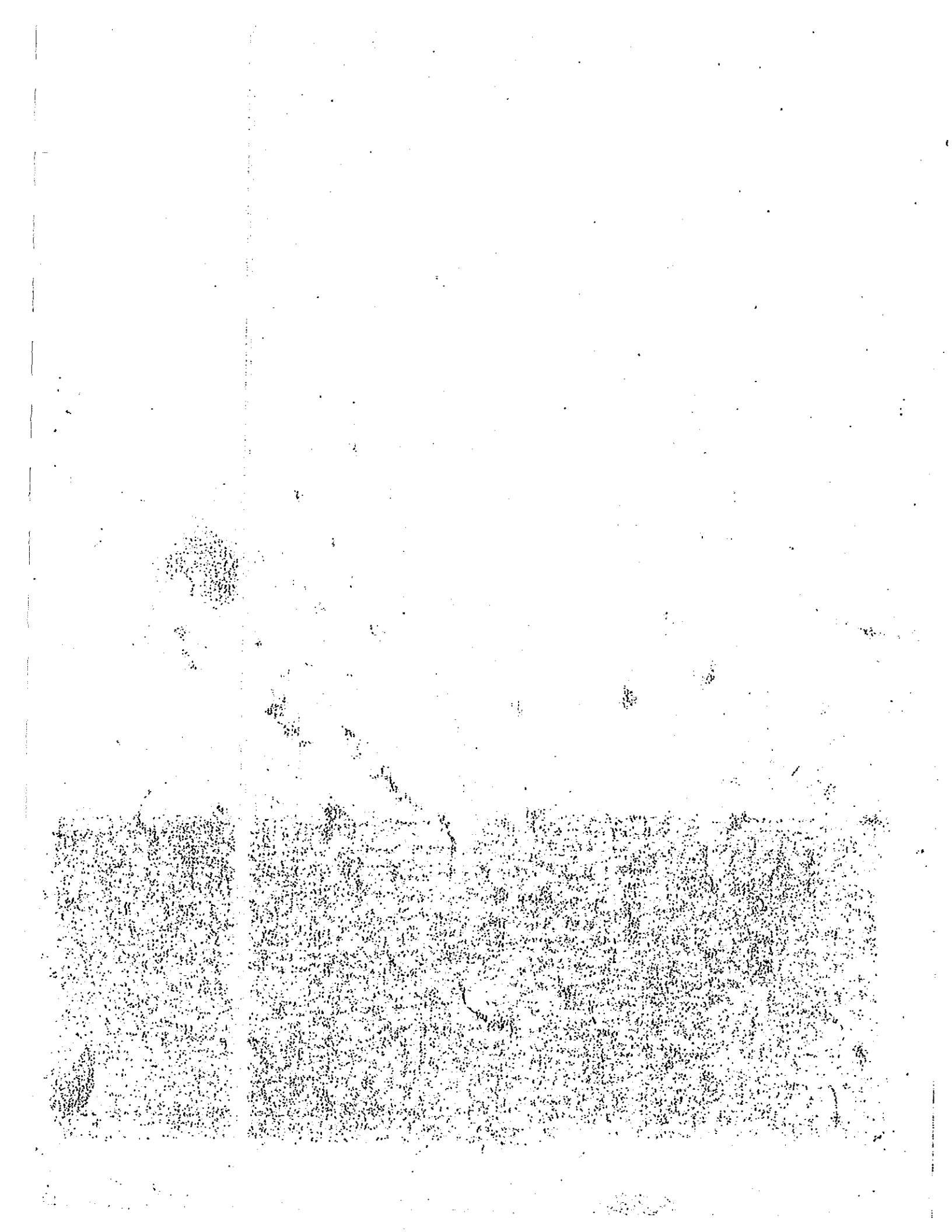
A lot of the prosecution case is based on what he told police. It is vital to my case that his statement be discredited. He has to help me discredit his statement. What he told police about me planning a truck theft was a lie. It was what police wanted to hear. He said it so that they would let him go home.

Try and make him understand that he is the prosecution case. Without him all they have on me is possession of stolen property. This is the rest of my life at stake. I need his help. I need him to undo the damage he has done me.

I need him to get on the stand and say that ~~me~~ I showed him pictures of a truck and asked him which I should buy, not steal, buy.

I need him to say that police told him they wanted to hear 'theft', that he was pressured by police.

