

Background Check!!!

I thought that before we start I would give a little background into me and my upbringing so that you would at least know what kind of person you are dealing with. A page or two wouldn't do any justice to capture all that I have been through, but a quick summary will give you insight into my trials and tribulations.

I was born in Cook County Hospital on Sept. 9th 1990. (Yeah, I know 9-9-90.) on the westside of Chicago. My mother stayed in the Henry Hornets Projects. Growing up, you couldn't tell me that something was wrong with my family or the way that we were being brought up. I thought that everyone grew up without a dad in the picture because he had ran off and left my mother to care for three boys when I was only nine months old. So I thought it was a normal thing to do. I know better now, but during that time, my young mind looked at all of my friends and other people in the neighborhood and neither of their fathers were around. I always wondered and sometimes still do wonder if my father left because he knew that I was going to bring both him and mama a lot of heartache. I used to think that maybe he was right, but I know better now.

I was born for great things and in due time it will show. Two deaths rocked our family and uprooted us like families of Hurricane Katrina. My two older cousins died when I was around five. One fatally shot during one of the daily shootings by rival gangs, and the other after being locked out of the house tried climbing the project building to get back in and slipped and fell. (May the both rest in peace.) They both died within weeks of each other and finally my mother had reached her peak. She had always spoken on moving out of the projects but never had the will-power to do so. One of my aunts had moved to Milwaukee, Wi, a few weeks earlier and had called back telling how great life was up there and how you didn't have to work because the state gave checks to you for every child you had. To my then 26 year old struggling mother, that was the best thing that she had ever heard of.

The next thing I know, I was snatched out of school and was heading to a dumb place called Milwaukee. Never knowing that I would grow to love everything about the state and city except the Brewers. We lived with my aunt until my mother could afford her own place. After that, my mother turned to the bottle to drown out all of the noise that seemed to come from any and everywhere. From my father who claimed that he would miss his children even though he hadn't seen us in years. From my family, and from all of the friends we left behind.

I believe that the most significant of reasons why moms started drinking was because of loneliness. Paul Mason and E&J (Erk and Jerk) as we like to call it, became my mothers partner of choice after each failed attempt at compassion and love eluded her grasp. I watched as men after man would enter our lives, my brothers and i, only to leave without ever saying a word to us. Leaving my mother with a broken heart and millions of broken promises. Then came Cheese, Dinky, and Fred. Men she went back and forth with, who abused her and took every penny she had.

Could you imagine the trauma this would have on a kid who sees everything. Sometimes, i would stay inside just to watch. My naive mind thinking that if I was there that maybe, just maybe mama wouldn't be beaten today. Maybe I could do something. But it never stopped. So there I sat, watching and waiting and building up unknown hatred for not only the men for putting their hands on y mother, but also for my mother for not doing what she always preached to us; to fight back. She would say, 'Lil Mike, if anyone ever puts their hand on you, you fight back. No matter how big they is, you hit them back or pick up something and bust they heads. you hear me."

But her contradiction only enrage and confused me. And to ask a question was out of the equation. In my house we never talked. About NOTHING! So you can imagine how it affected me. I took my frustration out in school by fighting other boys and sometimes girls. Thus began my journey of lack of concern, disrespect, and hatred for any and everyone. I hated the world for what was going on and felt that everyone would feel my pain.

There were so many things coming to me at once that I sometimes felt hopeless. There were deals, beatings, break-ins, shootings, me being shot by my oldest brother at the age of seven, and it wasn't like something would happen then I would have a year or even weeks to deal with the situation because there was always somethings going on and no one to talk to you. No one to sit you down and explain what had happened like in the movies. So everything was stuffed into some corner of my brain only to seep out when i was on my usual temper tantrums.....

This is only a small spectrum of my life. But there's so much more. If you have any questions or comments, Please contact me at: Micahel McThune#546064
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Love and peace to all. Take care until next time.

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