HAVENWORTH ISLAND CORRECTIONAL FACILITY

OUTGOING INMATE MAIL — OFFICIAL RECORD

Sender: [REDACTED] — Inmate #4471
Recipient: [REDACTED], Mainland

★ FLAGGED FOR REVIEW ★

— LETTERS BEGIN —

— LETTER 1 —

Ser,

You always say writers write, so here I am. Though really, what is there to say? I didn't think I could be more bored on this island, but then you left, leaving me alone at the Commissary (Com-misery — ha!). Now it's hard to imagine a life more inane.

My dad continues to be my dad. They got him working in the post office now. Convenient for me because now I can just give him these letters to mail. Still. He's watching my every move, asking where I've been, as if there's anyplace to go. I wish I wasn't an only child, so he had somewhere else to dump his paranoia. Oh well. Once his time is served, what's he going to say? What reason will there be to keep me here?

In the meantime, I guess I'll keep writing. Maybe I'll write a book about this place one day, and it will be the first book ever with absolutely no plot. Okay, maybe not the first.

Ciao,
Ag

— LETTER 2 —

Ser,

Finally, something to report. A new guy at the Commissary said his little brother was able to sneak an old MP3 player onto the island. I can hear you saying, "And???" But this thing has a hidden app with a web browser, and he said he's going to bring it with him next time we work together. Hard to believe. Possible contact with the outside world.

I feel like one of the mortals Prometheus gave fire to. Everything worked out for him, right?

P.S. Yes, I know they read our mail. Obviously I won't send this message until after the dude gets busted, which, let's face it, is only a matter of time.

Your web surfer,
Ag

— LETTER 3 —

Ser,

I have traversed its series of tubes. 'Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!' Ok, I'll relax.

First, apologies that I haven't sent you any sort of digital message. The dude's web browser is very basic. It has two functions, search and browse. But I was able to look at a few things during my break. And not just the filtered news the prison lets us see. I'm talking, the real important stuff.

— Why didn't you tell me a man in Wisconsin made a house entirely of cheese?

Okay, you're not going to like this part … I looked up Jo. I know, I know. But apparently she's in the Army? WTF?!? I guess that's one way to see the world. But after how much she hated it here, all the stupid rules and uniforms? I don't get it.

Anyway, don't be mad. Consider this closure. I am.

-A

— LETTER 4 —

Ser,

Haven't heard from you, which I take it means you're mad. God, I'll never understand how you can be jealous of my childhood friend, who, need I remind you, IS STRAIGHT.

You'll be happy to know the dude got busted, as predicted. So no more internet stalking for me. Ha.

In other news, my dad's having one of his weeks. Real moody, doesn't want to be disturbed. He screamed at me because I left the back door unlocked, as if anything exciting would ever happen here. I don't know. I check his pillbox every day (when he's not looking), and it looks like he's been taking it. Who knows. I wish I remembered what he was like before the medicine. Oh well.

This too shall pass.

-Ag

— LETTER 5 —

S,

I don't know what to do. Dad's getting worse. He says he's taking his meds, but … maybe they need to up his dosage? I'm embarrassed to admit that I've been avoiding him, working more, reading at the library.

Anyway. Six months left. Surely we can survive that long.

-A

— LETTER 6 —

Sera,

I'm freaking out. I can't believe I'm writing this, but they took my dad away. I don't know where. Apparently there was an incident at the hospital during his last wellness check. One of the guards said Dad got violent, started throwing things at the nurses. This doesn't make sense! We were so close! And you know how my dad — he's always so careful, paranoid about doing the right thing.

God I wish you were here. Tell me what to do.

-Ag

— END OF RECORD —

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