

BLOG POST #4 April 25, 2011

TOPIC: My MAD, MAD WORLD A GLIMPSE OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.

Greetings to all bored enough to read this insanity that ive learned to identify as life. Im in a grumpy mood today but will try to stay upbeat. Im just fed up with my familys lack of support in anyway. They dont write, dont help with money, nothing but yet they continue to make empty promises that theyre going to. It gets annoying but ive learned to cope with it. Recently I discovered my 10 year old daughter had been hospitalized but apparently my mother decided it wasnt important to inform me but then again theyve kept me out of contact with my daughter to the point that she doesnt even know me. One can say that I shouldve considered that before I got locked up. In a sense id partially agree but at the same time, the facts around my case are B.S. meaning I didnt intentionally leave my daughters life. Even if I wouldve done something to get locked up, is it right that my mother and stepfather have kept my daughter from knowing who I am. Shes partially aware of me as a person but doesnt know that im her father. Anyhow enough about that, it just irritates me.

Before I go ~~to~~ further I need to give a shoutout to Katie and Alamo. you guys posted comments on my blog back in December. Unfortunately the site was

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down for awhile and I just received your comments.

To Alamo, yeah you're right, there are plenty of other people who've done alot worse than myself and got away because of wealth or their positions in society. I'm glad you enjoy my blog. I hope you continue to follow as I post.

TO KATIE, Hey im glad you enjoyed my poem Reflection. My meter isnt always right but I always manage to convey my emotions. I posted another ~~poem~~ poem in Blog post # 3. It was a bit dark but the subject was a dark topic. yes "Legends of the fall" has some wonderful music. I really look forward to seeing the movie again soon. Please continue to follow my posts. I hope to share more of my poetry soon.

Ok back to my BLOG. Not alot has changed here. I've been wrestling with penpals but so far have pretty much encountered headgames, lies and drama. Out of 9 people only 1 or 2 have seemed sincere. Hopefully by blogging I can make contact with a few other ~~people~~ people. This place is such a negative environment. I feel if I don't make an attempt at some outside social contacts then ill go insane. most guys in here have family they can turn to for these things but as I mentioned earlier my family and I arent on the best of terms. Because of some stupid decisions on my part I am housed in 23 hour solitary lockdown. I have been here for 6 1/2 years. up to now ive done an ok. job at maintaining my Sunity but as the days go by, it gets harder and harder. If anyone

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reading my blog is tired of the same old thing day in and day out or if you have a little extra time and are interested in forming a friendship then write soon. I'm a great listener and have good conversation skills so my letters will ~~be~~ be upbeat. If you're tired of work or just need a break from it all go ahead and write. you'd be amazed at how much a letter can help. It doesn't matter who you are or where you've been. I've seen and done alot in my young life and can relate to almost anyone. I promise not to ever judge anyone.

Ok I want to touch on my past a bit to give everyone a better idea of who I am.

I was born in the small Texas town of Eastland (population 4,000) my parents were both still in highschool. I was the first born, so I was a new experience for them. Next in line was my brother Chris, born in 84 then my brother Mike, born in 85. I dont really have alot of early memories from my childhood. My mom has shared many stories of the 'havoc' I caused and I will share them with anyone interested. Just let me know. I do recall my grandma Marcileta loved all of us kids like crazy. Sadly she was taken from us on mothers day of 87. I was 4 then. I was in the house when it happened and remembered wondering what was wrong but the adults kept me sequestered in another part of the house. The cause of death was a heart attack brought on by multiple epileptic seizures.

I grew up in a small Baptist church. My mom taught Sunday school while my dad volunteered to drive the church bus. I excelled in school and was somewhat popular. My best friend was a kid named Jeff who lived up the street. My parents didn't have a lot of money and my dad worked long hours to support us.

My childhood really changed when I was 8 years old. One morning my dad was "sick" so stayed home from church. When we returned home he and most of his stuff was gone. The thing I recall the most was the VCR being gone. There went my transformer movies. My mom took things hard and struggled to raise us 3 boys on her own. She worked at a nursing home and we lived in ~~poor~~ government housing. My mom started drinking and partying more and more. Eventually she met my stepdad Erik and it was love at first sight. We all moved to a town 10 miles away where we rented a 3 bedroom home. Shortly after my ~~mom~~ mom and stepdad married my youngest brother Erik Jr. was ~~born~~ born. We now needed a larger home so my stepdad bought the 4 bedroom house next door and we moved there. I started the 4th grade in the new school but quickly made friends. The new transition helped a lot because my mom's sister had recently married a doctor and they along with my cousins all moved to Cisco with us. Having my cousins around helped a lot. For the most part things weren't so bad. I had 2 best-friends named Jessi and Amanda. Life wasn't so bad. My stepdad tried hard to step in as a father

figure, but imagine going from no kids to 4 boys. It had to of been hard. My real dad was still around from time to time. He seen us on weekends twice a month. I believe I was 11 when my sister Ashley was born. I had a pretty normal life. I played Baseball and was a Boy Scout. I loved riding my bike and spent most of my time at my friend Jessies.

