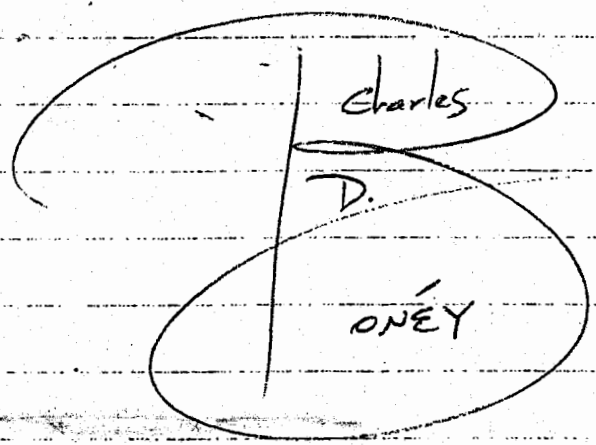


THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF



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Acknowledgements

I dedicate this book to my sister, Jennifer Lynn Carter - Riggs, formerly known as Ms. Jennifer Lynn Jones. You are truly my most loyal friend and the only real family I have. You are genuine and I love you.

I also dedicate this book to my mother, Barbara Lou Bonney. She was the queen on my chess set, but she took herself out of the game and abandoned me. Nevertheless, the enemy is in check and the next move is mate.

Finally I dedicate this book to the Carron family, Kimberly, Bradley, and Jill. Your spirits are with me and you know the truth, so rest in peace and know that I love you, too!

Charles
D.
Bonney

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ACCBOWE

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CHAPTER

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" MY EARLY YEARS "

I was born May 13, 1969 in Mount Clemons, Michigan. My father, Charles Jerome Bonéy, worked in a foundry where he learned the art of casting metals. He spent much of his free time gambling to supplement his income. My mother, Barbara Liu Bonéy, worked as a drapery consultant and later on as a nurse. My mother was previously married to Roger Jones, of whom I know nothing about, except that he must have been really good looking for my sister, Jennifer Lynn Jones, to look the way she does. After divorcing Roger Jones, my mother found her new love in Jerome Bonéy. My father was single and without children, though he longed to have the whole package one day. So my father married my mother and soon after I was blessed with life.

The most informative person throughout the years has been my sister. She has enlightened me on so many things concerning my early past and I held everything that she told me as truth. Having said that, I learned that my father was an alcoholic and a drug user. He was abusive toward my sister and mother, yet he had a compassionate side that would do almost anything for someone. My father was a jealous man and very possessive of my mother. If anyone looked at her, he would "snap." Specifically, he would call out the other guy in a threatening manner, then smack my mother around once he got her home. My mother was tired of the abuse, so she confided in another man about her tribulations at home.

In order to protect the identity of my mother's confidential lover and friend, I'll refer to him as "Hero." Just like one of my favorite animated classics, "Hero" came to save the day or did he? It is still amazing what testosterone will lead a man to do for a woman. "Hero" at this point was equivalent to Agamemnon, the King of Mycenae and leader of the Greeks in the Trojan war. "Hero" plotted against my father in hopes of obtaining his prize, my mother.

My father had a most intimidating demeanor. He was challenged by very few and he held a level of confidence that was superior to his adversaries. I also learned that I, Charles Darnell Bonéy, was his pride and joy. I was guaranteed to bring a smile to my father's face and he made sure that I had the very best. He was very particular about me and everything around me. My father had magnificent plans for my future and I'm sure he would have continued to work hard ^{to} see them come to pass, but tragedy struck.

In 1971, my father came home from work in one of his hateful moods, started an argument with my mother and began slapping her around. What my father was unaware of was that my Uncle Sidney Scott was there, but in the adjacent room. As my father continued to light my mother up with punches, Uncle Sid

In 1975, I started first grade at Green Valley Elementary School. My principal, Mr. Ted Mosler, was like a father to me. My first teachers were Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. "K", which is short for "Koranchan". My first best friends were Ronnie Smith and Rodney Foster. We used to pretend that we were the characters from the Six Million Dollar Man series. I felt that life back then was the greatest because even without my dad, I was happy. I remember Mrs. Lee, my second grade teacher who always believed in me and had encouraged me to work harder. My third grade teachers... Ms. Phillips, Mrs. Armstrong, and Mrs. Kraemer were all quality teachers who had experienced my acting out years. I stayed in trouble and I was the victim of "timeout" each and everyday.

