

To Whom it may concern -

December 2016

Hello. Writing to see if you would send me more info about your program? Can you send me copies of examples of essays written by prisoners? How and what to write about? I'll tell you a little about my life.

Born in Jackson Michigan on May 20, 1972

In 1979 moved to Wisconsin and in 1980 moved to Maryland I am white but have some Cherokee/Blackfoot Indian Ancestry. My father Richard Coleman Mosurck was killed July 7, 1976 I don't remember him. His family didn't like my mother and was never involved in my life. I grew up believing my step dad who adopted me was my father. He is black and I remember in school in Maryland this little black girl said how is that your dad, he is black and you are white. I said I don't know. It was hard to make friends with white kids and didn't know why. At the age of about 10 or 11 grew my hair out (Long) and started listening to Rock, Heavy Metal Music. When my step dad and mother split up and I moved with my mom, I ended up making a lot of white friends. I was a long hair stoner who liked to get high. December 14 1989 my mother sent me, my brother and sister to live with their father in California. This is my step dad. My life changed for ever once in California. Racist Racism, I learned about, gangs etc. I didn't like to fight. Within 3 months I had to change everything about me just to try and find people to hang out with. It's hard to make friends when you are going to be turning 18yr old. I ended up getting into trouble and locked up. Sent to a boys camp. I acted like I was a Crip cause I didn't know better. I escaped from boys camp got caught and the Judge was racist, when he seen my step dad was black. There was really no blacks in Santa Maria California at this time. He sent me to C.Y.A for 6 yrs 10 months. This Mexican dude, whose brother was friends with my brother and they were all in

the same gang. Since my brother was part of a Mexican gang so I became part of it too. At the time I didn't know if I would of went to C.Y.A. Claiming to be a crip the whites would try and get me every time and in prison would kill me.

Angel told me if I become part of his gang when I got to C.Y.A. they would have my back. I had to grow very fast into this life style. I couldn't be scared to fight or even take someones life. People will try and take yours too. I became a gang member. By the time I was to get out, I became a gangster. This became my way of life. Can you believe it, a white boy from the East Coast involved in the biggest and most powerful Mexican gang (Surenos 13) who were under the Mexican Mafia.

I've been in prison in California, Texas and Arizona now. I am in a lock down unit cause of my tattoos. I have alot of gang related tattoos. Face, head, hands, Arms etc. In 1998 met a woman who I got pregnant and I was on the run from parole we moved to El Paso Tx where she had my son Shawn Jr. I was involved with the drug cartel over there, but not for long cause I got caught and sent back to California and did 1 yr parole violation and when I got out Oct 18 1999 I ran again back to El Paso Tx I tried to change my life went to church, but ended up back sliding and April of 2000 got locked up for robbery. I walked out of the store with a 30 pack of keds. Wanted to give me 20 years, I took a deal for 3 1/2 years. I got out November of 2003 December of 2003 my stepdad brother and sister wanted me to visit them over here in Arizona where I ended up coming to live.

I left alot out of this. But I was doing alot of different crimes etc. Prison is not the place for a person. I was sent to

C.V.A Before I was sent there, I was a stoner, with long hair, who only liked to ruin the Streets party getting high and being with girls. I didn't like to fight and would never hurt some one with a weapon.

To make a change like this would make the brain crazy. It was like it happen over night. I was only in California not even 3 months before I got locked up and didn't get out until March 31, 1993 and within 3 months after being out, get in trouble again and now sent to prison where I got out in May of 1995 and back to prison in a month or two. C.V.A turned me into a criminal with no feelings. I had to fight and learned to fight very good and after fighting, Riots you learn to not care about feeling and you won't be scared to take a life.

I could go on and on. Today I've changed my life. People in the Streets don't understand the life in prison. There are Rules among prisoners. The way a person comes to prison, he won't leave that way. Everything about him will change. Yes I was involve in the gang life and lived it! but never really liked gang members. It's hard to explain.

I need help writing. I would like to share my story with others. Today I have changed my life because something happen with some Arizona boys and the California boys should of had my back but they were scared because there isn't that many of us. Most of these dudes who claim Sureño Califas over here, never did time in California, so they weren't raised like I was, you put your life on the line

no matter if its only 2 of us against 50 Arizona boys. Thats why I put tattoos on my face and head, so everyone could see it and know I gang bang Sureño 13 Califas

I wanted to ask you, does your program help people find pen-pals? Do you know of places that offer Pen-pal services/programs? If anyone there would like to write, I'll write and also help me write thing to share with other and place on your web site.

What kind of questions would you like me to answer?

What would you like to know about prison life? Does prison life mess with the mind in mental ways yes. It makes you not want to be around people. I've been in a lock down unit since March 15 2010 your vocabulary gets small. Cause you dont talk that much and you forget how to spell, etc. It does alot to you.

Hope to hear back from someone
Thank You for your time and have a nice day
Happy Holidays.

Sincerely
Shaun Si