

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
February 17, 2004

HUMAN RIGHTS WATCH  
[REDACTED]

350 FIFTH AVENUE  
34th FLOOR  
NEW YORK, NY 10118-3299

RE: Life Sentences Without the Possibility of Parole.

Dear Ms. Parker:

Let me begin by first thanking you for having an interest in LWOP, for children under the age of 18. I hope that my story may in some way be of help to you in your quest to exact change, but please know it is impossible for me to speak to the nearly 29 years of incarceration. I will do my best to respond to each of your questions as accurately and truthfully as I possibly can. I trust the information I share with you will enlighten you to some of the trials that I've faced growing from child to man in prison.

I would also like for you to understand, that I in no way want my age to be an excuse for my actions. I made a serious mistake in judgment as a child for which I have paid, with nearly 29 years of my life to date. There is no amount of contrition that could ever compensate for my senseless act of violence, while this act was done out of ignorance, and in ignorance it was wrong.

I have been fortunate enough to have grown and to have changed from the dense child of 16, my growth is not complete, as I continue to learn more and more about myself and others as I endure the trials of my incarceration. Having said that, I don't think "Life Without Parole" is the proper response to juvenile crime. When we offend the law there is a price that must be paid, but there has to be room for rehabilitation, and redemption for a child who has no true understanding of the consequences for his/her actions. A balance has be struck, and yes, justice must be served, but it must be served with compassion, not vengeance.

1. I was born October 21, 1958 in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
  2. I was 16, years of age at the time of my crime.
  3. I was 16, years of age when I was imprisoned.
  4. I am a Black male.
  5. S.C.I - Mahanoy, 301 Morea Road, Frackville, PA 17932-0001.
- A. I was arrested on May 29, 1975 for Homicide, Robbery. On the night of May 28th, my co-defendant and I went to commit a robbery. I attempted to take the purse of [REDACTED], but in my

February 17, 2004

state of intoxication, I dropped the purse. When I turned around to retrieve the fallen purse, I asked my co-defendant for the knife, I wanted to frighten Mrs. [REDACTED], and her companions. When she saw the knife, she began to scream, I in turn was overtaken by panic and fear. As I attempted to pick up the fallen purse a scuffle ensued, in my state of panic I began to swing the knife recklessly, stabbing Mrs. [REDACTED], four times, three times in the arm and once in the back. The puncture wound to the back pierced her heart, resulting in her death. An act I will forever mourn and regret.

B. At the time of my crime I was living in the streets. I had spent most of my youth in foster homes, being shipped from one foster home to another. In 1972, I ran away from my foster home in South Philadelphia, and took up living in the streets. When I got in trouble my father would always come and get me from the juvenile court, or police station. I would run away from home and live with friends, sleep in hallways, old cars, etc. I was a product of ignorance, wrapped in arrogance. I did whatever, I needed to do to sustain myself as best I could. In 1973 I went to live with my Aunt in North Carolina, but my conduct was so bad I soon found myself on a bus back to Philadelphia. I dropped out of school after completing the 9th. grade which was also while I was living with my Aunt in North Carolina. After returning to Philadelphia, I got a fake draft card, and Social Security card, had a lady friend of mine state that she was my Aunt and enlisted myself in Job Corps during the fall of 1973. I was sent to Cottonwood Idaho, in November of 1973, where I began my stay until the day of Christmas the same year. I was kicked out for assault on a Corps man. I arrived in Philadelphia, on New Years eve, January 10 1974 I was arrested with my older brother and a friend, charged with purse snatching, because of my fake identification I was placed in Philadelphia's Detention Center. After going through a line I was identified by a woman for snatching her purse the day before Christmas. A feat I could not have done, being in Idaho at the time, however, the police refuse to check my contention, but when I told them I was a juvenile, and that the Draft card was under an alias, they accepted that as truth, but refused to drop the charges for the purse snatching. I was subsequently sent to George Jr. Republic, juvenile reformatory. I ran away from there and ended up back in Philadelphia, in the housing Project that I called home Richard Allen.

