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My friend B100

(originally written
2-25-09)

My tears fall down like my eyes do,
Blue,
The feeling in my heart isn't the same too,
To Blue,
Now whenever I shed a tear it's bled Red,
Dark To Blue,
Our circle has been broken into four corners,
To Dark To Blue,
I sit and I try to vocalize the words hidden inside,
When To Dark To Blue,
It becomes evident that I've been took for a fool,
That's when To Dark To Blue,
when the tears mix with the years without you,
Forgotten That's when To Dark To Blue,
I met the Devil and chased the cursed bait,
Forever forgotten That's when To Dark To Blue,
The world doesn't want me anymore it's clear to see,
Now forever forgotten That's when To Dark To Blue.

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John C. Whitaker

I plan to publish a book. B/c I obviously don't have the mean's to be granted every person's permission to use their actual names. I will be using pseudonym's. "BUT" To Know Me, you wouldn't need the actual names.

"Helpin Keep Da Peace"

This day was like many others I have spent on Commonwealth Ave., but as I soon found out it was far from what it seemed. The usual group was there. (Renae, J, his twin, Red, Vicki, Renae's sister, Killa, Colin, JB, Wigger, Ms. Kitty, Lucifer, Jack, Malique, and a bunch others.) People were in and out. Drinking, Twisting L's, Pills, and everything nice. The usual Beer and vodka Pong, music, people dancing, playing video games, plus wie else. I was in JB's Boom Boom room. That's where he gets his business done. Anyways the mood changed allot when Kevin Horset, & his room-mate Chantelle arrived. (They were everyone's friend) I knew something was up the way they came in. Kevin was very blunt about what he needed. Help to beat up Chantelle's ex bf and two brothers. Nobody would help except for me. I was drunk and didn't give a shit anyway. I was in the mood to brawl. Kevin thanked me, and us three went on our way. The house we were headed to was in Westfield. During the ride we listened to fight music, to get us amped up more than we already were. After about 30 minutes we finally got to the house in Westfield. Chantelle initially stayed in the car, Kevin and I got out. (I was wearing a Brand new Gary Payton LAKERS Jersey.) We stood in front of the house for what seemed to be a couple minutes. Then not a second later about 13 people came out with bats and chains. (also) One person on the porch was carrying heat. I started the fight by taunting her ex. As I stepped towards him he said "Get back mother-fucker I'm warning you." I was like wie and I leaped at him. Kevin started fighting as well. After a while Kevin and I got separated, fighting in different clusters. (we did pretty good considering the miss match) Chantelle got out of the car and told us that we proved our point, and to get back in the car. So we got in and left. On the way back we stopped at D N D's. All three of us went inside. The lady at the register was like "OH MY! Do you need me to call the Police? "Nah we're alright." I looked into the bathroom's mirror and couldn't even recognize myself, so much blood. I washed up a little, then the three of us headed back to Commonwealth Ave. During the ride back I kept falling in and out of consciousness, I had taken quite a few blows to the head. We made it back to JB's house, went upstairs, and the first person to take compassion on me was Renae. She was in the room connected to the bathroom and Boom Boom Room. Renae said "OMG! What happened to him? Get under the covers, your face is a mess... Someone get me a fucking wet face cloth so I can clean up his face." Renae took good care of me that night. When everyone else had found out what happened (Dealing with the miss match) they then wanted to go to that house in Westfield. Mainly B/C we got jumped. Hearing this I pulled the cover back, shakeily got to my feet and told Kevin I was ready to go at it again. Renae was like "the hell you are, you're in no condition to try to fight now." I atleast convinced them that I was ok enough to go for the ride. When we got to the house in Westfield, this time no one came out. "Oh well," I said, "might as well go back, we can all see that they want nothing to do with a fair fight." "Bitches, posse's, punks, and other curse's were yelled in the direction of the cowards house." Kevin ended up having me dropped off at my house. (Well, after we brought everyone back to the house on Commonwealth Ave,) we chilled their for a while. The last thing I remember Kevin saying was... "Josh, I was proud to fight by your side, and I'd be proud to do it again. we may not have won this one, but we proved our point!"

- we protect our friends -

✓ Josh Whitaker