

The ECHO

Texas Prison News

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Distributed Free to Texas Prisoners

Patriot PAWS program changes lives

My whole life has always been about me, me, me. It's an indescribable feeling to see the amazing feats these dogs can do for people physically and emotionally," offender M. Bishop said.

A sense of pride and accomplishment is exhibited by offenders training with dogs in the Patriot PAWS program. The Texas Department of Criminal Justice has numerous unique programs, one of which is the Patriot PAWS program at the Crain and Murray units. The Patriot PAWS service dog organization, a 501(c)(3), was founded in 2006 to provide service dogs to assist disabled veterans. In 2008 a partnership was formed with Patriot PAWS and the Texas Department of Criminal Justice.

"Currently, 12 dogs and 25 female offenders participate in the program at the Crain Unit," Patriot PAWS officer Sepeda said.

The Patriot PAWS organization from Rockwall, Texas, provides puppies and

sends staff members who are certified service dog trainers to the unit. Three days a week, they train female offenders to be service dog trainers.

"Patriot PAWS has been the most inspirational program I have participated in," offender D. Biscamp said.

The puppies are usually yellow Labrador retrievers about two-three months old when they begin training. They are brought from Patriot PAWS in Rockwall to the unit, and each puppy is assigned to two offenders. Dogs live in large kennel cages scattered throughout a dorm along with the offenders, who care for them 24-7. The dogs are trained and become very obedient. By living together, bonds of love and obedience begin to develop, says staff.

The dogs go through an 18-24 month training program, which is divided into two major components.

PAWS continued on page 4



Animal visits enhance offender therapy program at Skyview, Hodge units

William Elliott
 Staff Writer

Dogs, birds and the occasional horse enter the gates of the Skyview Unit with volunteer trainer/owners to participate with offenders in a unique therapy program. Therapets, a nonprofit organization based in Tyler, is assisting approximately

170 offenders, every other month, to change the way they interact with others.

The Therapet Foundation is made up of more than 130 East Texas volunteers who serve approximately 12,000 volunteer hours

per year. They currently manage 80 dogs, five cats and a bird that participate in the program. Horses and rabbits are also used in animal-assisted therapy (AAT). Therapets is designed to utilize specially trained and certified animals for the betterment of mankind by promoting health,



hope and healing of acute and chronically ill individuals. Therapets uses goal-oriented therapy programs involving animals and has helped establish similar programs in Montana, Hawaii, New York, Florida, New Mexico, Arizona, Virginia and Louisiana.

THERAPY continued on page 6

TDCJ encourages family members to participate in Public Awareness Corrections Today (PACT) Conference

Editor's Note: Please share this information with family members and friends who are interested in finding out more about the agency.

The Texas Department of Criminal Justice (TDCJ) will be hosting a free informational conference for offenders' families and members of the general public on Oct. 5, 2013. The Public Awareness — Corrections Today (PACT) Conference will be held at the Sam Houston State University Criminal Justice Center in Huntsville, Texas, and will be coordinated by the TDCJ Ombudsman Program.

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The ECHO

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Letter from the editor:

The adventures of Bailey

I never really did like Bailey. He always had a bad attitude. Bailey was the yellow lab-mix, lop-eared dog that lived across the street. Every time I would cross the street to visit with his master, Bill, he would always bark at me, growl and walk around to the back of the house. He performed his job as family protector for Bill and his family, but Bailey was never going to be friendly and wag his tail upon seeing me. I finally grew accustomed to his rude behavior even after years of interaction.

One day I had to run an errand to the local Zip-In store, which was about two miles from my house. About one mile into the trip, I noticed a yellow dog trotting alongside the road. I didn't think much about it until I reached the store, and then I wondered if that dog would have been Bailey, especially that far from home. I completed the errand and returned home.

That night, Bill anxiously appeared at my door with one of his young sons. He said Bailey was missing and asked if I had seen him. I told him the story of my trip to the store and the sighting of a yellow dog along the road. He was thankful and left.

Guilt began to set in. I should have been more observant. I should have cared. I should have stopped to see if it was Bailey. Oh well...

Two days later I saw Bill and asked if he had found his dog. He said "No." I could tell this was going to be a major ordeal for him and his family, as they had now lost a beloved pet.

The next day, as I came home from work, I encountered Bill on a neighborhood road and rolled down my window to talk.

"Have you found Bailey, yet?" I asked. He said no, but that he had taken the whole day off from work to drive all the neighborhood roads and back streets, looking for Bailey.

My guilt was increasing with each day Bailey was missing. If only I had been a good neighbor and stopped to look at that dog along the road. If only I had cared.

Bailey was MIA for a week, and hope for his safe return was quietly slipping away. Then it happened. He showed up at his house one afternoon — skinny, beaten up, bruised, weary and 10 pounds lighter. He did not look good.

Bill immediately took Bailey to the veterinarian for a complete check-up. The vet said all was well — no major issues, but Bailey needed some rest, recuperation and tender loving care. Bill kept Bailey locked in the garage for about a week, with all he could eat and drink.

The canine traveler was back with his family, and all was well in the neighborhood.

My guilt started to slowly diminish. However, I became more disappointed in myself. How could I be so callous towards this dog and so uncaring for this family that I wouldn't have taken a second look at that dog alongside the road?

The moral of the story is: things that are not important to me may be very, very important to someone else. For example, two unique animal-based programs are now changing lives daily at certain TDCJ sites. Our furry (and feathered) companions are special visitors, bringing hope and incentives to change and succeed to men and women behind bars. I think you'll enjoy discovering Therapets and Patriot PAWS in this issue.

By the way, Bailey still barks and growls at me when I go to his home. He even graces me by doing his business in my front yard. But somehow it doesn't bother me anymore. Welcome home, Bailey!

**To the editor,**

I'm writing in hopes of motivating or encouraging people. We are all on different paths but very much in the same boat. Some people are just doing their time while others are taking advantage of their time. I know every individual has purpose and potential. It doesn't matter what you're here for or how long. As long as you're breathing, there is hope. Anything is possible! You've got to believe in yourself. Progress is vital. Stagnation is detrimental. What separates the winners from the losers is simple...persistence, endurance, and determination. Only true go-getters will conquer; doesn't matter what you're facing or what's to come. Just hold your head up and keep pushing because it'll get better later! So stay ready to keep from having to get ready when the time comes. Don't view prison as a curse. Embrace the opportunity to grow. It's wiser to be one of the few going somewhere at a snail's pace than one of the many going nowhere fast!

Veta Robinson

Murray Unit

To the reader,

Thanks for submitting this letter of encouragement. The ECHO receives several of these type letters each month and we are always glad to share them with our readers. Each day, week and year is what we make of it. A good attitude goes a long way to having a good life. Thanks for sharing.

To the editor,

I'm writing this in regard to your comments about dudes getting tattoos on their faces and visible places while incarcerated. I have been a professional tattoo artist for more than a decade, so I'm exempt from the "unemployable" dilemma. I have, however, recently seen this trend explode because of the urban sub-culture that is now mainstream. Younger guys want to appear "hard" or "hood" and get their faces inked without considering the future. Most don't realize that your outward appearance affects how you are perceived in public, which can have an affect on your lifestyle.

Also, many tattoos done in prison are made with dirty needles sharpened on a filthy floor, using unhygienic recycled ink. What a great way to get a staph infection, catch hepatitis C or even HIV! I try to lace a lot of guys up on this stuff, but you know how youngsters are — they already know everything.

LETTERS continued on page 3

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

For those who WILL listen, pay attention when you go to peer education. You'll learn how to have a healthy existence inside prison.

Sincerely,
Speed Racer
Garza East Unit
To the Reader,

I believe you have stated your points very well. Tattoos have come a long way in our culture. They speak volumes, good and bad, loud and clear about the people who wear them. Obviously, they are against the rules to be added in a prison environment. The health issues alone should totally discourage this practice in the penitentiary. Thanks for sharing your ideas.

DEAR DARBY

LETTERS TO THE OLP THANG

Hey Darby,

I always read your column. I have never written you before now. You really laid into the wiz kid for his complaint about disrespectful inmates who make dayrooms noisy during late night rack ups. I agree with you about minding my own business, unless someone else's business is affecting people negatively. Noisy late night dayrooms cause offenders to experience sleep deprivation. Sleep deprivation causes stress, heart problems, depression and weight gain, according to medical research. Wiz kid is right late night rack ups are harmful if the noise is not controlled. So, Darb, ease up on your readers who write to you. They are people like you and I, who are just trying to survive in here the best way they know how. We are all just trying to go home to our loved ones.

Respectfully,
Lance Lalande
Hughes Unit

Dear Lance,

Yeah, I was a little rough on Wiz. My neighbors kept me up all night, so I was a little cranky when I wrote that answer. Just kidding! I agree with both of you on disrespectful behavior being unacceptable, but that's not the main point of his letter. He felt those around him should curtail legitimate, normal



To the editor,

Hi my name is Tammy Steward. The best advice that I can give to anyone that might be just beginning their sentence is to utilize their time wisely while locked up. Get your GED and take whatever courses available to you.

I feel that SAFP is what saved my life. Without it I feel that I probably would have gotten out and gone back to doing the same thing I was doing before I got locked up. SAFP helped me get rid of all the junk that kept me doing drugs to start with.

There are also a few very special men that got me to where I am at today. I want to thank them now just in case I have never told them how much I appreciate what they

activities in order to accommodate his sleeping schedule. Get real. In order to succeed in this environment, individuals need to learn to adapt to the activities of those around them. Learning to tune out the noise will benefit folks both in here and the free world — when they're out, it won't bother them when their neighbors are mowing the lawn at 6 a.m.!

Dear Darby,

I'm an incarcerated female at Lane Murray Unit and I'd like to chat with you about a matter of concern. Really, writing you is like being in a chatroom (internet) where people go to vent, lie and LOL about this and that. I admire you and your whole team, Darby, for keeping it real. You give us ideas for making the most of our time. You're in a class all by yourself. I can't believe some of the things we ask you about. Yet you always have an answer for us. In some responses you are kind and in others you ruffle a few feathers. Who would ask about laptops or a Sunday ice cream festival for inmates? Are



you kidding me? Thank you, Darby, for letting me visit your paper chatroom, for the recipes and for the advice that most cyber chatrooms would never offer — all with a

have done for me. First is my son, D. Steward — my life and inspiration. Also M. Winingham — without him I know that I wouldn't be writing this today. Dr. E. Halsell — he believed in me when I wasn't even sure of myself. Mr. T. Hazlewood — special thanks to you. Thank you all for being in my life.

