

I WAS born January 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1993  
in Chicago, Illinois on the  
Southeast Side to a crack addict  
and a alcoholic.

I grew up in Chicago's 2<sup>nd</sup>  
worst neighborhood - Woodlawn.

I WAS raised by my grand-  
mother who IF it WAS<sup>'nt</sup> for

her genuinity and concern  
I would have been in Foster  
care and would<sup>'nt</sup> have the

benefit OF knowing a 8<sup>th</sup>  
OF my Family. To be quite  
honest I do<sup>'nt</sup> know IF it

is a benefit OF knowing my  
Family because the majority  
OF Family members I know

do<sup>'nt</sup> seem to care selfish,  
addicts, alcoholics, and overall  
dysfunctional. In elementary

school I succeeded in my  
class earning me recognition  
to receive a Presidential

Award by then President

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George Bush. Once I made it to 4<sup>th</sup> grade I was introduced to the lifestyle of my impoverished community - one of the biggest street organizations in the country. Since ~~that~~ <sup>(that)</sup> tender era of 4<sup>th</sup> grade my reign of being a innocent kid plummeted because I entered a different academy - The School of the Street. As a mature man I think in retrospect and acknowledge that I let negative influences to succumb my thinking and allowed my peers to lead me down a path of folly and falsehood. As a man of my decorum and stature now I acknowledge and take accountability for what I do wrong and right also. You have to judge a man by his character and principles and nothing else

but experience forms your character but morale. Although I had the potential to become and do whatever I put my mind to I squandered that capacity and utilized it in unrighteous endeavors so I barely passed the 8<sup>th</sup> grade because I tried to entertain my peers by being a class clown. Its ironic that in my adolescent years I strived to become a class clown but where im currently held captive at just merely calling someone a clown can get you injured...seriously.

I passed the 8<sup>th</sup> grade but I didn't participate in any graduation ceremonies a moment of my life where I couldn't make a fond memory out of that special time. I was enrolled into high school where I appreciated the experience but didn't take full advantage

of it due to my issues as a young, black male trying to fit in. I inevitably missed semesters and vital opportunities that nostalgia couldn't define.

At an immature age of 15 yrs. old I was suspected and arrested for shooting - and - killing another young black teen due to an alleged gang rivalry which it is wholly lacking substantial evidence to prove I

killed him and strong evidence weighs to the contrary. I was convicted for the murder of the teen despite exculpatory evidence indicating otherwise

and sentenced to 60 years in an adult penitentiary where role models and opportunities to restore you to citizenship and rehabilitate you are foreign and zero to none.

Violence and harsh comments become reality and daily. This environment dehumanizes and

emasculates men of all colors because the conditions are just that brutal and horrid it influences weak-minded people to become decadent meaning morally corrupt and convert into uncivilized people. I don't discriminate against homosexuality although I want indulge in it there are perverted people that make sadistic sexual advances to the same sex. Some C/O's abuse the authority embedded upon them by acting out racist values which causes them to make a mockery out of racial stigmas and utter racial slurs. I have been physically ~~assaulted~~ assaulted by C/O's and sexually harassed by C/O's. I want the world to ponder this question would you want your kid to be here enduring this pain if he were a victim of a blatant miscarriage of justice? Despite the harsh

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reality of being in a adult  
prison my plights for  
Growth and development is  
a gateway out of the  
perimeters of these institution  
fences. My culture "the Five  
Percenters" encourages me  
to excell in all aspects of  
life. I have obtained a high  
School diploma and Working  
of many more certificates  
to rehabilitate myself despite  
the prison's lack of providing  
resources. I enjoy reading  
with a strong passion. If any  
one is interested in invest-  
ing their time and resources  
into the overall development  
of me it would be highly  
appreciated and taken advan-  
tage of you would not be  
disappointed or dissatisfied  
with my ambition. My  
information is Kevin Watson  
#M28997 P.O BOX 1000 Menard,  
Illinois 62259. Pence be unto  
you.