

By: Richard Atkins, Jr. #G32466  
September 2018  
Susanville, California.  
- Essay -

HIGH DESERT  
STATE PRISON

"stop Hurting our women"

Men hurt women due to the lack of love in their childhood. But that's not always the case, 'cause I had an abusive father as a kid. And he would fight my lovely mother for the slightest disagreement at home. Especially when he was off alcohol. I watched Richard Atkins, Sr. slap my mother, throw alcohol in my mother's face and punch her...

As a child, I didn't understand and wasn't able to comprehend the violence I was witnessing but I felt something wrong. As I aged it all became more clear, because I suffered that exact abuse.

My father wanted complete control, and felt that as long as he pumped fear in my mother she would obey and not stand up for herself.

My mother was only 17-years old with a son and daughter, being abused by her husband; the love of her life...

Me and my sister Niresha witnessed this abuse and was terrified everytime the domestic violence occurred.

We was born in 1981/1982. Then my mother escaped my father around 1989, and that's when my sister Brittany was born.

Brittany's father Samuel, was exactly like my father. He was abusive from the jump, and beat me with iron cords/clothes hangers; the wire hangers back then!

The sad part is my mother felt she had to turn a blind eye to the abuse. I believe she accepted

the abuse for fear of being alone with three kids. So the abuse continued until Sam beat my mother's knuckles with a large metal spoon!

That was the final straw for Samuel, after my mother's brothers got a hold of him and almost beat the coward to death!

In 1993, my baby sister Donisha was born and my traumatic experience was to be continued when her father became the same as the first two men in our life...

Donald Kennard, sr. R.I.P was another abusive alcoholic! Boy, could my mother select 'em. And Donald was the worse to come if you ask me, due to my mind state at this time. I was jumped into the

East side Crips gang the summer of '91 at our neighborhood's Boys & Girls club. And as a gang member, out selling crack-cocaine and packing a semiautomatic pistol, I was a lost soul, out in the streets until midnight at times!

I smoked a lot of marijuana, drank plenty of alcohol and shot my guns at rival gangs. I had so much anger inside, that I wanted to kill someone. Because I was hurting inside from the abuse at the hands of my mother's choice of men.

I fantasized about killing my father, Samuel and my stepfather Donald many times. I even lied in wait for my stepfather to come home from work a few times, but I was always distracted by the thought of leaving my father to hurt my mom and me not being there to protect my queen...

Once, my stepfather attacked my mother at home, I was in my bedroom and heard her call out for me. I rounded the corner into the kitchen, and 'saw him standing over my mother; asking her

why it was she was calling me for? But his coward ass looked back over his shoulder and saw me with my hand inside my raider jacket.

If he woulda hit my mother at that moment, he woulda died in front of my mother that afternoon...

My mother seperated from him; her and husand of eight years a few years after that assault.

In 1996, I left the house; sentenced to the california Youth Authority and my life would never be the same again. 'cause the youth authority is known as 'Gladiator school' due to the violence!

Gang assaults, fights, riots and rapes existed like water/oxygen! And I was only 15 years old entering that school...until I was 20 years old!

I returned back to society as a heartless gang member, with love only for my mother and three sisters. These women taught me how to love a woman. And how to communicate with women.

I've never physically harmed any woman in my life, ever. Women keep me loving life, and myself to the fullest.

only weak, insecure and never loved men hurt our women and children. Me, after experien- cing what I did as a kid; I refused to hurt our women and children.

The woman gives birth to the world! I cannot harm a hair on their heads, ever.

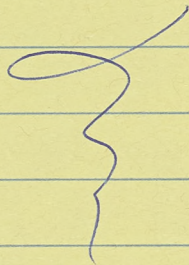
A woman is precious in our world, and deservs love on a level just under God...

The abusers experienced pain in their youth, so that's why they're into inflicting pain on who's physically weaker than them. Me, I chose to prey on other lions that I disliked.

~~REDACTED~~

I don't believe that any woman, can ever physically challenge me and succeed. So I will never physically challenge any woman, unless we're talking about sports or love making...

P.S S.H.O.W means, stop Hurting our women and please get yourself some help. I know your pain, man...



peace

HIGH DESERT  
STATE PRISON