I wanted to share this in hopes that everyone who reads it can have hope and know that it can be done.

Keep the faith!
Tammy Steward
To the reader,

The ECHO thanks you for sharing your special story with our readers. Knowing that people can accomplish goals, even when they think that they can't, is an encouragement to all of us. Good luck in your future!



sense of humor.

Tammy Flowers
Lane Murray Unit

Dear Tammy so Fae,

Girl, what you been eatin' over there on Murray?! Tryin' to sweet talk me like that — you MUST be hallucinatin'! Seriously, though, we do aim to please our readers, as much as our constraints allow. Your thanks also needs to be shared with our readers in white. They send us material that becomes a significant portion of our content, from letters, recipes and poems to full-fledged articles and stories. Thanks, y'all!

Dear Darby,

Ole thang, I need brief clarification on a particular question. Enquiring minds want to know.

Upon release, along with the bus ticket, do you also receive the balance currently on your trust fund account? Does the same apply to both parolees and discharged offenders? Thanks.

Reginald Fails
Robertson Unit

Dear Reggie,

The ol' Darbster did a little checking for you. The Inmate Trust Fund (ITF) says that, as a general rule, those who parole or discharge their sentences will receive a check for their trust fund balance during the release process on their day of release.

A woman's perspective

Procrastination versus pen and paper

Jennifer Toon
Mountain View Unit



The other day a friend asked me how my writing was going. I had previously told her about my return to the paper. She knew I was excited about it and was curious about my progress. I gave a vague answer, hoping to add an air of mystery about it, but truthfully, I was at the mercy of procrastination. I had every intention of writing, but as they say, the path to the underworld is paved with good intentions. Well, my drive there will be as smooth as Interstate 20 once you cross the Louisiana-Texas border (Louisiana highways are atrocious).

I've sat down dozens of times to write, but somehow I manage to wash my tennis shoes instead, clean my house, read, listen to the radio, practice my Spanish, reorganize my locker box, get water several times and eventually stop to see what's on TV. Thinking about it later, while deeply frustrated with myself, I questioned the reasons that fuel procrastination.

Am I lazy? No. Am I easily distracted? Not really. Do I have a lingering fear of failure? Maybe. More than likely, my old obsession with perfection begins to push its big fat furry head in the way, the same way my cats used to block the television at the end of a movie.

So, I pretended all was perfect and it wasn't, and wrote advice I couldn't live up to myself. Now since there's so much that still isn't perfect in my life, maybe I am unqualified to write anything. But if we wait for every condition to be right, and every flaw to be eradicated, we wait indefinitely.

I decided to start writing anyway, a little at a time — a sentence here, a thought there. My therapist at home said to take everything in small pieces; there's no way you can sort through your life issues in three sessions. The same applies to anything you've set as a goal. Small pieces are progress. I don't have to be perfectly put together to write something meaningful. A small piece of writing could be just as fulfilling as a 900-page prize winning novel. I can start where I am at, which is usually the best, most insightful place of all.

So it begins....



PAWS continued from page 1



First, the dogs are trained in basic obedience activities such as learning to sit, lie down, stay and walk. After these are mastered, specialized training to assist disabled veterans is taught. Training tasks include picking up dropped items, making a bed, opening appliances such as washers, refrigerators, etc., bringing objects to owners, and other functions that will assist in the daily life of the veteran.

The dogs and offenders develop a close relationship with each other during the training process. Offenders take dogs on walks around the unit, to church and to the recreation yard to build deeper bonds with them. Part of the training process allows for qualified offenders and officers to take training dogs into the community — to city parks, stores, etc., for training in the real life world. Off the unit trips occur approximately twice weekly. Strong bonds grow deeper and deeper between dogs and offenders as they work and live together, day by day, in different settings.



After the 18-month training process, dogs and disabled veterans go through a 10-day workshop. Dogs and veterans are matched together to begin a lifetime of companionship and service.

"This program provides a very win-win-win situation," said Captain Merrill. Disabled veterans receive highly specialized trained service dogs, and the dogs have a lifelong companion in the veteran.

Of course, Patriot PAWS is advantageous for TDCJ offenders involved in the program. They learn skills from certified dog trainers and study grooming, canine behavior, canine health, and nutrition issues. Offenders learn to work in a team work setting and experience structure. They also learn self-discipline, and accountability.

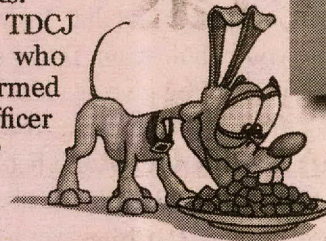
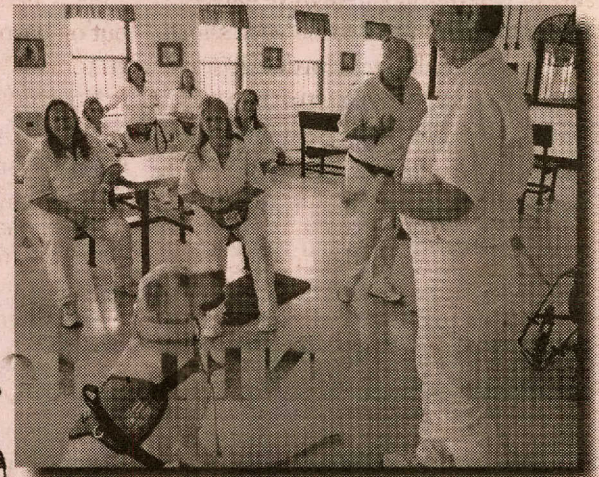
These women express a feeling of accomplishment and a sense of society.

"This program allows me to make indirect amends to all the people I've hurt. It has given me a passion for life and a future," Offender D. Biscamp said.

"Emotionally, I am growing and have experienced tremendous growth in my confidence and the knowledge I've gained since I first entered Patriot PAWS," offender K. Newbury said.

Currently there are 60 veterans on a waiting list to receive service dogs. In 2012, the Crain Unit provided 20 trained dogs to the Patriot PAWS organization and disabled vets.

"Through this program, TDCJ provides a service to those who have served us in the armed forces," Patriot PAWS officer Sepeda said.



Crain Unit PAWS offender participants are shown with their dogs.



Remember the time...

*William Elliott
Staff Writer*

Within the confines of these institutions, we have precious little to remind us that we are sentient beings — humans still in need of love, affirmation, and acceptance in the face of our shortcomings.

Time is of the essence. As time marches on, we tend to fade from the lives of those we once took for granted. We fight to hold on, clinging stubbornly to fond memories. We've watched as our children or our grandchildren grow up in pictures, as if by stop motion. Eventually, we are left with yellowing pictures and letters of lives that have passed us by. If we aren't careful, we become bitter shells of the promise we once held.

It doesn't have to end up this way. Regardless of your situation, within you resides everything relevant to your unique set of circumstances. We are quite resilient. Our attitudes and outlooks determine the direction we are headed, whether positive or negative.

By nature, we tend to be very short-sighted. Throughout recorded history, men have had a propensity toward spiritual amnesia. Oh, I remember with great clarity those so-called good times. I could enthral you with every sordid detail. Yet I seem to have forgotten the price I paid for such fleeting flights of

fancy or why they are overshadowed by the weight of the expense.

The one thing we have that cannot be corrupted by time and decay are our memories. Memories have great creative or destructive power. While we may suppress memories for a season, they are still with us, causing us to act out in self-defeating behavior, even if we aren't consciously aware of their influence.

Although we are not afforded many options in the area of therapy or counseling, we do have the chaplaincy. The chaplain performs double duty as both a spiritual mentor and a counselor. If you have things in your past that are detrimental to your future, submit an I-60 to your unit chaplain.

On the other hand, there are good memories of what is pure, noble and true. I find that these kinds of memories are sometimes painful, but they compel me to make informed decisions that lead to more desirable outcomes.

As a personal example, while I was out on parole, I was fortunate enough to go to Six Flags with my son. There were many things at nine years old that he wouldn't ride. But the things that I will never forget were the wonder in his eyes at the Wild West shootout, the crazy faces he made on his first rollercoaster ride, how he resembled a wet rat after

all those water rides, and the look of adoration he gave me...the look every father dreams of. It's a look that could melt steel into puddles. Several months later, as his mother brought him to see me in the county jail, that experience would come back to haunt me. A knife would have been more welcome than his words to me. "So, I guess you won't be taking me to Six Flags this year, huh?" Just like that, the promise I had brought to his life was broken by my disregard for the impact my choices have on those who love me. Our loved ones are doing the same time we are.

I choose to honor this memory and many others that recall me at my best. I internalize that look he gave me. I indulge in those moments that were so exquisite, I felt glad just to be alive. When the negativism of this place becomes too great and pride wells up to tell me that it is more important to command respect than to humble myself for my future, I expose that lie to the truth.

The truth is that I owe that little guy a lot for showing me a brief glimpse of what is important. Being available for him is even more important than what we do in that time. No matter how



long it takes, I must make the most of time en route. Doing time is not the road to recidivism. Time to redirect the trajectory of your life's impact is a blessing. The tragedy in recidivism is when we are so bound up in ourselves that we stifle the opportunity to grow beyond our reckless lifestyles. We are doomed to a repetitive cycle of failure until we realize our lives are not our own.

We either learn this while it is within our ability to feed and nourish a lifestyle of purpose and potential, or we will be spoon-fed convalescents in a nonsocial system. Live only for yourself, and you may find you are by yourself. ♣

2013 NFL Texas team schedules



HOUSTON TEXANS

Sept. 9 at S.D. Chargers, 9:20 p.m.
 Sept. 15 Ten. Titans, 12:00 p.m.
 Sept. 22 at Bal. Ravens, 12:00 p.m.
 Sept. 29 Sea. Seahawks, 12:00 p.m.
 Oct. 6 at S.F. 49ers, 7:30 p.m.
 Oct. 13 St.L. Rams, 12:00 p.m.
 Oct. 20 at K.C. Chiefs, 12:00 p.m.
 Oct. 27 BYE
 Nov. 3 Ind. Colts, 7:30 p.m.
 Nov. 10 at Ari. Cardinals, 3:25 p.m.
 Nov. 17 Oak. Raiders, 12:00 p.m.
 Nov. 24 Jac. Jaguars, 12:00 p.m.
 Dec. 1 N.E. Patriots, 3:25 p.m.
 Dec. 5 at Jac. Jaguars, 7:25 p.m.
 Dec. 15 at Ind. Colts, 12:00 p.m.
 Dec. 22 Den. Broncos, 12:00 p.m.
 Dec. 29 at Ten. Titans, 12:00 p.m.