C. I was arrested in the apartment of a female friend named [REDACTED] to be exact. I was taken straight to the Police Administration Building, at 8th and Race in Philadelphia, where I was interrogated, and given a lie detector

February 17, 2004

test, without the advise of an attorney of Guardian. I was handcuffed to a chair and beaten, asked questions about murders I had no knowledge of, and accused of committing them. I was never afforded counsel until my arraignment, at which time I was formally held for murder.

I don't have a problem with Human Rights Watch using any or all of the information I'm providing in this missive. My attorney at the time of my arrest was James J. Phelan Jr., I don't know where or how you might reach him.

D. [ It became clear to me when I was taken to the House of Correction in Philadelphia, that I was being tried as an adult. I was placed on a housing unit for juveniles that were certified as adults. I understood that I was being charged with murder, but I didn't really understand the gravity of what was happening. My trial attorney was perfunctory at best, and did what he wanted to do not what I had asked or hoped. I felt I was being tried as an adult without having been afforded the due process of the law. I had never been before a judge to have a certification hearing. I left police administration building certified as an adult, I wanted to challenge my certification, but that was never done. No I didn't understand my sentence, in fact when my trial judge sentenced me, he told my sister I would do 16-17 years, not spend my LIFE in prison. I had also been given false hope by my attorney who told me that he had gotten his clients off with 5 to 10, or 10 to 20 both of which at the time seemed a bit much, but in retrospect would have been better than what I have. ] Yes, Human Right Watch can have copies of any materials that I may have, but I warn you I don't have many. All my current attorney has is my trial transcripts. All my appeals were denied, and my subsequent Post Conviction Hearing Acts, were also denied.

E. I can't surmise the past 28 years 8 months, and 17 days of my life in the following paragraphs. However, I will attempt to give some explanation of it. Prison has been a very turbulent experience, I was force to become a man at 16 without having been afford the opportunity to grow. God guided me through a very trying time in my Life and forced me to look at the child I was, in order to make me realize the man that I have become. I watched men being raped, stabbed and even murdered. So my Life has had some life altering events. I've had to endure institutional racism, as well as racism from both Guard and inmate alike. I would not be the man that I have ultimately become if it were not for the caring of former Deputy Secretary Love who I met when I was a 17 year old, lost in a life of stupidity.

February 17, 2004

I've tried to use the cause of my incarceration as a constant motivation to do the right thing and to better myself at all cost. A lady whose daughter I stopped my fellow gang members from raping once told me early on in my incarceration to let time serve me, and not just serve time. I've used that as my motto when taking advantage of the opportunities presented to me. Have I been the best inmate? Not by any stretch of the imagination, but I'm a much better person today than I was yesterday or the day before. If I could articulate all that I've done and gone through I would, that's not possible.

The foods we are given are usually very greasy, and heavy in starches. I spend more money buying and eating junk foods than I do eating the foods they prepare. We are issued three pair of pants, and shirts, which they seem to think should last us however long we have to serve. Staff is ignorant and arrogant towards you, oftentimes creating a very volatile setting. My cell is small, and congested because they force you to live with other people, even if you don't know or like them. They are reluctant to move people when they should to calm a violative situation. If both my cell mate and I have a lot of belongings there is little room to move.

I've been transferred to several different institutions, On June 21, 1976, I was sentenced to LIFE imprisonment, On June 22, 1976, I was transferred from the House of Correction, to Holmesburg, both of which are county institutions, on June 23, 1976 I was transferred to Graterford Prison, which is a state prison, where I was classified, and then sent to Camp Hill, where I stayed until May 25, 1983, at which time I was given a disciplinary transfer to S.C.I - Huntingdon, where I stayed until February 9, 1994, when I was given a requested transfer to S.C.I - Coal Township, I stayed there until May 20, 1999, when I was given a promotional transfer to S.C.I - Frackville, I stayed at Frackville until July 29, 1999 at which time I was sent here to S.C.I - Mahanoy. My transfer to Frackville was a vindictive transfer, done to punish me for standing up for what is right. At the time of this so called promotional transfer I was the President of the inmate organization, and worked in the institutions gym where I worked in the News room. We would spend the week filming various events within the institution the take it back edit it and lay down a video track and film the institutions news. My job was called video productions, and we did the institutional news, filmed concerts, and all sporting events. Frackville was an institution that offered me nothing in terms of growth, in fact they called me to the education department and told me that they didn't know why I was sent there, they had nothing to offer me. Which is why I was subsequently sent here to Mahanoy.

