

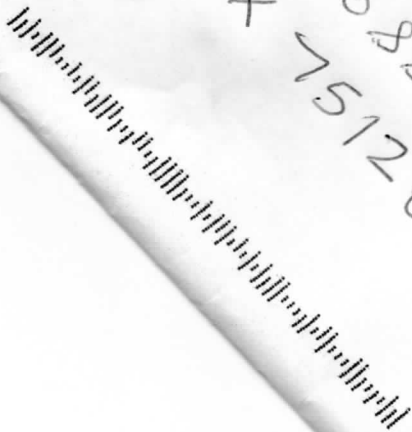
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"Fisher Of Mens First Prison Fight!!" 2017

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I'll start my story at the first day I arrived at the prison. Upon my arrival I went into what's called the "Fish Tank". In the fish tank I was on 24 hour lock down 7 days a week, with the exception of a 5 minute shower every 3 days. I spent 35 days in the fish tank. The alleged ← alleged purpose of the fish tank is so you can be examined by medical staff, dentist staff etc. before being released into general population. The gang squad unit called "S.T.G." also comes to see you to investigate whether I'm gang related or not. They asked me if I was a sovereign citizen, and said it was a terrorist group. I denied ever claiming to be a sovereign citizen, but the FBI agent who's persecuting me is hell bent on labeling me as a sovereign citizen. I defended the group, and said they are NOT terrorist. The government is trying to label an entire group of people as terrorist based on the actions of a few bad apples, and there's no doubt those bad apples are under cover FBI agents, or paid informants. Lets apply that same logic to the government. Should we label all government employees as traitors to America because of the actions of a few bad apples in government? Anyways, I was also seen by prison investigators who talked to me about my YouTube channel for over an hour. I took the opportunity to school them on the facts of life. It was more like a Kent Hound seminar than it was a "questioning session." To my surprise they knew about some of the things I was talking about.

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So 35 days after being in the fish tank I was put into general population. Here's where it gets a little interesting. Upon my arrival at the prison I had to choose a race to "run with", and I chose to run with the whites. Even though I have somewhat dark skin my whole family is white, and so that's the race I chose. In prison you don't have an option. You have to make a choice or a choice is made for you. When I was put into general population they gave me a cell with another man from the same race. Every race has their own rules, their own politics. If you don't follow the rules of your race & you get disciplined. Disciplinary actions amongst convicts range from getting beat up, or having to do extreme workout sessions that will make you wish you were never born. Every race has their own phone, their own showers, and we can't take food from other races as far as the white politics are concerned. The white "car" as they call it have mandatory ~~daily~~ daily workout regiments/routines with the exception of one day off per week. If you don't work out then you'll be disciplined. There's no such thing as sleeping in with the white "car." Yard time, and tier time is mandatory in case a fight or riot happens. The white people are outnumbered by everyone else which is why yard time and tier time is mandatory. For the first week everything was going well well until my 7th day in general population.

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I was once told it was impossible to do prison time without getting into a fight. I didn't believe it. I thought if I minded my own business, and was respectful I would avoid all ~~fighting~~ fights and any fights. I learned if I don't give Satan a reason to mess with me he'll make one up. On my 42nd day in prison which was my 7th day in general population I got into my first fight, and over the most ridiculous reason. I had laundry soaking in the sink, and my celly AKA cell mate decided to overflow the sink for whatever reason and he created a huge puddle of water on the ground. He somehow concluded the mess he made was my fault, and left the puddle of water for me to clean up. Long story short I didn't clean up HIS mess. He confronted me about it, started cussing me out then said he was going to beat my ass. My celly was bigger than me, and older than me, but I wasn't backing down. In prison it's better to get beat up than it is to "P.C. Up!" P.C. stands for "protective custody", and the people who PC up are pedophiles, snitches, and people with debts. My celly wasn't going to be reasoned with. He gave me two options. He told me I can roll my stuff up (as in PC up) or I can take an ass beating. He told me if I didn't P.C. up he was going to beat me until I wasn't moving, and that even then he wasn't going to stop.

At that moment when he was speaking nothing but violent threats and profanity I could only think about David, and Goliath, and how Goliath was yelling threats and cursing at David. I asked God to grant me victory over my enemy. Right then my celly threw a punch, and another punch. I dodged every punch he threw at me, and when the right window of opportunity opened I threw a punch back hitting him right in the face. He threw a couple more punches, then I kicked him in the balls and punched him in the face immediately after. It was a good combo that made him fall back on his bed. At this point he was crying for me to stop, but this bully had to be taught a lesson. I pinned him down and landed blow after blow to his face, and gut. He was literally yelling for me to stop. I kept going until I was out of breath. I was done, and he was done. I told him we ~~could~~ could go for round two unless he was ready to squash the problem. He admitted defeat. God granted me a perfect victory. Honestly, I'm surprised he was able to walk out of the cell after that. Lets just say he treats me with respect now. I don't like fighting but will always defend myself, and no matter how big the bully is, whether it's the government, Goliath, or my angry violent cell mate, God will always have my back.

~~The end of writing part~~

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The enemy will always talk a big game, but with God on your side there's no battle too big to win. God always wins.

- Fisher of Men

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