

My life story (Lonnie Bowen)

The year was 1985, i was 9 years old and i was livin with my grandmother.

At the time my mother went back to prison for armed robbery and possession. my grandmother who to me was my guardian angel, who i loved with all my heart. Any time i was in trouble and was gonna get a whooping from my mother, which was no Joke. I would tuck tail and run to my grandmothers house, which she lived in the same projects a few doors from my mothers, and she would save me. If my mother would whoop me, my grandmother would Smack her, and everyone in the family feared big momma she was really no Joke, and i was her baby.

My grandmother got me my first bike, taught me how to ride my first bike. She took me down to the pier, taught me how to fish and crabbing, and she would make her famous sea food gumbo. My grandmother was not only my grandmother, she was also my mother, my father and my best friend. I remember the last

night me and my grandmother spent together like it was yesterday. We sat on her bed and ate candy and ice cream together and laughed together, her smile could lite up any room. She told me she loved me more then the world, and that i was her baby and always will be. I remember waking up and jumping out of bed and telling grandma to get up. I went to the kitchen and got two bowls, two spoons, cereal and milk, so me and grandma could eat a bowl like we did every mornning. I went back into the bedroom and walked over to my grandmothers side of the bed and telling her it was time to eat and gave her a kiss which she was cold. I pulled her covers back, i shook her i told her i loved her and to please get up. At that time my heart droped and i steped back and cried and at that time i realised that my grandmother would never wake up again, and that we will never do the things we did together again. I then went to live with my

great aunt and later found out that, my grandma and my great aunt, her sister went to the doctors, and they told her she will die soon from cancer that was five days before she did. That same day her and my great aunt went out to macy's and she bought me a new BMX bike and told my great aunt to give it too me when she passes, and also told her to take me in and give me a good life. My great aunt said she would and that if she should get me right now, and my grandma said she aint gone yet and could not sleep without her baby next to her at night. At this young age i lost my best friend who died from a bullet that was not meant for him. I had no father, who raped my mother which was how i was conceived and did not want anything to do with me. I lost my mother to prison do to her problems and drug use, and i lost my granda to cancer. Every thing i loved and needed was taken from me and it was painful and i felt lost. At this

time i turned to the streets, my brothers, cousins and home boys.

All i wanted was to be like my big brothers and cousins and home boys, the streets was my family and school of training. I got courted in to my gang (Jumped in by 6 other members for 2 minutes) the crips. I learned how to sell crack cocaine and started doing other criminal acts with my new family. I loved getting into fights with rival gang member, which caused me to get kicked out of nine schools, i started smoking weed and drinking. My community was all drug and gang invested and was my family now.

Has any went threw this in their life at this age?

Has any of you ever gave up hope and was lost in pain at this age?

Has any one ever turned to the wrong kind of people to find love and to be excepted?

If you can relate to this or can even under stand this or even not hit me back on my blog cause i would like to hear back from you.
To the next chapter of my life Be continued.