DALLAS COWBOYS

Sept. 8 N.Y. Giants, 7:30 p.m.
 Sept. 15 at K.C. Chiefs, 12:00 p.m.
 Sept. 22 St.L. Rams, 12:00 p.m.
 Sept. 29 at S.D. Chargers, 3:25 p.m.
 Oct. 6 Den. Broncos, 3:25 p.m.
 Oct. 13 Was. Redskins, 7:30 p.m.
 Oct. 20 at Phi. Eagles, 12:00 p.m.
 Oct. 27 at Det. Lions, 12:00 p.m.
 Nov. 3 Min. Vikings, 12:00 p.m.
 Nov. 10 at N.O. Saints, 7:30 p.m.
 Nov. 17 BYE
 Nov. 24 at N.Y. Giants, 3:25 p.m.
 Nov. 28 Oak. Raiders, 3:30 p.m.
 Dec. 9 at Chi. Bears, 7:40 p.m.
 Dec. 15 G.B. Packers, 3:25 p.m.
 Dec. 22 at Was. Redskins, 12:00 p.m.
 Dec. 29 Phi. Eagles, 12:00 p.m.

Prison Rape Elimination Act (PREA) Ombudsman

In 2007, the Prison Rape Elimination Act (PREA) Ombudsman was established by the 80th Legislature (Texas Government Code §§501.171- .178) and was appointed by the Texas Board of Criminal Justice (TBCJ). The PREA Ombudsman provides offenders, family and friends of offenders and the general public an independent office to report sexual assaults occurring in Texas Department of Criminal Justice (TDCJ) correctional facilities, and to ensure the impartial resolution of complaints of allegations of sexual assault. The PREA Ombudsman reports directly to the TBCJ chairman and may be contacted at the following address:

**PREA Ombudsman
 P.O. Box 99
 Huntsville, Texas 77342**

Due to the serious nature of sexual assaults, and in accordance with TDCJ policy on "Zero-Tolerance" against sexual assaults, offenders knowledgeable of an offender-on-offender or staff-on-offender sexual assault that occurs within a TDCJ correctional facility are encouraged to immediately report the allegation to the facility administration or the Office of the Inspector General (OIG). ♣

THERAPY
continued
from page 7

Research shows that animals change therapy dynamics.

A study conducted at the University of California, Los Angeles, showed that many

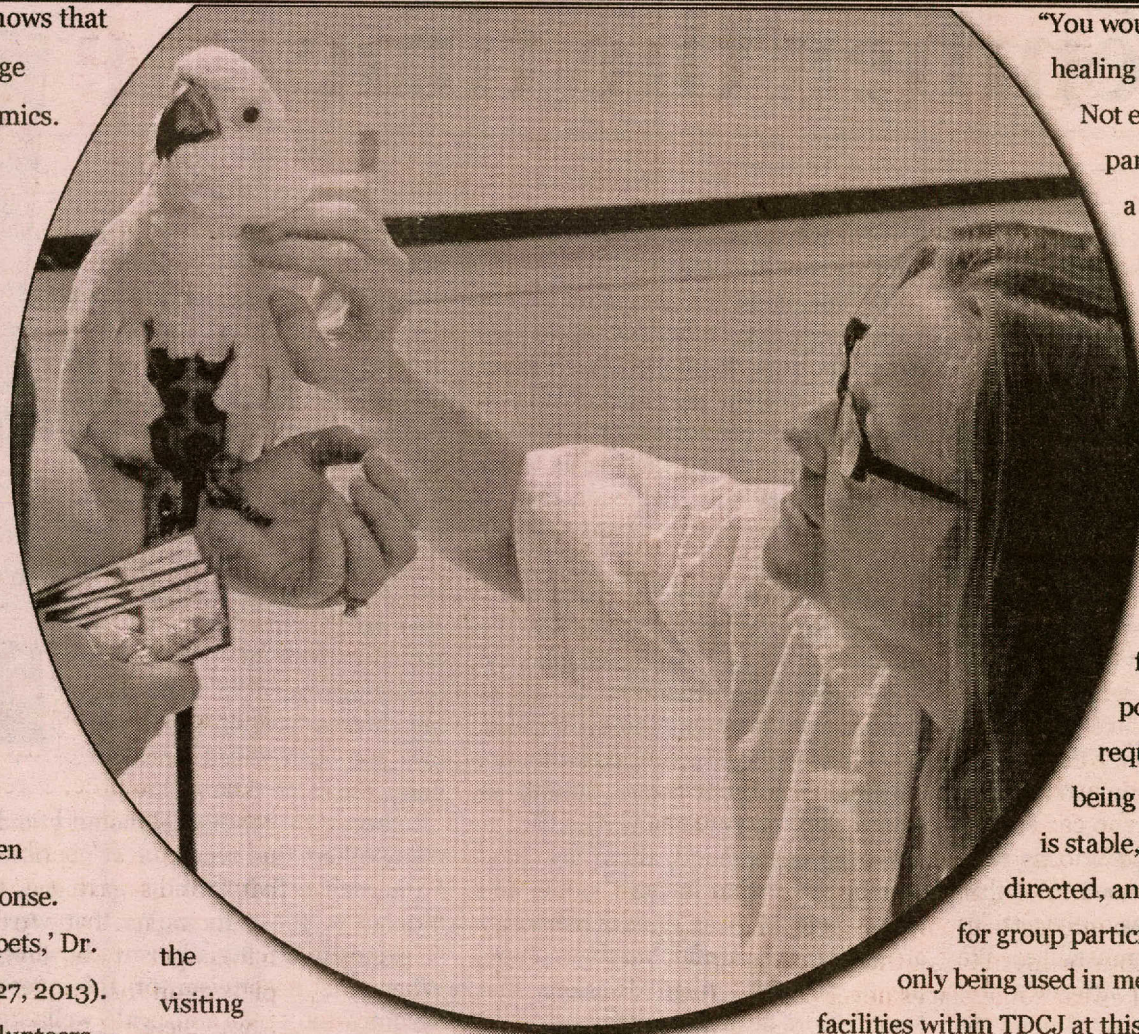
stress-induced aches and pains are lessened in pet owners, and these people also require less medical care, according to R. Pelizzari, a freelance writer for DogRemedies.com.

‘There have been scientific studies done about the contact between pets and humans. When humans are around animals, there’s a change in their hormones and a shared trust factor between them. It’s almost a physiological type response. This is what we’re trying to do with Therapets,’ Dr. M. Banks told the Cherokee Herald (Feb. 27, 2013). Dr. Banks is a Jacksonville dentist who volunteers with Therapet along with his dog Jax.

The program held at the Skyview and Hodge units is known as a visitation program. Animals accompany owners to facilities and visit with the residents, the goal being socialization. Residents receive social benefits such as building rapport, increasing self esteem, motivation and stress reduction. Their interactions with the animals create positive, optimistic attitudes that can lead to quicker rehabilitation and a readiness for reentry into society.

Approximately 85 male offenders and 11 female offenders participated in a recent session at the Skyview Unit.

Offenders were able to pet, hug and learn about



the visiting animals — a rare occurrence while incarcerated behind prison walls. Four volunteers shared their pets with the offenders in a typical Therapet session. Offenders were separated into four small groups and each pet spent time with each group.

Bugsy, a three-year old Golden Retriever, attended the session with his owner, G. Smith, and Cheyenne, a five-year old German Shepherd, was there with her owner S. Moore. Shea, a three-year old rescued Aussie mix, was attended by owner S. Buie. Cuddles, a nine-year old umbrella cockatoo, was at the unit with owner M. Krouse. These pets brought smiles to the offenders with their wagging tails, fuzzy love, fluffy feathers and playful antics.

“You would be amazed at the healing powers of animals.

Not everyone gets to take part. Inmates have to be a level three or four to participate, and those who participated end up talking about it for weeks,” says J. Noble, mental health manager at Skyview. She said this opportunity tends to be an incentive for offenders to have positive behavior. Other requirements include being a chronic offender who is stable, taking medications as directed, and being able-bodied for group participation. Therapets is only being used in mental health treatment facilities within TDCJ at this time.

Skyview offenders are currently sewing bandanas for pets, which will be donated to Therapets. The organization will in turn sell them online to raise funds for the program.

“This project is almost like therapy for the inmates. We have individuals who are very talented at drawing, sewing and other craft projects. They were all excited to participate,” says S. Hansen, mental health activities case manager for Skyview and Hodge.

“The most difficult challenge for Therapets is coordination between volunteers, their pets and issues with security,” Hansen says.

When this is accomplished, four-footed and winged visitors are able to go behind prison walls to help change lives.



The road home

Fiction

by Kare Blin
Woodman Unit



I started to regret my decision to move back home about the time the fog started rolling in. It was bad enough that the road was full of twists and turns, but the fog had me keeping my speed at a slow crawl.

I had moved out of the East Texas hills 10 years earlier to attend Texas A&M at College Station and I started working at a small veterinary clinic outside of Houston shortly after graduation. I was going back home to open up my own clinic and be close to my mother now that my father had passed away.

I left a day before the moving van so I could decide where I wanted my furniture in my new house. I had tried to leave in the morning but found it impossible with all my friends and co-workers coming to say their good-byes. It was late afternoon when I finally headed out. I knew my mother would keep the café open until I arrived. She and my father had opened it when I was about 12 years old. It's where all the locals hung out and drank coffee and caught up on the town gossip. It's where I worked while I was in high school and saved money to buy my first car.

My two miniature pinschers, Katy and Lulu, were gently tucked away in their back seat carrier. They were like two little kids who crash out as soon as the car starts moving. They may be man's best friend, but they were lousy road trip companions.

After hours of driving, I finally make out the sign that lets me know I'm 15 miles from my destination. As slow as I have to go, it will take me half an hour or more to get there. I come up here to visit once a year and I swear some places never change. Even the people stay the same.

Right after I cross the county line I'm forced to slam on my brakes. My headlights catch the silhouette of a person. As it gets closer, it transforms into what appears to be a teenage girl. I pull alongside her, roll down my window, and offer her a ride. She hesitates briefly before getting in.

Once in the car I can see she is no more than sixteen and about 100 pounds. She has porcelain white skin, black chin-length hair, and small feminine features. Her eyes are dark blue and she's wearing shiny pink lip gloss.

