

# TRUE STORY / Part 1

11:18 A.M.

05/26/11

Fri.

Hello, America!

I was just sitting here on my prison bed wondering about our shaky economy. Then I began thinking about all of these horrific tornadoes that's hitting hard in various places in the country. Then, I began thinking about myself. My prison situation, the situation I'm in with my daughter, my so-called family, and the prison administration here at W.S.P.F.

I'm 40 yrs. old and I'm doing a total of 81 years for Sexual Assault, theft, and Battery by prisoner. I was actually arrested January 29, 1997. That

was the very last time I was on the streets. Before I go on to my personal story I'd like to, once again, thank between the bars for this

opportunity to share my story with others out there; in hope that perhaps they can learn from my ~~experience~~ <sup>experience</sup>

Thank you, Between the bars!

It was the evening of Jan. 29, 1997.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin was still in a state of euphoria because the Green



Bay Packers had ~~been~~ defeated the New England Patriots in the latest Super Bowl. I was some where in the area of thirty-fifth and Vine Street (in Milwaukee, Wis.) visiting some friends. My friends lived in the upper flat of this duplex building. And the people who were operating the lower flat were dealing drugs out of there. Me and my friends decided to go across the street to this store to get some food, because we were hungry. So, we got up and left to go to the store. On the way back, as we were approaching the building, some plain clothes Milwaukee police just jumped out of the shadows and ordered me and my friend to the ground at gun-point. They searched us, cuffed us, then took us in to the lower-flat - building (the drug house). They had me and my friend along with about a dozen other people laid out on the carpet, hand-cuffed. They had about 3 police dogs sniffing people.



And sniffing everywhere around the premises in their search for drugs. The police asked me a series of questions. My name, age, date of birth, etc... What I did not know, and soon found out, was that I had ~~a~~ warrants out for my arrest. After the police ran checks on my name one of them told me, "you have felony warrants, so you're going down town". At first I wasn't sure what the warrants was about. Once I got down town to the City Jail, I was taken to another room, and there I talked to a ~~detective~~ detective. He read me my miranda rights, then proceeded. What I found out was that I had a warrant out ~~for~~ ~~the~~ my arrest for two counts of second degree sexual assault, and one count of sexual assault of a child. All of the charges is actually evolving around the same situation. First of all, this isn't a actual situation regarding a child. This situation is/was regarding a 15-year old run-away. According to



State law she would be a child; but when people hear that word child they're thinking a little kid. Or a baby. I ended up taking the case to a Jury trial. I felt that they were trumped up charges - which they were - . Plus, at the time of my arrest, my girlfriend was 3 months pregnant. While setting in jail awaiting trial another incident unfolded. A man that I had got in to a street fight with over my sister was also in this same county jail. This guy was trying to find a way to get out of jail, so he gave the police my name, and told them that I was a party to a crime in his situation. It worked. Even though the police had already developed a suspect, and were persuing him, they immediately dropped their interest in him and charged me. Ultimately I lost both cases. I was eventually sentenced, then, sent to the Wisconsin prison system - where I reside as I write MY STORY.