

Home
Address - — Jonathan Taylor
PO Box 870
But it looks like Tom Stuck
Matt Apolise II, M.A.
02739
here indefinitely, August 6, 1993

AL —

How's it going for you? Has reality set in yet? I hope it has. I'm really glad that they gave you that break. It won't be long now that you will be completely vindicated. Free to do as you please. I'm including you in my prayers for the innocent.

I moved into your cot. Right now I'm sitting on it looking out the window, listening to your headphones. I can't thank you enough for these babies. They have a real intoxicating effect on me. It kind of sucks not having you around anymore. It was good to open up to someone and talk about my case. Now I'm left with no one again so I'm left missing it.

Nothing new on the case. There still hasn't been any indictment. My lawyer said he didn't want to get my hopes up and he was kind of superstitious about these things. But he told me that the state is having a really difficult time proving this case they're creating against me.

I said "That's not surprising, seeing I haven't done anything!" But only time will tell. Yesterday my lawyer said there was a chance that the grand jury was hearing my case and he was trying to find out. I haven't heard anything, so I guess it's just more of the waiting game. I'm calling before this letter is finished, so maybe there'll be more news, but I doubt it.

It would be nice to think that this bullshit will be dropped at these early stages. If they're having the slightest bit of trouble proving they're ridiculous accusations to a grand jury then I think they better just hang it up and spare me the rest of the roller coaster ride. You know! Fucking retards. I've really grown to despise these so called horses for truth and justice. That's a laugh. They're horses for corruption and their game is politics.

(*)

The crew is getting ready to go to the gym. It's the same crowd. Nothing much has changed. I'm still here unfortunately. I still can't believe that I'm serving a sentence on these bogus charges. It's such a fucked up system.

The music you left me at times gets me dwelling on the past. That's good, however painful it may be. I feel as though there's something that I've overlooked, some answer to all of this out there in the back of my mind. It's probably wishful thinking but if it helps me make it through another day then I have to go with it.

Excuse the sloppy writing. I'm kind of out of practice. I hope it isn't too illegible.

I can't seem to bring myself to calling you. I do that with everyone who tells me to call them collect. I hate doing it and usually don't. About your head phones. They have your name and number on them so I don't think I can take them out of here if I leave. I think that I can leave them with properly and you could pick them up. If not, I'll buy you a new set, much nicer. I'm gonna go for now. Keep in touch, and remember I'm pulling for you my friend. Don't let them get to you no matter how many big cannons they have when they come gunning for you. You're an innocent man and a jury will see that!

Your friend,
Jonathan

We've got a pact! I'll see you in the clear, on the street!