

# EXHIBIT K

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“I am taking this opportunity, whenever I can, to write to you. These are very difficult times, and my emotions are shifting and changing rapidly. I am thinking about anything and everything. The evenings and nights are no longer times for sleep for me. I am always wide awake going through memories, some happy, some sad. It all flows back to this dismal and depressing reality. (I really don’t wish to sound so down, I am sorry.) This new reality, this new existence, is the food strike. It has made me live in the shadows, where one can’t feel quite alive, but one does not die. A very strange existence.

“I think it is only now that I can claim that I’ve moved a step closer to understanding the feelings and emotions of the poor and millions of human beings who are starving through the world. Pictures in my mind of the starving men, women and children, which I have seen through the years, now all make sense. Now I understand what deprivation really means, why people fight and kill each other over food. Despite my weakness and the helplessness that I feel during the days, I am determined to survive this and think this is my biggest struggle in this jail. I hope I’ll further discover myself. Just like this whole experience has been a self-discovery full of pain and sadness, full of desperation and hope. I pray to God that this last episode will not break me, but will help me be the best I can both here and when I get out. It’ll be a valid and precious asset that will always be at my side.”