

## The Stroke of Dad Luck

I don't remember my baby hood. As a kid I was an orphan. Until I finally got adopted into a family. I was 7 years old when I got adopted. By a woman named, Yvonne Morris, and a man, George Morris, My new mom and dad. That's what they told me to call them. I did not want to but I got used to it. They adopted other kids. I of the Boys was supposed to be my real brother. I was the neglected child. Suspended from school, always on punishment, sometimes punishment would be to clean the house, or I would write a sentence 5,000 times. There were sometimes sex with these other kids, which stopped as we got older. There were times I slept outside. I would be kicked out, or I would run away. I would steal food from stores and panhandle. One time I ran away I was sleeping in the back yard. Until a friend that knew me, was looking for me. He knew I was on the streets sometimes. He walked me home one day and asks, "what are you about to do." I told him, "I about to sleep in the

back yard." He told me to come with him. His name is Lamar. Lamar begged his mother for me to stay with them. She agreed. My friends mother, Mary, did not like my problem. So she tried to get custody of me. I stayed with them that winter til the next winter, my birthday, Decemeber, 8. The court date for custody was Decemeber, 7. On Decemeber, 1 on of my friends, Jimmy had a stoley; a stolen car. We wese driving around, Jimmy, Mark, Fasu, and me. We went back to Lamar house to get my jewlary, I was trying to sell. Mary told me not to get in a stolen car. I did not listen. I went anyway we drove to a pawn shop. Sold the jewlary, and split it between us. It was getting late. So Jimmy dropped everyone off. When we got to my house ~~no one~~ no-one answered the door. So I got in the stolen car again. Jimmy wanted to show me how to steel a car. Next thing I know I was getting out of Jewville on Decemeber, 3. In Jail for the first time. They put me on house arrest.

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When December, 7 came, Mary  
lose in court; lose custody. My  
mother sent me to stay with a  
lady that claimed to be my  
real ~~unit~~ aunt. I did not stay  
thier that long. I went to jail  
for some stealing CDs. Trying to  
make some money for the stolen car  
incident. My mother owed \$1,500  
to the courts for the car. She claimed  
I was bad. But I was not. Eventually  
she put me out again. I stayed at  
a homeless shelter. I had to go to  
court for the stolen car case. My  
mother told the judge, she wanted me  
out of her house in court. They made  
me ~~ward~~ ward of state, and locked  
me up. I was 17 years old. I stayed  
thier for 3 weeks. From thier I  
went to a youth program. It  
provide housing for the youth. I  
I had some fights with one of  
my roommates. I ended up setting  
my room on fire. I went to  
jail for about 1 year. Within that  
year I was 17 going on 18 years  
One day my bunkie was arguing  
with a deputy. 5 of them came  
out. They took him out of the  
cell. One big muscle bound man

came in my cell. Choked me out. Before I got up, he put his hands in fighting position, I stayed down. Then I went to prison for another year. I paroled on March, 10, I left with my G.E.D. My goal was to go to college, I never made it. I was at my brother house when I made parole. We got into it the first week. Things change when you go from prison or jail back home. From there I was back on the streets. My brother had a job for me, but I did not want him to know where I was at. I was content, then they took me away - prison, then put me right back into what I ran away from. I was back on the streets stealing food, until I got my bridge card. And I was trying to get a job. After homeless shelters, half way houses, temporary visits over people houses, it was getting cold I started to strong arm people I toyed to settle down at my friends house. Him and his friend was stealing cars. They were putting stolen cars next door.

The Stroke of Bad Luck at an abandoned house. A boy 13 years old came to me one day and woke me up from sleep. He ask me to 'get in the car and go to the store' I was against stolen cars. So He had to convince me. I told him, 'well go, if we go make some money.' He agreed. The problem was getting money was more dangerous than going to the store. After we went to the store. I stepped the car, and bagged out of the mission. The police drove up and flashed the light on the car. The police was already in front of us when we step out of the car. While I was in jail I cried. I did 6 months in jail. I was sentenced to 6 months WCJ - Wayne County Jail and a 3 month program. I went to a halfway house. I was half way locked up. I could not visit anyone, until I was in there for 30 days. Within 2 weeks I left the program. Plotting on absconding from parole. I called my parole officer a week later. He told me 'go back to the program.' I did. But I enjoyed my freedom

I called my parole officer a week later back at the program. Told him, 'a man was threatening me with a gun.' He okied me to leave. I did. More freedom for me. I just start getting SSD. # 343 a month. I went to live with my big sister, Sasha. Sasha is my real blood sister. I worked community service. I had to do 100 hours, also for the last stolen car case I caught. One day me and my sister had a disagreement. I left. I had a meeting, but I was 2 hours early. But I just wanted to get away. I was waiting nearby the meeting at this abandoned house. The grass was high. Back then I was going in abandoned houses for fun. I went around the back. There was a big fence and it was locked I climbed the fence. There were a fire escape on the building. Which was 2 stories up. At the top there was a door I can see inside of. There were dirty dishes on the counter. Making the dumbiest mistake of my life. I knocked on the door.