1978 marked the year that a new teacher, Mrs. Mary Pineur, came into my life. She was a mean, wretched, and racist old woman. Mrs. Pineur once told me to study hard so that I could become one of the top janitors or garbage collectors. As insulting as those comments were, I should have taken heed to her advice because a garbage man makes up to twenty dollars an hour today. Mrs. Pineur hated me in her class and I developed a bitter indignation where she was concerned. She talked my mother into seeking psychological counseling for my behavior, so I had to visit a child psychiatrist and interact with him for three sessions. It turned out that I was a pretty good kid with a strong dislike for his teacher.

Psychiatrists are merely human placebos. One thinks that they're effective, but the cure of oneself is already in his mind. The "Shrink" is a tool that simply tightens the screws that are loose and oils those parts which might become rusted.

In 1979 I met my fifth grade teacher, Mr. Wayne Newton. He was totally cool, but I was beginning to act out and become disruptive in most of my classes. I was obviously needing some attention and Mr. Newton gave it to me one day during our little "talk session" after school. Overall, Mr. Newton helped straighten me out and I had some discipline at school. By 1980 Ronald Reagan was in control of the White House and I became a big sixth grader.

Mr. Michael Gilbert and Ms. Catherine Adams were my teachers and they became my chief disciplinarians. My major malfunction was respect for other's property. I became a thief and I remember it starting with pencils and erasers before graduating to the teacher's calculator. There was no doubt that I was on the wrong path and my life would grow more difficult as I continued to do what I wanted to do. At home, life was normal as long as my sister was there. Her presence kept alot of havoc from breaking out and she saved my me from several asswhippings. I often referred to my sister as "Jen-Jen", especially when I wanted some candy or food. She was always there for me and she would sagri-

face in order for me to have. Jenny was like a doctor, a nurse, a teacher, and probation officer all rolled up into one. She was fair, used her common sense, and never let me get too far out of line on her watch. Jenny felt sorry for me because she seen me going through so much that I didn't seem to understand. She was truly my fortress and I love her so much for being unchangeable in that aspect.

I remember my sister as being one who endured many hardships. I respect her privacy and therefore will ^{NOT} reveal anything concerning her trials and tribulations. I'll only mention that she was always in church, made the grades, graduated from high school, went to college, and got a decent job in her late teens. She was never in trouble with the law, respected everyone, and she was a young pillar of our community. Her life was harder than mine, but in the end she was and is successful in her daily walk.

On the other hand, I have lived a life full of senseless mistakes and the result was that I had tons of opportunities, but I lacked the maturation to turn those opportunities into beneficial entities. If only I could have known what I know now, I'd have been at the top of the ladder toward my success. I have had so much and chose to find more ways to fail than to succeed. I regret all the shortcuts and I look forward to improving myself.

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Scribner Junior High School was the setting for some of my most influential years. Mr. Mistler, an art teacher, was definitely among my favorite instructors. He played a fatherly role and brought resolution to any and all of my problems. I spoke poorly to him on one occasion and he didn't hesitate taking the paddle to me. My wrestling coach, Mr. Paul Raake, was a man who seen my potential and recognized that I was lazy and didn't want to help myself. He allowed me to stay on the team and contribute what little I did, but I was a disappointment to him. Regardless of my past, I still hold a genuine fondness for my coaches and teachers as well.

My first kiss was a memorable experience. I was a seventh grader and I was playing New Albany Youth Football as a "Forty-Niner" when I met a girl named Tabitha. I was terrible as an athlete, but she thought I was cute in my uniform. I remind myself of Winnie The Pooh with shoulder pads and a helmet. Anyway, after a game against the "Cotts," I spoke with her briefly at the concession stand and we agreed to hook up at Binford Park. I rushed home, showered, pretended to shave, and brushed my teeth before taking that short walk to the park. Upon arriving Binford Park, I noticed that I was alone with two or three kids playing frisbee. I began to wonder if Tabitha would show, then I was surprised by her presence walking up from behind me.

We talked for about forty-five minutes and then I felt comfortable enough to hold her hand. As we walked throughout the playland and tennis courts, I had built up enough courage to position myself to do what I began to think more and more about. I placed my hands on Tabitha's hips, I looked into her eyes, and I placed my lips ever so nervously on her gorgeous mouth. I was so proud of that kiss and I felt that I had come up in the world. I was smiling and profiling all week long and I could not have been more accomplished within myself at that time.

