

INSIDE OUT

A JOURNAL OF INCARCERATED THOUGHT

Becoming Better

By Francisco Barnett

“Most hatred is based on fear, one way or another. Yeah. I wrapped myself in anger, with a dash of hate, and at the bottom of it all was an icy center of pure terror.”

-Laurell K. Hamilton

Coming to jail for the first time is terrifying because you are around a whole bunch of people you don't know. You hate the fact that you're away from your family for however long you sit, waiting to be released. Your family might leave or die while you sit inside of jail. Birthdays pass and time waits for no man.

I hate the fact that you are liable to get hurt any time in jail because nobody is your friend. If you're in a gang in jail, it's way worse for you, because you have a lot of opps, which

is other gang members.

When people come to jail, you would think that they would never come back, but they do.

Not every person that comes to jail really did what they are charged for, but the police don't care. The judges don't care because they never been locked up, so they don't know how it feels to be away from your family and to have to get your family to come visit you in jail.

Becoming a gang member is not the way. It just gets you dead or in jail. Trust me.

If everybody got locked up one time—and had to spend a year away from their family, to see what jail and prison are really like—they

would not be sending so many people to jail or prison.

I've learned my lesson. I don't want to be told what to do all the time, and I hate that my freedom was taken away for helping my family member.

I want a lot of things in my life, and the only way I am going to get them is being free and working hard.

I wish I could say something to every little kid, so they will not come to jail and

will live a good life. This place is not for humans. It's for zoo life. Animals.

Becoming a gang member is not the way. It just gets you dead or in jail. Trust me. Know I am trying to change my life to better myself—and help others follow in my footsteps. ■

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“Fear is the main source of superstition, and one of the main sources of cruelty. To conquer fear is the beginning of wisdom.”

-Bertrand Russell

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F*ck Fear

By Touch

What really can I say, when people put on an image to act like nothing fears them, but inside they're scared to death?

Why put on an image when you can be yourself? Why can't you tell a person you're scared, because they going to look at you differently?

How I see it, from my point of view: in jail, you really know the definition of fear. How someone can tell you to do something, knowing you don't want to do it, but you do it anyway, fronting like you big wheel.

But knowing in your heart, fear did it.

I think fear is the most emotional word to deal with. In the street, a guy might see a girl but fear she going to reject him, not knowing if she feels the same way. Fear is a tricky word, that's why we have to understand its meaning.

Fear can make or break you. Fear could get you 25 to life. Fear could encourage you to push yourself to want to live how a rich person lives. Why can't I live like that? Because I'm scared, thinking I'm too stupid to be around people that got money.

No. Who are you to judge me? You know who's really judging me? It's me, but I'm scared to get myself out of that phase.

Then again, life is fear because we don't know what can happen the next day and the next year.

Continued on page 2.

F*ck Fear *Continued*

Why do we live with fear? Is it because we don't really know ourselves? All we're really trying to do is impress the next person because we scared that person don't like us.

No disrespect, fuck fear. Fear is only a word that we let take over us.

How can a person say you scared because you don't want to fight? How can a person say you scared to go to court and get sentenced to life? How can a person say you scared for standing up for rights?

Once people start putting their fear to the side, this world won't be bad. People kill out of fear. We cut each other out of fear, because we think the next person going to do it first, when that person is scared to even do it.

We judge the next person off fear, that's why I never judge a book by its cover.

How can a person say you scared because you don't want to fight? How can a person say you scared to go to court and get sentenced to life?

When you look at them, you put that image of what you think they are, but 9 times out of 10, it's the opposite of what you think.

I think fear is like a disease you can't cure, but I ain't going to say that, because you face your fear every day.

I think God put people in phases in life, to see if you can handle your fear. If we can just get over fear and stop doing things out of fear, it won't be no fear.

