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~ ESSAY ~
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HIGH DESERT STATE PRISON

Thank Prison

The California state penitentiaries gave me a talent I never knew I possessed. But around May of 2009, I sat in my prison cell, with another crip-convict and thought of a plan, to rise...

So, for the next two weeks, my mind was hard at work, trying to paint a picture with words for my first novel. Made myself known on the yard as an author, and my life changed for the best.

I wrote my younger sister, who lives in Nashville, and sent her the book. And she was my first critic.

She loved the novel, and left it at that. It was becoming a dream of mine, and I decided to write one more about something different.

I wrote that 2nd novel, allowed some fellow convicts to read it and they liked the book. So I wrote a few more and ended up with five complete novels...

OMG... I was onto something big and wasn't quite sure what, yet. until I decided to write until I owned ten novels. once I reached ten, I wanted to double that!

After I reached twenty books, I had decided to build a business-empire around many novels on line and on the shelf...

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Now, seriously, I went from thinking about having millions, to reaching a billion dollars, by the time I reach the golden year of 50!

In my prison cell, I write novel after novel and essays for Hamilton college; along with letters to my pen pals every day.

On other days, I contemplate my wealth and the structure of my circle; the people I'll allow in my space, 'cause the world is wicked for that money...

My heart is always heavy, due to the struggle that you have to suffer in America; for most of us!

I saw, writing urban novels for life; making me rich and the rest of my blue print making me wealthy.

I'm surrounded by murderers, undercover rapists, cowards, undercover homosexuals and childish men every day, all day. So, explain to me how a man is supposed to stay focus? Maneuver through this madness...

I used to dream about being the biggest/greatest rap artist of all time; next to 2pac in heaven and the longer I sat in my cell, my brain kept growing wiser!

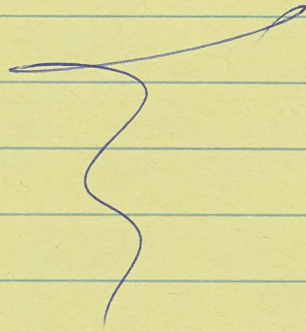
Like the brotha Meek Mill; it's about wins and losses in this lifetime. So my prison cell became my Hamilton college or Fisk university!

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I'm on something that the world aint never seen before. And when i'm done, i'll have five hundred essays stored away inside the APWA!

That's how hard I dedicate to all work; that's due to the teachings I learned from my mother, who raised me single-handedly.

I thank prison, for allowing my strong-intelligent mind to fully develop. It's the creation of LA PRINCE GLOBAL, INC... so the world should expect me, the way they expect Jesus to come back!



peace