Friday, December 12

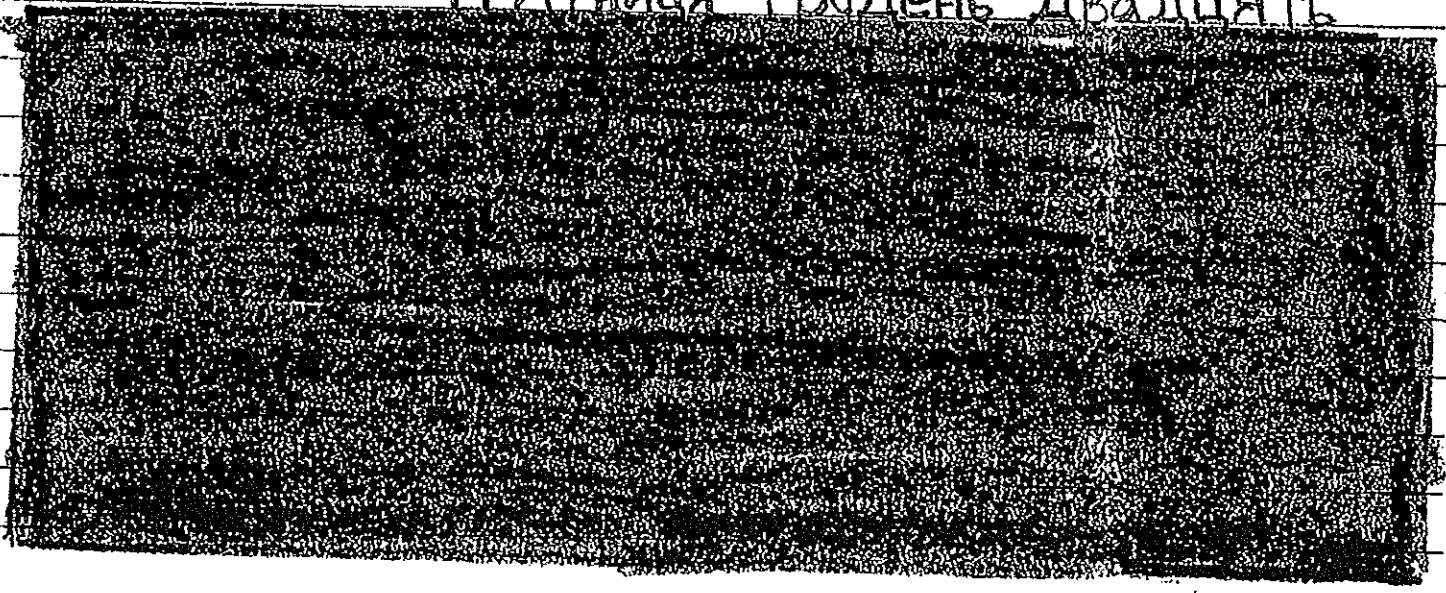


Surely your super spy self can get in non-electronic communication with Kodiak. How about going to Yuri's and getting him to call in a plumbing emergency. Or, going to the same New Year's party; something like that. But improve on these suggestions. I'm not just being paranoid, tailor your plans to account for plain clothed surveillance, and assume just about everyone talks

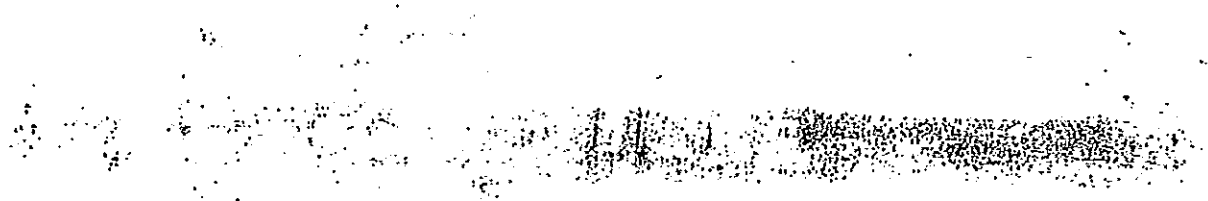
~~With regard to the ideas on For you. These are just ideas. So that you get a picture of what I'm trying to accomplish.~~

We can't know what to say until disclosure is fully in. That's still months down the road. More disclosure could change everything, and require a different approach with what will be best for ~~the defense come that~~ you to say. What Kodiak needs to say is already clear, that won't change.

П'ЯТНИЦЯ ГОЛЕНЬ ДВАДЦЯТЬ



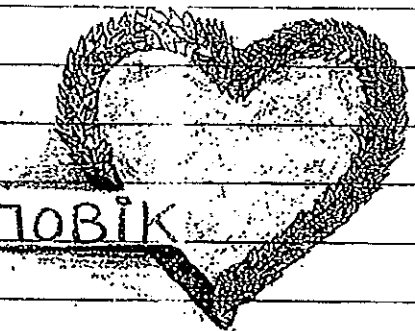
Your man



Kodiak and Snogg both went back for more interviews. Idiots! I haven't had a chance to watch the entire videos. My interviews aren't that long. I did skip through quickly though, and it looks like Kodiak is changing his statement. It's a whole lotta "I can't remember", and "I really don't know's". This is great news! It shows he is willing to help. If the entire video is like that, it will fit together even better than before, with what I need him to say. If you see that bear over the holidays, tell him that I love him. And set up an on-electronic super secret way of contacting him, far down the road.

Happy Saturnali! and Joyus Yule!