She tells me her name is Emma Lea, two separate words. Her dad gave her that name because when you say it all together it sounds like Emily. It was their secret code. Then she giggled, revealing a perfect pair of dimples. She looked like a doll.

I told her my name, and where I was from and she said she was from there, too. Her family had moved there two years ago. Her father was the local doctor. I told her I was a doctor, also, but of animals. She said that's what she wanted to be in two years when she graduated. I explained how I was opening a clinic and she could stop by anytime. She said she definitely would.

I finally asked her why she was out so late on a night like this, miles from town alone. She explained it was her sixteenth birthday and her boyfriend had taken her to a party right outside the county line in a friend's old barn. She said they were drinking, and she didn't want to ride home with them and how fortunate it was that I had come along.

I admitted I was glad she didn't get into a vehicle with someone who had been drinking but hitching a ride out here alone could also be dangerous. She said she would never make that mistake again. When she said that, my dogs started whining. Emma looked back and reached towards the carrier. Both my dogs started growling. I was shocked at their behavior. I apologized to Emma and explained that it had been a long drive. She smiled and shrugged it off. Right at the edge of town, she asked me to slow down by a dirt road that had a mailbox with gold letters that spelled out *Cooper*. I told her I could take her up the road but she said she needed that time to think up how she was going to explain to her parents what had happened. She said it was nice to meet me, and she hoped to visit my clinic soon. I told her I would be waiting and wished her happy birthday. As she turned to get out of the car, I saw a sadness in her eyes that hadn't been there before. I hoped she wouldn't be in too much

trouble. It sounded like she came from a good family that would surely understand.

I waited for a few minutes until she disappeared into the fog, then I finished the short drive to my mom's restaurant appropriately named *Ma's Café*. Sure enough there were still a few locals and the neon open sign shining brightly in the window. I parked and went in and was greeted with a big hug and my mom's toothy grin. She could light up a room with that smile.

She asked about my trip and I told her it was uneventful until I hit the fog and almost ran over a young girl. I explained how I picked her up at the county line and gave her a ride home. My mom had a strange look on her face as she asked the girl's name. I told her it was the local doctor's daughter, Emma Lea Cooper. You could have heard a pin drop. Mouths were all agape and all eyes on me.

On my mother's request, I repeated the girl's name. She informed me that I must have made a mistake. I told her it was no mistake and I described what she looked like. My mother turned white and said that was impossible.

She walked over to the small office and brought out a local newspaper. It was dated a year ago and had Emma's cheerleading picture on the front. I pointed to the picture and explained that it was the girl I picked up. My mom told me to read the article.

Local 16 year old girl, Emma Lea Cooper, dies on her 16th birthday when struck by an oncoming vehicle right outside the county line. Officers say the fog was a contributing factor and the driver of the vehicle did not see her. She was the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Lee Cooper...

I was at a loss for words and knew why Katy and Lulu had growled. My hitchhiker was merely an apparition, a ghost. Then I remembered that sad look in her deep blue eyes, and after that night, I thought about her constantly. How tragic a loss of young life is! She had had her whole life ahead of her.

After my encounter, stories poured in about the local teenager that one person or another had given a ride to. She was a doctor's daughter, they would all say. Apparently, I wasn't the only person that Emma chose to hitch a ride with, and they all said they dropped her off on the road to her house.

I guess her soul is trapped on that winding road. Every time the fog rolls in, so do the stories, and Emma is hoping that some day she will make it back home.

My headlights catch the silhouette of a person. As it gets closer, it transforms into what appears to be a teenage girl.

Sudoku

		2		9			7	
		8		5	2		6	
3				4	1	9		
8	1					5	4	
5			8		6			2
	7	6					1	3
		7	5	6				4
	8		9	7		2		
4			1			6		

Easy

8		3		9			6	
	4							8
	1					4		3
4					9		7	6
			7					
7					5	2		8
		9			4		6	
1			6					9
	3				2	8		

Difficult

Redemption

A Three Part Series

by Cory Wisnoski,
Wynne Unit

Part Three

March 21, 2053

Graves cuts a corner through the grass on the home stretch of his evening jog. The project has been going smoothly. Though he doesn't feel too good about a few of the subjects becoming vegetables, he doesn't feel too bad about them, either.

He's made enough progress to justify it, having finally gotten the machines calibrated to near perfection. The subjects have emerged with less than one percent brain damage. He's even found a way to replace the discarded memories with new ones. He hasn't been worried about repercussions and he's been feeling a little invincible.

Emerging from the woods, he follows the sidewalk along the street towards his house. He notices a black car has pulled up, keeping pace with him. The window rolls down and someone calls his name. Turning toward the car, he stops and rests his hands on his knees to catch his breath. He squints and peers into the dark car, but can't make out the driver. Suddenly, the car takes off and something rockets out of the window causing him to shield his face with his hands. Instead of gunshots, he hears the thwack of something landing by his feet. He lowers his arms to see a manila envelope in the grass.

He's reminded of the envelope from his meeting with Thompson five months before. He picks it up, not sure until he sees the small coffee stain at the top right corner.

It is the same envelope

In a panicked frenzy, he drops it and runs. Just before he's about to disappear into the trees, he realizes his fingerprints are now on the package. He

turns around to retrieve it and cuts back through the maze of oaks. He's running, breathing hard, constantly checking his shoulder until he comes to the center of the park's forest. He looks around to make sure he's alone and fumbles with the package. It feels different from the one he gave to Thompson. He flips it over and sees a small typed note taped to its underside that reads simply, "Never mind."

Never mind?

Possibilities rush through his mind. He can't decide whether or not he wants to open it. "I've come this far," he says out loud to himself. Desperately, he rips the tape from the package tearing a gash in the paper and seeing a small, all white cardboard box. He stuffs it in his pocket and leans up against a tree for

a moment to catch his breath.

He unzips the lower pocket of his cargo shorts and unsheathes his phone.

Two missed calls. Both numbers unknown.

He slips it back in and zips the pocket as he starts jogging

again, heading toward the other side of the woods. He finds a fellow jogger along the path and asks to borrow her phone, too paranoid to use his own. He talks for a minute, hands the phone back without saying anything and runs to the end of the street, finding refuge at a bus stop occupied by a rambling derelict.

Much sooner than he expected, a yellow cab barrels around the corner. He emerges from the cover of the bus stop with the package in hand, fumbles for the handle, and nearly dives in the back seat.

"Just drive. I don't care where you go," Graves says and slides his credit card

across the reader.

"Your dime, Mack," the cabbie says and his tires screech forward.

The sweat from Graves' back makes his shirt cling to black leather, but the blast of the frigid AC gives him goose bumps. He rubs his face with his hands, trying to get a grip on reality. For a moment, he thinks he's about to have a panic attack. He forces himself to imagine this is all probably a joke.

Yeah, he tries to convince himself, Thompson's probably just messing with me.

He wrestles the small box from his front left pocket. He lifts the lid and amazingly sees yet another phone, only this one is from the first few years of the century: an old flip phone.

"I didn't even think they made these anymore," he mutters to himself. He flips it open and turns it on. After a few painstaking moments the primitive screen loads. Just like on his phone, there

are two missed calls. "Minor coincidence," he says to himself. He punches OK and presses the phone to his ear to listen to the voicemail.

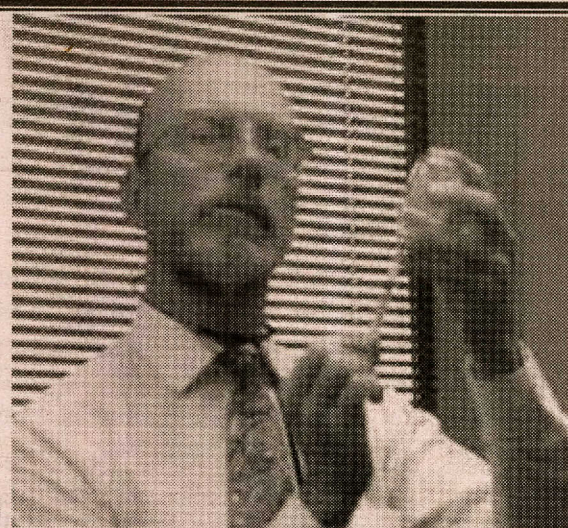
The driver looks in the rearview mirror to see the iridescent green glow reflecting off Graves' features in the back seat. He hears him curse under his breath. Seeing the way Graves keeps looking out the back window and wringing his hands he can tell Graves is obviously distraught about something. He breaks his one rule about not talking to fares.

"Say, Mack?" he says, but Graves ignores him. He tries again "Say, Mack. I'm not gonna get in trouble driving you around or anything am I?"

Graves still ignores him. He's too distracted by the voicemail. It sounds like someone accidentally pocket-dialed him and they're talking to themselves in a car with the window down. As much as he strains, plugging his other ear up with his finger, he can't tell who it is. Suddenly, the voicemail ends. He pries the phone away from his ear and presses "2" to go to the next message.

"Mack..." the driver says. Graves holds his finger up then plugs his ear again while the other message starts. This one's a bit odder than the last. It sounds like the screech of an old 300 baud modem meshing with a synthesized voice Stephen Hawking would have used. The voice kept repeating the same two words: words that sent a chill down Graves' spine: Warning: Shadow... Warning: Shadow... Warning... Everything seemed so surreal. Suddenly he was pressing both palms into the safety glass to keep from flying forward as the cabbie stabs the brakes. They stop in the middle of an intersection. "Hey! I'm not gonna—"

"What?!" Graves snaps his attention from the phone to the driver, but before the cabbie can reply, a giant white truck sideswipes the taxi. Glass explodes by Graves' head and rains into the cab as the tail end swings round.



REDEMPTION continued on page 9

The car rolls onto its side, throwing the men around like ragdolls. The taxi comes to a stop, and the cabbie passes out. Graves opens his eyes and frantically tries to get unbuckled, but the seatbelt harnesses him. He's nearly hyperventilating.

"Please. Please," he pleads with the seatbelt gods, squeezing the hasp. Finally the fastener clicks open and he falls to the other side of the upturned car. He reaches up to try and get out through the door, which is now the roof. He doesn't even hear the other car coming...

April 5, 2053

Graves awakes lying in a bed. There is a circle of bright lights over head. He can't move, because the meds he's on have ensured he doesn't move anything prematurely. A doctor comes in the room, but Graves can't turn his head toward the door. He can see him only in his peripheral view. The door shuts and the doctor's face comes into focus, blocking some of the overhead light. He informs Graves he's just come out of a two-week coma, that he'll be just fine, and with some more human growth hormone (HGH) treatment and a lot of rest, he should be back up and running within three days. The doctor fixes something with Graves' IV drip, and he's out again.