Fear is what you make it, so why not stop it? ■

INSIDE OUT ISSUE #4: FEAR

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Becoming Better by Francisco Barnett.....Cover

*F*ck Fear* by Touch.....Page 1

What I'm Doing in Prison by Jose Soto.....Page 3

Find Her Pt. 3 by Cesar Rivera.....Page 4

Revenge Pt. 2 by Daunte Gonzalez.....Page 5

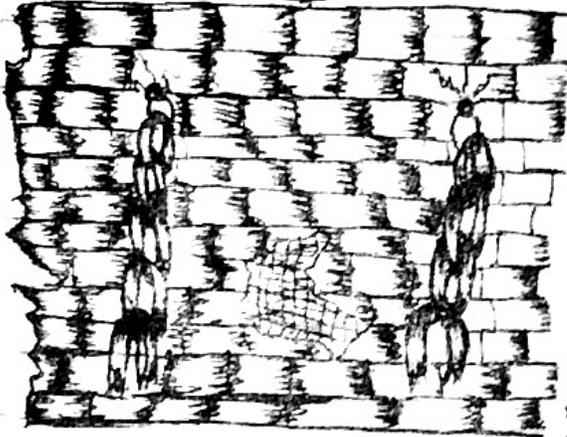
My Fear by Manny tha Mack.....Page 6

Dear Fear by Stack Bandz.....Page 6

Quotations by Slice Billy.....Page 7

Some Kid by Anthony PatinoPage 7

Hoy = El mañana, no es prometido para nadie



Prisioneros de Esperanza

That he looked down from ~~the~~ the heaven, his holy height from ~~heaven~~ heaven th the the lord looked at the earth, to hear the groans of the prisoners & set free those who were doomed to die. Psalms. 102:19-20.

What I'm doing in prison

When I think about what I'm doing in prison, my mind tries to avoid the answer, It almost puts me in a state of depression, but I have to accept that I'm in jail.

There is nothing to do, But how can I get out of this damn cell ? I can't do that playing cards. playing dominoes ? It doesn't help either, not even wasting my time on vain things, Nothing can take awa

y-my feeling of purposelessness, I have to clarify my thoughts and change my attitudes from negative & to positive and become an optimist. OK. that's it! I'm goin to seek the program that will guide me in

the right direction, No more negative people or those who waste their time, because I want to be with my family at home.

It's the only way to get out of ~~prison~~ prison and never come back again. Dont just SAY IT DO IT.!!!

BY. JOSE SOTO

Find Her Pt. 3

By Cesar Rivera

Deon read the message at the same time his phone went off. A FaceTime request.

“Nigga you got my money?” Rah grilled.

“Yeah,. I’m going to get the rest now.”

“You know this isn’t about the money.”

“If you touch my lady.”

“Nigga you in no position to make idle-ass threats. I told you, this time it is different.”

“If I touch your lady, what?” Rah sneered, stepping closer to Melissa.

Deon held his tongue, not wanting to provoke an assault on his soulmate. “Please. This is between me and you. I will have your money. I just need to go pick it up— what are you doing?” Deon shouted, watching Rah grab a fistful of Melissa’s hair.

“If you play with me, she is dead!” Rah pulled her hair back for emphasis.

Deon watched helplessly as the tears flowed like a waterfall from Melissa’s eyes. Then Rah’s face consumed the screen again.

“You got one hour. In the Bronx on 166th Street and Findlay Avenue, there is a green dumpster. In front of that dump-

ster is a gold Toyota Camry. The trunk is open. Put the money inside the trunk. Then leave. Leave! Do not play with me.” Rah abruptly end-

ed the connection. “If I touch your lady, what?” Rah sneered, stepping closer to Melissa.

“Grab that duffel bag out of the closet.” Deon motioned to Slice, then moved to his bedroom to retrieve the stash he would forfeit for Melissa.

“It’s going to be alright Deon.” Jazmin spoke softly over his shoulder.

Deon looked back over his shoulder with three sneaker boxes in tow. “I hope so.” Dumping the contents of each sneaker box onto his bed, stacks of rubber-banded money fell out. Slice entered the room and together they quickly transferred the money from bed-top to duffel bag.