February 17, 2004

I have never suffered violent treatment by institutional staff, but I have been subjected to racism, because of my wife being Caucasian, and the fact that our relationship began while I was an inmate orderly at Camp Hill, which is why I was transferred from there in 1983. I have been in several fight with other inmates, mostly during my younger years in fact all in the first year of my incarceration, because of my gang affiliation, and basically geographical place of rearing. A lot of the foolishness that I engaged myself in as a youth, I separated myself from as an adult. I think the more I learned in school, and about life as a growing adult the more I moved away from the density of my youth.

I was once stabbed in the left shoulder helping a guy, that I knew when others tried to rape him. I believe I've been blessed to not have suffered mental breakdowns. My education has been constant, I got my GED in 1977, I went to Hacc and earned myself 15 credits. I later earned a diploma in Journalism from International Correspondence Schools. In 1991, I earned my journeyman's license in Building maintenance, in 2003, I earned my journeyman's license in Maintenance Plumbing. I'm also a prison Facilitator for several classes, Citizenship, Character Development, A.I.D.S, and COR. While at Hacc I was taking Small business management, I took English 101, 051, effective Speaking, and Business Law. Most of my teachers had a true interest in my learning and provided me with the tools to succeed. I really couldn't tell you how much time I spent in school, I can only say that I spent a considerable amount of time in school for my academics, and vocational learning.

I had surgery on my left knee, and several lacerations from basketball, I'm currently being treated for hypertension. Recreation is something you can also find in these places, but I think it's important to do that in moderation.

I would like to have a second chance at Life, an opportunity to illustrate to everyone that I am not the child of 16 that took the life of Mrs. [REDACTED]. I would like to begin my Life anew with my wife and be a voice for the forgotten, speaking to our youth from my experiences, and just being a positive example of change. The one thing I want you to take from my writing is that it's truthful and from the heart. What you read in these few pages is a depiction of where I've been and the man I've become.

Thank you again for taking the time to inquire of me, and for listening to my story, and having an interest in helping to end the practice of sentencing children to Life Without the Possibility of Parole.

[REDACTED]

YES.

3/20/04

I received your letter, QUESTIONNAIRE, and Release form  
a response to my last letter. THANKS. I will begin this letter  
trying to answer each and every last one of your questions to  
the fullest and best of my knowledge.

## 1) Biographical

- A) 3-2-68
- B) 15 yrs old
- C) 16 yrs old
- D) Black
- E) Male

[REDACTED]

- G) U.S

## 2) What were the circumstances of your crime?

- A) ARMED ROBBERY, Attempted murder, CRIMINAL SEXUAL CONDUCT
- B) YES, an older Dude
- C) 15 yrs old

## 3) What was your life situation at the time of the crime?

- A) YES, I was living at home, but there wasn't much guidance, my  
mom [REDACTED] was gone on drugs, my father [REDACTED] was no  
there around, my older sister [REDACTED] had this older guy  
[REDACTED] living in the house with us who turns out to be  
a escape fugitive from justice, and a ONE (1) man crime wave

in the city of Detroit, which is who influenced me to commit my crimes. and yes, I was attending this alternative school for troubled teens.

1). What were the circumstances of your arrest?

A). I was caught at the scene of the crime, yes the police beat and interrogated me.

B). it was very painful and scary.

C). a couple of days later when I was at 1333 E. forest Wayne County Youth home, The Attorneys name is [REDACTED], she only seemed concerned with getting me to inform on my older co-Defendant about a bunch of other crimes that I had no knowledge of. She kept telling me to tell her and the police about all these other crimes and they would make sure that I go to the Boys Training School (B.T.S) and not get waived as an adult, and get sent to prison.

D). Her name is [REDACTED], I don't know her contact info. The other Attorney they gave me; [REDACTED] who supposedly represented me on my appeal of the juvenile waiver to the adult system, but I never saw him or met with him. The way I know of him is because after I learned how to read, his name appear on all of my court documents. The other Attorney they gave me...

[REDACTED], he's now a Judge, he represented me at my Trial after I was waived from juvenile. Then they gave me [REDACTED] to represent me on my appeal after I was found guilty at Trial. YES. you can contact them all.

