

Text of letter to Twanda Marshinda Brown from her youngest son on her birthday she spent in jail because she couldn't afford \$1,907.63 in traffic tickets; see draft complaint, p. 37, for more on her story

Dear Mom,

Well I miss you a lot. I miss the days we had together I can't wait until I come see you. If you want to know how I'm doing well I'm so what kind of good and what I mean by that is I've been getting in some trouble when you been gone. It seems to me that it's better when you here. Some time when we get in to it I will make you mad and you will make me mad but still at the end of the day you are the best mom. You put close on my back and a roof over my head. My heart is full of memories with pride I speak your name. Though life goes on without you it will never be the same without you. My memory loves you. It asks about you all the time.

Happy Birthday Mom