April 10, 2053

Ever since stem cells and HGH became usable in medicine and the rehabilitative process of accident victims and amputees, people who'd lost an entire leg or even both could expect to have them back and functioning within a matter of a year thanks to a combination of HGH treatment and 3D printer technology. It doesn't even feel like he's been in an accident.

To the slight chagrin of a few people at the office, Graves refuses to resume his rightful position at the helm, but the project resumes. Graves is too scared to let his colleagues know that he won't come back because someone calling himself Shadow has been sending threatening messages to him. Graves spends every day after the accident looking over his shoulder. His phone and the phone he received in the white box were never recovered from the taxi. The mere thought sends a chill down his spine. Now he nearly has a nervous breakdown every time someone looks his way too long, or someone gets a little too close walking past him in a parking lot. He's taken to doing all his shopping online. He has become like a torture victim waiting for the pendulum ax to take its final swing. He begins to wonder if he's gone mad.

Days turn to weeks, weeks turn to months. Before anyone knows it, two years go by. One night, he's sitting in his office going through emails when he comes across a message from the Medical Science Association. They want to present him with the Greatest Achievement Award. Tired of holding up in a pseudo-fortress, he decides if they were going to get him, they would have done so already. He resolves to go. I deserve this, he thinks. By late August, Graves is back at work.

September 22, 2054

The Shadow watches as Graves emerges from behind the curtain. He gets the signal. Now? He thinks. But orders are orders. He straightens his bow tie and excuses himself as he makes his way to the aisle. "Where are you going, Klaus?" a colleague asks.

He ignores the question. He's on a mission. He makes his way to the aisle and looks up at Graves. They make eye contact. In that second, that moment, by way of some sort of clairvoyance, Graves knows The Shadow is Klaus. They only stand and stare, sharing an understanding of what has passed between each other, as if each could read the other's thoughts: Klaus' nearly imperceptible remorse; Graves' recognition of betrayal. Klaus starts toward the stage. The lights go out, the screams erupt, and

Graves is snatched from the darkness.

January 13, 2055

Graves jerks from his dream, screaming a piercing animalistic scream. He's in a patient's gown, the cold metal refusing to grow warm beneath his back. Wires with suction cups are tethered to his brain and torso. He knows something isn't right. Through the space between his feet he sees Klaus walk in, wearing Graves' white coat with the gold buttons on the collar, with Graves' Tablet in hand. With Grave's job.

"You!" he points an accusatory finger, unable to lift his arm trembling with anger and fear at his betrayer. Klaus ignores this and speaks into the microphone on the tablet. Graves struggles to sit up, but finds that he's strapped to the table. Klaus makes toward the door, "Where are you going?" Graves asks incredulously. "Where are you going?" He repeats himself, wishing desperately for Klaus to come back. A hiss of air releases from the IV bag and he's out again...

He awakes to a mist being sprayed in his eyes. He's sitting in front of a wall of televisions and in horror he realizes what's happening. He attempts to clench his eyes shut but something has them clamped open. He tries to convince himself this isn't happening, but deep down in his heart he knows it is, and he knows why. The video feed ends and the TVs go black. The IV bag hisses again...

In a daze, he is led by two muscular men in scrubs down a long hallway.

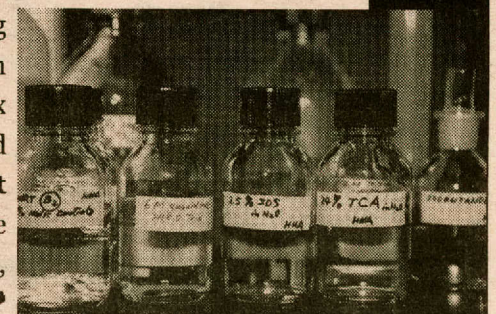
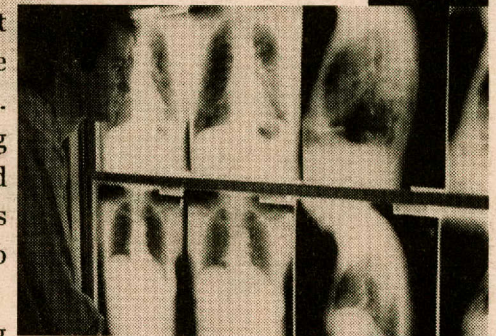
The walls are bare of any color, or any sense of hope for color. They take a left into a door and he walks into the familiar room. Klaus is standing by the observation table with a Tablet in hand, smiling a smile Graves immediately comes to hate. He pats the cold metal, beckoning him to sit down. Graves opens his mouth to speak, but he finds that it's much more difficult than before. His mind's eye has been blinded. His brain sends synapses through a neuronal graveyard. He can't remember anything. It's like someone has cut the cord.

The two gentlemen hoist him up onto the table and rig him up with sensors and suction cups. Klaus speaks for the first time. "Not much longer, friend." Graves can only look at him, a surge of questions evident in his eyes. "You should have listened." Graves shakes his head in denial. "If it's any consolation, just know I had no choice. You did this." Graves closes his eyes, fighting tears.

As if by teleportation, Graves finds that he is standing in front of two small, chrome cubes, a small hammer chained to the wall. It feels like someone else is controlling his body as he lifts his arms. He leans and touches the left box and suddenly, his vision changes as if he were sucked into another plane.

He is five years old again. He is being held, suspended in the air. Graves looks down and see his father's face, his arms stretched high, holding him. He is playing Superman with him. Though he sees this in his vision, he can still feel heat from the box at his fingertips. But, he is lost, captivated by the moment. His father is smiling, but Graves doesn't feel happiness; just the fear. He feared what he knew was to come, what always came with his father...

'If it's any consolation, just know I had no choice. You did this.'



Even I

Submitted by Trebor Ross
Allred Unit

I... the transgressor,
ignoring what truth was known,
willfully abusing the strength of my father's arm;

I, who would rule not only my own,
but all I could grasp as well,
building up the lustful, selfish heart,
denying fault, refusing correction,
forged recklessly on
to the point of blasphemy and self-destruction.

I... the transgressor,
obeying the dark master's call,
eagerly served the soulless shadows
for profit and pleasure,
heedlessly taunting the coming fall;

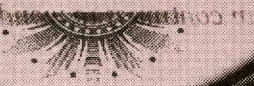
I, who robbed the gracious,
stealing innocence beyond measure,
worshipping only my own power
and those of my idols.

Again and again, the hand of grace reached,
interceding in the fate I'd made...

craved...deserved;

and yet was my life stayed;

Blind to the reality of miracles
I did not even count it as luck;
running headlong to damnation
with spikes in my hand and
a smile on my face,
I joined the march to Golgotha.



Hard times, good endings

Submitted by Tara Rosson, Woodman State Jail

Sitting behind these four walls and bars of steel,
I pray to God to change my life and for my heart to heal.
The days are extremely long and the nights are short.
I cry out to heaven for my family's support.

I lay in my bunk, so no one else can see,
being behind bars showed me how precious it is being free.
I wipe away my watery eyes and my runny nose,
so no one else can see all the weakness that I hold.

Where did I go wrong? Why and when did it all start?
I look for so many answers, wondering why my life's falling apart.
So many nights, I lie awake crying to heaven above
to watch over my family and send them my love.

It hurts to know I'm many miles away locked behind four walls.
I seldom get mail and never get to make phone calls.
What would I do if something happened to them or even to me?
Lord, I ask you to watch over them, even when they sleep.

I pray, I cry, for forgiveness and to have mercy on my soul,
for being in prison, I have a new life story - to be told.
I have found a new friend since the others disappeared.
He strengthens me, lifts me up and wipes away my tears.

He says, "You are at war everyday, all day with the devil that is.
Don't show him weakness, cause that's when he creeps in.
For it is okay to cry because I have your tears in a bottle,
but don't give in to evil, even when you're hostile."

Being locked up made me realize a lot of things.
Even behind bars you can find comfort that God brings.
For all you have to do is look in the right place
then you, too might be looking in my new best friend's face.

Friends

Submitted by Nathan Ellis
Torres Unit



Friends they come and go;
Some leave, the reason you don't know.
Every once in a while one may die;
You only wish you could understand why.
It doesn't make any sense;
It's not your fault they went away,
but perhaps there will come another day,
When you will find another friend,
that maybe God can in some way lend.

The bluest eyes in Texas are haunting me tonight

Shane Barnett, Coffield Unit

The past has come rushing back into my life
cutting at my heart like a knife.
So many feelings and emotions buried and hidden away,
to never again see the light of day.

Confusion! I don't know how I should feel.
Can the strength of these emotions be real?
Sadly she can't be mine to have and hold
yet I do in my mind, if truth be told.

She married and gave her life to another man,
Smarter than I, he took her hand.
I'd have to say I have no hate
but must admit, I envy his fate.

He has the girl that has my heart.
Of her life I have no part.

Bittersweet can't begin to explain
how love can cause so much heartache and pain.

So I'll hang my head, do my time and live my life,
as she lives hers, as another man's wife.



New living

Codi Easter, Plane State Jail

This is just one of the many thoughts I've got inside my mind.

Some I refuse to share because of the reaction I may find.

I've allowed myself to lose years of my freedom due to self-centered greed,
missing out on the real benefits of life and not getting the love I truly need.

Always thought that money could get me past anything I'd face.

Looking at it now, realizing it's the same thing that got me to this place.

Told myself to pop another pill and blaze another sweet,
find more ways to push this dope in the street.

Sell a little more; worry not at least until the moment when I got caught.

Went from royal status, cooking up dope in the kitchen
to a place where everyone holds the same position.

I thought that all the luxury and material things could satisfy the heart,
not stopping to consider it could cause me and my family to part.

Now here I am in a room full of strangers,
thinking I should have listened when I was warned of the dangers.

All I can do now is the time I was given
and wait for my chance to renew my way of living.

Prison time

Submitted by Codi Easter
Lane Murray Unit

Time is given to me and taken away by the mistakes I make
Now I sit behind bars, razor wire and locked doors
trying to rehabilitate for my life's sake

Time away from my loved ones and the few I'd call friends
Sometimes feeling like this misery will never end

I was down to ride no matter what the cost
Never imagining how much time would end up lost

I try to tell myself to be strong, don't let them see you cry
I bottle up my temper, my sadness, my shame,
and let a lot of things fly

A year passes, then two, then there's number three
I once thought it was on my side
but now I feel like time is my enemy

A waste of life, the absence of love,
and the loss of freedom...