Later in 1983 Michael Jackson came out with "Thriller" the album. I wanted to dance like "Mr. Jackson" and I wanted girls to go crazy over me as I had noticed when the ladies as little as heard his name. I had a weight problem and girls didn't like fat boys! I tried to go on diets, but my mother would cook Korean Chicken and rice, meatloafs, and desserts that put weight on you just by looking at them too long. I watched Rocky III and I was inspired by the workout scenes that put Stallone in shape to fight "Clubber Lang" played by Mr. T. When I would run, it was only around the block and then I'd hit the refrigerator. I was always hungry and couldn't stop eating. I developed a crush on a girl named Shannon Dahl. Once I daydreamed enough about her, I found myself doing what was necessary to lose weight. I rode my bicycle everywhere and

soon developed muscular legs, great calves, and a butt that couldn't possibly come from Richard Simmons's "Working out to the oldies" type workouts.

My first day of high school was totally cool and I will never forget the electricity that I felt on that day. Finally, I was a New Albany "Bulldog"! The young women were incredible and I was ⁱⁿ total awe as I walked to each of my classes. I made several acquaintances from marching band and I was excited to be in the mainstream of what seemed to be my first taste of popularity. During band class, my instructor, Mr. Timothy Yantz, asked each of us how many fund raiser items we each sold. Most everyone sold one or two, but when asked of me, I announced that I had sold twenty-seven and counting. The whole class went wild and I knew then that my time had come to be successful if I could just stay focussed to complete the tasks.

I didn't know how to handle so many people being nice to me at once. I was use to being "fatass" and "Michael Fatson". I was really not ready for such a huge social jump. Attention Deprivation was definately one of my symptoms early on in my life, but what do you do when one has too much attention given to him? I rattled and talked peoples heads off. I thought I was a celebrity and that I deserved a "People's Choice" award. Guess what? People get tired of a guy like me real fast and I was quickly given a reality check.

The end of my sophomore year came to an end, but not before I was selected to be one of the drummajors of our marching band. Tina Metzmeier was the other leader of our band and we were actually getting along quite well at first. Tina was a true academician and destined for greatness. She was liked by her peers, respected by her teachers, and she was one who carried herself in the utmost manner.

Tina and I went to Smith-Walbridge Drum-major camp in Northern Indiana. The little town was called Syracuse. Tina and I learned basic fundamentals in conducting music, marching styles, and leadership skills that are important to command our peers on the field. Once we returned back to New Albany, I spent most of my time trying to be popular and say hello to everyone. Tina was doing most of the work and was angry with me for not carrying my weight. I won over the majority of my peers and once Tina's anger showed against me, some turned against her. It was difficult to work with Tina because she despised me and had no real respect for me. Looking back, I'd wish that I had worked harder with Tina and we could have avoided those ill feelings.

I later discovered that my phone conversations with some of my peers were not in confidence. A former friend of mine, Tony Brown, known today as the Rev. Anthony Toran, was one of those little snakes that plays both sides of the fence. He was a guy

who sucked his thumb in high school. Tony spent several nights at my house, ate my food, and my mother treated him like a son. It was all a waste of time spent with him, for I realized more and more his inner jealousy concerning me. He was jealous that I had a fine girlfriend, he laughed at me whenever I made a mistake instead of supporting me, and he spoke often about me behind my back.

During my junior year, I had to choose between a band fraternity, Alpha Theta, and going to wrestling practice. The times for each activity were in direct conflict with the other, so I tried to skate past Alpha Theta and remain as its President. Not! Tina Metzmeier, Tony Brown, and several others plotted to have me impeached. It wouldn't have been so bad, but it was a spectacle that turned humiliating. Each member was asked to vote and there were approximately twenty-five members. The vote came back twenty-two for impeachment and two against it. It was obvious that one person chose to stay neutral, but someone demanded a recount. As they voted a second time, laughter broke out as the new count revealed twenty-four for my impeachment and only one for me to stay in office.

That "one" who voted for me was Connie Humphress. She was very smart and was a young lady destined to do well in her future. She was shy and the type of girl that didn't think

guys would ask her out, but I would have. In fact, I should have after that day she supported me like no other. Kids are cruel and some would talk about Connie, but I thought she was sexy and would have made the perfect girlfriend for a guy who was ready to be serious. I played the field and was so ignorant in my ways, so I didn't want to subject her to that. We were friends and my goal was to keep our friendship if nothing else.

Home life was difficult. I was trying to become a man and my mother was treating me as a child. My mother didn't allow me to advance as other parents do with their kids. She wanted to keep me docile and ignorant due to her lack of success in school. My mother chose to quit high school and she resents me being someone who has the balls to chase his dreams. I am a dreamer and I am relentless in my pursuit to happiness, prosperity, and peace of mind.

