

A Black Child's Journey Thru Prison

Wow!!" was the state of mind I was in, while getting booked in for First degree murder charges. As you all know, I just got out like 23 hours before. I already knew I was going to be the butt of all of the jokes that day. So I just wanted to get to my cell and get some rest.

The following few weeks, I spent talking about what I did in those 23 hours. Before I knew it, it was time for my court hearing. In my case I had a certification hearing, which was like, some lawyer that I never talked to, represented me I had already knew that because I was charged with murder, the juvenile system, would say there's no way they could rehabilitate me. They was like you need to be tried as adult. After my hearing I went back to my dorm and my homies, and alot of them been certified before, so they was ^{like} don't worry, when you go downtown they might not even issue a warrant. And when you're a kid you just believe anything. I believed my juvenile homies, they was wrong, warrants was issued on me, so my next stop was the workhouse. St. Louis City have two jails that they uses, The workhouse, which is for people, that has medium security charges and the city jail is maximum security. Because I was underage, I had to go to the workhouse because they have a special dorm for kids who has been certified.

When I got to the workhouse, I was in a excited state, because all I every heard about the workhouse, you have to fight to make it in there. Being that I knew I could hold my own, I think I was ready to prove it. I got process in, and I was walking down the halls to my dorm, dudes I knew from the streets was hollaring at me, and when I walked in my dorm, it was full with dudes

I KNEW FROM JUVENILE, I CAME IN AND MY DUDES GAVE ME SOME CARE PACKAGES. AT ANYRATE OUR DORM WAS VERY COOL, BECAUSE IF YOU DIDN'T GET ALONG WITH SOMEONE, YOU LET THAT PERSON KNOW. IT'S EITHER FIGHT OR LET IT GO. IT WAS LIKE 35 OF US IN THE DORM, WE WORKED OUT TOGETHER, TALKED ON THE PHONE, WENT ON VISITS, BRAGGED ABOUT WHO HAD THE BEST LOOKING GIRLFRIEND, EVERYDAY WE MADE BIG PIMP MEALS. I STAYED IN THE WORKHOUSE 4-MONTHS. I TURNED SEVENTEEN SO IT WAS TIME FOR ME TO BLOW THE JUVENILE DORM. BEING THAT I HAD A MURDER, I WAS TRANSFERRED TO THE CITY JAIL.

CITY JAIL IS BUILT DIFFERENTLY FROM THE WORKHOUSE, THE LATTER HAS DORMS, AND CITY JAIL HAS CELL BLOCKS.

MY FIRST DAY I WAS TRIPPEN, I WAS LOCKED IN THIS SMALL ASS CELL FOR 23-HOURS. I THOUGHT I WAS GOING CRAZY, I WAS TALKING TO MYSELF. I EVEN THOUGHT THE WALLS WAS MOVING. THAT SITUATION WAS MESSING WITH MY MIND.

THE NEXT MORNING THE CASEWORKER, CAME AND ASKED DID I WANT TO GO TO POPULATION, I SAID HELL YEAH. SO LIKE A HOUR LATER A C.O. CAME TO TAKE ME TO MY NEW TIER. I WAS AMPED I SAID TO MYSELF, I WANT SOMEBODY TO TRIP. I MADE SURE I WAS LOOKING HARD, RIDING THE ELEVATOR. WHEN I GOT TO THE TIER, IT WAS FILLED WITH BROTHAS I KNEW FROM THE STREET.

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG, FOR ME TO GET SETTLED IN. BEFORE I KNEW WE FORMED A CREW, WE FOUGHT TOGETHER AND ~~AT~~ ATE TOGETHER. IF SOMEONE CAME ON OUR TIER, THAT WE DIDN'T LIKE HE HAD TO GO.

THIS ONE BROTHAS CAME ON THE TIER, AND HE WAS ACTING LIKE HE WAS HARD, I ~~LIKE~~ HIM SO REAL, I JUST HAD TO MAKE SURE HE WAS HARD SO REAL. SO I CALLED HIM OUT. I TOLD HIM TO MEET ME IN THE SHOWER, FOR THE RECORD I BEAT HIM DOWN. BUT I LET HIM STAY

on the tier, because that brotha had a big heart, and I respect that. We end up becoming real good friends.

It's unfortunate that good brotha ~~lost~~ his life a few weeks ago. It's very important to let these young brotha's & sista's know, the streetlife leads to "Prison or Death." Back to my story, basically City Jail for me, was all about getting high, and having fun. I was living a life filled with delusion, because until my attorney popped up and said trial start next week. Shock was my state of mind, because I was caught-up on fighting and having fun, it's like I forgot about my case.

My attorney brought me, police reports, like two months prior to my trial. My reading level was like second grade. But I didn't let my homies know. There was one brotha on the tier, that I talked about everything with. I would go in his cell, get my blaze on, and talk for hours.

He would read my paperwork and write things down I should ask my lawyer about. When the trial started, I would go and change into my suit, walk into the courtroom sit at the table with my lawyer listening. I knew nothing at all, I take that back I know that the state's one witness was straight lying. My attorney was asking stupid questions and the judge and prosecutor was tag teaming her.

Before I knew it the jury was out deliberating. It took about four hours, the judge called everybody back in, read the verdict guilty on all counts. I couldn't tell you how I felt at the time because I didn't even know.

I knew my family and friends was upset and crying it was pretty sad.

I WAS RUSHED OUT OF THE COURTROOM, BACK TO PROCESSING, WHERE I PUT BACK ON MY JAIL CLOTHES, I WAS SENT BACK TO THE TIER. BEING THAT I WAS COMING INTO THE TIER, LET THE BROTHERS KNOW, I GOT FOUND GUILTY.

THE BROTHERS SHOWED A GREAT DEAL OF COMPASSION FOR ME. KEPT IT REAL, I WAS IN A STATE OF DEPRESSION, SINCE THE WORDS GUILTY CAME OUT OF THE JUDGE'S MOUTH.

WORD SPREAD THRU THE JAIL, THAT I GOT FOUND GUILTY, PEOPLE WAS SENDING ME CARE PACKAGE, C.O. WAS STOPPING BY SHOWING ME LOVE, YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

SENTENCING DAY CAME, AGAIN I WAS BACK IN THE COURTROOM THE ONLY THING I REMEMBER IS THE JUDGE TELLING ME, I'M HEREBY SENTENCED TO LIFE WITHOUT THE POSSIBILITY ~~OF~~ FOR PAROLE, AND 3-SEVEN YEAR SENTENCES.

I WENT TO CHURCH THE NEXT DAY, KICKED IT WITH MY CO-DEFENDANT

WE ALL TALKED, WE ALL CRYED FOR ME. BECAUSE WE ALL KNEW THAT I'M INNOCENT

THE VERY NEXT DAY I PULLED TRAINS HEADED FOR THE DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION.

THANK YOU FOR READING THIS EPISODE
PLEASE COMEBACK FOR THE NEXT ONE. PLEASE TELL A FRIEND ABOUT THIS SITE. PEACE

"THE CHOICE IS NO LONGER BETWEEN VIOLENCE AND NON-VIOLENCE;
IT IS BETWEEN VIOLENCE AND NON-EXISTENCE."