

December 5, 2014
4:34 A.M.

"The only remedy to resistance is persistence"
— Jon-Adrian Velazquez

Dear Dan:

It is with great regret that I must sit here at this lonely hour and inform you that "justice" has no place in my life. It seems as if "freedom" may not be on an immediate horizon for me, and that "hope" is just a cruel joke!

For some odd reason, all the love in my heart, and all the energy I project toward the universe is being rejected. Obviously there is a higher power determined to drive me toward a heightened breaking point as a test of strength and faith. Sadly enough, I was built to withstand all this pain and more — but I'm tired of playing this despicable game with our heartless judicial system.

I am not "simply" innocent... I AM "CLEARLY" INNOCENT! Everyone knows this.

For reasons I will never understand, I've been placed under a tremendous amount of misery knowingly and intentionally. My arrest was not a mistake. Police and prosecutors are trained to recognize patterns of inconsistency, and the inconsistencies in this case are obvious. Thus, my arrest and conviction are the result of Pitre and Hurley's blatant disregard for the value of human lives... and in this case... particularly mine.

At this point, I'm unsure if my thoughts are carrying any substance, or even if I am expressing myself coherently, but I am overly distressed by the judge's decision to deny me a hearing.

I'm writing this letter, suffocating in this tiny cell cage, bruised and battered by a horrendous decision to overlook such a terrible travesty. I want to scream so loud, but it won't make sense because I'm not being heard.

What's worse is that I am a Forgotten Voice! I guess there won't be any "Chimes of Freedom" for me any time soon.

The craziest part of it all is that I may have to die before anyone really cares about what is actually happening. People come together and rally hard for the dead, but no one wants to take a stand for the living... what sense does that make? Do I have to jump off a prison tier with a noose around my neck to get people to realize that wrongful convictions are a "slow death."

Wrongful convictions are a slow torturous process. It would be so much simpler to be choked out and die at the hands of a cop than to spend the rest of your life in hell based on the malicious acts of a cop. Would society rather me split my chest with a scalpel and dissect my soul to bear the brunt of my reality? Tell me Dan, what is it going to take?

Do you have any idea how devastating this news is going to be for my mother and children? I have to hold all this shit in and be strong for them. Why? Why must we go through this? Because a particular brand of people, who were sworn to protect

us, have violated their oaths and can potentially dishearten society by the revelation? How long will the citizens of our country allow this charade to continue? How long will the media allow the facade of justice to prevail when the reality of this concept is intangible?

The theme of our nation's constitution revolved around "checks & balances," but we are not enforcing the power of the people, and it is such a saddening experience. Sometimes I feel like I can really write forever, but this pen can be dangerous, so I'm going to bring this letter to a close.

For some reason, your phone was not allowing my calls last night. You may have to call the company. I don't want to begin assuming any conspiratorial theories. In the meantime, you know where I'm at. I really miss our personal time, but I've been a sacrificial lamb my entire life.