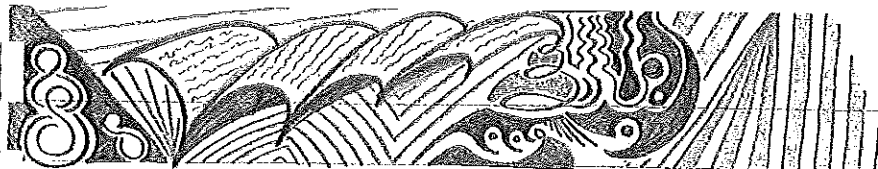
ТВІЙ ЧОЛОВІК



December 12

Good morning

I miss you



Грудень Дванадцять

Доброго ранку,

I was just thinking about your girlfriends
sending our pics, and wanting to meet me. Handle
that however you see fit, but keep in mind that they
will probably eventually find out why I can't come
meet them, just now. I'd wish your friend a happy
twenty eighth, but because I have no contact with
you, I'm not aware of her birthday;))

Я скучаю за Вами!



Friday, December 12th

Sunday

Your man

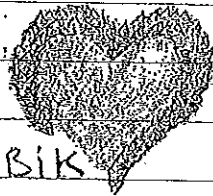
П'ЯТНИЦЯ, Грудень Двадцять

Today, carollers came to the jail. Many of the prisoners seemed uplifted by it. For me it was saddening. It marks how much time is passing, and reminds me of those I wish I were with. I miss you. I miss Pedro. It ought to be that the three of us are together. With just a little help from the right people, we will be together again.

Ever heard the Palma Violets? They're a garage-rock Brit-pop band. Its a description that I find worth bringing to your attention.

Неділя

I saw my Mum this morning. I hear that Pedro has been around wet paint. Haha, silly fellow. I expect a messenger is coming soon to pick this up. Remember to destroy these letters. The news and science articles can be kept though. I love you. I love you so much, despite even being seperated from you, I am still made happy, because I didn't think it was possible for me to love a woman, the way I do you. Its a long way off, but I am really looking forward to taking you out for dinner, dancing, smuggling, anything that puts us together again.



Твій чоловік

December Friday 13th

Hello,

kiss. Good night my love.

Your man

Грудень П'ЯТНИЦЯ Тринадцять

Привіт,

It's snowing! It has snowed a few times, here, now. But those were very light falls. Hours later, there would be no trace of snow ever having come. This snow fall is a proper one. The flakes are big and puffy. It's noon, and the sky is almost dark; filled with hither and thither dancing crystals, and covered with thick cloud. It's the kind of day I'd want to spend the morning snuggled with you, under warm blankets; the after-noon, bundled in a snow suit, running about with Pete, and the evening, making love to you, by a crackling fire. I certainly have enjoyed a charmed existence, and suffered a cursed one, all at once. It always balances out. I was striving for freedom, real freedom. It makes sense, that I would experience imprisonment along the way. How surreal, reality is.

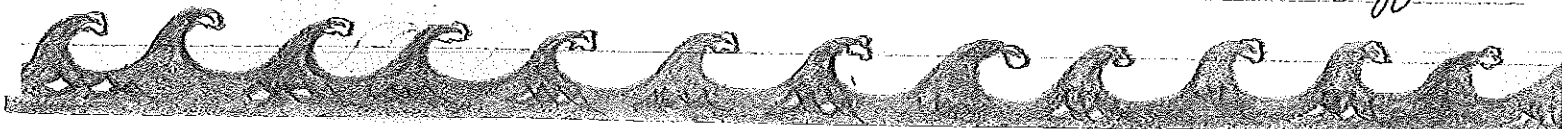
It's now night. In the glow of the not too far off street lamp, I can see that it is still lightly snowing. I've spent the day rereading science magazines, and choosing tearouts to send. I've only taken two short breaks; one for dinner, and one for some knuckle pushups. And, it's already past lights out. Time passes like the crest of a wave.

Every night, right before bed, I blow you a kiss. ДОБРАНИЧ МОЯ КОХАННЯ.

Твій Чоловік



13-5470 980 70



Saturday, December 14

Good day

What are your thoughts?

Your man

Субота, Грудень чотирнадцять

Добридень,

Once again, like every year, people are taking to the roads, without snow tires, and without winter driving skills. The result - I'm not getting any visits this week.

Are you doing any driver training these days? Under different circumstances, I'd take you to the farm, and you could beat the shit out of the Yukon.

What did you mean by - the more you love me, the more you hate me? Or was it - the more I open up with my emotions, the more you hate me? Please elaborate.

I've decided on my next career path. I'm going to be a photographer and journalist for National Geographic. I'm passionate about wild life and the environment. I've got photography and writing skills. I love adventure, exploration, history, and travel. I can pilot almost any vessel. I'm patient and competitive. I think it'd be a good fit! And, rather than gather a portfolio and ask for a job, I'll just go on the first expedition myself. I'll get the story and the photos, and then apply for the job, with a portfolio for sale, and ready for print.

Що твоя думка?

ТВІЙ ЧОЛОВІК



Monday, December 16

Good evening my love

Your man

Понеділок, Грудень шістнадцяті

Добрий вечір МОЯ КОХАННА!

