

When I first got here I felt depressed. I thought everything was over because the way I saw my life it was so small. Right now my life is between four cold walls. The second day I woke up in my cell I woke to the smell of the food trays as they arrived in the pod. It was hard at the beginning to try to eat, but now after 2 months and a couple of days it's like a custom to me.

Now that the facility has become my own neighborhood to me even if it is hard for me to live locked up. A key for success is the good behavior that I learned here. I learned in school that respecting others is how you become a man.

I hope that when I get out I will have my high school diploma in my hands! A diploma will make all of my plans come true. I hope to never come back to this place again!!

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OCCF