2). When and how was it clear that you would be charged as an adult for the crime?

A). It was clear to me after ~~my attorney told me~~ told me that I better start tell her and the police what they wanted to know about my older co-Defendant ~~and myself~~ or I would be sent Down Town as an adult.

3). How was your Trial?

A). I Don't know How my Trial was, During that time; a child Psychologist ~~Dr. Thomas P. P. P.~~ examined me and Diagnosed me as being Mildly Retarded and only functioning on a second grade academic level, so I really had no understanding ~~of~~ what was going on or happening to me

B). Even though I can Read a little bit, I still struggle to understand what my Defense Attorney did or didn't do for me. I have all this paper work that he did, but it's confusing; I mean the Language and Terminology of it is just hard for me to Grasp.

C). I didn't know what I wanted - for I didn't understand the procedures.

d). No, I didn't understand what sentences I might end up with, but I now know and understand that During the time that I was sentenced the Michigan Judicial Sentencing Guidelines system was in place, and ~~now~~ I fall under the class B or C section of that system, and my Recommended Sentencing Guideline was or is 8 to 15 yrs. for the crime that I committed.

E). I was - no will to share any of the documents that I have



6). yes, I appealed my sentence, but to no avail. I don't understand what the process was like. I just know that [REDACTED] took my case to the Appeals court Raising THREE (3) ISSUES...

- ①. THE PROSECUTOR DENIGATED THE DEFENSE AND appealed to the jurors' sense of civic Duty in his closing Argument.
  - ②. A manifest INJUSTICE resulted when the court INCORRECTLY instructed the jury on the Definition of legal SANITY.
  - ③. THE TRIAL court ABUSED its DISCRETION in SENTENCING.
- in which all three (3) issues were DENIED, she then took my case to the Supreme court with the same three (3) issues which they also DENIED, at that point she told me that there was nothing else that she could do for me, and that I was on my own, so I started the process of learning to READ + WRITE, started going to the LAW Library and got help from other prisoners to prepare a writ of Habeas corpus to submit to the federal courts which was also DENIED. Now I'm in the process of doing a 6.500 motion for the lower courts, but it's hard for me — for I don't have anybody to help me!

## 7). Life in Prison

- A). I am miserable as Hell in here, I've lost my whole family since being in here either by Death or abandonment.
- B). Nothing that's of any value to the Human body — for they cook all the vitamins and nutrients out of the food plus they let the fruit get rotten before allowing us to have it.
- C). It's a concrete cage with a concrete bed with a steel toilet.
- D). yes, I've been transferred to 11 different prisons here in Michigan which I think is a much thinner layer of being in ONE (1) prison for more than a few years is miserable

- 1). NO
- 2). yes, I've been stabbed on Two (2) Different ~~times~~ occasions by other prisoners.
- 3). My situation hasn't really changed much except the fact that I've gotten older, a little bit more mature, a little bit bigger in physical size, and the older prisoners have stopped preying on me for sex.
- 4). yes, I've had to stab other prisoners for preying on me for sex and other stuff.
- 5). I think my mental health is good.
- 6). G.E.D. which I completed, but it took me a very long time.
- 7). NO
- 8). yes, when I got stabbed, other than that, NO.
- 9). yes, one (1) hour a day, is all we get.
- 10). what would you like to change about your situation?
- A). I would like to change this "Death Sentence" that I HAVE so that I can get out of here one day, and move forward with my life.
- 11). what else do you think it is important for Human Rights Watch to know about your situation?
- A). I would like for y'all to know that During my JUVENILE Waiver Hearing Testimony was ~~not~~ Received from THREE (3) so called professional people
- ①. ~~From the Department of Corrections, I was interviewed by~~
  - ②. ~~From the Department of Corrections, I was interviewed by~~
  - ③. ~~From the Department of Corrections, I was interviewed by~~ (Adult system).
- They said that I was beyond Rehabilitation in the Juvenile system, and I could not be? if I'm mildly disturbed and a little disturbed and