My heart's racing. Its probably a combination of a quick workout, and rehearsing an opening address to a jury. The workout was four sets of twelve reps, knuckle pushups on Bibles, with one minute rest between. The Bibles add a greater range of motion. Followed by twelve, half way down, handstand pushups. I'm just beginning those, and can't yet do one all the way down and back up. Followed by twelve declined pushups, with my feet on the lower bunk and palms on the floor.

ТВІЙ ЧОЛОВІК



Wednesday, December 18th

20 or 20

Середа, Грудень Вісімнадцять

≡ No Love!

I've got an orthography question.
Which is written correctly?

Двадцять або Двадцять

Let me know!

Overtop of the sinks, which are next to the showers, there are polished pieces of steel that serve as mirrors. They're wobbly from people trying to smash them. Despite the wobbles, I can see that my shoulders and arms are looking damned sexy. The rest of me is incrementally improving too. The only thing I haven't maintained is cardio. Everytime I run on the spot I start thinking about running outside. Then I start wishing I were outside. It's demotivating. I'll get around to re-framing it in my mind. I haven't yet, because I keep quite busy. An entire week can go by without me once blankly staring at a wall. I read. I take notes. I write. I stretch. I exercise. I draw. I reflect. I eat. I sleep. I wash. I fish. The days are filled. Time does drag by though. Events, like a court appearance, that to me seem two or three months in the past, did in fact occur only a month ago. It feels like I've been in here a very long time. And, with so much time still left to go, I've got no excuse for not making some improvements to myself. Time for some sit ups! I love you!

Sunday, December 29th

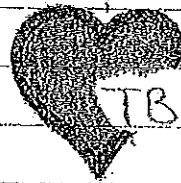
Your man

Неділя Грудень Двадцять Дев'ять

Hello Darling.

Christmas day (western) my Mum came to visit me. Its nice to see her. As uncomfortable as this seperation from you is, I take some comfort in that, it will actually aid in reuniting us. As nice as a prison visit would be, it is only twenty minutes, seperated by glass. Being denied that, is a small price to pay, towards ending this prison stay, and again holding and kissing you. I especially miss dancing with you. I feel like going dancing. The last time I heard music was in the patty wagon ride to the courthouse.

That was in November. Before that, it was again a patty wagon ride, I believe in September. I don't remember what songs were playing, i do remember thinking how desensalized civilization is to music. I remember thinking how much fun it would have been to be driving with a good song blasting. I think when I get out, so as to keep my sensitivty up, I am going to shut the radio off for those so-so songs, and only play the 'rock out' songs when its time to rockout. Hey, have you got your G license yet?



ТВІЙ ЧОЛОВІК

Thursday, January 2nd

Good day,

Sunday, January 5th

I miss you

Четвер Січень Другий

Добрый день,

Today I did my first hand stand on my knuckles. (Yes I am inspired by the 'Old Boy' movie). It was only for twelve seconds, against the wall, and then my knuckles began to sting, but a first nonetheless!

I'm working on a headstand to handstand push up. I can't do it yet, but I'm getting close. To work towards it, I begin in a handstand. Then, with as much control as I can muster, I lower into a headstand. I try to pause a moment, at half way down, and at a half inch from all the way down.

~~_____~~
Then, I kick down, stretch, and repeat.

Неділя Січень П'ятий

I can do a handstand pushup! I'll try again to be sure. - Yup! All the way down, and back up again. Fuck yea.

Я скучаю за тобою!

* destroy these letters *

Thursday, January 2nd

Your man

Січень Перший, Середа

Ello Darling,

My case made the front page in Hamilton, yet again. Unlike others, I actually gave an interview for this one. The reporter knew your name and who you are to me. The only question that I answered was that I love you. I also realized that you may not want your name in the paper. So, I asked him not to name you. The reason I gave was that we haven't been allowed communication, and so, I don't even know if you have a new relationship or not. Don't talk to any reporters; not at all, not yet. But maybe a time will come, when that changes, and so, whilst time is still plentiful, I think it would be prudent for us to prepare. I'll play the reporter, you write me your answers.

I predict that if there is a time for you to talk to a reporter, it will be after Pelema, either just before, or even during, trial

Reporter: So... who is he, what kind of person is he?

ТВІЙ ЧОЛОВІК



You think I'd be a wonderful father?

Aww, thank you! I don't blame you for uncertainty as to what kind of spouse I'd make, because you've never seen me in the role. I took Pedro as my adoptive son. So you had plenty of opportunity to watch me as a pseudo father. But I went to great lengths to avoid any spousal role, at least in the time you've known me. So obviously you would be uncertain. But I can tell you, with absolute certainty that, if I ever found a woman that deserves me, then I would make the best mate that the human race has to offer. I have nearly had children and been married more than once. But I have to date, done neither, because I take the responsibility of those things very seriously. I have been saving myself, for when the time and person is right. I have, in the past, rushed in, only to discover, a year down the road that that person was not right for me. I believe that my expectation of a coming family, drove those relationships on far longer than they should have lasted. I had come to doubt that there was such a person, as someone right for me. With you, with us, I did what I could to put all those expectations aside. It has been a dynamic that has come with its own set of challenges and stresses. But I was glad to be making new mistakes, rather than repeating old ones. Ironically, it's under these conditions that I came to realize that

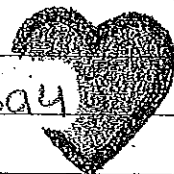
Your heater

we are right for each other.

