

Prison Life

I'm just going to be honest, I'm not a bad person, I am a good person surrounded by bad things. I know I committed a bad crime but thinking about what I was doing really shock's me. Speaking for my self I can tell you it was a one time thing. I get emotional when I remember them disgusting, dangerous drugs that I sold to innocent civilians probably destroying thier lives. At that time all I could think about was the money, I was^a self-centred, stupid human being. Every day I say to my self. why? why did I damage people's health and at the same time jepordise my future? was it me? was it my so called 'friends'? Then again there's only my self to blame. The past haunts, me. I had a bright future, working towards my graduation or maybe even a degree. All of that plus a loving and supporting family, what more could I want?