

## CAMP KILPATRICK...

It was one of the longest bus rides ever, I was 16 years old and I was on my way to a juvenile camp. It was located in the middle of the mountains in Malibu California, you can see the beach from the top of the weight pile. It was a SPORT and MILITARY BOOT-CAMP. I wanted to go to the sports camp but I was sent to the boot-camp. I think it was a good choice for me, now that I think back on it. We were forced to march everywhere like they do in the military, we had to square all our corners. We even had to call out cadences, we had PT 2 hours a day so we were all in tip top shape. They had the living quarters in a barrack style position and it was split in (4) four different groups, They had falcons, eagles, cardinals and the hawks all bird species. I was in the eagles we had to learn all about the bird, we live on a point system, anything that we did wrong was minus points and if we did good we could earn points. The points were for simple thing like who would shower first who would be able to watch T.V. and play video games. The four groups were all ways in competition, ~~the~~ group, the hawks were all ways in some kind of trouble, due to ~~the~~ having some of the younger dudes in ~~the~~ group, but I was a lil older so I was like a big brother to some, I even used to fight for a couple when the so-called bullies would try to pick on them. I've always disliked bullies it goes way back when I was in elementary school, but I took up for them. There was a special living area for the LEADERSHIP, the titles were (RL)Regement leader, (XO)exec. officer and (UL)Unit leader. That was my goal to be the RL, and I did it in record time, all you had to do was get 100% on a couple of multiple choice tests pass the (PT)physical training and have a good sponsor. But you had to have some type of influence. Once I was in position things ran a lil smoother, I was a lil laid back from the one before me. We had to go to school every day, and some of <sup>us</sup> even went to school on Saturday. I was used to it I used to go to school on Saturday on the streets, I was in a program called 'USC PRE-COLLEGE ENRICHMENT ACADEMY' Dr. Flemming was the director, I still remember him telling me how smart I was, but I was to caught up in the street life, that's how much of a grip it will have on a youngster, I literarily messed off an "ACADEMIC SCHOLARSHIP". We even had a decathlon team, yes I was on it, we used to take feild trips to UCLA and PEPPERDINE colleges, they had tutors come and help us. Alot of people don't know, but these places are sometimes like going to school full time. There was also alot of fights, but we got away with alot of them the camp was so big, we had blind spots, those were my favorite I was in a position and I could not get caught. They were all fair fights, dudes had lil shanks made out of tooth brushes, it were very few who had metal. The food was alright, but you had to watch out because the food was cooked by the inmates and if you made the wrong person mad you could end up eating piss in you salad or your food could have been droped on the floor, but if you were a RIDER, they would tell you "don't eat the salad" It was funny back then, but it was how it was. The weak got picked on and the strong ruled, it was just like the jungle to me and I was a LION I was not having none of that. I've always stood out, more mentally than anything, I just was so deep in the streets, but I never lost my mind like so many do. Sometimes it's to drugs, crime and just the way of life. It could be from all the death and it could be from all the time you go do if you not a snitch. I learned a lot of disipline from that place, I also learned how to take order and give them also. We had a weight lifting prorgam, there was a lot to do. That's what the kids of today need, they don't have no place to go. But some like me just get bored, and just go to the streets to see how it looks up close, but it's just like fire you go get burnt if you get to close. We even had a black market in the camp, you could get any drug that was on the streets, the drug of choice back then was weed, sherm and cigarettes, we were not into all the hard core stuff like today. You would get beat up if we knew you were using anything hardcore, like crack, herion and pills. It just was not cool at all. But we had it all, we even had alcohol. How we got it you would'nt believe it but some of the parents would bring it, I could never have my moms risk it, but I used to always get cash, I was a HUSTLER on the streets so I was always good. We used to make alcohol, it was real easy the hardest part was getting the sugar out of the kitchen, but we had our ways. The staff knew what was going on but if you didn't front them off they would look the other way. But we couldn't handle all that drank, but we still drunk it, just to try to get our mind off of being in jail...