SECOND GRADE LEVEL, PLUS I HAVE NEVER BEEN PLACED IN A JUVENILE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY SUCH AS BOYS TRAINING SCHOOL (B.T.S). THEY ALSO SAID THAT ONCE I WAS PLACED IN THE ADULT PRISON SYSTEM, I WOULD RECEIVE THE HELP AND TREATMENT THAT I NEEDED TO BETTER MYSELF. THEY LIED - FOR I'M GETTING NO HELP AT ALL FROM THEM. OTHER PRISONERS HELPED ME STUDY & PASS MY G.E.D. EVEN RIGHT NOW, THESE PEOPLE ARE REFUSING ME THE TREATMENT THAT I NEED TO BETTER MYSELF - THEY WON'T ALLOW ME TO ATTEND THE SEX OFFENDERS PROGRAM SAYING THAT I DON'T NEED IT; I'M GONNA DIE IN HERE (PRISON). LOOK Y'ALL, I NOW KNOW AND UNDERSTAND THAT I HAVE A PRICE TO PAY FOR WHATEVER I DO WRONG IN LIFE. I'VE BEEN IN HERE FOR TWENTY (20) YRS. STRAIGHT SINCE THE AGE 15. I FEEL THAT I'VE PAID THE PRICE FOR THE MISTAKES I MADE IN MY LIFE AS A JUVENILE. I DIDN'T KILL ANYBODY NOR HAVE I EVER HARMED ANY CHILDREN, SO I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO DIE IN HERE. SOMEBODY, PLEASE HELP ME GET OUT OF HERE OR AT LEAST HELP ME GET OUTDATE SO THAT I CAN SEE WHEN I CAN GET OUT OF HERE. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO ... LIFE IN PRISON WITHOUT AN OUTDATE TO ME IS WORSE THAN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR AND GAS CHAMBER, THIS STUFF HERE IS A LONG SLOW MISERABLE DEATH. SOME DAYS I JUST WISH THEY WOULD COME AND TAKE ME TO THE BACK AND KILL ME NOW. DON'T GET ME WRONG, I AM NOT SUICIDAL.

THE BOTTOM LINE IS THIS ... I DON'T FEEL THAT I'VE BEEN TREATED FAIRLY ON ANY LEVEL IN THE CRIMINAL JUSTICE COURT SYSTEM!

THANKS FOR READING THESE WORDS  
Respectfully Submitted

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

Feb. 11, 2003

[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]  
[REDACTED]

Re: Serving Life w/o parole

Dear [REDACTED]

I'm writing regarding your ad in Prison Legal News.

I was charged in Federal court with conspiracy to commit murder. I was 15 years old at the time of the crime in which I was sentenced as an adult to life without parole. I am only 5 feet tall. I was alleged to have participated in the murder by acting as a lookout. At my trial, various cooperating co-conspirators testified that I rode my bicycle around the block and was to look for police while another person committed the murder. My trial was in the Southern District of New York, case No. 54-98-cr-00290. The crime was committed on March 31, 1995. My date of birth is October 8, 1979.

Please send me a human Rights watch report. You  
can contact me if you would like. Thanks!

Sincerely,




I was born May 21, 1979. I am now a 23 year old black male. I was born in Omaha Nebraska. My mother, two sisters & I moved to Colorado in the summer of 1992. In 1993-94 I was going to North Middle school. Close to the end of the school year I was expelled for buying a BB gun from another student. We moved around a few times. In 1994 I started going to South middle school. I was doing pretty good in school in the beginning. Somewhere in the middle of the school year I met [REDACTED]. We started hanging out a lot. I stayed over his house a lot of school nights against both our parents wishes. After a while [REDACTED] and I started ditching school to hang out at the mall, movie theaters, etc. In the end of 94, around September, [REDACTED] and his father moved into this apartment building called Timberleaf Apartments. Shortly after that we met [REDACTED]. He was my age 15. [REDACTED] was 13. [REDACTED] lived in the same apartment building as [REDACTED]. We hung out together everyday. One day we were playing practical jokes (Knocking on doors and running). We knocked on this one door and it opened. There was a man on the couch sleep. [REDACTED] said lets go in and look around, That is where all the problems began. We stole his clothes shoes and some jewelry. After that day we started ditching school to go

