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May 25, 2015

Re: State of Alaska vs. Clayton Allison, #3PA-09-2996 CR

To Judge White:

For a long time I have had faith that in the United States we were innocent until proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. Now I see that is a grand idea, but only on paper. It is a practice that is no longer exercised. What I witnessed in this trial, a term which I use loosely, was more of a macabre circus act; something that you read about in history books that happens in other countries, and is brought about by corrupt officials.

For the longest time, I had faith that I would never see something like this happen in the country I live in. This trial shows that the constitution is to be followed when it is convenient, and ignored when it becomes inconvenient. Through this trial, I witnessed my family: slandered, insulted, threatened, and practically entombed. Our rights were ignored, and in many cases deemed irrelevant.

The "truth" that was stated in that courtroom was only that which was convenient for the prosecution. We were not allowed to say anything about my brother's good character, my sister's genetic condition, or anything relevant to my brother's innocence. In this case, the blind lady justice was never allowed to enter the courtroom. She was bound and gagged, and shoved in a closet down the hall. It is the prosecutor's job to prove guilt, but how does the defense present their case when their evidence is censored as "too prejudicial," simply because the evidence proves an innocent man to be innocent?

Your honor, I pity you, for you have been around the dark side of mankind for so long that you can no longer see the light when it is shining in your own courtroom. The light of innocence is so painful, that you have to turn it into an enemy. You see it not as the beacon of hope, but as a fire to be snuffed out. You see the tears of agony in the family not rooted in sorrow, but as the cries of a sore loser that didn't get their way. You see the world not through rose tinted glasses, but through nearly impenetrable shades of guilt.

My brother, Clayton, is a man who does not know anger except as a word in the dictionary. He is a man who will vent frustration after hours of tedious work by going to the store and buying a candy bar. He embodies the meaning of the phrase "the patience of a saint" no matter how long it

takes him to help you with something; be it Math homework or a video game. He is someone who likes to help others, and loves to help others laugh. He is a man who tried – quite hard actually – to teach me how to dance. (It didn't go well.) He is a man who will carry his wife's purse around in a club because it is too heavy for her; and will rock it. He is a man who turns not to drugs, alcohol or any other destructive vice, and instead devours a library. He is the only person I know who has been sent to collections for overdue library books. He has helped me, and many others, at great inconvenience to himself over the years. I believe all of us would be challenged to think of when he asked us for something in return.

My brother is an innocent man sitting in prison for a crime he didn't commit simply so he could pad someone else's career. It is my hope that past being granted a reduced sentence, my brother will be set free after his case has been elevated out of your hands, and reviewed by fresh eyes that can see the mockery that made up this 5-week long vacation in hell. I hope your sunny vacation was nice and relaxing for you; because after you railroaded us into making your plane on time and while you enjoyed your vacation: my brother was sitting in a cold cell, my sister sat alone in her house, and every single member of my family was in tears.

I know one day I will see my brother free again, whether that's in 2, 3, 10, or God forbid 20 years. By the time he is released, everyone will know of his innocence, and will know the crimes that were committed against him. You, the prosecutors, and the police involved will be immortalized as a lesson for the people of this country of the crimes that can be committed against the innocent in a system that strives for vengeance instead of justice.

A person enduring the trial along with my family likened you all to Batman villains. I find this appropriate because it seems as if you were just left out of Arkam Asylum and then granted the run of the place. Whatever happened in your past to make you this way, I pray that you are healed of it. For your pain to be so great that everyone must be as miserable and jaded as you are, no one should have to endure. I hope that someday you can find the strength to admit your weaknesses, and seek help in dealing with your issues, because taking it out on innocents is not the proper way to deal with it. I hope you find the strength to face whatever it is you fear, because fear has corrupted you into being angry and hateful, and it has led to the suffering of many families.

The intent of this letter was to ask for a reduced sentence for Clayton. I demand more than that. I want the truth to be known. I want this case out of your hands and into the hands of a true impartial judge who will see it for what it is, and God willing have a good laugh and set things right. For Dante's Inferno was titled The Divine Comedy, and that was simply a trip through hell.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Michael McIlroy". The signature is written in black ink and is positioned centrally below the main body of the letter.

Michael McIlroy