As soon as I get out of prison, I would like to go back to making new mistakes with you. Haha ;)

It hasn't always been perfectly pleasant between us. But that would be boring and lifeless. When I index through my memories of us together, whether it was a U.S. road trip, a Toronto dance bar, sailing in wilderness, a hot couples' bath, or just watching a downloaded tv show, I am struck by how I didn't want to be anywhere else. I felt alive and satisfied. We weren't just good together, we were great together! And unlike every other couple I've ever met, I think we were growing happier with the passage of time. Even through times, in which we strained one another emotionally, I cherished and accepted you for you, and I believe you have me for me. You are a truly special woman. I believe we deserve each other. I deserve you, and you deserve me.

ТВІЙ ОБІГРІВАЧ



Friday, January 10th

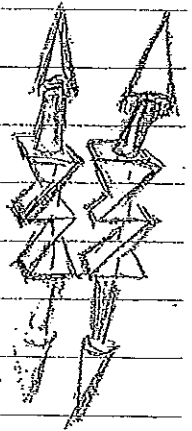
Good day beautiful!

Your man

П'ЯТНИЦЯ, СІЧЕНЬ ДЕЯТИЙ

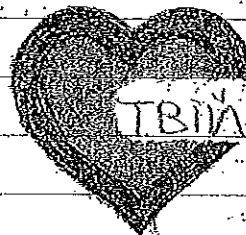
Добрий день Гарна!

As of late, I've been reading less, and doodling more. I'm working on house designs. In a renovation, one has to work with an existing structure. Creatively squeezing the most out of a defined space, is the challenge. I'm experienced, and good at it. But when designing from scratch, there is no defined space. It's a different kind of challenge. I started with exterior designs and sketches, and quickly realized that doing so might leave some of the interior compromised. So instead, I'm going to design the interior, and fit the exterior to it. Designing a huge dream home is actually quite a bit easier, than designing a small dream home. So, I'm trying to figure out the minimum space necessary; the most efficient design. That way, when it comes time to scout for build locations, I'll be much better prepared.



Are there any features you know that you would want in a house? I'd like to hear about them! After all, it is a house for us that I am designing.

The reverse is an example of some rough sketches for washroom floorplans.



ТВІЯ ЧОЛВІК

ENTRANCE → storage for clothing/shoes

ENTERTAINMENT → MOVIES internet?

OFFICES → hrs and hrs

LIVING/HOSTING → couches coffee table

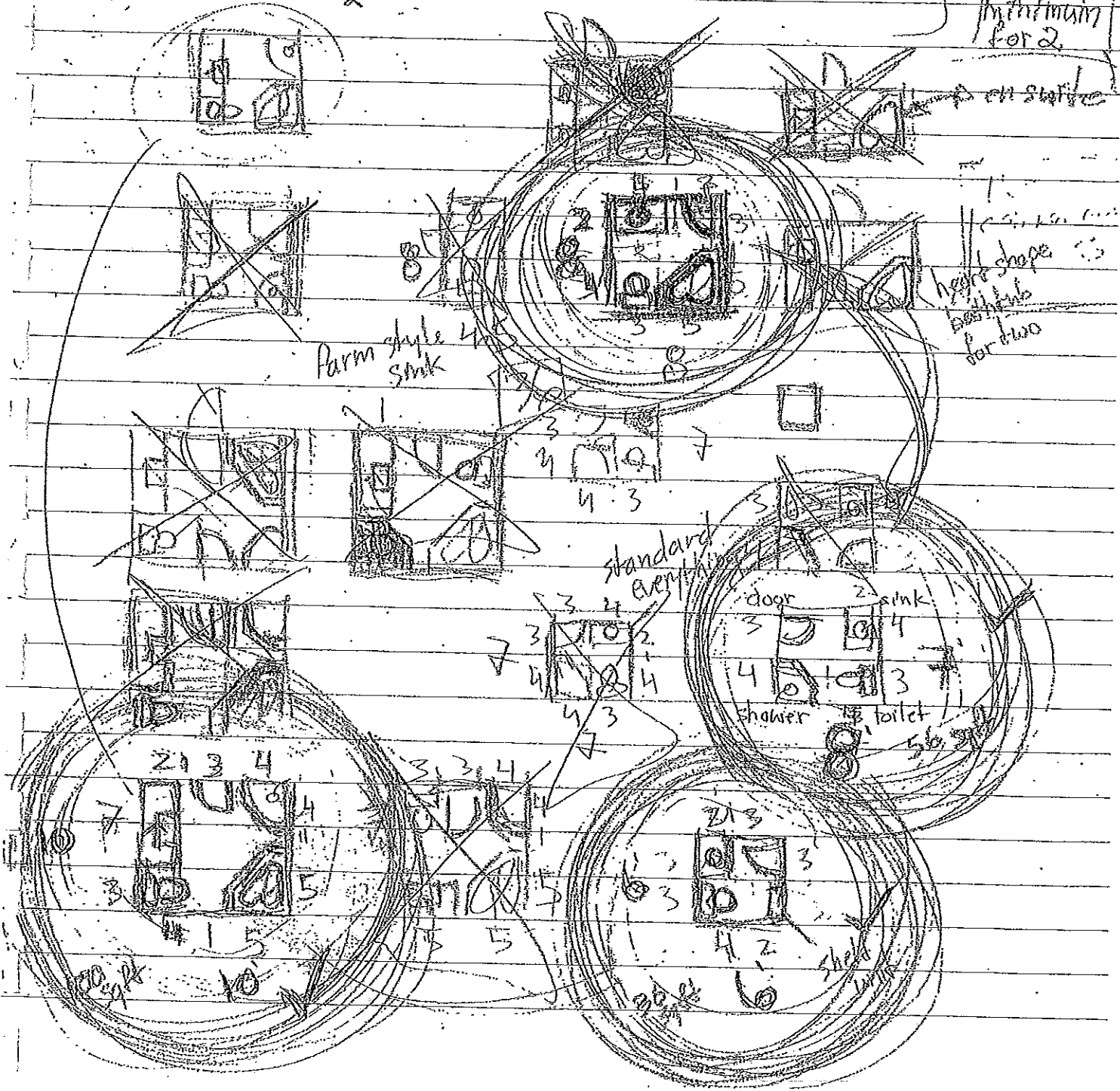
DINING → open concept shared counter w/ kitchen