My life really didnt change until I turned 13. I was in the 7th grade now and had an entirely different view on life. I had found Rock n Roll bands like mettalica and Pantera. I'd also begun smoking Cigaretts, marijuana and alcohol. I'd also discovered ~~sex~~ the mystery of sex. It wasn't long before I was ~~son~~ sneaking out of the base and/or running away from home. While I still associated with Jessie and Amanda, id found a whole new group of friends. I spent alot of time at a kid named Mutts house. There were always older people partying and we kind of hung around. I first got put on probation for vandalism when I was 13. I'd tripped over a ~~pipe~~ **PVC** pipe and broke a water line underground. I didn't know it but the water flooded the basement of a church. I honestly had no idea id done it but nobody believed me so 6months probation it was. By this time my stepdad and I werent seeing eye to eye at all. They Couldn't control me. I did what I wanted. He and I even had our share of fist fights. As soon as I was off of probation when I was 14, my friend Ricky and I stole a Ford

Ranger pickup and went joyriding. A city cop tried to stop us in Eastland but Ricky floored it and the chase was on. I remember that Aerosmith was in the CD player and we were both high out of our minds. We were young, wild, free and unstoppable or so we thought. We headed towards Cisco hitting speeds of over a 100 mph. By now we led a convoy of various law enforcement vehicles. While taking a sharp corner a cop car hit our bumper causing us to broadside another ^{COP} car before flipping end over end several times. We landed in a pasture and immediately crawled free of the truck. Neither of us had on a seat belt but amazingly we only had scratches. It was around 1 am by now. While the dust settled and the chaos ensued Ricky and I fled into the wooded area. We spent the next 5 hours in the woods headed towards Cisco. My only injuries came from a barbed wire fence and a cactus patch that I unknowingly jumped into. I wouldn't suggest that to anyone. We finally reached Cisco's city limits as the sun came up. We both went to our separate houses laughing at how we got away. When I got home I found my bedding stripped from my bed. It was my parents way of letting me know they knew I'd snuck out. They'd tried everything to prevent it but I did what I wanted. A few days later my pocket knife complete with my engraved name was found in the truck. That led to my downfall and another year of probation. For a little while I calmed down and began hanging out

with my friend Chris. I spent a lot of time riding my dirtbike out at his house. our friendship ended when he got caught shoplifting. of course I got blamed for it by his parents. After that I quit Boy Scouts and Baseball. It was decided that I would go to live with my aunt Adie, uncle Shane and cousin Brandy whos a year older than me. Adie was super strict and a christian. At first things werent so bad but eventually I got tired of the same old thing. It was school, church and home. I finally had enough and moved back into my moms house. I failed my 8th grade year and had to attend Summer School. During my 9th grade year I just stopped caring. I never did homework. I partied, drank, used drugs, smoked ciggarets and had sex. I spent most of my school days in "In school suspension or "out of school suspension. Finally they sent me back to Alternative School. I skipped school and stopped playing sports. I did what I wanted and nobody could tell me different. Eventually it was decided that I would go stay with my dad and stepmom who were hardcore christians. Though they lived 15 miles away I still went to school in Cisco. I was a freshman and had been asked to prom by my girlfriend who was a Junior. A few weeks before prom I stayed over at a friends house in Cisco. We ended up breaking into the Jr High and High Schools. We just tore some stuff up and left. I still dont know how I got ~~bl~~ blamed but I was

arrested and taken to juvenile in Sweetwater, Tx. on May 11 1998 I was sentenced to 9 months or until my 21st Birthday in T.Y.C. (Texas Youth Commission) The 9 months was my minimum sentence but depending on my behavior I could be held until my 21st birthday. I was sent to Victory Field Correctional Academy. Basically it was a military Bootcamp style reform school. The place was hell and it took me 15 months to complete the program. I had obtained my G.E.D and ~~was~~ some college credits. My parents had spoiled me. For the entire 15 months there was never a weekend that I didn't get a visit. My parents split weekends and drove 5 hours round trip to see me. I was spoiled but didn't realize it. By now it was July 1999

Ok ill stop here. Next time ill continue from my release up till this incarceration. I hope you've enjoyed me sharing my story. I'm not proud of the stupid things ive done but the past is set in stone. IF anyone has ~~questions~~^{questions} then please ask away. Ill answer them all.

Until next time keep your heads up and always Strive for a better future. We choose our destinys by the choices we make today. Best wishes to all.