With my mother gone all day and part of the night, I would have friends over to party. I'd open my mother's liquor and let the guys eat up her food, too! Mother would come home and ask why my appetite was big and I'd smile and tell her that I'm a growing "boy". Once supervision was reduced as it was, I was susceptible to wanting to have girls over so that I could experience my first sexual encounter. My hormones were going crazy and I was thinking more and

more about a special lady. The old saying is that "Good Guys" never tell, so with that in mind I won't mention any names. I'll simply say that I waited until I was seventeen years old and the "perfect one" for me, allowed me the privilege of a special night. My experience with the "perfect one" led to a three month relationship and a sense of what love is all about.

I spent my afterschool time working at Long John Silvers. I loved that place and I enjoyed all the food I ate for free. I worked an average of thirty hours at a rate of \$3.35, but I felt like a young Bill Gates on payday. I loved having spending power and I was actually living an honest life. I had money for cassette tapes, clothes, food, lunch at school and a few dollars for a date or two. At work, I had one particular manager that was very difficult to get along with. She made work life unbearable, yet I overcame and pressed onward. The best part of my everyday was looking at how clean the kitchen was at the end of my shift. My efforts to do a good job allowed me to see what type of person I was. I compared the chaotic ruins of rush hour to the peaceful solitude of that well-cleaned kitchen.

I was very proud of my job and I gained a sense of accomplishment in everything I did well. I tried to be at my best and was a team player at most levels of my life. To this day, I feel as if maybe I was overcompensating for

the many failures that I had charged to my account. I began learning more and more about myself and I enjoyed reading Sigmund Freud materials. I read "Interpretation of Dreams" and tried to analyze some of the weird dreams that I was having. I'd dream about flying with ducks, falling from a tall building, or even going to school and once there I'd realize that I was naked in class. Freud coined the concept of the id, ego, and superego. I have determined that I am primitive at times, thus I refer to myself as "idish".

I didn't do so well in school. I was a lazy student and I had no plans for college until I heard about the "Groups Program" through Indiana University Bloomington. The program was designed to give opportunities to first generation college students and those categorized as low income. I fit both criteria models. I was a guy whose parents did not go to college and I was broke, so I felt the need to check it out. I visited the campus in Bloomington and was truly impressed with what I had seen. The building structures were so beautiful and the size of the main library was enough to intimidate the academically challenged.

I was able to stay overnight in the dorm and meet Fraternity guys and ask them all of the questions that came to mind. I went to the "Frat" house and tried to grasp some of the essence of

what a fraternity is all about. I was overwhelmed by all the campus had to offer and I was truly excited about the opportunity to really get a quality education and have a ton of fun at the same time. The women were so beautiful that I quit looking at the high school girls. I didn't care about chasing a girl when I could have a college woman in the next few weeks during the summer session at IU.

Once my mother knew that I was going to Indiana University, she treated me like a man. I was asked, instead of being told. I was given options, instead of absolutes. My work load was greatly decreased around the house and began focussing on my last days at Long John Silvers and graduation. My love for IU grew even more as I watched them defeat Syracuse for a basketball national championship. I was a Steve Alford and Darryl Thomas fan and my hope was that they would win. Once I witnessed that last shot by Keith Smart go into the bucket, I jumped up and down and seen myself as nothing less than a champion. I was so proud of Indiana and I couldn't ^{wait} to get an I.D. card to feel officially a part of that success.

My senior prom was terrible. I had a limousine, a great tuxedo, lots of cash, and a corsage on order. What was missing? A date. Not just any date, but the date. I waited way to late to ask the ladies to the prom. I had three

prospects in mind, but I was disappointed by each of them. One girl was a former girlfriend who would not go because of her new boyfriend. My second choice was a girl from Jeffersonville High School who had mononucleosis, so I knew kissing was out of the question. Finally, I noticed a really cute girl that worked at Arlando's Pizzeria across from N.A.H.S. She reminded me of a miniature Julia Roberts and I was really turned on by her. I asked her to go out so that we could talk about prom plans and she agreed. The next day, I had seen her at the pizzeria and she seemed different and standoffish. She played the cruelest game ever on ^a nice chubby guy. She gave me her phone number, assured me that our date was a go, and asked me to call her that night. I called this chick and when the other end of the phone answered, a man said, "taxi cab."

I think that it is funny now, but I was truly disappointed back then. Still no date. So, I was in class the next day casing the school for unwanted dates. I found one. She was a pretty cute girl, but she was wild and unpredictable. I had no sense of what to expect from her and I wasn't comfortable with her personality. On the night of our prom, I picked her up at her home. When she came down those stairs, she reminded me of the Bride of Frankenstein. Her hair was like a bee-

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hive and I ^{was} attempted to ask her for a cup of honey since I was Winnie the Pooh.

