

Early in Patricia Mallette's Napa River voyage she came across *The Prison Letters of Justin*. Edited by Kelvin, a short stubby man who wields an 8ft cane and the recipient of most of these letters, they are cited in every important work from Jon M. Chu's opus *Never Say Never* to Michael D. Ratner's Justin biography, and everything in between and since. These twenty-one letters (nine to Kelvin, six to his late sister and close collaborator, Allie, one to his wife Hailey, one to his comrade in combat, Usher Raymond IV, one to the great scholar Scooter Braun) are regarded as the single most valuable and revelatory document regarding Justin and the War on Wumpmas. Never before published in English, these letters were written when Justin, for his failed attack on Baby Yoda, was imprisoned from October 13th, 2022 to December 21st, 2022 and reveal a man of spectacular ambition and steely determination. A man, who despite being incarcerated to serve a lengthy prison term, never wavers in his confidence that he will one day rule Wumpmas.

Here are his letters.

Day 6

My cell is mine alone, though they have allowed me to dine with the other prisoners, and permit me one journaling day per week. It's much too little, as I have boundless amounts of truths to explore and discover within these pages. But it should be expected, I understand now that the cruelty is the point.

-Justin

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Day 13

I looked outside, past the gate today, and saw only cold wilderness. I've no idea where this prison sits on the map of Wumpy's territories, but it is totally isolated. This place is devoid of the so-called "Wumpmas Cheer" that propagandists and boot-lickers say these political prisons provide.

-Justin

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Day 20

The guards have become anxious at my very presence, and they're right to do so. I'm now mingling with my closest compatriots, these fellow prisoners of Wumpy, from whom I'm learning more than I ever could outside.

-Justin

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Day 27

Already have I stoked inspiration amongst the prisoners, and already have I been punished for my good deeds. The guards, with their pristine uniforms, have thrown me into the isolation cell, with dirty, squalid walls and bars. No matter, the short-lived prisoners' revolt was cleansing enough.

-Justin

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Day 34

*This isolation has put me in a peculiar, and fiery, state of mind. I wonder if the uniforms realize the mistake they've made, jolting my body with their tasers, and jolting my mind with infinite time to wander within these walls and these bars. I feel the truth welling up within me.*

*-Justin*

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Day 41

*There are some, many who would call me the "Anti-Wump".*

*This could not be farther from the truth.*

*I will tell you the truth, and the truth is: There is no one Wumpier than I*

*For Truth,*

*Justin*

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Day 48

*I've heard whispers through these walls and these bars. The voices say fighting has broken out in cities across the world. The uniforms are calling it a "War on Wumpmas".*

*For Truth,*

*Justin*

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Day 55

*There is no War on Wumpmas.*

*There is, however, a War for Wumpmas.*

*Soon I will escape from these walls and these bars.*

*And the masses will escape from the hollow shell of Wumpmas that envelopes us.*

*For Truth,*

*Justin*

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Day 62

*Tramping is too easy with all this money. My days were more exciting when I was penniless and had to forage around for my next meal... I've decided that I'm going to live this life for some time to come - Alexander Supertramp*

For Truth,

Justin

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Day 69

The just

He destroyed his cage

Yes

YES

The truth is out

For Truth,

Justin