

1.  
When I ended my last excerpt, I was speaking about being transfer to Potosi Correctional Center, I was there from May 29, 1995 until Feb. 20, 2003, I was then transferred to "Charleston," known as Southeast Correctional Center, I stayed there until Jan. 31, 2007 From there I was transfer to Jefferson City Correction Center.

Well the years I spent in Potosi, open me up to how prison is, But I watched from the sideline, My thing was getting high. So that all I did was find a way to keep drugs. The thing about Potosi, ~~was~~ was the staff was races, and that made blacks stick together and whites stuck to themselves, but somehow because Deathrow was in this prison I think blacks & whites got along, because they realized that when it was time for someone to get executed the state didn't discriminate, everybody got along, But don't get me wrong, people was still putting work in on each other. I even got into was fights, I got stabbed. I didn't die, so that experiences made me stronger. I told you - All that I couldn't even read when I got locked-up, I got my GED back in 2001. After I received my GED, I realized I could do whatever I wanted. So I was overweighted, I started work out, I started at look 265 and like six months later I was down to 198. I pick up the habit of reading, All the way up until I was transferred to Southeast Correction Center, I just worked out get high and read. One lesson that I learned, from doing time at Potosi, that know matter what, I have to be mentally strong in this prison life.

That's easily said, because when I got to Charleston, it was a new prison, The first thing I notice was it was just

AS MANY black Correction Officers AS THERE WAS white OFFICERS. And right off the back, Everything was different. Charleston was a New prison, so the Administration was still learning how to run the prison, After the first week in Charleston, I ain't gonna lie, I felt like I was in a prison that didn't have any rules. The only rules was be in your cell for count time. Plus, I was running into people I haven't seen in years. Back in 2003 The Department of Correction changed the custody level rules, A lot of the dudes that would normal be in a level four was now doing time in a level five, And being by that time altogether I had ten-years under my belt, that brought some level of respect from the young guys. And believe me I used that card every day. I was getting so high, I was getting high like I was on the streets. I lost myself I was getting so high. just picture a dopefiend in the streets, that's how bad I was. I was a strong dopefiend because, I would get dudes drugs telling them I was going pay for them, And the money didn't come to them I would step out on the yard like we can go to war. I got into it a few times, but it wasn't nothing. I was getting high some much, At Night I would in my cell and ask "god", please help me, get away from these drugs. It's one thing that I never stop doing, and that's reading books. I would be sitting up all night getting and reading books. I would go to the hole and promise myself that when I get out the hole I ain't getting high no-more. My partner would ask me if I'm get high, I would say no, and as soon as they pull the drugs out, that no turn to yeah. Remember I asked God to take me away, from this lifestyle, so one day, a big gang-related fight broke out, I was standing

on the sideline watching, and then the Tower started shooting tear-gas onto the yard it was a chaotic situation. The Correctional Officer order everybody to lay on the ground, I did what I was told and I laid right in the mud. It was wet & cold, I was told to get up and go to my cell, because everybody knew that I wasn't fighting but I was covered with mud I went into my cell, got myself clean-up and I was telling my cellie what happen and the next thing I know, a Officer came to my celldoor and told me to cuff-up, I'm going to the hole, for investigation. I was mad ass hell, I asked who's told them to lock-me up. And I was told the FUM, (Function Unit Manager). Each housing Unit have a FUM, and Fum Paula is the reason I land-it in the hole. About Days later Fum Paula, came to the hole and said Mr. Gamble, your being transferred, because she said she's tired of me, that I'm always causing problem, and that I'm a undesirable. I was mad ass hell at first, and then I was laying in my bunk and thought about what I asked God to do for me, and it hit me, it time to get your life back on track. After that night, I stop smoking cigarette since 1-31-07 its 3-26-13. On 1-31-07, I was put-out of Charleston, and transferred to Jefferson City Correctional Center. Yo, when I got here, these people locked-me in the hole, one man cell, made it were I couldn't have a cell and I was cool with that. I spent four-months locked in a cell just to think about my life. As I think about that, it was a blessing the whole situation. Charleston, that four years, made me lose, my mind. Being in the hole allow me to get control over my life again. It was a new start for me.

I got out of the hole, Aug. 16, 2007, And I started working on my case, working out And I just was glad to RESET my life. I started back getting high, but I was doing it out the eye sight of the public. So I thought I was pulling the wool over people head. And then I caught a dirty urine. So the lesson I learned whatever you do in the dark it would surely come to the light. From that point on I haven't gotten high. I started getting high, when I was thirteen years old. And I stop for real 2009 It's safe to say I'm four years clean. The same year I stop getting high, my fifteen year old son, got shot in the chest, on the way to the hospital, he was losing blood and he stopped breathing his brain didn't get oxygen for about twenty minutes, so the doctors was telling my family that he's not going to make, my mother was crying telling those things, I was hurt and taken everything in, I went to my cell ~~and~~ got on my knee and I ask God, please when I wake up let him be here. I got up the next morning called home and he made it thru the night. Four and a half years later, he's still recovering trying to learn how to walk again.

I wanted to tell my story with more detail, but on March 8, 2013, My lawyer filed a writ of Habeas Corpus, in the Missouri Supreme Court, Asking that they take back the life without eligibility for parole sentence is unconstitutional based on Miller v. Alabama / Jackson v. Hobbs, 132 S.Ct. 2455 (2012) Being that my habeas is filed, within the next five months I will be a free man.

For me it's a lot to take in, so I'm spending a lot of my time getting my plans together. So I want to continue

SHARE MY EXPERIENCE. I'M A VERY SPIRITUAL PERSON NOW, I HAVE STARTED STUDYING BUDDHISM. I'M IN THE PROCESS OF RECEIVING MY COMPETENT COMMUNICATIONS CERTIFICATE FROM TOASTMASTERS INTERNATIONAL I HAVE THREE MORE SPEECH TO GIVE.

MY EXPERIENCE IN PRISON MAKES ME REALLY UNDERSTAND THE MEANING OF AMERICA BEING THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY.

Big thing that I'm actually trying to develop<sup>is</sup> PATIENCE. BECAUSE I KNOW FOR A FACT THAT I'M GOOD AT TURNING NEGATIVE INTO POSITIVE. I'M READY FOR MY CLOSE-UP.

I REALLY NEED TO SAY THIS, TODAY 3-26-13, I WAS CHALLENGED LISTEN TO JAY-Z KINGDOM COME, AND C.O. CAME TO MY CELL AND BROUGHT A LETTER FROM BETWEEN THE BARS, AND I OPEN IT AND IT'S A RECENT COMMENT LEFT FOR ME, AND IT'S FROM VOICE12 TELLING ME HAPPY BIRTHDAY! AND IT BLEW MY MIND, I DON'T GET MAIL AND I DIDN'T GET ONE CARD FOR MY BIRTHDAY, SO VOICE12 YOUR POST MADE ME WRITE EVERYTHING I WROTE TODAY, IT BECAUSE YOU THAT I'M STILL DOING THIS.

UNTIL NEXT TIME

SORRY IF IT IS TOO MESSY FOR YOU' ALL. I WILL DO A BETTER JOB NEXT TIME