I had the limo driver open the door for us and once inside I was thinking of how to get out of the date. It was too late, so let's roll with it. We went to our prom site and I was bombarded with questions from my so-called friends. I was so embarrassed, but I had someone's daughter in my care until eleven-thirty that night. I asked if she wanted to dance, she said that she wasn't in the mood. I asked her if she was hungry and she wanted to go and get a meal from the Spaghetti Factory. The girl was smart, she had enough sense to hit my pockets up before dumping me as a date that night. I asked her if she needed a ride and I was truly relieved when she told me she had someone else in mind for her transportation.

Two weeks later, my friend Zack set me up on a blind date. I arrived at the Green Tree Mall that night only to discover that my date really was blind. Her name was Briana Wright. She was the sweetest lady I've ever met and I learned more from her than I had at home. She was truly in touch with her senses and I was amazed at how she could distinguish a happy face from a sad one, or how she could tell if I was having a bad day. She was a princess to me and I would have given

her one of my eyes so that she could see the best parts of the world. I would not have wanted her to see how ugly the world could be sometimes, but she had already developed a sense for what was around her.

Briana was a great friend and a true inspiration to me. The only thing that kept us from being together was her father. He was set on the idea that I would not take his daughter seriously due to her impairment. I did my best to plead my case and argue against his accusations, but as a father today, I now fully understand his concerns. Briana and I departed from one another on May 18, 1987 and I have not heard from her since.

It was a learning experience if nothing else. I learned that love is blind and it was more evident to me as I heard the words of Janet Jackson ... "In complete darkness we are all the same, it is only our minds and wisdom that separate us ... " For whatever reason, I was not successful in the relationship department, but I also knew that the best was yet to come.

On June 2, 1987, I sat in the gymnasium of New Albany High School waiting to obtain my diploma. As a commencement speech was in progress, I sat there thinking of those who impacted my life. I also thought to myself that I could have done so much more to set the pace for my future. I looked all around

me and I came to the conclusion that in the same manner I longed to finish high school, I would long one day to return to it. It was a depressing day and I went straight home and retired for the night.

Over the next few days, I continued to cut grass for extra cash and I went shopping for clothes and school supplies for college. People didn't figure me for college and most predicted me back home within two years. I wasn't the brightest lightbulb that Sylvania ever produced, but I was one who had potential.

As the days were counted down toward my departure to Bloomington, I grew afraid of my past failures. I was very pessimistic and living life as if a self-fulfilled prophecy had overtaken me. I wanted to really make something out of myself and have a family that loved me. I also wanted to become someone that New Albany, Indiana would respect and look at me as an accomplished pillar of the community. I wasn't asking for much out of myself and I felt that it was worth working for. My ambition grew each and everyday and I was focussed on my future.

CHAPTER

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"You Go, College Boy!"

I woke up early June 13, 1997. I was so excited about my trip to Bloomington. My Aunt Thelma used her van to transport all of my stuff up to B-Town, and it looked as if I took everything but the kitchen sink. My grandmother and my cousin, Tyrone D. Scott, rode along with us to help me get settled in. As I arrived Bloomington, I noticed how beautiful the city was and how clean the area was. I was so proud to be there and my heart was racing with excitement.

Once all my gear was unloaded and put up, I turned to my mother and hugged her with the tightest embrace I had. I told her that I would miss her and she told me to call often and write or send postcards. I received hugs from grandmother, my Aunt Thelma, and I embraced my cousin. I couldn't help getting all teary-eyed and emotional, for it was the first time I had actually been away from home for an extended period.

I walked to my room on the fifth floor of the Collins Dormitory. The guys there called themselves the "penthouse gents." whatever. I was definitely in a brandnew environment that I would have to quickly adapt to. I felt as if many of the residents were sizing me up, or perhaps they were marking their territory by having an attitude. I had not ever been around so many of my black people and I knew that inside of me was really a white guy who loved metal and N.A.S.C.A.R.

I tried to make myself comfortable by showing myself friendly to some of the guys. In return, I received jokes about the way I speak. One guy told me that I sound like a "cracker", so I told him that I was a cracker, but not a saltine... I'm a "Ritz". I knew that if I were to survive there, I'd have to match wits or be able to whip someone's ass. Another black guy from Gary, Indiana asked me why my skin was so light. He proceeded to ask if I had a white mother or do I drink bleach.

