

REHAB'N REHABILITATION by Antoine J. Murphy 6-20-20

After apologizing 2 the innocent man I shot, still trembling, I did an about face -n- laid my heart B4 the court. "I'm not a maniac killer, even though I was found guilty... -n- I just hope that I can learn from prison -n- treat it as a learning experience -n- can get out some day -n- B a father 2 my child -n- pursue my goals"

Though I had never been 2 prison B4 I had this crazy notion; this expectation that the system would help me leave it's Correctional Facility's a better man. Maybe the idea was fostered by the 2 iddy bitty elderly women with heavy Mexican accents who every couple months came into the 20 men pods of the Racine County Jail.

Whole ~~time~~ we were locked down they placed books -n- magazines - albeit used -n- worn torn, ever was torn! - on the steel tables. Course when they exited there was a mad dash as sex-deprived men instinctually fergneel 4 even a glimpse of a woman, preferably in blu jeans, undergarments, stretch pants who may B posed provocatively.

wanted 2 see girls just as bad as the next man, but the m~~el~~ée steered me in another direction. Found myself palming a college text book: Accounting 101. From that moment I decided accounting would B my new career choice. Figured once I got 2 prison I could take a college course on it.

Boy was I wrong!

Prison had none of the amenities my 4 fathers bragged about. No leaves of bread on canteen. No tapes or tape players. No movie nights in the gymnasium, no accompanying bags of popcorn. No black, or any culture, clubs. No more higher education as they knew it!

Yup Pell grants had been done away with -n- the Dept of Corrections did lol or nothing 2 foster post high ~~school~~ school academia. But in an effort 2 look the part Columbia Correctional - most notably known 4 Jeffrey Dahmer's homicide - offered 3 "Vocational Education" opportunity's: Printing, Building Maintenance, -n- Janitorial Services

Though the latter 2 were only 3-4 months long, I opted 4 the yearly course. Plus didn't want 2 B a star on the Institution Channel (I.I. CCF). See being a Junior made U an overnight celebrity. They loved 2 put students live on TV

cleaning -n- scrubbing toilets, while instructing others how to do the same." First U wanna spray some of this here. Round the ring of the commode here. U work it like this till U see --

No. I don't see

Meanwhile, the Powers that B also determined that my "Rehabilitative Needs" must include programming. Because of my hot-tempered diagnoses, Anger Management had 2 B administered. U because I committed a horrific crime while under the influence, Alcohol-n-Other Drug Assessment (AODA) Level 5 had 2 B engaged in. Yet my attempts 2 get into social programs were futile.

"U have been placed on the waiting list."

or, "Due 2 Long Distant MR (PMR 9-12-47) U have not been chosen 2 participate in..."

Oddly enough a mismanagement in anger, which led 2 a foina fight got me a surprise entrance into the program. Apparently my Boss had "pull" around the institution. But even his whole privilege wasn't privileged enough 2 Japetto any strings 2 get me into a college or university.

Seeing correspondence courses advertised in various Prison Publications I wrote the Educational Director - n- expressed my interest. Again I was met with resistance - n- his questioning the validity of the ad - n- the existence of the schools. "U know there R plenty of scammers looking 2 take advantage of ~~the~~ inmates. U know U should... Just wait till U get out..."

Subject 2 B in prison 2 at least 2016 (18yrs - n- 9 months after my arrest) that was not an option. So despite the fact that I could B held till I was 93yrs old, I determined my life would get back on the right trajectory; the trajectory being an honor roll student, who skip'd 1/2 a grade, - n- ~~graduated~~ graduate of high school naturally put me on.

Overtime there was a new Educational Director. Over her best 2 convince me 2 go 2 UW-Platteville - n- take some courses I could give 2 damns about! At this point my heart was dead set on taking some fashion/accessory design course, which I vehemently expressed. 2 prove my dead seriousness I pulled out the wad of designs that I kept in my back pocket - never knew when inspiration will strike.

"Can I see these?... Waw!...
 "I'll B right back!"

5 minutes later she returned -n- handed me a freshly Xeroxed copy of an elder black man, with 80's big face glasses, speaking fashion with a similarly aged white woman. What the hell is this! I thought reading my verbal cues she responded, "if U look closely at the bottom U'll see there's a fashion school in downtown Milwaukee." I smiled briefly.

