

"From Elementary to the Penitentiary"

1994 was a wild year in San Antonio. Crime blazed through the city in ever which way you could turn. December 3, 1993, I had just gotten out of a placement for youths called, "Hall's Residential Treatment Center" out in Copperas Cove, Texas, a small town near Kallen, T.X. I went to Hall's due to a 1992 "Theft under \$200" Bicycle case me and two other boys trying to "jack" from a home outside the community. The placement was just like the streets, gang-related. I got into a fight with a kid the first week I was there. Basically, that's how things work. Even in prison when a new dude hits the unit who looks "out of place", he will be tested. But, for some reason this never happened to me. The placement was mostly kids out of Dallas, T.X. and being that I was from San Antonio, it was going to be problems. There was one other kid from San Antonio however, but due to him being a blood and me a crip at the time, there were no unity among us two. Once the Dallas kids realized not only that I "would fight back" but that I knew how to fight they respected that. Because honestly, dudes out of D-Town were and likely could fight, due to the Boys and Girls Club being popular in their city. So, they somewhat got cool with me and things changed.

I was a little ass hole with the staff there,

So I stayed on restrictions and detentions. Over all, Halls was a good place. Mr. Hall, the founder of the treatment center, was a great loving man. He really cared for kids. and the day my P.O. came to pick me up, he gave me his card and told me if I ever needed anything give him a call. I think the placement did not work for me because they were short of staff, not giving me the opportunity to go one on one with an adult person who knew how to seek out the many mental problems of a child in my situation. By getting them to realize that their choices will determine their circumstance in the future. I did six months there from June to December of 1993.

Back home, my father had moved out of the East Terrace Project to Center Street, a Section Eight house a few blocks away from the projects. New years was rolling around and I knew school would be starting back in a few weeks. I was unable to get a summer job in '93 because I was only 14, plus the placement took me off the streets for six months. I needed to find a way to buy school clothes. My father had a job that only support his drugs and provided me, my brother James and step-mom (Christina Barrientez, who passed away in 2002) with food and that like. Being that I was so ashamed to go to school in old clothes and shoes I hit-up with a dude in my 'hood who sold "50 packs". I bought one and he fronted me two. I made \$500.00 in two days. I went back gave him his \$100.00 for front and bought four more. Now I was playing with my money, so everything I made

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was mine. In about two weeks of selling drugs at the age of 14 I had made \$2,500, some white I never had money like that and so fast. I learned the hot spots to push dope and where east terrace dudes was not welcome. I hit the mall and entered the 9th grade in stykoo. just like that. After I got "fucked" by a so-called friend I stop selling dope on the east side. Plus, the northside was where all the \$ money was. Upper-class white folks smoked crack as well. and their money was good. I was just a small timer trying to keep a little money in my pocket. I spent money to fast to ever make it big in the dope game. In february of 1994 I was picked up for "curfew violation" and was sent to juvinito. I was released about two weeks later and picked up again in april for theft under \$200.00 went back to juvinito and released about a month later.

The summer of 1994 was coming up and it had already been four killings from friday to sunday in the east terrace projects. One weekend alone, set off a wave of violence. At that time, my gang and two other chip sets were at war with the "wheatly court gangsters" (W.C.G.) and a blood hood called "The Sticks". There were many shot-outs that year. Many homies died and a lot of people getting locked-up. On the very night I got locked up one of my "Big homies" from the 5-20-7th set (C.P.G.) got killed. FERMINE YOUNGE. Better known as, "Young Main". That year I got shot at

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along with many other countless shootings. It was
Chaos and the City of San Antonio had had enough.
I pulled myself back from all of the chaos a little after
my brother James got shot in the face. The ~~shooter~~
shooter shot my brother, a female friend of mine
pointed the gun at me and pulled the trigger...
(Continue next week)

Please write me at:

JERMAINE HICKS #760638
3001 S. EMILY DR.
BEEVILLE, T.X.
78102.

Please keep in mind that address will
change in a few weeks but your letter will
be received and I answer all.

This story is about my life and how gang
membership destroyed my future and why it's
my greatest desire to positively help change
someone else.

I'm looking for all whos willing to stand
up with me and a fight for our youths
future in the urban community. get to
me for sure!

-J. J. VERSE

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1 1 1 DUBDEM BY: POLE VERSE

They say I'm negligent,
but so intelligent
Casting blame without evidence.
To those who hate,
Tell them the world is my residence.
My mind is so heaven sent,
Rhythm is my instrument,
My name is one verse,
and my heart is the president.
My purpose is to operate.
My life,
a plan to obviate.
Other poets, I aggravate.
Tell those woman who imoderate.
My walk is to navigate... never negotiate.
I bang for myself and the youths who associate.
Haters I exterminate,
with these poems I invented,
tell them I facilitate.
assemble and I fabricate,
the qualitys to fascinate.
My word be the Law,
so tell them I federate.
a particle to figurate,
my readiness I demonstrate.
you do what I never do,
tell them I educate?