

Ms. Abby Wray,

Yes, I know that it has been almost a full 50 years since that horrendous day of tragedy. You are not the only one who has wanted to get me to talk about what happened back then. As I have been a Ward of the State now for these 50 years, I feel that I should go ahead and give a one time only account of what has lead up to and what has occurred since that day.

Born 6-22-57, I was only 2 weeks old when I got whooping cough which also caused some brain damage. Back then very few babies would be survivors of that. Then at about 4 or 5 my little sister died from an accident with her crib. I was too young to understand at that time. When I was 8 my Uncle Tim raped me over night and I never saw anything done about it. Now that was a trip. At that time my brother and I got very close. He was  $3\frac{1}{2}$  years older than me and I looked up to him very much. When I was 13 he died after he had been hit in the head in some way that we never got an accurate account of just what had happened. Now that really messed me up. I had already recieved mental health counseling during those years and I, at that time in my life, and for years afterwards, would hold in all negative feelings which would then build up to some explosive like action. But even with this going on I would never try to hurt anyone with one exception. During my years from 8 to 12 me and my older sister would get into actual fights. Other than her back then, I have never hurt anyone intentionally. And I to this day will not intentionally hurt anyone. After my brother died I retreated into an emotional shell which kept me as an outsider all through high school. Along towards the end of school as I tried to enter the work force I kept running into problems. Every time I got a job something would happen and I would lose that job. In '76 early I came up to Wichita to live with some friends of the family and try out the work force there. I was suppose to be going to work at this heart Treatment place but just as I got moved I was told that I had to wait so I looked around



(2)

and got a job at Boeing. After a couple of weeks I was informed that other job was open to me now so I gave notice I was changing jobs. But on my last day I ~~was~~ put on wait again and it was too late to stop the process of leaving so I was out of two jobs at the same time. I then got a job at one of the hospitals as an X-ray assistant. A couple of weeks into that I ended up breaking my ankle so I lost that job. Once I was healed I finally got the job I was after. All was going fine till the night before the horrendous day when my face and eyes were hit by a fire flash at work and all I could think of was here we go again. My one way of handling things over the last few years had been to go out to the woods and target practice to relieve tension. For shooting was one of the only things that I did well. That is just what I was trying to do when I somehow ended up downtown instead. Nobody believes me but I truthfully had no intent to harm anyone. I fully believe to this day that some of the chemicals at my job site messed with my mind. After I was imprisoned I have had some more mental health counselling and learned that I am not to hold the feelings in like I used to. Over the years I have faced basically the same mess that all of us locked up face, I have seen 5 Parole Boards so far and I have been passed the max every time. I am completely honest with them every time I see them and when I see them and when I see them next year, when 51 years have passed, I will still be totally honest with them. That is all I can do as it is my nature and the way I was raised to be. I have no control over what the Parole Board Members will choose to believe or think. All I can do is be who I am. I do know that it is getting to be expensive to keep me as a ward of the state. In the last 10 years alone there has been at least one million spent to keep me alive. For two times now they

(3)

have brought me back from almost dying. The last time from a heart attack. I sort of look at it as I am on my fourth life if I go all the way back to when I was a baby that makes it three times I was suppose to die but didn't. Anyway thats how things are with me. Do as you will with this but this is all I am willing to say to anyone of the press or anything else of the same like. As I state to everyone, May God Bless and Keep You Always.

Michael R. Soles  
#30297 JH #2000003187  
Winfield, Kansas  
Winfield Correctional Facility

Michael R. Belles  
#30297 ~~DP~~ 42900003187  
Winfield Correctional Facility  
1806 Pinecrest Circle  
Winfield, KS 67156

WICHITA KS 670

5 MAY 2026 AM 3 L

Abby Wray  
Lake ABC  
1500 N. West Street  
Winfield, KS 67156

**NOTICE:** This correspondence was mailed from  
an institution operated by the Kansas Department of  
Corrections. Its contents are uncensored.