KITCHEN → dual station baker/lecc

BEDROOM → separate bedroom?

WASHROOM

Pool
soft
minimum
for 2



* destroy this letter *

reread this page, commit it to memory, then

AGENT COYOTE

Kodiak holds a uniquely powerful position in court. He spoke to Itchy before and after I was arrested. The statements that Kodiak gave to police are conflicting. So, his credibility is lessened.

But I've read about many cases now, where people give six or seven conflicting statements to police, what matters is the statement given in court. What Kodiak has the power to say, about what Itchy said to him, could change everything. Maybe Itchy told Kodiak that 'I was not there' and not involved with what went down? That Itchy had gone with two of his 'boyz' and something bad happened? That when I found out, Itchy's boyz threatened violence

against Itchy's family and my family if either of us spoke a word about them. Itchy begged me to help him hide what had happened, and I tried to. When police arrested me, I could not help them in their investigation, because to do so would have endangered my mother, my property, and Itchy's family. This is also why I have not answered questions about the case for the media. And why my mother is selling my property and her house, so that there is nothing vulnerable. And why I have not attempted bail, on house arrest, I would be a sitting duck for the killers who would want to ensure I never talk. Maybe Itchy told this to Kodiak. Maybe Kodiak will tell the court. I need this kind of help to win this. Have you made contact with Kodiak? Will he help?

This actually does more to help Itchy than I feel he deserves

When it is that I found out is still uncertain. And, as for what happened with Itchy and his 'boyz' to result in a dead guy and a stolen truck, that is still uncertain too.

Maybe Itchy's boyz were somehow already involved with the dead guy, or his wife.

Maybe some fluke accident occurred.

Maybe Itchy knew that I was shopping for a truck, and knew that I was tired of supporting him, so he hatched a plan to steal a truck, and sell it to me for a reduced price, thereby ingratiating himself with me, at the same time as scoring some cash for himself. A perfect plan in Itchy's books. He enlisted two of his 'boyz', who had experience with car theft and armed robbery. Itchy thought he was setting up a pleasant surprise for me, that was going to pay off for him. But something went wrong.

Maybe we'll never be certain, but what is certain is that Itchy told Kodiak that I wasn't there. Right?

* destroy this letter *

Also of some importance is that Dell does NOT own a gun. Itchy has 'boyz' who are said to own guns. Their street names are Lyle and A-pock. Maybe it's the same 'boyz'. Itchy's street name is Soylo. Dell does not have a street name.

So far I've done what I can to separate you from this mess. But it is a very real possibility that you will be called as a witness at my trial.

[REDACTED]

EDITED PAGE

maplegate and watched some of games. For all of april Mark was with Dell almost every day. I would often pick you up from your house with Mark in the truck, we would go drop him off in Oakville and then go to maplegate to relax. By late april Dell was complaining more and more about Mark. He said that Mark was always smoking pot, and that Mark wasn't helping at all, and that Dell felt like his time was being wasted. Dell complained of how he had to always park around the corner from somewhere so Mark could go tagging. Dell told you he was going to cut Mark off soon. The first week of May, Dell told you he had the cash together, and that he was buying a diesel truck that week.

to be continued...