"Where my designs?"

"Aaaa," her voice got suspicious, "I aaaa... let the Yo see 'em. She's aaaa... really impressed. She does knitting -n- aaaa wants 2 copy some of ur patterns. Aaaa..."

"Ok see U later. I gotta... 'nother appointment," her lips uttered as her eyes roamed around the office.

My spidey senses that something was up were put on hold as I rejoiced that someone outside my inner circle actually enjoyed my artistic expressions.

Happiness in prison is often short lived.

"U got my designs?"

"About that. I'm gene have 2 confiscate 'em!"

"On what fuckin basis?"

"Gang-related."

"That's bullshit!"

"Well think what U want. But there's a 5 point star right here big as the shirt. plus several em were drawn in red ink"

"For I that's a fuckin flag shirt! Says fuckin USA right fuckin there. I H8 yall ass. Think everything fuckin gang-related. All black people aint in gangs. Yall get on my fuckin nerves. U if U ask my fuckin boss he'll tell U that in my down time I sketch shit out -n- it just so happens the fuckin pens at BSI R fuckin bloody red. I H8 yall..."

"Well right now U need 2 get an attitude adjustment... The Lieutenant will B in touch."

Taking the contraband receipt she gave me I ball it up, shoved it into my front pocket.

"Yall keep playin with me if yall want 2... Telln U"

Days later I got a "Return 2 sender" from the address

the Educational Director gave me. The post office even went on 2 communicate on the envelope how the address no longer even exist!

"What the fuck? Try 2 do something righteous with my life -n- this the thanks I get. Fuck them. I'll do this shit on my own. Don't need no punk as white people fuckin with me. Fuck these Yo's -n- the system. They don't give 2 fucks bout me NE way--"

That day -n- from that moment on something inside me snapped. I decided 2 take all ~~out~~ ^{the} anger, rage -n- aggression I used 2 rob someone; all the sleepless nights I fumed thru 2 see blurred images of 1/2 naked women; all the determination I conjured up 2 block every shot I could on the b-ball court; all the energy I used 2 play ~~spades~~ spades 4 \$5 a game; all the ~~the~~ hours I laid in the top bunk ~~watching~~ watching the idiot box -n- all the ingenuity I used 2 make stingers, radio antennas, remote controls, -n- what not -n- RE channel it into accomplishing the dreams I had 4 myself.

My motto became: Fuck prove 'n em wrong - Prove Urself right.

Prove myself right - I did! Proved I could not keep up with the Joneses, by spending \$ on books from Edward R. Hamilton as opposed 2 buying \$120 a month worth of 200-200s -n- wham-whams at canteen. Proved I could B rehabilitated without the help of the DCC, by simply doing some soul searching/inventory (Who am I? What was my childhood dream? What went wrong? What will go right?)

Proved I AM a fashion designer, by designing my own fashion course. After borrowing books via the interloan program I would write the publisher, -n- ask 4 a catalog. This gave me knowledge on ~~some~~ subjects 2 study, as well as other titles 2 order or get my hands on I way or the other.

Course pitfalls came! Seems my library books always managed 2 reach me only days BT their due date. Pissed, I proved I had what it takes 2 stand up on my desk, hold a book up 2 the light -n- trace all 220 pgs of its contents.

Beyond that I proved I could go on design excursions. Especially when I found myself in seg! (justly or unjustly) Yup found designs in the grooves of brick wall, in the speckled manholes of concrete floors, in the graffiti scratched in the

bottom of the bunk, in the imagination of a mind deprived^{PS3} of natural light.

Speaking of light, when the light of God found me, He proved 2 B my anger management, AODA - n- my Voc. Ed. Now I know "Wisdom is better than weapons of war," "It is not 4 Kings 2 drink strong drink," "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, cause He has anointed me 2 [teach] the gospel..."

With Him by my side I have better been able 2 reach the epitome of Rehabilitation (restored back 2 effectiveness in normal life by training) - n- better equipped 2 take captivity captive by put'n prison in prison.

I know who I AM, where I'm going - n- how 2 get there.

N I WILL GET THERE.

So B it.