burglarize houses. My mom was really getting on my case for not coming home so I told ~~Mike~~ I couldn't do it anymore. To my surprise My two sisters and I came home one day after school and found our house was robbed. After looking around I knew exactly who had did it. I called ~~Mike~~ he denied everything. I called ~~S~~ and he denied everything. I stopped hanging around those guys then and met this kid named ~~Robert~~. We started hanging out ditching school to go to the mall, movies, etc. One day out of the blue at around 9:00 at night someone was knocking on my door. I opened it and there stood ~~S~~ he told me ~~Mike~~ had stole his dad's blazer and they wanted me to come with them. I started to slam the door in his face, but instead I put on some clothes and went with them. That night was April 9~~th~~, 1995. We drove around for a while doing nothing until ~~Mike~~ said he had his dad's guns. We drove around shooting in the air and at trash cans. We drove around until about 6:00 in the morning. ~~Mike~~ was suppose to go to school, but school was cancelled because it was snowing heavily. So instead of going to school we parked the blazer and walked around burglarizing homes. After doing that for a few hours we went to my house to drop off some of the stolen goods.

My mother asked me where did I get all the stuff from. I told her it was our stuff that [redacted] had stolen. She didn't believe me and told me to stay home. I told her I had to walk [redacted] and [redacted] to the bus stop. I told [redacted] I wouldn't be able to go with them. [redacted] threw a fit and convinced me to go with them. We were supposed to go to the video game store and back to [redacted] house but we fell asleep on the bus. When [redacted] woke me up we were at the mall the buses final stop. We then decided to hang out at the mall. We stayed at the mall and played video games and did some shopping. At about 9:00 PM we ran into my friend [redacted]. We hung out with him until the mall closed. After the mall closed we went into the half price store and bought some candy. After that we stood at the bus stop deciding what to do next. [redacted] and [redacted] wanted me to go to spend the night at [redacted] house. [redacted] didn't have nowhere to go so I asked could [redacted] come with us. [redacted] said no only I could come over, so we sat there arguing for a while. [redacted] told [redacted] and me to give him back his dad's guns. I don't remember who's idea it was, but the next thing I knew we were talking about stealing a car. We saw a lone car pull into the parking lot in front of us. I told [redacted] to go ask the person in the car for the time so he could make sure there were no kids in the car. [redacted] came back and said there





were no kids. We moved in front of the building. The man stayed in his car for about 10 minutes. When he got out ~~████~~ looked at me like I was suppose to do something. The man got out and walked pass us and into the building. Nobody did anything. The man came out of the building and walked pass us still nobody did anything. Right before he got to his car I heard a gunshot so I pulled out my gun and shot once. The next thing I remember is the man fell to the ground. We all just stood there for about 2 minutes. Then ~~████~~ said get in the car ~~████~~ was shaking his head no so I grabbed him ~~████~~ grabbed the mans keys and we got in the car. ~~████~~ turned the ignition, but the car would not start. We got out and ran. ~~████~~ and ~~████~~ ran in one direction. ~~████~~ and I ran in another. I told me we needed to go to Anthony's house and ask his dad for a ride home. On our way to ~~████~~'s house we ran into ~~████████████████~~ we told them our plans and we all went to ~~████████~~ house. We reached ~~████████~~ house, but nobody was home. Next thing I knew the police was upon ~~████~~ us with guns drawn. The police made us stand in a line because they said they had eye witnesses. After the line up they seperated us in different police cars and took us to jail. Once in jail they took my clothes and put my hands in paper sacks.

They photographed me and then called my mom. When my mom came they put us in a room together. She asked me did I do it. I told her no she slapped me and told me I better tell them the truth. The police came in and said it would be in my best interest to talk to them. They interrogated me at about 2:00AM. I was tired and wanted to sleep. They asked me if I had anything to do with attempted Murder and Aggravated Robbery. I kept telling them no, but they kept saying I was lying. All I know is when it was over they said I confessed. Later on that day they took us to Mountview juvenile detention center. We stayed there for a couple of days. Then they took us before the judge who read us the charges it was first degree murder because the man had died. They gave us a lawyer and told us we were being charged as adults. All of us except ~~Michael~~ ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~. He was tried as a juvenile. After the hearing they kept us in the jail where they had other juveniles being tried as adults. When I saw my lawyer (that the judge appointed me) he asked me a lot of questions and said that we were going to plead not guilty by reason of insanity. A little while after that they sent me to the State hospital (Colorado Mental Health Institute at Pueblo) to be evaluated. I must admit I did a little acting. When I came back to the jail the hospital gave their report. They said I had some mental health issues, but I was also