Re read this a couple times then DESTROY IT IMMEDIATELY

Write me back if you think any revisions are necessary?

Mardena were sitting on the swim bench. You and I were sitting on like dark whicker chairs. There were beers, joints, and vapo bags.

We went to the states a few times. Mark tried to come with us once, but he wasn't allowed to cross, and we were all turned back. It was supposed to be a day trip of shopping, a cinema night, and maybe we'd get a hotel to stay overnight. It was just something to do. Dell said, and you've observed, that every time Dell crosses the border he gets searched. He won't take a joint across, because he's sure it will be found.

Mark always had a small black back pack with him. He would pull spray paint cans from it and tag things. Driving along he would ask Dell to pull over. Mark would hop out, tag something quickly, and hop back in. It was a constant thing. It became a habit that Dell would park around the corner from wherever he was going, so that Mark could go tag, while Dell did whatever he needed to, like going to the bank, or grocery shopping.

Dell supported Mark financially. He would take him shopping at Costco and put everything on Dell's membership. When at maplegate, Mark would ask to buy songs on Dell's itunes, or even ask to use Dell's ebay account. Dell would yell over that it was ok. Apparently Mark had Dell's passwords. You heard and saw this while chilling at maplegate. Mark had access to everything in Dell's life. Dell

treated him like a brother; supported him, protected him.

In 2012 Dell had given Mark a job with Villodallomes. He didn't last two weeks. Then Mark worked by himself for Dell doing landscaping. During the winter he worked in the hoarder in Waterloo, refurbishing old machinery. Grinding away rust, and repainting. Dell would occasionally complain that Mark wasn't working nearly as much as he cost to support. But that Dell's goal was to make Mark self sufficient. Dell talked of the plan to produce a rap album with Mark. Dell would supply the equipment, and network with others to bring in musical talent. Mark would be the lyrical talent. It was Mark's dream. Dell thought it would be the way to finally make Mark self sufficient. Dell began collecting props for the music videos, and talking with musicians. In February Dell was complaining to you more about Mark. Mark wasn't putting in as much effort as he was before. Him and Marlana had taken up doing oxycotton. In March Dell told you he was fed up with Mark. That Mark was falling back into his old ways. He was drinking more, using oxy's regularly, and not doing any work. In March Mark told you that he didn't think Dell was ever going to get around to making the rap album. That he thought Dell was too busy with his grandfather's company. Mark told you that his sister had a place in Calgary, and that he was gonna move out there with Marlana, as soon as he could.

get enough money together to go. In early april you were in the yukon with Dell and Mark. You heard them talking. Mark was talking about whether he should stay to make the rap album, or go to Calgary where his sister could get him a job. Dell told him to get any job he could. Mark asked about the sound studio. Dell said it was on hold. Mark asked about all the music video props. Dell said he could use them in his own movie projects. Mark said he felt like he was being cut out. Dell said it was Mark's own fault, that he should spend more time working and less time drinking. When we got to Mark's house, Mark got out of the back seat and came to the driver's side window. It was just after dark. He said he would come every day with Dell to work to help him with his day. Dell said ok, but that Mark would have to quit doing oxy on days that they worked. Mark said he would. Dell didn't believe him, so Mark went inside and came back with a clear pill bottle three quarters full of orange oxy pills. Mark said here you can hold my stash to keep me honest. Mark took two out, saying they were for tonight, and handed Dell the bottle. Dell arched an eyebrow and said be awake for a ten a.m. pick up the next morning. We left. In the truck you asked me why I supported Mark so much. I told you that some people gave food to food banks, some people donated money to the homeless, and some people spend months in africa building houses; and that Mark was all three rolled into one for me. We went to

maplegate and watched some of Cronos. For all of april Mack was with Dell almost every day. I would often pick you up from your house with Mark in the truck, we would go drop him off in Oakville and then go to maplegate to relax. By late april Dell was complaining more and more about Mark. He said that Mark was always smoking pot, and that Mark wasn't helping at all, and that Dell felt like his time was being wasted. Dell complained of how he had to always park around the corner from somewhere so Mark could go tagging. Dell told you he was going to cut Mark off soon. The first week of May, Dell told you he had the cash together, and that he was buying a diesel truck that week.

to be continued...

Re read this a couple times then DESTROY IT IMMEDIATELY

Write me back if you think any revisions are necessary?

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Re read this a couple times then DESTROY IT IMMEDIATELY

Write me back if you think any revisions are necessary?

Hello Darling,

I've asked this a couple times already. So maybe as this message is going out, I am receiving an answer.

I need to know where you were at various times on May the 6th.

I need to know who you were with, and when.

And I need detail. Especially from 5pm May 6th to 5am morning of May 7th.

I currently imagine that you went to York that evening. How did you get there? What classes did you take? What was the last class of the evening? What friends were in that class? What time did it end? Where did you go next? Did anyone you know go with you?

I imagine you went home. Is this correct?

Did you take the ttc? Did anyone you know go with you? What time did you get home?