This is for the hearts of the ones feeling trapped by time

Puddles of tears

Submitted by Michael Waldner
Ware Unit

Broken is the one, who has no hope.
Torn apart is the one, who is left alone.
Lost is the one, who is without friends.
Only will time allow the pieces to mend.

Shattered is the heart of a broken soul,
who's love has been lost and has no one to hold.
His family is gone, he is left without,
the man continues to wonder what life is about.

He tries to understand the reason why
but he never really ever seems to try
to make things new and to make things right
he cries and he cries throughout the fight.

Surrounded by puddles of tears,
sad is the man who himself fears he has lost all hope.
These words that are written are very true,
he continues to cry tears anew.

Joy and happiness he left without,
do people understand what these tears are about?
They are of a man who is left alone
shattered is the heart of his broken soul.

The words of this man were meant to be.
Yes, the man they speak of... That man is me.

ARIZONA CARDINALS

Sept. 8	at St.L.,	3:25 p.m.
Sept.15	Det.,	12:05 p.m.
Sept.22	at N.O.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.29	at T.B.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct. 6	Car.,	3:05 p.m.
Oct.13	at S.F.,	3:25 p.m.
Oct.17	Sea.,	7:25 p.m.
Oct.27	Atl.,	3:25 p.m.
Nov. 3	BYE	
Nov.10	Hou.,	3:25 p.m.
Nov.17	at Jac.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.24	Ind.,	3:05 p.m.
Dec. 1	at Phi.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec. 8	St.L.,	3:25 p.m.
Dec.15	at Ten.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.22	at Sea.,	3:05 p.m.
Dec.29	S.F.,	3:25 p.m.

ATLANTA FALCONS

Sept. 8	at N.O.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.15	St.L.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.22	at Mia.,	3:05 p.m.
Sept.29	N.E.,	7:30 p.m.
Oct. 7	N.Y.J.,	7:40 p.m.
Oct.13	BYE	
Oct.20	T.B.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.27	at Ari.,	3:25 p.m.
Nov. 3	at Car.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.10	Sea.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.17	at T.B.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.21	N.O.,	7:25 p.m.
Dec. 1	at Buf.,	3:05 p.m.
Dec. 8	at G.B.,	7:30 p.m.
Dec.15	Was.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.23	at S.F.,	7:40 p.m.
Dec.29	Car.,	12:00 p.m.

BALTIMORE RAVENS

Sept. 5	at Den.,	7:30 p.m.
Sept.15	Cle.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.22	Hou.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.29	at Buf.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct. 6	at Mia.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.13	G.B.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.20	at Pit.,	3:25 p.m.
Oct.27	BYE	
Nov. 3	at Cle.,	3:25 p.m.
Nov.10	Cin.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.17	at Chi.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.24	N.Y.J.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.28	Pit.,	7:30 p.m.
Dec. 8	Min.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.16	at Det.,	7:40 p.m.
Dec.22	N.E.,	7:30 p.m.
Dec.29	at Cin.,	12:00 p.m.

BUFFALO BILLS

Sept. 8	N.E.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.15	Car.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.22	at N.Y.J.,	3:25 p.m.
Sept.29	Bal.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct. 3	at Cle.,	8:25 p.m.
Oct.13	Cin.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.20	at Mia.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.27	at N.O.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov. 3	K.C.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.10	at Pit.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.17	N.Y.J.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.24	BYE	
Dec. 1	Atl.,	3:05 p.m.
Dec. 8	at T.B.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.15	at Jac.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.22	Mia.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.29	at N.E.,	12:00 p.m.

CAROLINA PANTHERS

Sept. 8	Sea.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.15	at Buf.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.22	N.Y.G.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.29	BYE	
Oct. 6	at Ari.,	3:05 p.m.
Oct.13	at Min.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.20	St.L.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.24	at T.B.,	7:25 p.m.
Nov. 3	Atl.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.10	at S.F.,	3:05 p.m.
Nov.18	N.E.,	7:40 p.m.
Nov.24	at Mia.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec. 1	T.B.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec. 8	at N.O.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.15	N.Y.J.,	3:05 p.m.
Dec.22	N.O.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.29	at Atl.,	12:00 p.m.

CHICAGO BEARS

Sept. 8	Cin.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.15	Min.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.22	at Pit.,	7:30 p.m.
Sept.29	at Det.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct. 6	N.O.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.10	N.Y.G.,	7:25 p.m.
Oct.20	at Was.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.27	BYE	
Nov. 4	at G.B.,	7:40 p.m.
Nov.10	Det.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.17	Bal.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.24	at St.L.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec. 1	at Min.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec. 9	Dal.,	7:40 p.m.
Dec.15	at Cle.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.22	at Phi.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.29	G.B.,	12:00 p.m.

CINCINNATI BENGALS

Sept. 8	at Chi.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.16	Pit.,	7:40 p.m.
Sept.22	G.B.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.29	at Cle.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct. 6	N.E.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.13	at Buf.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.20	at Det.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.27	N.Y.J.,	3:05 p.m.
Oct.31	at Mia.,	7:25 p.m.
Nov.10	at Bal.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.17	Cle.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.24	BYE	
Dec. 1	at S.D.,	3:25 p.m.
Dec. 8	Ind.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.15	at Pit.,	7:30 p.m.
Dec.22	Min.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.29	Bal.,	12:00 p.m.

CLEVELAND BROWNS

Sept. 8	Mia.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.15	at Bal.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.22	at Min.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.29	Cin.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct. 3	Buf.,	7:25 p.m.
Oct.13	Det.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.20	at G.B.,	3:25 p.m.
Oct.27	at K.C.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov. 3	Bal.,	3:25 p.m.
Nov.10	BYE	
Nov.17	at Cin.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.24	Pit.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec. 1	Jac.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec. 8	at N.E.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.15	Chi.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.22	at N.Y.J.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.29	at Pit.,	12:00 p.m.

DENVER BRONCOS

Sept. 5	Bal.,	7:30 p.m.
Sept.15	at N.Y.G.,	3:25 p.m.
Sept.23	Oak.,	7:40 p.m.
Sept.29	Phi.,	3:25 p.m.
Oct. 6	at Dal.,	3:25 p.m.
Oct.13	Jac.,	3:05 p.m.
Oct.20	at Ind.,	7:30 p.m.
Oct.27	Was.,	3:25 p.m.
Nov. 3	BYE	
Nov.10	at S.D.,	3:25 p.m.
Nov.17	K.C.,	3:05 p.m.
Nov.24	at N.E.,	7:30 p.m.
Dec. 1	at K.C.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec. 8	Ten.,	3:05 p.m.
Dec.12	S.D.,	7:25 p.m.
Dec.22	at Hou.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.29	at Oak.,	3:25 p.m.

DETROIT LIONS

Sept. 8	Min.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.15	at Ari.,	3:05 p.m.
Sept.22	at Was.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.29	Chi.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct. 8	at G.B.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.13	at Cle.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.20	Cin.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.27	Dal.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov. 3	BYE	
Nov.10	at Chi.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.17	at Pit.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.24	T.B.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.28	G.B.,	12:30 p.m.
Dec. 8	at Phi.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.18	Bal.,	7:40 p.m.
Dec.22	N.Y.G.,	3:05 p.m.
Dec.29	at Min.,	12:00 p.m.

GREEN BAY PACKERS

Sept. 8	at S.F.,	3:25 p.m.
Sept.15	Was.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.22	at Cin.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.29	BYE	
Oct. 6	Det.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.13	at Bal.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.20	Cle.,	3:25 p.m.
Oct.27	at Min.,	7:30 p.m.
Nov. 4	Chi.,	7:40 p.m.
Nov.10	Phi.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.17	at N.Y.G.,	7:30 p.m.
Nov.24	Min.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.28	at Det.,	11:30 a.m.
Dec. 8	Atl.,	7:30 p.m.
Dec.15	at Dal.,	3:25 p.m.
Dec.22	Pit.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.29	at Chi.,	12:00 p.m.

INDIANAPOLIS COLTS

Sept. 8	Oak.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.15	Mia.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.22	at S.F.,	3:25 p.m.
Sept.29	at Jac.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct. 6	Sea.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.14	at S.D.,	7:40 p.m.
Oct.20	Den.,	7:30 p.m.
Oct.27	BYE	
Nov. 3	at Hou.,	7:30 p.m.
Nov.10	St.L.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.14	at Ten.,	7:25 p.m.
Nov.24	at Ari.,	3:05 p.m.
Dec. 1	Ten.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec. 8	at Cin.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.15	Hou.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.22	at K.C.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.29	Jac.,	12:00 p.m.

JACKSONVILLE JAGUARS

Sept. 8	K.C.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.15	at Oak.,	3:25 p.m.
Sept.22	at Sea.,	3:25 p.m.
Sept.29	Ind.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct. 6	at St.L.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.13	at Den.,	3:05 p.m.
Oct.20	S.D.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.27	S.F.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov. 3	BYE	
Nov.10	at Ten.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.17	Ari.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.24	at Hou.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec. 1	at Cle.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec. 5	Hou.,	7:25 p.m.
Dec.15	Buf.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.22	Ten.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.29	at Ind.,	12:00 p.m.

KANSAS CITY CHIEFS

Sept. 8	at Jac.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.15	Dal.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.19	at Phi.,	7:25 p.m.
Sept.29	N.Y.G.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct. 6	at Ten.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.13	Oak.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.20	Hou.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.27	Cle.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov. 3	at Buf.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.10	BYE	
Nov.17	at Den.,	3:05 p.m.
Nov.24	S.D.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec. 1	Den.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec. 8	at Was.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.15	at Oak.,	3:05 p.m.
Dec.22	Ind.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.29	at S.D.,	3:25 p.m.

MIAMI DOLPHINS

Sept. 8	at Cle.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.15	at Ind.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.22	Atl.,	3:05 p.m.
Sept.30	at N.O.,	7:40 p.m.
Oct. 6	Bal.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.13	BYE	
Oct.20	Buf.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.27	at N.E.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.31	Cin.,	7:25 p.m.
Nov.11	at T.B.,	7:40 p.m.
Nov.17	S.D.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.24	Car.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec. 1	at N.Y.J.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec. 8	at Pit.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.15	N.E.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.22	at Buf.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.29	N.Y.J.,	12:00 p.m.

