

3

I was born August 4th 1980 at Travis A.F.B California. My father was in the air force as a medic. I had a decent family growing up. When my father got out of the military he continued his work in the medical field at Sacramento Ca. Honestly, I was spoiled. My mother took care of the elder people. My family believed in religion strongly, but they had their faults. One of them was [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] for a long time my father was in England for the desert storm. My father [REDACTED]

I found out later about but never told no one. Then when my mom decided to come to Alabama to care for her parents my dad stayed in Sacramento. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] She told my dad. My mother started to have a lot of mental problems

~~and I remember~~
I remember Mother telling me I should hate her since. My father took me and my little brother back to Sacramento. Then back to Alabama 3 months later. I was 15 at this time with a lot of frustration. I hated coming down here. My world changed for the bad. Where I once had money, I then nothing because my father fell into a severe depression along with my mom. My father didn't work and my mother was in and out of mental hospitals. We had no food or electricity. I stole for food and clothing. Then I decided to live with a friend because things were too bad. I later returned to my father's house. Oh at ~~the~~
~~the~~
~~the~~
~~the~~
I was blamed by my mom

for not telling her. I was caught in the ~~middle~~ middle. I was now sixteen. I quit school and started working at a waffle house as a cook. I worked alot. I would work 2 shifts at a time for a whole week at times. I brought money home to my parents, bought clothes for my brother and cooked for my dad and mom because they would no longer do it. They stayed in the same house for mine and my brothers sake. I was the first employee of the month this waffle house ever had. Then I went out one night with some friends and I had a gun which I was going to sell to this guy. When we were out that night this guy named [REDACTED] who I was friends with was mad about some of my other friends dating his girl friend. ~~to~~ we rock around for a while. (There was 11 of

us, 3 girls, my brother, 4 guys I
didn't know and 2 others I
did know. When we drove through
this big parking lot in Muscle
Shoals, Ala. a guy through a lot
at the car we were in. That
guy was a friend of mine and
didn't know I was in that
car. [REDACTED] who was driving the
car I was in stopped. He
wanted to fight but I grabbed
my gun and shot it one time
in the air to break it up. It
worked. I asked [REDACTED] to leave.
He did for a minute. Then
he said he wanted to go back
through Muscle Shoals. I asked
him not to but he did anyway.
He saw some of the guys who
hung off out with the guy
messing with his girl friends.
I stopped him from fighting
them because they were my
friends. I finally convinced
him to leave for good. So as
we were going down the road
a truck out of no where came

7

flying straight toward us. We dodged it then [redacted] who was driving the car I was in chased after them in the truck. Those guys were some friends of mine and and the guy who through the bat at us. I once again grabbed the gun, shoved it through the front windshield at the guy in the truck because he was hanging out the window causing [redacted]. He did not stop and [redacted] continued to chase him. My window on the passenger side did not roll down so I leaned over [redacted] and shot one time. I thought I was aiming at the truck and not the guy. I didn't know I hit any one. We drove on, the truck drove ~~on them~~ ^{on them} stopped. We stopped at a place where Jamie works at. He wanted to hide the gun. I got out of the car and got into the car with the 2 girls and my little brother, and went home. When I got there my mom.

told me my friends come by
(the same guys who were with
the guy I shot) and that they
were saying my friend got shot,
and that he died. I flipped out,
I cried and cried. The Police
got me that night a few minutes
after I got home. They questioned
me at the Police station with out
my Parents present. I never
confessed. Still to this day I
never confessed. I was told I
would be fryed to death by the
Police. So I never told the truth.
I wish I had because it still
ways hard on my conscience. The
guys with me testified against
me, only 2 others were charged
with me. The driver and another
guy. I was convicted of capital
Murder. aka code 13A-5-40 (17) (18)
Shooting from a vehicle and shooting
into a vehicle. I had many issues
for appeal but my court appointed
attorney never filed the good issue
He would not even file for the
youthful offender act. Before this

I had never been in trouble before. This is my first offence. A juror on my jury worked on the body of the Guy I killed. Some knew him. None of them were struck from the jury. My attorney called one witness then rested. He wouldn't get the guys who were with ~~the~~ (the guy I killed) to clarify that we were friends. I was denied in my appeals. Now I live of hope.

I am a white man, 16 years old when this happened. 17 years old when I entered prison. I stayed a year in the county jail. I am at St. Clair Prison in Alabama. I am a citizen of the United States. I knew I would be tried as an adult when the police told me I would fry in the ~~electric~~ electric chair during interrogations. I was not completely aware of the proceedings or what all was going to happen. I think my attorney could have done better, but I don't know maybe he couldn't.

I think on things he should have done better and on others he couldn't because I wouldn't tell what happened. I will include the address of my old attorneys so you could contact them and I am willing to share my court proceedings with you.

My life in prison has been hard mentally. I miss home, my family, and a life I could have had. There are 30+ year old men who have ~~slaw~~ murder people in such a fashion and they are going home. I just think it's ~~unfair~~ unfair. I work all day and read. I get to play volleyball on weekends. The food is very bad. We get dehydrated food at times. We don't get much ether. I was fed more food in school. The meat has these things in it. I'm not sure what they are. But it's not real meat. We get chicken every other Sunday. We eat 2 meals on Sunday, 3 on the rest of the days. The cell I live in

is 8 feet wide 10 feet long and there are 3 of us in this cell. we have a little window and ~~toilet~~ toilet that's it. The day room has 2 T.V.'s and a seating area. No cable T.V. or satellite just an antenna T.V. That's it. There are 60 people to a side. I sleep in ~~cell~~. I have been here my whole time since I left the reception prison in ~~Monte~~ Montgomery. I haven't suffered violence from the guards. I was attack by a guy who had a pipe with razor mesh on it. He was trying to rape my boss lady but I stopped him. I was teased about being a little hero. every one basically respected my decision to stop him. My boss was never touched. When I first got here I was looked at a prey. I had to fight. I won a little respect from the guys. Now every one treats me like a son. ~~and~~ there are alot more young guys coming in and its getting a little wild around here at times. as far as

my mental health. Honestly, I'm not sure. I think I fantasize too much about freedom. I do suffer spells of depression. But I try to stay positive. We S.W.O.P cannot get an education in Alabama. We are barred from school unless we can pay \$150.00 a quarter or semester. I was able to get my G.E.D. through a drug and ~~behavior~~ behavior program called the "Therapeutic Community". S.W.O.P can no longer attend that program. I graduated before that bar was placed. It took me 28 months to graduate. I had many unresolved issues. I get any help or education I can. To be honest, I refuse to lay down and die. I am talking with other guys about writing to you. You should hear something from them. What I would like to change about my situation is simple. I just want a chance to go home. I want to have hope. I want to prove I am

worthy of freedom. I want to be home one day.

I know by now you are thinking I can write forever. ^{HA HA} But I cannot. I am sorry if there are some mis-spellings or if this is sloppy. I had to finish before lock down. If you have any more questions please ask. I would love to assist in any way I can. Once again I love you.

My address:
[Redacted]
[Redacted]
[Redacted]

my attorney:
[Redacted]
[Redacted]
[Redacted]

(This address may have changed)

co. attorney
[Redacted]
[Redacted]
[Redacted]

over →