

Bismillah
As Salam Alaikum

My Dearest Husband

I guess I'll start by saying how I wish that you were here. The other day you said that I wasn't lonely anymore. I don't know what ever gave you that idea. I assume it's because Ricky is around. I wish I could say to you about how miserable Ricky makes my life. Maybe I'm a little hard on him and probably would be with any other man because I'm always comparing most men to you and none come near or reaching your standard. What bore me with Ricky is that he tries to hard to be Mr. V.I.P. i.e. taking me shopping is a big show off for him. The thing he does so-called politically ~~wise~~ to make him feel important. He wants to know everybody's business both past and present because he feels he's has a right to know.

Maybe you're wondering why this dude bothers me so well it's because he's here quite frequently and my patient is just about worn out with him.

What makes me ~~you~~ dislike ^{him} more is that I get the feeling that he's waiting for you to end. I think that he thinks that I'll abandon you for him. I remember when you got busted here before and he ~~thought~~ ^{thought} that he could just move right in under the banner of a comrade staying with a comrade. I know for a fact that he doesn't respect our relationship. I guess I just put all the blame on him. I know that it's partially my fault because I took a position which I never made clear to him. Maybe one I shouldn't have allow him to frequent in and out of my home or rather our home using the children for an

refuse. In the old days he still was in
my system and love wasn't strong enough to rid
me of him. Now we have grown & love very deeply
and nobody or anyone else will ^{not} destroy that. I hate
the warriors calling him daddy. but I don't force
nothing upon them, they love. and I could never
touch them besides, only for the enemy. I know
you don't want that. You understand. and I know
that it hurts to understand sometimes.

If it was only a matter of giving you all that
you got. it. however in order to fully enjoy all
I have to give we need a liberated territory
where we can enjoy life together for ever. I
love you baby and I'm just as lonely for you as
you for me, only we can cure each other loneliness.

Inside this house. is where sometimes I would
like to stay. It's not a place of luxury but it's
our home, the warriors, you, and me. Here I can
temporarily block the evils of the world out and
just listen to the ~~warrior's~~ laughter of the warriors
and think of you.

This house has four rooms the warriors have
their room and we have our only it stays
empty most of the time if I had sleeping there alone
so most of the time I sleep with the warriors. Did
you ever notice that I always slept with the light
on when you were out. and when you would come
I would cut it off. The light stay on in my bed
room now. when you come I'll cut it off. you
used to love to see me in that African dress you
said I look like an African that made me
feel real good. Cause you like my natural
beauty. Those time I laid in your arms while you
read to me. I felt loved. Nobody ever held me and
read to me before. My great-grandmother use to put
me on her lap and tell me stories. when it stopped
outside I use to curl under my mother but there
was never ~~any~~ no daddy.

I needed you so much in the old day (that's not

to say that I don't know) During these days I was so frightened and insecure. When those times we went for walks I felt you needed me I felt much like a woman.

How did the world get ever so messed up. I love to much to be in a world of hate.

Today, I went to court and I saw this pig who invaded 354 Saratoga Ave. He look at me and the warriors and I looked at him and I wondered how can he separate me from them. can't he see the love we have for each other. but I guess I know the answer - He has been contaminated by the hate disease. They're going to try to separate us again. they took me from them once but never more. Allah blessed me to give life to two wonderful warriors and he gave no one the right to take them away from me.

11/23

Still holding your letter. I spoke to sister Yvonne - she said that the dude couldn't cop anymore. I'm suppose to see her today to go into the details. I haven't been feeling very well these past two days. I feel very tense and closed in.

My mind has been on this case for the past few days. I know that in a very short while they're going to try to put me back in jail - and I know that I'm not going to let them but what bother me is the possibility of having to leave without you. Durie said that you can do whatever you say you can do and I know that you can only I don't feel that strongly about myself - you always tell me to have faith in myself and I know that I should. I guess part of my lack of faith comes from being in a time. There were time when I went on action and when the time come to move and all the fear vanished and I felt that I could control the situation. The also there were the comrades and

we had such deep vibrations. The times
we were getting down together were those
times that you could feel the love so strongly
that no situation seem impossible.

When I cried at the funeral it shocked
me I guess it was an instance flashback. I try
hard not to think about some very close comrades
who have fallen on the battle field - because
it bring tears to my eyes.

Got stop now. Have to make sure you get
this. Take care my love.

Love you always
Malika