This type of ridicule continued to progress until I learned how to smile and even laugh at most of their insults. I was thinking that maybe I should go to church and serve Jesus Christ a little better. Perhaps my mini-persecution was something that I could overcome if I trusted in someone much greater than myself or any other human. So, I attended Second Baptist Church in Bloomington, Indiana and I met the Pastor and most of the congregation. The members made me feel welcome until I brought a white female to church and introduced her as my special friend. I seen my own black people turn against me because of my involvement with another race. I was noticing that I was ignored during my opportunities to speak out or ask questions, so I quit going to that church and I ~~go~~ developed bitterness in my heart for those

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ignorant black folks. How can I pray for my enemies? Why should I? I always wondered how a black person could be prejudiced after all that was done to them during slavery and civil rights marches, etc. You would think that harmony would be on the menu.

So, I have ignorant blacks in my dorm and many more in God's house. I knew at that time I would have to find a place to escape to so I could think and relax. I found an empty room in Ballantine Hall that was almost never used, so I'd walk there after classes and drink a soda. My favorite thing to do each day was go to that room with my Walkman and study. I'd usually stay from 15:00 hrs. until about 18:30 hrs. It was so quiet and I enjoyed looking out the window so high up in the sky.

When I'd return to the dorm, my roommate would ignore me and totally disrespect my privacy. He would have his "homeboys" in the room talking loud and laughing about silly stuff. Whenever I asked them to either hold the noise down or leave, they looked at each other and just started laughing even harder. I would sometimes get up and leave for a walk or I'd put my headphones on. I knew that I was viewed as "soft" and I was smaller in size than the other guys. They had it in their minds that I was some punk from Southern Indiana and fuck me.

I met a real cool white guy named Brant. He was into weightlifting, marijuana, and women, so I liked him off the top. I confided in Brant about my problems concerning my black peers and he suggested that I get in where I fit in. In essence, if you act white, you're not accepted by blacks. I wasn't "acting" white, I was just brought up in that environment and my surroundings were such that I modelled myself after them. I truly believe in behavioristic theories, especially those brought forth by B.F. Skinner. I model myself after those that are most seen in my environment and my most influential years were not spent watching hoodlums, smartmouths, and instigators, they were spent identifying those individuals that were most interesting to model myself after.

O.J. Simpson was a top athlete and the hometown favorite that made it out of the hood. He was married to a black woman, had black kids, and was seen by whites as "black". Once O.J. Simpson won the Heisman Trophy, signed an NFL contract and proved himself in the league, he upgraded to a gorgeous white woman. Was it really upgrading or was it conforming to what was mainstream and acceptable? Perhaps it's O.J. Simpson realizing that "hood-like" behavior was frowned upon by those who signed his paycheck. His fellow blacks viewed him as a sellout.

I made up my mind that no matter what, I was going to be me. You either like me or not, but I am going to do my thing. I was there to get a degree, not win a popularity contest. My new focus was on "successful self" and anything that conflicted with my quest was to be viewed as the enemy. I did not hate, I began to despise and quickly dismantle anyone who brought ignorance and racism toward me.

My classes were going well and I knew that I didn't have to worry about any C's, D's, or failures. I kept myself in compliance with whatever my syllabus instructed me to do, but I had something in the back of my mind telling me that everything was much harder than it was. I had an intergloss class that was described by many as "Germ-lish", for it combined English and German together. Ms. Lindemann was not my favorite teacher at first, but she taught me the German language better than any teacher has ever taught anything to me. I had a pure hate for having to study, but she pushed me, molded me, shaped me, polished me, and then displayed me as one of her best students. I went from hating Nominative, Accusative, and dative case pronouns to not objecting to helping others with their homework.

I became a leader in one class, but I was anything but that in the other three classes.

I have always struggled with writing and sentence clarity. My English teachers have left countless red marks on my essays and other writings. I met my first English professor, Mr. Chris Kerns. He was the epitome of a sixties, tie-dye hippie and his intelligence was unmatched by anyone I have ever experienced in a classroom. Professor Kerns gave us an assignment that was worth twenty-five percent of our total grade. I had to do an essay on the subject of "altruism" and whether it exists or not.

I wrote that "altruism" in its truest form is to do for someone without receiving anything in return. I argued that when an individual does something for someone it is usually heartfelt and one may receive an emotional or spiritual feeling of goodness. Any feelings that come from doing a good deed counts as having received something, so altruism is merely a concept and not a stronghold. I received a "B" for my paper and it was because of clarity and run-on sentences. I was proud of my work, but I had so much to learn from Prof. Kerns and I looked forward to his class each day.