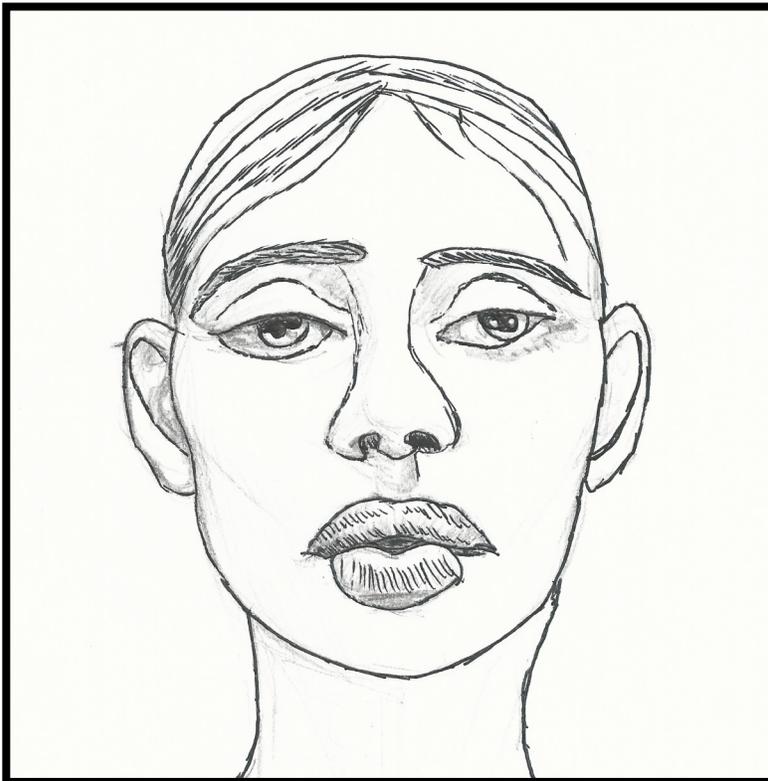
Jazmin’s phone chimed, causing a

chill to run through Deon. Both Slice and Deon looked at her.

“It’s her pops. He’s downstairs,” she answered their looks.

“Let’s go.” Deon grabbed his Draco out the duffel bag and cocked a round into the gun’s chamber.

To be continued.



■

Revenge Pt. 2

By Daunte Gonzalez

Storm caught an attitude and snapped at Peaches. "Don't you know how to knock when you see a door closed?" Storm asked.

Peaches responded, "I shouldn't have to knock in my house and you better watch how you talk to me."

Storm replied, "This ain't your fucking house, this is my uncle's house, and you're just the bitch he's fucking."

Peaches then slapped Storm and left the room. Storm heard her mumbling and calling Storm an ungrateful bitch. A couple moments later, Peaches came out the laundry room, which is a couple doors down from Storm's room.

Storm stood in the doorway of her room watching Peaches carrying laundry. As Peaches headed towards the steps, Storm realized her moment for revenge had presented itself.

Peaches walked by the staircase towards her and Paul's room when she felt herself being pushed down the stairs. As she fell down the stairs, she reached out to grab something

to keep her balance, but she continued to fall. Peaches felt like everything was happening in slow motion.

The last thing Peaches saw when she fell was Storm at the top of the steps, looking down at her with a sinister smile on her face.

That's the last thing Peaches saw before she hit the last step and everything went blank. Storm stood at the top of the steps, staring at Peaches' dead body and her broken neck. Her sister Tonya then ran to the phone and told her uncle what happened. Paul called the police and headed home.

While Uncle Paul and the cops headed to the house, Storm had no idea that Tonya had made that call to her uncle and told him what she saw. Storm

sat in her room, thinking she got away with murder.

As Uncle Paul pulled into the driveway, the police arrived. They entered the house quietly. Storm was in her room listening to music while the cops walked to Storm's room after hearing Tonya's story.

They burst into her room and before Storm realized what was happening, she was in cuffs in the back of a squad car.

As she goes through the booking process, Storm gets a new urge for revenge towards her uncle. At the same time, she feels hurt because of her sister telling on her.

But then again, she's not really mad because her sister is still young. As the process goes along, she gets a life sentence. She then realizes her urge for revenge turned her into the wrong person. ■

Storm had no idea that

Tonya had made that call to her uncle and told him what she saw.

As Peaches headed towards the steps, Storm realized her moment for revenge had presented itself.

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My Fear

By Manny tha Mack

The fear of losing a loved one and the fear of gaining a newborn child. Good fear and bad fear are inside both life and death. I fear living fast and dying young. I also fear spending the rest of my life in jail.

Stack Bundles said in one of his raps, "I will be running my whole life. There is no life behind bars." That made me look in the mirror and inside my eyes to see a young man with an old soul, full of life.

Life is what you make it. A wise man once told me there are two kinds of people in this world. The ones that make it happen and the ones that watch it happen. So take fear and use it.