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When one one answered, I figure I can make my move. I could not get inside the door without damage. Damaging things is not something I do. I looked up and saw the window was ~~crack~~ cracked. I got up there and put my head thru. I saw a shadow, and fell. I ran down the stairs and tumbled on the grass. When I look up a man was on top of the stairs with a gun pointed at me. I did not move. When I thought of running, I saw my one shoe a few feet on the ground in front of me. I told him I was no harm and gave him my parole officer's number. My parole officer told him to call the police. They came and apprehended me. I was proud at being alive, and mad at being arrested. I flipped out in the back of the police car. And tried to fight them at the station. They took me to the hospital, receiving hospital. Receiving told the police they were going to keep me for mental health reasons. Talk about a get out of jail free card.

I saw one of my adopted sisters on the mental ward. We were talking and staff told us not to. I went crazy. They restrained me and gave me a shot. I was out. I woke up being transported to a Mental Institution, Haven Wick. I stayed for 1 week and a half. My mother said I had a \$6,000 check in the mail. I discharged and went home. I got home and cashed the check at a bank TCF bank. Later on I bought a car, and a studio apartment. my rent was \$450.00 a month. I was getting \$343.00 a month. So I had to make an extra \$100.00. I started to sell weed, then weed and crack. I had two girlfriends one was a nurse had a car and she was doing good, the other was a prostitute and a crack head. One day I went to the parole office. I got in a confrontation with another agent. I had to parole once a month. The next month I had a feeling not to take my car. I took the bus. I got arrested and my parole office for a warrant for Breaking and entry.

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I did not know I had. Which  
was for the time, I got out  
of jail free. The court found  
out I beat that case to  
a mister miner - Ewop. They gave  
me \$100 dallas personal bond. I  
was released that day. It was  
cold out side and they gave  
me a coat. It was a nice coat  
and one of the trustees said, "it  
was his." They took the coat  
back I know it was not his.  
But I was getting out, so I  
did not care. I caught the bus.  
when I got off the bus, I  
had son 2 miles to get home. My  
fingers was frost bite. I really  
needed that coat. I stayed at  
my mother's house. I told my  
brother I wanted to 'start back  
selling crack.' He said 'no!' So I  
went to stay with him. The first  
night we got into a confrontation.  
I left the next morning. I went  
to stay with a friend. He was  
living in a 'spot' selling crack.  
This was the first time I  
worked in a spot. I was making  
\$10 out of \$50. My friend told  
~~me~~ to fill taxes. It was tax season.

I went to a guy that was doing taxes out of his house. The man that was doing taxes celebrated with me that night, paid for a order from every one there, from a seafood resteraunt. The next morning I took some papers to a location. The location was where the tax man told me to go and give them the papers. I was getting \$3,500 back taxes. I did not go back to the spot. I went and brought my own sack to sell and went to tiara house. Tiara was a crackhead & was kicking it with from time to time. The next day I was over my friends house, and they wanted to go to the store. I went with the crack on me. While I was on the phone, a black car pulled up talking to us. I was getting off the phone, and all I hear is 'he got a gun.' There were 3 men in the car. The man in the back got out quick and came towards me. I saw a badge hanging from his ~~neck~~ neck.

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It was the police. (In reality,  
if it was not the police the  
guys in the car would have  
had a problem. In this situation,  
they would be the problem.) The  
guys in the car was frisking  
me and my friends. I did not  
have a gun, but I had crack.  
They let my friends go. In  
handcuffs in the car they asked  
me for names and numbers. Asking  
me to tell on where I got the  
drugs from. I said nothing, so  
I went to jail. While I was  
in jail I told my mother to  
write herself a check in my  
name for 3,400. She was sending  
me money while I was in jail.  
I told her to send my sister  
some money for a house, because  
my sister's kids was in child  
protection custody. I plea to  
guilty for attempt to deliver  
for 1 year of WCT. While  
I was in there I had a  
fight one-on-one with a Deputy.  
The staff call me and another  
off the rock and was moving  
us. The other guy was talking  
to one of the deputies

I was watching. One of the staff told me to go down the stairs. His verbal was aggressive, but I went slowly. He got upset, and grabbed me by my neck and lead me down stairs then, put me on the wall, choking me. Then, flexed me on the ground and held me there for a short period. When I got to my room, I call the guy out for a one-on-one fight and ~~the~~ he accepted and we fought. After my year in jail I went to prison for parole violation. I was on parole for arson doing 1-to-5 years, and I had 4 months left, until that time expired. So I did 4 months in prison. Within those four months I was going crazy, so I was in WCC - ~~Woodland~~ WCC - Woodland Center Corrections, the mental hospital for prisoners in MDOC. Because of that upon release, when they let me free, I was sent to Walter P. Ruther. Which is a Mental hospital in the real world. I was getting SSD and working

