

## Brought to Light

The day the judge chose for trial arrived and I am a bit concerned the attorney that was assigned to represent me had disappeared on me - he wasn't answering my phone calls or Barbara's calls either - when I am escorted in handcuffs and leg irons to the holding cell outside the court room - I am told my attorney is there and he will see me shortly - I should have realized something was wrong since I was the only prisoner in the holding cell - in my mind there is no way they could take me to trial - my attorney hadn't done anything, but disappear on me ! When, I see him - he tells me the judge will not grant me a continuance - that he has just deposed three of the four eyewitnesses - with the fourth one recanting her identification and he had also recently deposed Mark and Becky - I'm telling him we have to get a continuance because I haven't seen any of the stuff he just told me about - he left the room and returned a few minutes later telling me no good the judge is not going to grant me a continuance that the case has dragged out to long - Somehow I found out a photo pack he been shown to the eyewitnesses and I asked to see it - to my surprise the attorney returned with the photo spread - I immediately seen that my photo stuck out like a sore thumb - here were five color photos and out of the five I was the only dark skinned individual with long messed up black hair and dark blood shot eyes - looking crazy as hell - ah - there are other discrepancies - but overall the photo spread was highly suggestive and I asked him to get a hearing on throwing out the eyewitnesses identification based on the photo spread being highly suggestive - which the judge granted ...

After the hearing which I don't remember much of - since it happened quickly and i believe only one eyewitness took the stand - the judge ruled even though the photo spread wasn't ideal - she would accept it and the trial would proceed - by this time I am reading the depositions the attorney took of the eyewitnesses less then twenty four hours earlier - and at this point I am deeply concerned by what I am reading and the fact I am being told there are no police reports, or initial eyewitnesses statements - that this is all the evidence the attorney has, and that trial would proceed the next day...

My mind at this point is working at high speed - trying to figure out what is going on - here I am sitting in a court room - with a jury and my only defense is in the truth of my not being the one that killed Butch, with all the evidence shown to me saying different ! As I am sitting there listening to everything shaking my head at what is going on - my head finally explodes, as I jump up and shout I am being railroaded - with the next thing I remember is being in an

ambulance headed for the hospital - I don't know what happened to cause me to go unconscious like that, but know the next day the jury found me guilty of first degree murder and all I could do was shake my head and cry ...

That next day - I found out that Barbara had sold the duplex and had found an attorney to represent me, once she closed on the sale. and could pay him - at that point I realized why the judge forced me to trial - she knew if I received actual representation - there was no case against me only contrived evidence - like the highly suggestive photo array ! Now things were starting to come to light - I was going to be found guilty no matter what - I was actually railroaded and would have to wait until I filed my appeal to prove it ...

Was I wrong about proving I was railroaded on appeal - Here I was after being sentenced to death - trying to be rational knowing it would be years before I could file an appeal and still wanting to see the police reports and stuff I still haven't been shown and learning none of what I wanted would be given to me until after my initial appeal - and I begun to realize how the legal system was stacked against me and has it been !!! My initial appeal got denied, since I was unable to produce evidence proving my trial was impartial and unfair - with my only viable claim being my attorney was ineffective and even that wasn't being argued properly by the attorney assigned to represent me - my hands were tied and all I could hope for was for actual attorneys to represent me - as I was now being assigned attorneys from a newly formed State mandate of providing indigent death row inmates legal representation ...

From this point forward I am going to try to continue leaving out personal emotion matters and try to stick to how my being screwed over by Florida's corrupt legal system has and continues taking place ! .Beginning with my first post conviction appeal filed by my State mandated attorneys ( CCR ) while I sat on death watch - which to my surprise brought forth the first pieces of the withheld exculpatory evidence I had been saying all along had to exist - here were the initial eyewitnesses statements given to the police - saying the person they agreed on seeing was a white male, taller than the victim - with long somewhat styled brown hair - with a possible thin mustache ! I knew that description fit Mark - ' Butches roommate to a tee ' and was one hundred and eighty degrees from what I looked like with my dark complexion, no one would confuse with being white - my long black hair in a ponytail and full beard and there was also the blood test results showing only one blood type was found on me - mine - O - positive - proving Butches blood was not found on my person as inferred at my trial - I just knew they would have admit they arrested and convicted the wrong guy now - was I wrong again !!!