malingering which was somewhat true. Shortly after getting back to the jail the inmates became violent to me and my co-defendants. I was seen by the doctor for depression and other symptoms. They had me on a lot of medication while I was having my trial. For the first I didn't know anything about the law and I was too doped up to understand what my lawyer was telling me. They had a hearing to see if I was competent to stand trial and to find out the effects of my medication. They found me competent but did not know what effects my medication had. I did not know what sentence I was facing. They found me guilty and ordered immediate sentencing. I just sat there crying they did not give me a chance to get myself together to make a statement on my behalf. My lawyer did not say anything to set me apart from others matter of fact he did not say anything. The judge sentenced me to life without Parole for murder 24 years for aggravated robbery and 10 years for conspiracy to aggravated robbery. I stayed at the jail for about 2 months then I was sent to DRDC. I was 16 when they sent me to DRDC. I was scared and angry to be in there with adults from what I heard about prisons killing, rapes, etc. After being in DRDC for about a month I threw a cigarette

at a guard. They roughed me up and sent me to the hole. While in the hole they had a psychiatrist see me. After that they sent me to San Carlos Correctional Facility. San Carlos is a mental health facility. I stayed at San Carlos in Administrative Segregation (23 hour lockdown) for a year. After getting off of Administrative Segregation I was sent to Centennial Correctional Facility. I was 18 then and just lost my mother. They gave me an appellate lawyer. He came to see me once. He said if I had any issues to raise call his office. I tried to call his office on several occasions, but he did not accept my calls. He filed an appeal, but it was not successful. After being at Centennial for 2 years I had a relapse and was sent back to San Carlos Correctional Facility. While there for a second time I received my GED. I wanted to take college courses but I was told I have to have a release date of two years or less. I didn't have any money to pursue it myself so I gave up. At 21 I was sent back to Centennial Correctional Facility. I was doing good, had a job, was learning a trade, etc. They told me it was time to progress to a better facility. So at 22 years of age I was sent to Limon Correctional Facility. I stayed there for 6 months and was sent back to San Carlos Correctional Facility for mental health issues. About 6 months ago I tried to commit suicide and was sent to Colorado Mental Health Institute at Pueblo. I stayed there for 4 months and was sent

back here. I've been here ever since. The food is not too bad here, but the floor I am on is 22 hour lockdown and we have no recreation.

What do I think you should know about me?

The most important thing is that I am not the same person I was at 15. I am a more calm and nice person. The staff tell me they can't believe I murdered somebody. I have not had a COPD conviction in over 7 years. COPD stands for code of Penal Discipline. I am basically saying I have not been in trouble in over 7 years. What do I want to see changed about my situation. I would like to have some hope of ever going home to see my family. They could give me life at least I'll have something to want to live for.

My Appellate Attorney My trial Attorney

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

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

~~and I remember her telling me I~~  
~~should hate her for her sins. 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~~  
~~time I was 16 and I was~~  
~~and I was 17 and I was~~  
~~to a friend. This mistake I made~~  
~~and I was 18 and I was~~  
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 ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ 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, al. 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

flying straight toward us. We  
 dodged it then ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ 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 ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~. He did not  
 stop and ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ continued to  
 chase him. My window on  
 the passenger side did not  
 roll down so I leaned over  
~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ 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~~ ~~of and~~ 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  
wags 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 sicken fashion and they are going home. I just think its ~~unfave~~ unfair. I work all day and read. I get to play Vollyball on weekends. The food is very bad. We get dehydrated food at times. We don't get much ether. I was feed more food in school. The meat has these things in it.

I'm not sure what they are. But its 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 sick. 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. <sup>HAHA</sup> But I cannot. I am sorry if there are some misspellings 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:

~~1000 1st Street NW~~  
~~Washington DC~~  
~~20001~~

My attorney:

~~1000 1st Street NW~~  
~~Washington DC~~  
~~20001~~

(This address may have changed)

co. attorney

~~1000 1st Street NW~~  
~~Washington DC~~  
~~20001~~

over →