MINNESOTA VIKINGS

Sept. 8	at Det.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.15	at Chi.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.22	Cle.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.29	Pit.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct. 6	BYE	
Oct.13	Car.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.21	at N.Y.G.,	7:40 p.m.
Oct.27	G.B.,	7:30 p.m.
Nov. 3	at Dal.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.7	Was.,	7:25 p.m.
Nov.17	at Sea.,	3:25 p.m.
Nov.24	at G.B.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec. 1	Chi.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec. 8	at Bal.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.15	Phi.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.22	at Cin.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.29	Det.,	12:00 p.m.

NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS

Sept. 8	at Buf.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.12	N.Y.G.,	7:25 p.m.
Sept.22	T.B.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.29	at Atl.,	7:30 p.m.
Oct. 6	at Cin.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.13	N.O.,	3:25 p.m.
Oct.20	at N.Y.J.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.27	Mia.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov. 3	Pit.,	3:25 p.m.
Nov.10	BYE	
Nov.18	at Car.,	7:40 p.m.
Nov.24	Den.,	7:30 p.m.
Dec. 1	at Hou.,	3:25 p.m.
Dec. 8	Cle.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.15	at Mia.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.22	at Bal.,	7:30 p.m.
Dec.29	Buf.,	12:00 p.m.

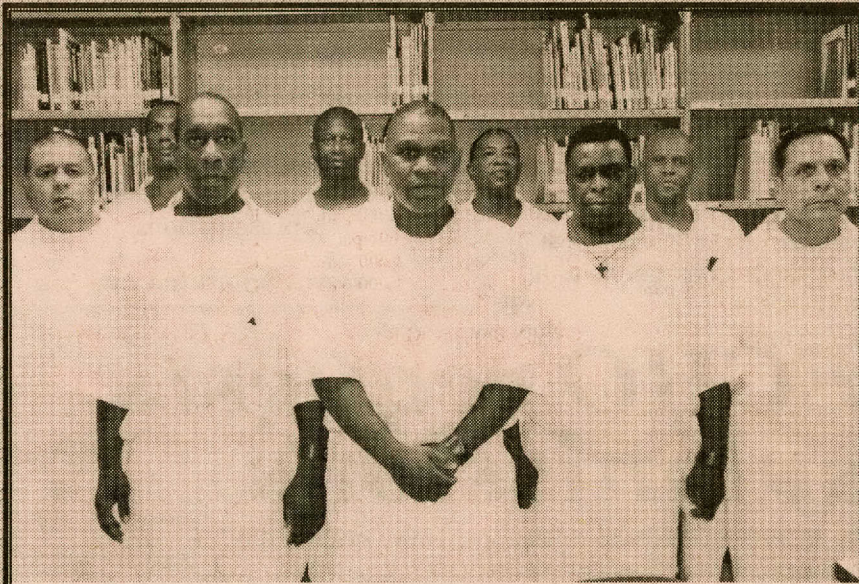
NEW ORLEANS SAINTS

Sept. 8	Atl.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.15	at T.B.,	3:05 p.m.
Sept.22	at Ari.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.30	Mia.,	7:40 p.m.
Oct. 6	at Chi.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.13	at N.E.,	3:25 p.m.
Oct.20	BYE	
Oct.27	Buf.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov. 3	at N.Y.J.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.10	Dal.,	7:30 p.m.
Nov.17	S.F.,	3:25 p.m.
Nov.21	at Atl.,	7:25 p.m.
Dec. 2	at Sea.,	7:40 p.m.
Dec. 8	Car.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.15	at St.L.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.22	at Car.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.29	T.B.,	12:00 p.m.

NEW YORK GIANTS

Sept. 8	at Dal.,	7:30 p.m.
Sept.15	Den.,	3:25 p.m.
Sept.22	at Car.,	12:00 p.m.
Sept.29	at K.C.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct. 6	Phi.,	12:00 p.m.
Oct.10	at Chi.,	7:25 p.m.
Oct.21	Min.,	7:40 p.m.
Oct.27	at Phi.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov. 3	BYE	
Nov.10	Oak.,	12:00 p.m.
Nov.17	G.B.,	7:30 p.m.
Nov.24	Dal.,	3:25 p.m.
Dec. 1	at Was.,	7:30 p.m.
Dec. 8	at S.D.,	3:25 p.m.
Dec.15	Sea.,	12:00 p.m.
Dec.22	at Det.,	3:05 p.m.
Dec.2		

TDCJ/Windham bulletin board



After studying a variety of topics from personal behavior, socialization, family life, money, nutrition, sewing on buttons to budgets and banking for six months, Hodge Unit students who completed the WSD Life Matters class are M. Carillo, D. Mann, R. Brown, C. Brown, J. Gomez, B. White, W. Vann, W. Randle and E. Thornton.



Smith Unit GED graduates are W. Arthaud, S. Gama, J. Garza, F. Gripton, F. Guarjardo, K. Johnson, N. Perez, C. Rodriguez, O. Rodriguez, M. Serrato, G. Silva and V. White.



Wallace Unit Automotive Brakes & Engine Performance graduates are L. Chavarria, C. Martin, B. Green and J. Perez.



Wallace Unit GED graduates are B. Hawkins, B. Livesay, A. Longoria, C. Paul, G. Pena, G. Scott, D. Thomas, K. Wigington and C. Young.

GED — The General Equivalency Diploma (GED) test is administered by WSD and evaluates five subject areas. Windham School District awarded more than 4,600 GED certificates during the 2011-2012 school year.



Dalhart Unit GED graduates are M. Campos, M. Madrigal, J. Cortez, R. Bain, D. Dick, B. Bledsoe, J. Mercado, S. Powell, J. Valenzuela, C. Casarez, N. Napier, G. Moreno, P. Ybarra and J. Burns.

Crespo's chess corner: Tactics – Decoy

Richard Crespo
Terrell Unit

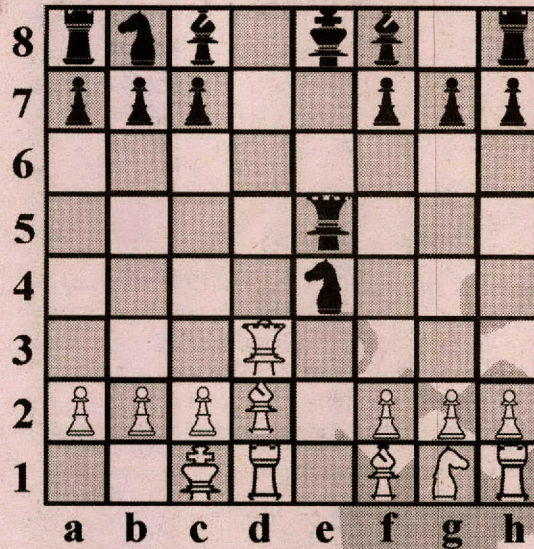


Decoy – this tactical device forces an enemy piece onto a certain square by means of a sacrifice, threat or other attack. Decoys are used together with other devices such as double attacks,

discovered attack, discovered checks, etc. A decoy is most effective when used against an opponent's king.

This is a classic example which every chess player should know by heart. (See diagram A.)

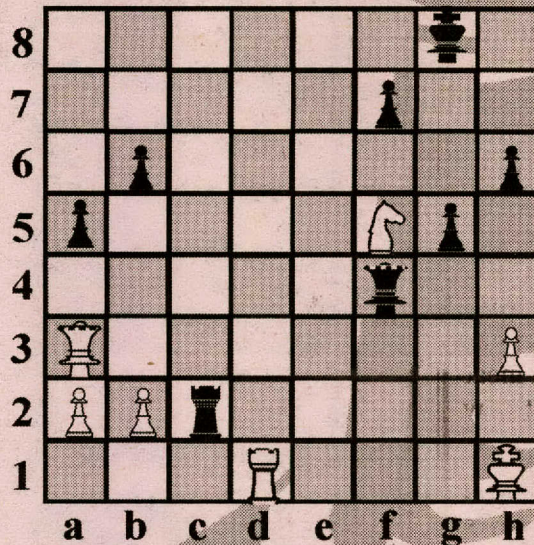
Diagram A: White to move



1. Qd8+!!
A brilliant queen sacrifice that has the effect of bringing the black king to d8. The king will now be subject to an attack in the form of a double check by both rook and bishop.

- 1. ... Kxd8
 - 2. Bg5+ Ke8
 - 3. Rd8++
- Typical rook and bishop mate.

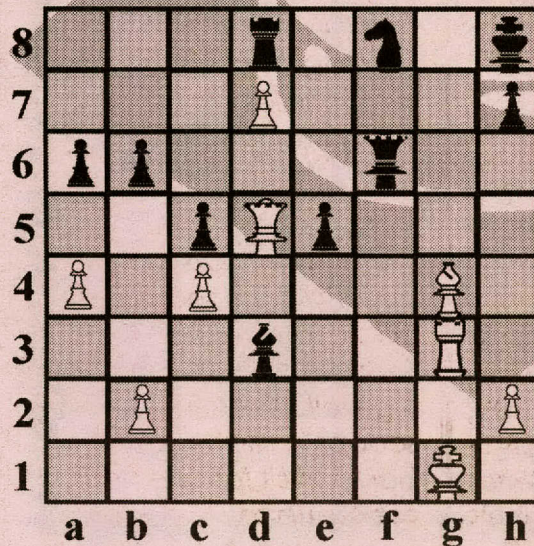
Diagram B: White to move



1. Qf8+!!
This lures the king to f8 to achieve a typical rook and knight mate. Black resigned. There is no escaping check-mate:

- 1. ... Kxf8,
 - 2. Rd8 mate;
- or
- 1. ... Kh7,
 - 2. Qg7 mate.

Diagram C: White to move



1. Qg8+!!
Black resigned. Checkmate follows on

- 1. ... Kxg8,
- 2. Be6+ Kh8,
- 3. Rg8++, double check and mate.

PACT continued from page 1

Conference registration will begin at 8 a.m. The conference, which begins at 9 a.m., will consist of presentations from several TDCJ divisions. Throughout the day, agency staff will be available to interact with participants. Resource tables will be open from 8:30 a.m. to 4 p.m., with brochures and other helpful information available.

Additional conference information for participants will be available on the TDCJ website, www.tdcj.state.tx.us, and in unit visitation areas.

Families invited: Public Awareness – Corrections Today (PACT) Conference

Oct. 5, 2013: 9 a.m. – 4 p.m.

