

Mixed Emotions

I was an army soldier, not because I wanted to be or because it was so cool, but because I wanted freedom and from my momma house to be specific. My mom wasn't mean or anything, but when I got older I was always told it was going to be time for me to go. When I actually left I got a different reaction. The people that want you to leave actually don't want you to leave. How am I supposed to feel about this? I had Mixed Emotions. I joined the army and became a better worker and leader. The army in the beginning was challenging, but worth all the sweat. Things got crazy when I got Hawaii as my first duty station. With my 3 year contract, in a place I have never been, at the age of 18, I would say I thought I was ready to be grown. Its funny when we are younger we want to be grown, and experience all the older people things until they hit you in the face. What's even more ridiculous and I hope I'm not the only one. I never got taught how to be an adult and not even a responsible one either. I had to learn from mistakes and sometimes these mistakes hold a lot of weight and can become a burden because they were never addressed. The army had its crazy moments, but the best moments were being able to go out with my friends, meet women, and have a good time. As fun as these sound, this isn't the blueprint for making my momma proud. This was a recipe for disaster and I wouldn't truly find out until I got put under investigation for something I didn't do.

This brings me to my story and one I'm still going through. Everything is good until something happens to you. People down play and call out others until they've been hit with the stick. I never had this mindset, but when I started my investigation, I was shocked. It never truly worried me until I got founded guilty and came to prison. During my times of investigation, I didn't slow down, but I sped up. I worked 2 to 3 jobs and kept myself busy. I even did Amway and gained some optimism. Life still went on, but in the back of my head I had my investigation. How was I supposed to feel? I had Mixed Emotions. In the civilian world my case would've been dropped, because of lack of evidence, but the military always takes things to the extreme and rather throw away a few to save the majority. It makes sense until it's someone innocent. I trusted the military and in the court room at age 21, they gave me 7 ½ years. How was I supposed to feel? I had Mixed Emotions. After I got founded guilty in a court room filled with army soldiers, during the Fort Hood problems with Vanessa, my next chapter in life began.

Prison is crazy and I wish it on nobody. The only thing I can say is I was blessed with time to figure out my future plans. In the beginning I just read and worked out because that made sense. Eventually, being motivated by a couple rappers that got out of prison, I got in shape and it took me 7 months. My body was right, and a few months later I thought of my business Get Right Athletix. I started calling myself Mr. Get Right and began writing my first book, The Pod, a fiction book about my story. With fitness, nutrition, and health I found my purpose through helping others take care of their body, so they can live longer. I want to inspire and encourage other young black men growing up, so that they can find significance in their lives longevity. Living long is important for others and yourself. One year later, I ended up writing 10 books and helping over 10 people work out 3 or more times a week and eat healthier. Now people listen to my business's slogan. GET RIGHT OR GET LEFT. Choose one and don't let it choose you. It seems like everyone rather get right than get left. 2 years into my sentence and I have grown tremendously, but also while almost losing family. My little sister was my best friend, but prison ruined this. I battled with myself about letting go of people that I loved and today I still do. She is just one person I think about. How am I supposed to feel? I have Mixed Emotions. As a man it's hard to just feel, but at least I'm honest when I say. I have Mixed Emotions. I'm still fighting my case, still helping others, and still praying for my freedom. I never gave up. Men feel too, and sometimes it's mixed. I rather have mixed emotions than not feel at all. How do you feel?