Life on campus continued get stressful and this time I am the target of games. I was approached by a black female and asked if was free for the weekend. I told her that I had to study and prepare for a test on the following Monday. She laughed at me

and asked if I was really serious about studying on the weekend. She asked me if I was gay and tried to push my buttons, but I remained calm and reassured her that I loved women... I just didn't like her. Unknown to me at the time, this same girl sent another young lady to approach me and ask me out for the weekend. She was so beautiful that I quickly forgot about Monday's test in Intergloss. I told her that my name was Darnell and she said that she already knew that. I couldn't believe that I failed to ask her to tell me her name, so she stood there waiting as I must have looked like the biggest goofball ever. She finally told me that her name was Melanie and that she was in my English class.

Melanie and I bonded and we began talking about our futures. She wanted to become a nurse, while I was undecided, but leaning more toward business advertising. I made her laugh effortlessly as she heard my scenario for an American Express commercial. It features Magic Johnson of the Los Angeles Lakers in a heated battle against the Boston Celtics. As Magic Johnson takes off with the ball in a deep post position, he is called for a travel. Magic Johnson looks into the camera, smiles, and says "I seldom travel, but when I do I always carry the American Express card." No matter what I talked about, she seemed to be interested in it and she was seen with a smile on her face.

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I made plans with Melanie for Saturday night. We took a taxi to Chichi's Mexican restaurant and then we went to the College Mall for a movie. I took my time with her and I encouraged her to talk more about herself. Melanie was reserved and I found that odd for someone who had enough guts to ask a guy out. I was a complete gentleman, I watched my language, and my attention was completely on her, so it didn't register as to why we became quiet toward each other.

We arrived back at the dorm just after midnight. I was almost too happy to be back, so I could crawl under my bed or something. Out of nowhere, Melanie asks if I'd like to come to her room. I asked about her roommate, so she quickly asked about my room. I asked her to follow me and I'd see if my roommate was gone for the night. Once in my dorm room, we sat on the bed and listened to some music as we talked. For someone who gradually became quieter throughout the night, she seemed very energetic and aggressive.

Melanie told me that she wanted to shower before we could be together. I hurried up and gave her my hygiene kit with a fresh towel and a robe. She told me to use the other shower on the fourth floor so we wouldn't take so long, so I obliged her request and rushed downstairs with some of my bath gear. After my shower, I came back to my room only to discover that

no one was waiting for me. I checked the shower and bathroom area, but there was no one to be found. I had noticed that the dorm, usually loud, was very quiet and serene. I walked up the hallway and I heard Melanie's voice just up ahead, but still no one in sight. Finally, I heard three or four doors open up at the same time and I was doused with ice water from every direction. I knew that I was a geek, but I didn't deserve this, especially from Melanie and her girlfriends.

Several of the guys, including my roommate, were behind the whole thing. I looked at Melanie and simply asked her, "why?" She dropped her head and looked ashamed at first, but continued to laugh with her friends. I ran to my room, slammed the door, and plotted as to how I might get revenge on all of those miscreants.

The next morning at breakfast, I walked in with my tray and I noticed that very few students got up for morning chow. I tried to overlook two particular guys and their girlfriend who obviously recognized me from the midnight "splash" party. As I continued to think of how I'd strike back, I relished the taste of my "Froot Loops[®]". I came to college to get an education, but I had to put that aside and stand up for myself. If revenge was really all that sweet, Hershey's would have made a candybar out of it by now. I knew that whatever I would do had to be controlled and it would have limitations.

Later Sunday afternoon, I watched as one of the "bad guys" did his laundry. I went to my room and got a whole gallon of bleach and brightened up his colors. Oops! That is a crime isn't it? That guy was pretty pissed off, so I hope he reads this book to supplement any anger he may have from 1987.

I called Brant to help me with my next set of endeavors. Brant was excellent with the computer and I needed his skills in order to put a smile on my face. We printed flyers for pest control services and to serve our purpose, we made the services free of charge. Brant and I went to college mall and bought some mice from the pet store. We giggled about all the mischief that was to take place on Monday and until the next day, we had to get ready for our tests.

Monday came and the test in Intergloss went really well for me. As I think back to that day, I remember the entire day as being stress free. One of Brant's friends helped us plant the mice by forcing the mice under the door. Melanie and her roommate came back to the dorm by four o'clock each day, so once we were sure that they were on their way, the flyers were handed out and left under doors. Our only hope was that the girls would see the flyer, see mice, call the number for free services, and call us. We had to hope that no one realized that the phone number was that of someone in the dorm and not

to a real exterminator business. Too much time seemed to pass and we were about to give up on them calling us when the phone rang.

