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Why Continue In Hell

Everyday I awake from the same nightmare, broken, covered in sweat, glaring at my own personal hell. Nobody would believe it, but for 25 years of my life, I still replay the horrible events that led to my incarceration.

I'm a murderer — 3 horrifying times over. What truly makes it worst was the fact that I took the lives of my cousins over 7 words ("Your mother isn't a good woman").

When I got off my bunk, I realized that I gave pain to others in ways that made we want to die... and sadly, I tried. Drugs don't numb the pain. Prison booze doesn't drown out my sorrows. Not even the good book. So... I planned to erase my existence.

**I COULDN'T LIVE
WITH WHAT I DID!!**

Regret. God, that word haunts me. I had a mind that has been shaped by that word. How and why it happened, I can't pinpoint the moment? Strange, but as I plotted my demise, something changed so dramatically that I pushed myself to fight — and fight

I did.

Every problem — no matter big or small — has a solution. Mines was opening my mouth and asking for help. That had never been my nature, but thankfully I did, because if I had died, I wouldn't have discovered my purpose.

You see, once you take that much desired breath, you get to exhale all the BS that's been inside you. Once I did, I was able to walk into a new life that was led by a principle driven desire to be great.

25 years in prison and I'm capable of saying this: My worst moment doesn't define who I am. What does define me is my desire to take each day on with a chance to show that even with 4 consecutive life sentences, I can be a positive role model.

Take your worst and transform it into a world changing event. That thinking can only come when you know who you were and how to grow from it.

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