I feared losing my mother when she had heart problems. Also I had fear of not knowing what to do when my daughter was born. I don't have the same feeling now that she is here and well.

Also I learned how

to take the bitter with the sweet. My mother is well and doing much better now.

The one thing all people should not fear is God. He is Him. A lot of people come to jail and find God. I hear people saying things like "the only person that can help you now is God," before doing their dirt to others.

You never know what you have until it's gone. Why do people fear the fact that have great things? Other people fear not having great things. I do not know which one is worse, having it and losing it, or never having it, so you don't know what it feels like losing something great.

The two most important things in this piece are my mother and my baby girl Elise, who I love so much. All this having been said, my fear went away now that my daughter and my mother are okay.

Fear is what you make it. ■

Dear Fear

By Stack Bandz

Dear fear, I wonder if they hear me
 Geared up, ready for action like Tom C.
 Cruise through your hood wit da choppa, they leery
 Can't ride wit no busters if they scary
 I'm a boss so I bossed up,
 Savage so I gooned up
 650 Benz wit your chick on the side,
 she wanna smoke then roll up
 I'm moving that Pace like Paul George,
 Watch your pop's eyes glow up
 Bin Laden bars of terror, watch me blow up
 I see lurking, they screwing they face at me
 Sluts turn his demeanor into 2-Face,
 I'm so trigger happy
 Blue face 100s is what I bang for
 I'm so unprofessional,
 I bring the pound to work like a world tour
 By the way I got a 100 clip for you lames to chew on
 The shoe is on the other foot, I gotta takeoff
 I just brought a Ferrari,
 In my Ferrari its looking like a Hilton Hotel
 L.R. took a look at it and said,
 "Damn son, I taught you so well"
 Couldn't get it off for the cost
 So I sold it for a wholesale
 Big body BM in the back,
 If you ask me I'm living so swell
 So tell me what I fear G, gun off safety
 Gotta stay alert from these jerks,
 I don't want dem near me
 Only real niggaz wit scene could understand me
 If Scrappy don't want her, I knock off his Bambi
 Spit shit that will touch your mom's soul
 And take off her panties
 I'm ill wit this shit, I'm the master
 Fear I don't mix wit, I can't grasp it
 Now fear, that I know
 It hurts when your heart feel that
 It's crazy how you fear real but you don't fear rats

Quotations

Curated by Slice Billy

**"It's kind of fun to do the impossible."
-Walt Disney**

**"We didn't lose the game; we just ran out of time."
-Vince Lombardi**

**"A friendship founded on business is better than a business founded on friendship."
-John D. Rockefeller**

**"All are lunatics, but he who can analyze his delusion is called a philosopher."
-Ambrose Pierce**

**"You can only find truth with logic if you have found truth without it."
-Gilbert K. Chesterton**

**"Be nice to people on the way up because you meet them on the way down."
-Jimmy Durante**

**"The true measure of a man is how he treats someone who can do him absolutely no good."
-Samuel Johnson**

**"A people that values its privileges above its principles soon loses both."
-Dwight D. Eisenhower**

Some Kid

By Anthony Patino

I just saw some kid on the news the other day. At first I thought I was seeing a girl, but it turns out that the kid was a boy and he was bi. He was in high school and caught two bodies or one attempt and one homicide.

Now I ask myself, what did he expect was going to happen when he went to prison, where all the bullies go for being bad? Fear can get you killed around them sharks and piranhas. He is about to enter C-74, adolescents at

war, where fear is like a drop of blood in the ocean and sharks can smell that from miles away. He used a knife as a weapon. He said he didn't mean to kill him, just scare them up a little bit. Maybe hurt them a little, but not really to off his kufi.

Fear can get you killed around them sharks and piranhas. His life is ruined at such a young age. He might never see the streets again. He might have to add on to his body count. He might never see the streets again.

He said he did it out of fear. Said they were using bully tactics and whatnot, throwing pencil pieces at him and so on and so forth. He might have to add on to his body count. His life is over because of fear. ■

Congratulations to our contest winner and finalists!

Winner: "F*ck Fear" by Touch

Finalist: "Dear Fear" by Stack Bandz

Finalist: "My Fear" by Manny tha Mack

Finalist: "Some Kid" by Anthony Patino

Finalist: "What I'm Doing in Prison" by

Jose Soto (translated by Milton Navaes)