

## My journey as a young black child in America

1993 Sept. 16, I had a high speed chase with the ST. LOUIS, City police department. I was arrested, and taken to the JUVENILE detention center. I rented a car from a crackhead, and it turned out that the crackhead had stolen the car from his girlfriend. Even though that was bad, the kicker is, the crackhead told the police, that I pulled a gun on him, took him into the basement of a crackhouse, tied him to a pole, and ran off with the car. Because I was caught in the car, I was booked for every lie the basehead told.

Now while, I got caught in the hood, it didn't take long for my mother to get wind of what just happen. My mother is the type of woman, when it comes to her kids, no-matter what, she got their backs. So it wasn't a surprise, for her to be there before I even got booked in.

After I was processed in, my mother was allowed to visit me. My mother came in looked at me, made sure I was alright. Once she knew that I was cool, she said, Trevin why can't you stay out of trouble? It seems to me every week I have to run down here to see about your ass. I'm afraid that one day I'm going to get a call, and I won't be able to help. She said, Trevin get yourself together, I love you so much, I just want you to do the right thing. Those spoken words weighted heavy on my heart.

While I was waiting on my court date, I had a epiphany, I envision myself, get out and go back to school, and walking away from my street life

On those charges, I think I set in juvenile for about two weeks.

Before my mother got all of those bogus charges dropped.

I WAS WAITING FOR A VISIT FROM MY MOTHER, BECAUSE SHE NEVER MISSED AN OPPORTUNITY TO SEE ME, BUT ON THIS DAY THE YOUTH LEADER CAME TO MY CELL, AND TOLD ME TO BUNK & JUNK WHICH MEANS TO PACK YOUR STUFF YOUR GO HOME. HE DIDN'T HAVE TO TELL ME TWICE.

WHILE THE YOUTH LEADER AND I WAS WALKING TO THE PROCESSING ROOM, HE WAS SAYING TREVIN, GET YOURSELF TOGETHER MAN. MY THOUGHTS WENT BACK TO THE EPIPHANY I HAD.

I GOT PROCESSED OUT, AND WALKED RIGHT INTO THE WAITING ARMS OF MY MOTHER. WE BOTH WAS SMILING EAR TO EAR.

ON THE RIDE HOME, I TOLD MY MOTHER THAT I WANTED TO GO BACK TO SCHOOL, AND JUST GET THINGS IN ORDER IN MY LIFE. THE PROBLEM WITH THAT WAS I HAD GOTTEN PUT OUT OF ALL THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. MY MOTHER, SAID DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT I WILL GET YOU IN SCHOOL, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU TRULY WANT TO DO.

JUST LIKE WORD GOT OUT THAT I WAS GOING TO JUVENILE, WORD WAS OUT, THAT I WAS ON MY WAY HOME.

WHEN WE MADE IT HOME, IT WAS LIKE FIVE OR SIX OF MY MAEN HOMIES WAITING TO GREET ME. THINKING BACK, THAT MADE ME FEEL GOOD THAT THEY WAS REALLY EFFORT BY MY ABSENCE.

AFTER ALL OF THE GREETINGS WAS OUT OF THE WAY, THE GIFTS STARTED COMING. A LITTLE MONEY, SOME WORK, AND SOMETHING TO GET MY HEAD RIGHT. BUT WHEN IT CAME TO GETTING MY HEAD RIGHT, I TOLD MY HOMIES, YO, I'M COOL ON THAT. THEY WAS LIKE THAT BIG TRAVIS, YOU'RE TURNING DOWN SOME <sup>UP</sup> FIRE BOY, I WAS LIKE IT'S ALL ABOUT GETTING THIS MONEY, AND GOING TO SCHOOL. YOU SHOULD'VE SAW HOW THEY WAS LOOKING AT ME.

IN MY MIND I WAS SAYING TO MYSELF, I'M JUST HAVE TO PROVE IT TO

these Nigga.

True to my word All of the rest of that day, I was chasing that dollar, when I felt I had made enough money for the day, I went and picked up my family, which was My Son's Mother and her two daughters. AT SIXTEEN years old, I had a family of my own. As I look back, I wanted to be a man before I was ready. But at anyrate, I couldn't sleep at all that night maybe it was my intuition. I made the best of my insomnia that night. I put my girlfriend to sleep, you know what that means <sup>GG</sup> And I was there for whatever my son needed, he was four months old at the time, I was working ~~my~~ my parenting duties. By the time the sun was coming up, lil TREVIN was wide awake, while we was playing, the doorbell rang, I was taken back, because it was so early for anybody to be coming over somebody house. Immediately I went to the door, looked thru the curtain, and there standing at my front door was two detectives, and I could tell, they weren't regular detectives, but homicide detectives. Anyway I asked them what they wanted, the short one said TREVIN Gamble, you're under arrest for first degree murder, I shot back up them steps calling my mama. She came running out of her room, like what's going on, I'm like it two homicide detective downstairs talking about I'm under arrest for first degree murder. My mama said Naw, you'all are making a mistake, I just brought my son home yesterday. I put on my shoes, hugged & kissed my family and walked out to those waiting handcuff.

As I rode back down to juvenile, my mind was stuck on the epiphany that I had while in juvenile before. The words that my mother spoke went thru my mind. "I'm afraid one day I'm going to get a call, and I won't be able to help."

Since 1993 Oct. 7, My journey changed course. Now I'm a young black child in the Industrial Prison Complex.

Hello my name is Trevin Gamble, I been locked up since 1993, I was sixteen years of age, I got found guilty of first Degree murder, and I was sentence to life without the possibility of parole. I'm actually innocent of the crime.

Earlier I spoke about having a life without the possibility of parole sentence, well as of June 25, 2012, my sentence was vacated by the Supreme Court of the United States of America. They ruled that it is unconstitutional to give a juvenile a mandatory life without sentence. For me this is a blessing because now it gives me the opportunity to prove my innocence.

I hope and pray, that my unique story, can reach the youth of America and kids all over the world, who are coming from these underprivileged inner city streets, kids from rural area as well. It's a better life you all can live instead of that street life. I grew up in prison and it was hard. I'm a thirty-five self-educated brother, I'm educated because I realized that's the only way you can get ahead in any society.

Please leave comments, I will be posting two episodes of my prison experience a week My Journey to Freedom.

"The weak can never forgive, forgiveness is the attribute of the strong."