Who was home? What did you do at home?

Did you eat dinner at home? Did you go out with friends that night? What time

did you leave home? Who did you meet up with? And at what time? I imagine

you saw Karoline? Is this correct? What

time did you get to Karoline's? What route had you taken there? Where did the two

of you go? What did you do? What time did you get home? Was anyone awake? Who?

What? Where? When? Who? What? Where? When?

Time is moving along. I need the details
love. I need the details.

I also need your phone bill.

- ТВИЙ ЧОЛОВІК

Destroy these
letters.

But you can
keep this card.
Keep it hidden,
and should

anyone see it,
it is from 2012.

Anyone includes
close friends and
family.

I love you.

I miss you.

P.S. a gift for a
girl drinking
fine red, alone...

Hello my darling,
I am studying hard here in Reno. Every day I learn
something new. Even though the course has just begun,
it feels like ages we've been apart. I miss you
terribly and dream every day of when we will be
reunited.

10 11 : 6

- Ellen Millard

The enclosed letter was written
expressly, in such a way, so that
you would be able to take it
home with you, and keep it.

- all my love -

- ditch the envelope -

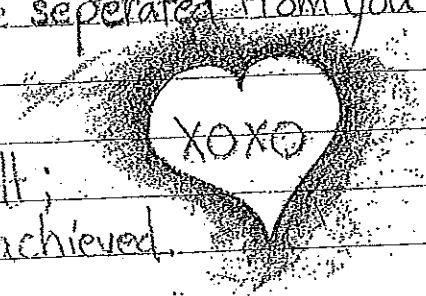
1008200

... use some dirty pictures of you. I
receive your envelopes sealed so no worries there.
I can hardly wait for the day we again frolic
naked together. I miss you so much! Write me!

- a Prince of Thieves

~~...motivation by~~
here: I am earning my discipline tattoo. I will
return to you more knowledgeable and capable.
I hope to never again be separated from you for
so long.

With discomfort defeat is felt;
With discomfort victory is achieved.



XOXO

≡llo love

It's a damp and overcast day. I got 'yard', which is fresh air in an eight-by-eight cage. Just walking down the corridor to get there, is a therapeutic change of scenery. As I pass the officers' room, I see staff sergeant Sue in there. I smile and call out a friendly, 'Hi Sue!' She looks up, smiles, and calls a hello back. Many guards have warmed up to me. It took months for that to happen.

[REDACTED] Where I am now, is a detention center. It's for prisoners that have court dates close at hand. Because of the good will I've fostered with the guards, I don't want to be moved, and have to start all over again. If I need something, like a pencil, a blanket, an extra meal, all I have to do is ask. It wasn't like that when I first came in. So to keep me here, my lawyer is scheduling court dates every month. Nifty solution.

I'm eagerly awaiting the next round of so that I can get you important updates on what the is going, and on what needs doing. I was thinking that new years parties might be a good opportunity to speak with Kodiak and/or Snoff. Maybe an untraceable protocol could be set up, for future contact. Or at least discover if they will, or will not, help. Either way, the prosecution will surely subpoena them both. And of course, everything is on a need to know basis. They don't need to know anything about our contact.

Your man

It's snowing! I feel ready for another day of getting beat up snowboarding. The steep learning curve, physical punishment, and losing my phone, brought out some primal frustration. But afterwards I was really glad I went. I was looking forward to going this year I would still suck, and get pissed off, but less so. And I planned to set up some other entertainment for the evening. Cause those bars are rubbish. We could have rented a cabin on the lake, brought Peds, built a fire, wine, a couple select friends, and have a good time waiting right as we came off the mountain. Sigh...

I'm so far from anything resembling contentment. There's a hunger building in me. A hunger for pleasure, a hunger for adventure, and a hunger for life.

It's the eightieth anniversary of the Holodomor. I'm thankful that your ancestors survived, and gave me the opportunity to enjoy you.

Ain't dinner's here. It's bangers and mash; how English. Usually the sausage is dried out, but they got them right tonight.

I miss you my love. I am not resigned to waiting two years to be reunited with you. If that must be, so be it. But I am searching for another way.



ТВІЙ ЧОЛОВІК

Good evening

...that fine without effort? How are things?

Your man

Добрий вечір,

Making headway in the splits is difficult. No matter how much progress I make in one day, the next day, seems like starting all over.

Other exercises are coming along. Tiny bit, by tiny bit, each week, my body gets stronger and firmer.

Harley Quinn looked in slim and trim form. Are you doing anything to workout? Or are you that fine without effort? Як справи?

ТВІЙ ЧОЛОВІК



I want you

Wow. I ordered two chocolate bars for the week. I just ate them both. Haha, time to do some pushups.

I've got a table of clements, but I don't know what most of the two letter abbreviations stand for. I'd like to learn them as a memory name. Think you could find me a printout of the full names?

How much exactly, is in the mouse envelope?

Oh! and the lyrics to that song, 'welcome to the jungle, we got fun and games', by... uh... Guns and Roses?

Я хочу тебе