The Stroke of Bad Luck in Walter Ruther. I was in there for a year. When I step out I stepped out with money. I went from a transitional house to my brother house. I got a ticket for a bag of weed, which was my brother fault. He dropped me off at Big Boys Restaurant. 5 minutes later he came rushing in, saying 'we got a problem.' He got into a altercation with someone. Police was there and I got a ticket for a ~~big~~ bag of weed. After, that things went back to being good. Next thing you know I went crazy at my brother's house. Mentally unstable. Me and my brother had a fall out and I busted his window out. Went to jail for malicious destruction. I pled guilty for a misdemeanor. Upon release I got picked up by Detroit police for a warrant, for Breaking and Entering. That's the case I beat to a Ewop - Entering without owners permission. We never did finish the court proceedings. They let me go again.

for a personal bond with 2,000.  
so I was back on the streets.  
I left the court unprepared.  
I had shorts on and it was cold  
out side. I went to the bank and  
I had 1,000.<sup>00</sup>, I took out 100.<sup>00</sup>  
Every where I went I would spend  
my money. I was headed to jail  
to get my identification. I had  
no more money for the bus.  
So after my walk to Dickerson-  
Wayne County Jail III, I  
walked to my sisters house.  
The security would not let  
me in. I need some where to  
sleep for the night. I went  
to sleep at the nearest hospital,  
because I was afraid of  
people. I woke up at 7:00 am.  
waiting on the bank to open  
at 8:00 am, I had an hour. I  
started to come to the hospital. I  
came to a floor ~~no~~<sup>no</sup> one was  
on, and started stealing stuff.  
I got arrested. In one day.  
I did 4 months and plead  
guilty for 6 months and probation.  
I had one month before release  
and they put me on a  
tether. I got out with \$4,000.

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in the bank. I brought a car,  
got a job, I was doing well.  
I got off ~~probation~~ tether, I  
was still on probation. I was  
doing good until, I tried to have  
sex with my brother girlfriend.  
she was turning me on. I tried  
to keep my distance. My brother  
kicked me out the house. I went  
to stay with a friend. My  
probation asked me for a number  
to see how I was doing. I did  
the stupidest thing, and gave  
them my brother's number. My  
probation was violated. I ran out  
the office. Now they put a  
warrant out for me. After I  
apologized to my brother, he got  
locked up for murder. I felt  
like it was my fault, But I  
did not give him a gun. I  
got apprehended for bring to strip  
a house. The police was going  
to let me go, until they saw  
I had a warrant. They tried me  
for a sexual assault. But she  
did not come to court. So I  
got released. I went back to  
my friends house. I was in jail  
for a week and did not want to

go back to work. So I quit a little later they cut me off SSI and SSD. I had no job, and no income. I was no longer at my friends house. But I was squatting. I was trying to put my life back on track. I was trying to get a job, But it was hard trying to get a job without a car. My car broke down, after I ran out on my probation officer. I was getting food from my mother, churches, and bridge card. I tried to sell blood at the plasma bank, but I had bad luck. I could not get money from them, because they thought I had a mental problem. I started to steal for things I needed. I had a phone but I broke-it, because I thought someone had put a tracker on it. I was caught wandering around a business. I was stealing stuff. So now my mission was to get a phone, before the month end. I had stashed a phone in the garage at my brothers house the day I broke his window. But he no longer stay there.

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But I was willing to go over there. The phone was not over there. That day, That morning, I was sitting on the porch of some building, waiting my journey back home. After a while I walked across the street and up the block. I saw a Vancon house. I ~~to~~ tried to get-in but failed. I went to the back of the garage and sat on the grass. It was peaceful. I, then jumped the gate and went to the next block and walked to 9-mile, A few blocks from Kelly, on 9-mile, I saw a women pull up at fairly dollar. I was attracted, exspestly for wemon in cars. I used to interact with wemon in car a lot. So I went to meet this women. The first rules is to ask before you start. I broke this rule. I went to the passenger side, and opened the door, and got in. I made small talk, then kissed her. Next thing she said was, "I will have sex with you." I was happy when she agreed. I told her to pull off and turn a couple of blocks.

We stopped then, and tried to have sex there but I could not get ~~it~~ in the mood out in the open. We talk about and she wanted it. Z told her I'll take her to my house, she agreed. I drove. When we got to the house, Z asked for in the car, and she did. Then we went into the house to have sex. After that she told me, "I can have the car, Drop her off at the park." I was not think any thing at all, she was trying to break away, I was just trying to get her number before this ends. I told her 'I'll drop you off at your house' she protested I decided to go to subway, until we decide where she was going to go. We decided to drop her off after we come from subway. When we were in subway I told her to 'go use the bathroom' because when we were having sex she said, "I have to pee." Next thing happen some man come out screaming, 'What did you do to her? Why is she crying like this.'" I tried to pass him

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He did not let me pass. I ran for the door. Made it to the car and just pulled off, because I had a bad feeling. I drove up Gratiot, closing in on my city, Detroit. A mile away a car jumped in front of me. I was not using my driving skills. I was not paying any attention to their signal lights, I swerved. Police behind me, hit their lights. I turned fast. The road lead back to Gratiot. I crashed into White Castles. Got out and ran across 8-mile. All I had to do was jump a wall, police would have never found me. A Black truck cut in front of me. The man jumped out with a gun. He held me until the police caught up. I plead guilty with not even a ~~of~~ offer on the table. Now serving 40 to 65 years My ERD is 2055 to 2080 2080 is my max.

(on Back)

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