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The prison offered me an opportunity for restoration of lost good time credits if I wrote a 1000 word essay explaining why credits should be restored. I wrote the following:

Having spent over forty (40) years in prison for participating in the incomprehensible heinous violent crimes I committed and am convicted. I am ashamed and I am sorry. Due to these horrendous senseless crimes, coalesced with my atrocious behavior in prison, it makes a clear, decisive and stalwart case against restoring any good time credits, as I deserve nothing favorable in this lifetime.

It took a long time to become effectively apprised of the basic nuances of life as stupidity dominated my world of abuse, abandonment and rejection. Blaming everyone, but myself, for ruining my life, and having to spend the rest of my living days in the warehouse of human failures and despondency. With unchecked anger, disgust and outrage toward myself, I destroyed and ruined many families, including my own, by eruptions of uncontrolled senseless acts of mounting frustrations.

I am not angry, nor bitter, anymore. Accepting full responsibility for being in prison, it was the personal choices I made. I did not make bad choices. I made terrible, despicable choices. When the moment of crisis was upon me, I failed to act with clarity of mind, so I am doomed by the consumption of the cowardly deeds and the accompanying consequences of my criminal actions. I do not deserve restoration of good time since the balance of bad acts substantially outweigh any good I could ever do. Nor have I ever been truly good. I must try harder and be better than just good, and cease disappointing those around me and those who support me. I have a driving desire to make an affirmative difference in the lives I touch, whether it be in a passing conversation, a smile to a lost struggling stranger, or a simple gesture of kindness. Becoming a stalwart, focused and disciplined pillar on the community in which I live. Now knowing personal social interactions have the ability to effectively change a person's day, which may ripple effect into their life. It could be the difference between their success and failure. I am a viable member of a societal community with the wherewithal to make a an authentic contribution to my environment by the manner in which I conduct myself in the face of negative adversity.

For most of my life, I was stuck in a dark place within my soul where difficulty in reconciling the realization of self-destruction, with the anticipation of death in prison, due to the burgeoning weight of the unforgivable loss of the hope for freedom. Confusion of being the primary impetus of my own self-castigation caused me to intentionally lash out with onerous and abusive punishment toward everyone within my vicinity. By making others suffer, I wrongly believed I could disavow what I had done to myself, to my life, to my family, to those innocent victims of my convictions and their families. The burden of living this continuous nightmare was overwhelming for one insignificant immature individual to manage as the tentacles of darkness slowly inveigled itself into any redeeming qualities that might have existed within the depths of my being. I was drowning in the miasma of intrinsic desolation, alone and lonely. Isolated, for self-preservation, from the truth of the obvious destruction of everyone and everything I touched, including myself. In reality I was only running from myself, and was getting nowhere fast.

Lonely and afraid with no future, no hope, nor any expectations, I knew I could not survive. No one could survive the bleak circumstances of my self-created situation of torment and corruption. In my acting out, it appeared I sought a level of death to eradicate the pain of my soul, but my self-loathing was so strong that suffering was my only welcome station in life. I could not die as I was born to suffer, and suffer I have, and still do.

Weak, foolish, and cavalier in my approach to life, I viewed prison as merely an extension of my petty dismal criminal life-style. I believed in a false bill of goods of belonging to a creed, to a slogan, to a non-existent code. Honor, truth and ruthlessness were the punchlines for pseudo-bravado on the big yard to boost my illegitimate credibility of situational ethics in the quagmire of the prison hierarchy. I needed to believe in something, anything, as I didn't believe in myself. A drowning human being reaching aimlessly for a momentary reprieve that never comes, gasping for a breath of fresh air where only putrid suffocation is allotted for consumption.

I was a lost soul adrift in the cesspool of humanity seeking sustenance and direction, but only finding cataclysmic chaos as the only genuine chance to thrive. With a professional eye at exploitation, I squandered every opportunity afforded to me for personal selfish maximization. All that is apparent, as I reflect on my history, is an endless wasteland of the remnants of individuals and families resulting from my egregious destructive behavior in the wake of my mean, evil and senseless disposition.

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After many years of undeserved sadistic isolation, cruel abuse and relentless rejections, it is patently obvious that my futile existence roams incongruously in the gloomy shadows of societal banishment while striving to exist in the virulent community of the downtrodden, broken and oppressed. In the twilight years of my life, after being judged as uncivilized by those who claim perfection, my only inconsequential goal is to use the wisdom of my many failures to make a visceral difference in the life of an individual who is lost, forgotten or abandoned.

With a small opportunity of for success in this tainted environment, I harness the irrevocable pain of my vanquished soul to channel it toward an emphatic purpose to begin the healing process for the disenfranchised, the recalcitrant and the obstreperous. Let them be cut from a different fabric so they don't have to endure a lifetime of harsh, meaningless, ignominious defeats such as mine.

I am sorry, but I have no valid argument to support the restoration of good time credits. Nonetheless, in keeping with the spirit of truth, I only have ambiguous sophistry to offer, and such is worthless.

Grace, Mercy and Peace.

Scott