George J. Beto Criminal Justice Center
Sam Houston State University
Huntsville, Texas
TDCJ-sponsored agency information
& presentations

www.tdcj.state.tx.us

ECHO requests submissions

The ECHO attempts to reflect positive values to fulfill the expectations you have placed on our prison newspaper. We request that YOU consider writing quality articles, commentaries, etc., to be published. All submitted articles will be appreciated and considered.

Please do not send anything more than 1,000 words (five pages handwritten, or three pages typed double-spaced). Publication is not guaranteed, and it may take a few issues for an article to appear.



Suggestions:

Submissions	Description
Article	An article is an objective discussion in an informative manner on any number of topics, such as health, history or legal issues. New and detailed facts need to have cited sources.
Commentary	A commentary is a discussion of any number of topics, but it is based upon the opinions or experiences of the writer.
Book Review	A book review details the subject, style and key plot elements of the book and generally concerns relevant topics of the day. Opinions about the book are welcomed.
Extras	Extras refer to letters to the editor, letters to Darby, puzzles, recipes and short stories, to name a few.
Poetry	Poetry is a piece of writing chosen and arranged to create a specific emotional response through meaning, sound and/or rhythm. (The ECHO already has more than 100 poems approved for publication and always has an abundance of poetry submitted, but if you have a really great poem, go ahead and send it.)
Unit Report	A unit report discusses activities performed on a particular unit and is submitted by unit reporters only . The report must be submitted on the "Article for The ECHO form" with the proper signatures.

When submitting any of the above, write a heading at the top of the first page with your name, number, unit of assignment and the type of submission you are sending. For example:

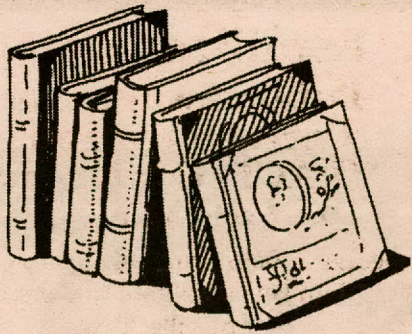
John Doe, #1234567

Huntsville Unit

Letter to the Editor (or article, poem, etc.)

Don't hesitate to send us your work – even if you are not a professional writer. We will edit your submissions for clarity and effectiveness.

Thank you for your continued support of *The ECHO*.



Bryan J. Moore
Staff Writer

A book review: 'The Viral Storm' by Nathan Wolfe

As a peer educator, I often preach to my classes that a virus is a living being that has the same biological imperatives that they do: it must have a means to sustain itself; it must have a suitable habitat; and it must reproduce. What I never realized was the degree of diligence, sophistication and cunning with which viruses are capable of carrying out these imperatives until I read "The Viral Storm" by Nathan Wolfe.

Nathan Wolfe is an experienced virologist who is more at home in the wilds of places such as Central Africa and the jungles of Borneo than the confines of a sterile laboratory. This may be due to the fact that it is in the wild that Wolfe can maintain his hyper focus on a natural phenomenon that he believes is the key to tracking and monitoring viral pandemics: cross-species transmission.

According to Wolfe, cross-species transmission, which occurs when viral agents from one species transfer to another, is neither novel nor rare. "Most of the major diseases of humans originated at some point in animals," Wolfe wrote.

There are many examples of this in "The Viral Storm". The book reveals that measles originated in cows and was passed to humans through a microorganism called the rinderpest virus. The virus that causes SARS found its way into the human population via bats. H5N1's common name, "bird flu", tells us that it originated in birds. HIV began as SIV, simian immunodeficiency virus, affecting chimpanzees and monkeys.

These transmissions clearly demonstrate the opportunistic nature of viruses. Since the endgame of viruses is to find a host to satisfy its biological needs, viruses will move not only from one host to another to accomplish this end, they will also move from one species to another if the opportunity presents itself. Once inside a host, two strains of the same virus can swap genetic information and then mutate into a new virus that contains the genetic information of the two strains.

"Viruses evolve more rapidly than any other organism on the planet," Wolfe writes.

Obviously, "Viral Storm" contains a wealth of information on viruses in general. For instance, a virus on average is small enough to infect a bacterium. Also, viruses utilize the body's immune system responses as avenues of transmission — sneezing, coughing, flaking skin, diarrhea, and ooze from sores are all ways for a determined virus to get out and about.

Eerily, if a virus should affect its host on a neurological level it can actually prompt behavioral changes. In terms

of transmission, this may be to the virus's best advantage. Rabies creates symptoms that include aggression and fear of water. A foamy, virus-packed mouth on a host that now has a greatly increased chance of biting someone is the ideal circumstance for the rabies virus.

The beating heart of "The Viral Storm" and of Wolfe's research is his effort to stay as many steps ahead of the next viral pandemic as possible. As a student of humanity's outbreaks both of the distant and recent past, Wolfe has examined how the structure of our modern society is an abettor in the spread of viruses. International air travel between huge cities and places packed with people such as office towers, shopping malls, school and university campuses and prisons can introduce an aggressive virus to innumerable hosts in a very short period of time. This is the dark, Hollywood-style scenario that Wolfe has dedicated himself to warding off.

His research has led him to conclude that one of the oldest of human activities must bear the brunt of responsibility for cross-species transmission and the resulting viral pandemics: hunting. Wolfe speaks very plainly on the matter, saying: "Hunting, with all of its messy, bloody, activity, provides everything infectious agents require to move from one species to another." Wolfe has documented first-hand how the subsistence hunting done by natives of economically depressed areas such as the Democratic Republic of Congo puts them in contact with the blood, saliva and tissue of the bush meat they slaughter, and whatever viruses the bush meat may be harboring.

In spite of hard evidence that hunting is indeed the ground zero of viral pandemics, the reason that outbreaks of recent note have occurred, in Wolfe's opinion, is because there was no one standing vigil. For this very reason, he has founded a research institute called Global Viral (GV).

GV uses the latest medical technology in combination with man-on-the-ground legwork to pinpoint locations where viral pandemics will most likely occur and to stop them before they can gain momentum. GV utilizes innovative approaches such as "viral chatter", a term used to describe a system that monitors global viral diversity in human and animal populations and detects when viral agents jump from animals to humans.

Wolfe does not view the next pandemic as an "if" but as an inevitable "when". He seeks to act as an alarm when that hour arises in the battle against viral invaders. GV, with its worldwide network, has already provided us with a wealth of information well beyond the conventional thinking concerning how viruses operate in their invisible world.



RECIPES

CHICKEN-CHILI NACHOS

By James Cotter
Neal Unit

Ingredients:

1 or 2 pks. chicken chili
1 bag refried beans
1 bag Salsa Verde
chips, crushed
1 bottle squeeze
cheese
1 bag tortilla chips or
corn chips

Directions:

Heat chicken chili pouch(es) in hot pot. In a bowl, prepare refried beans to desired thickness. Pour tortilla chips into separate bowl for bottom layer. Mix in chicken-chili and crushed Salsa Verde chips into refried beans, and pour mixture over tortilla chips. Squeeze cheese over bean-chip-chili mixture.

OOOIE-GOOEY- CHEWIES

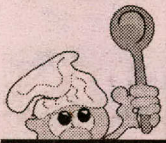
By Cheryl Haga
Riverside Unit

Ingredients:

10 Chick-O-Sticks
3 Milky Way candy
bars (melted)
1 bag of Butterfinger
Cookies (crushed)

Directions:

Crush Chick-O-Sticks and cookies in large bowl. Melt candy bars in insert cup. Pour melted candy bars into bowl with Chick-O-Sticks and cookies, mixing well. Place ½ spoonful scoops on flattened chip bag. Let sit for one hour. Makes up to 50 pieces.



RECIPES



Ingredients:

- Juice from 1 pickle
- 2 beef soup seasoning packs
- ½ tbsp. coffee
- 1 rice bag with rice
- 1 orange sports drink
- 1 summer sausage diced
- 2 bags pork skins
- 2 lemon pies

Directions:

Pour and mix pickle juice, beef seasonings and coffee. Put contents in a bag and heat in hotpot for 5 minutes.

In the rice bag with rice add ½ cup hot water. Mix in sports drink. Let stand.

Heat the summer sausage in a separate bag. Extract lemon pie filling and add to heated sausage.

Add the contents of the rice bag evenly into 2 bowls. Add 1 bag of crushed pork skins into each bowl. Pour sausage mixture evenly into the bowls.

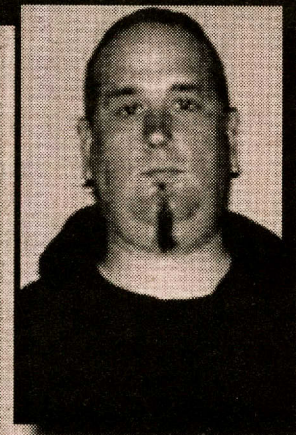
Bon appetit!



CRIME STOPPERS

On September 3, 2006, the Terrell Police Department initiated an investigation into the deaths of Patricia A. Oferosky and Stephen D. Mitchelltree. Oferosky and Mitchelltree,

employees of the Pizza Hut in Terrell, Texas, were found deceased at the place of business near closing time. Both Oferosky and Mitchelltree died from gunshot wounds.



If you have any information on the above homicides, please contact the TDCJ Crime Stoppers Office at P.O. Box 1855, Huntsville, TX 77340. TDCJ Crime Stoppers will pay from \$50 to \$1,000 for information leading to the arrest, filing of charges or indictment of the person or persons that committed a felony crime or is a wanted fugitive. Crime Stoppers guarantees your anonymity.

Sudoku solutions

Easy

1	4	2	6	8	9	3	5	7
7	9	8	3	5	2	4	6	1
3	6	5	7	4	1	9	2	8
8	1	9	2	3	7	5	4	6
5	3	4	8	1	6	7	9	2
2	7	6	4	9	5	8	1	3
9	2	7	5	6	3	1	8	4
6	8	1	9	7	4	2	3	5
4	5	3	1	2	8	6	7	9

Difficult

8	7	3	4	9	1	6	2	5
9	4	6	5	2	3	1	8	7
2	1	5	8	7	6	4	9	3
4	5	8	2	1	9	3	7	6
3	6	2	7	4	8	9	5	1
7	9	1	3	6	5	2	4	8
5	8	9	1	3	4	7	6	2
1	2	4	6	8	7	5	3	9
6	3	7	9	5	2	8	1	4

Transitioning back into the community isn't easy . . .

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