

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 hardenning 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 separated 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.

Hi Princess,

Aug 3th

Well... I just lost my snarler criticisms, for having 'attitude'. At least that's how this new guard puts it. It would ofcourse 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 humoured. 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 going to end up!' 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.

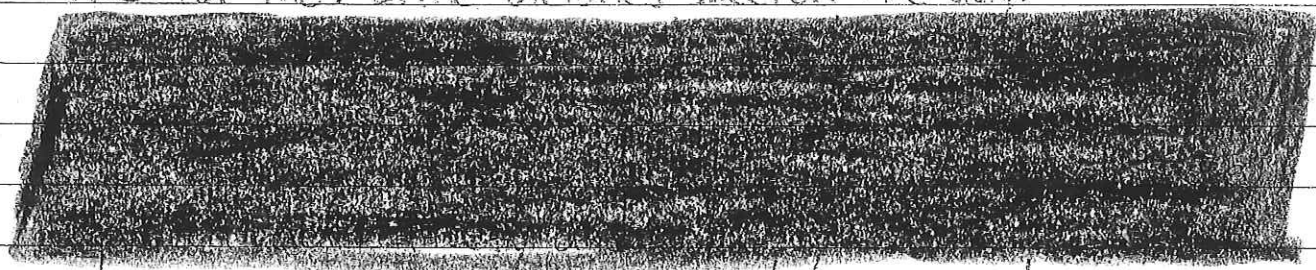
They are six regular guards, dressed in layer upon layer of riot gear. They even have enclosed helmets with voice boxes. Faggot Darth Vader wanna be's these guys don't get all dressed up for anything less than blood!

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 a 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 equal 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!

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 a.rid, means, 'my heart wide'.

p.s.

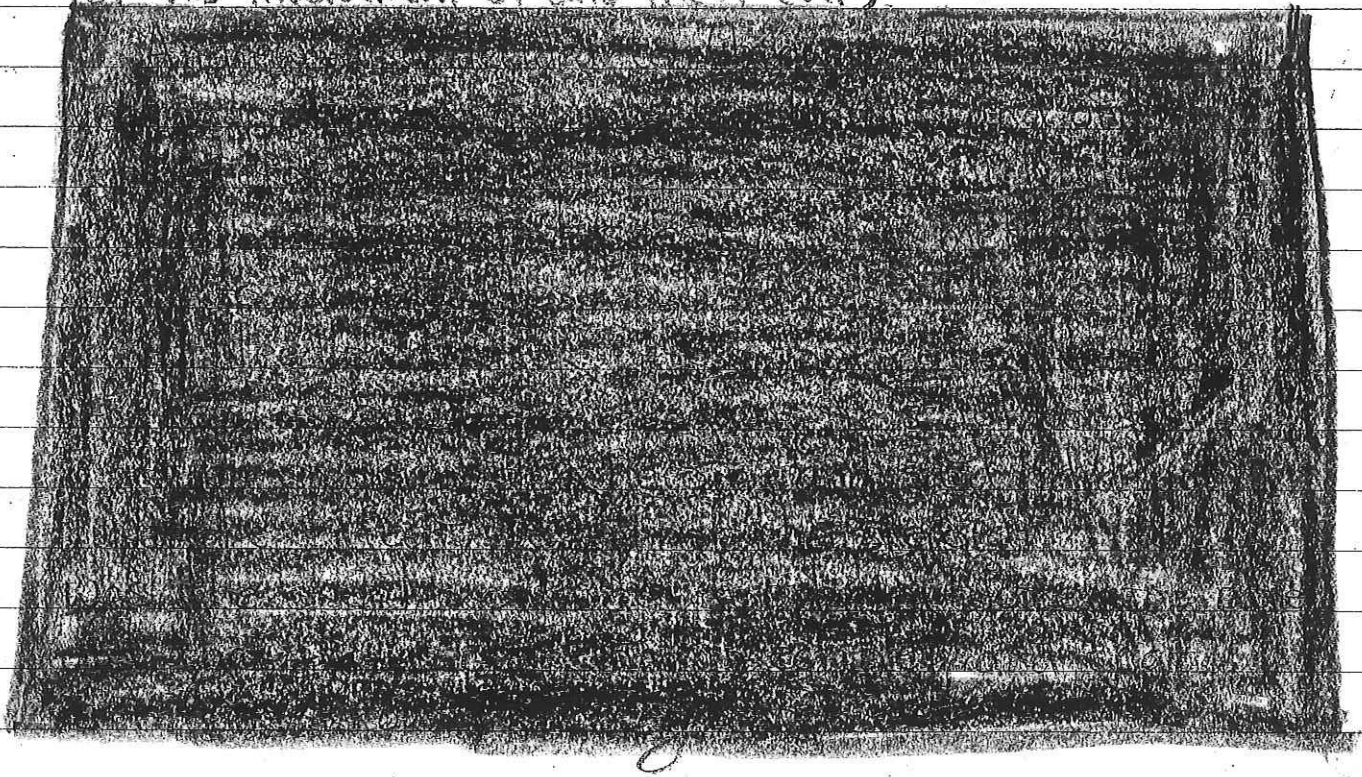
Even as a prisoner I could make a better husband and father than most free men.

حبیب -

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 letter to destroy, these are they. Re read them. Take the contact info. Destroy them now.

My mum'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

C

So, are you my secret agent?
* careful what you wish for;) *

- * Buy, never steal.
- + Coached by police. Best not to remember which officer.
- + Just wanted to go home.
- + Swore to himself, to make it right at court.

Remember, his, and your, cell phones are
top of the bug list.
and... People talk.

Write me your answer.

Four months to Twenty months, if convicted
of witness tampering.

Torture and death for secret agents caught in
foreign lands.

If Andrew agrees to help, I suggest he retains
this lawyer: Christopher Tarach [REDACTED]
Chris can prepare him to be cross examined on
the witness stand. Chris is a Mississauga,
Polish lawyer. Of course I, or you, did not give
this contact info. for Chris. Nor has Andrew
ever spoken about this with you. Chris already
knows my case. He will probably take Andrew
for free. If need be. Moose could donate 1000.00
(warn him not to use his bugged phone)

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 ObiwanRwbikinks, you're my only hope.



DESTROY
THIS LETTER
NOW
!!!!!!