

"ABOUT MY LIFE"

Hello World,

I would like to take you inside my life. Embrace yourself it's a long ride. We'll this madness begin in 1991, when I was charged with 3 counts of 1st Degree intentional homicides. I cant say to much about it because i'm currently fighting my case. But hopefully with the grace of GOD and a fighter in the lawyer that I got thangs can change. So please enter my world. We'll I was originally charged with 1 count of 1st Degree intentional homicide, party to a crime. Then my co-defendant went to the police and told them I committed 2 more murders. He then got 3 of his buddies to help him lie & fabricate a cold story, that puts me has the triggerman in 3 murders. They all testified against me to save theirselves from pending cases. It was a 4th witness but I assume the D.A. didn't want him cause he was saying the same thing all the other ones was saying. My co-defendant got a deal for 14 years, received immunity on 1 case and placed hisself at 2 murders. They gave me 3-life bits, 3 different parole dates.

But things are looking up. I'm not to sharp with this law, something I deeply regret, but I have good issues. So it's going on 20 years in may 2011. I was 19 when I got locked up. When I look back I never thought i'll be locked up 20 years, let alone be able to do it. But it went fast. At times I think i'm going crazy, especially how much my mind rotate from one thing to another. I know the main reason why I have remained strong is because of my mother. I dont know what i'll do without her, she's my everything. I know people, like our family & friends, and enemies have doubted my mother's up bringing of me. I know some have gossip on rather her life-style played part in me being <sup>in</sup> trouble all my life. Yes proud to say my mom's a lesbian, been like that since I was 5 or 6 and know her life-style never played part in the way I was. But it did hurt me when I was younger, but she never did do anything around me or let it interfere with her raising me. And to be honest it took me until I was like 18 to even feel comfortable about her life-style and feel comfortable talking to her about it or anyone else.

I really think what did play part of my life of crime was where I was raised. It was called the projects, but some people called the roll houses. My grandmother stayed there from the 70's til 1990 . At times my mom tried to keep me away from there, but by then I was already a victim, a victim of being a drug dealer, a thug, a hustla and a gangsta. Mom's did her thing, everything a mom would do to make sure her son did right. She even tried academy schools, i'll never forget that. I had everything I wanted even a motorcycle at 12, i'll always cherish. It hurts me to sit back and think about everything that I took her through, she didn't deserve it. So that's why I have remained strong mainly for her, she raised a fighter, SO I'll keep fighting for my life...

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Honestly, I think I would've killed myself if it wasn't for my mother. So since my incarceration I haven't accomplished that much, but becoming a man & being more mature. But besides a education what more can a person accomplish. Being locked up limits a person. But I tell you this, I know i'll never back to prison once i'm free. That's one thing I did accomplish, ways to better myself and live the right life. criminal thinking is in my past. I love myself to much, and I love my mother more then I love myself, so i'll be damn! if I take her through a ordeal like this again. You know what my mother said to me about 4 or 5 years ago. She said Craig when you come from under this you ever come back i'll come to visit you and kill you myself. And I know she meant it, cause it reminded me when I was little and she said i'm about to get my azz wooped for something I did wrong. I knew that stare, she meant business! That's just a great mom showing she care. But I have learned my lesson far as coming back.

I have picked up a little knowledge since I been down mainly about life. But most of my bit my mind has been distracted. I keep my mind on the streets way too much & wondering what's going on out there. Mainly about my mother, family members, women and old friends. I have spent alot of my bit trying to find the right woman to help me through this lonely pain and help stop my worries. I have had alot of females in my life, but I still haven't found that soulmate, that woman that believes in me, that woman that loves me for who I am, not for sympathy because I have 3-life sentences and you feel sorry for me. I know it may seem a little harsh but it's real. It's sad that I got locked up at such a young age. I never knew what love was, it took me 20 something years to find out. Oh and I must tell the truth loves hurt at times. Being locked up really is harded then a couple in the free world.

But you know what I regret the most dealing with women in my past. Not being honest about my sentence. But hear me out for a second, let's face reality. What woman is going to be by your side when you tell them you have 3-life bits. I mean I know it's some that would be there, but that's very rare. First when you tell them that their going to think your some crazy dude with no respect for a human life. Alot of people already think your guilty. Then they have in the back of their mind oh he's never getting out of jail. But I have learned from that & i'll never lie to a female again. Being lonely hurts more then anything. Alot of things run through my mind. At times it's hard staying focused because I have so much to think about. At times I feel i'm going crazy. I talk to the clinical doctor's at times. I didn't come incontact with them until 2004, that's because I went on a hungry strike. I talk to them hoping they can help me deal with what i'm going through. My mom's says she understand, but I think she only understands because she feels locked up, because her only child is locked away. But i'm getting a little depressed, it's a pleasure to hear some of your feed back, thank you for reading my blog. I'll sign off, I hope your response could help me keep my sanity and from being so lonely and at times, depressed.