Brant answered the phone, "Hassier Exterminators... if they're bugging you, just buzz us... this is Dave, may I help you?" One of the girls asked if someone could come over immediately and Brant acknowledged that it was possible. I asked Brant what he was going to do about the company uniform and he assured me that jeans and a shirt ^{were} ~~was~~ mainstream and as long as he had a pressure-pump spray canister along with our extra goodies, he'd be fine.

Brant's friend, Tommy, arrived for the service call and once inside he set up shop. Tommy told Melanie that he would have to set traps and spray an "odor-free" mist. She left the room along with her roommate so that Tommy could go to work. While inside the girls room, Tommy left crickets, more mice, and a harmless black snake under one of the beds. Oh, no... that wasn't enough! Tommy put the final touch on our plan by placing worms in several of the drawers. If this isn't a nightmare for the average college girl, I don't know what would be.

Later that night, Brant and I heard all the different versions of how the ladies dealt with the mice and the crickets, but not one story about that black snake. I laughed and felt that what I had in mind for everyone was within reason. I had no

regrets and I was just getting warmed up. I was down to three miscreants to deal with, so I was feeling powerful for a little geeky guy. My roommate and his two buddies were a thorn in my paw, but in order to get even I would have to remember the words of the Godfather... "Keep your friends close, your enemies even closer." I was no Marlon Brando, but I understood the concept.

I spent a couple of weeks trying way too hard to get in my roommate's good graces. I knew he was hungry one night, so I bought a pizza. Before the pizza arrived, I arranged for a pal of mine to get some beer and Crown Royal. There is something about eating, drinking, and smoking a good joint that brings out the best in people. I actually made the son of a bitch laugh at my corny jokes and I allowed that alcohol to set in on his ass. Later in the week, I began hanging out with my roommate's pals. We went to a bar on Kirkwood Avenue and tried to get in, but the doorman wasn't fooled by our attempts to get past him.

Later that night, we ended up at Grisanti's Italian Restaurant. I told the guys to order whatever they desired and I'd pick up the tab. You should have seen their faces and how excited they were to seemingly eat for free. I decided not to order anything so that I could avoid criminal prosecution, besides, I knew that I would eat later on. Once the order was placed

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and a significant amount was involved, I excused myself from the table and asked to speak with a manager. A gentleman came out from behind the kitchen doors and asked how he could help me. I informed the manager that he had three young men dining in his restaurant, all of whom had no intentions of paying their bill. I explained to the manager that I was short on cash and decided to eat at a more affordable place. I continued to tell him that I didn't want to wash dishes or go to jail, but the three young men had no fear of any such sanctions. I further explained to the restaurant manager that the young men were freeloaders and often times attempt to secure a free meal by deception.

I watched as the manager confronted the three miscreants. One tried to run, but was caught before he could exit the front door. The police came and questioned the men for a series of similar incidents that have taken place in the area. The young men denied any wrongdoing and were almost within walking distance until asked to show the officer how money each had to cover the amount of the check.

As one of the hoodlums ran his mouth too much, the officer decided to arrest them for theft. It was an "Erkle" moment from the show "Family Matters". ... I had to ask myself, "Did I do that?" My roommate bonded out the next day. When I seen him, I told him that I was really tired of →

his shit and that he could either straighten up or get knuckled up! Without his buddies, he was a fucking sissy, so he wasn't going to do a damn thing to me. I told my roommate that he had to go, so find someone to trade rooms with you and get there by midnight.

My anger became a tool. I knew that I was to continue to be passive, I would not ever have the respect that I deserve. Respect comes in only three forms... common decency, fear, and admiration. I did not have a unique skill or talent for one to admire me for, nor did I feel that many were inclined to have a common decency about themselves. So, when you deal with thugs and street trash, you have to give as good as you get.

The rest of my summer session went surprisingly well and I had earned a 3.0 grade point average overall. An "A" in Interclass, a "B" in math, a "B-" in learning skills, and a "B" in English. Not bad for a guy who graduated high school with a 1.7 gpa and an SAT score of about 550 points. People always told me that I was stupid, so I performed as if I was... but I came up!

I called my mother and had her come with Aunt Thelma to pick me up. I was so happy to go back home for a couple of weeks before the Fall Session would start. I was emotionally drained from all of the stress and having to make the grades to stay in the program.

I found home to be a place of serenity and I was able to really sleep at night. I couldn't stand the thought of another city taking advantage of New Albany! That's what it was like in my head. I needed some time to regroup and get my priorities in order for the Fall session.

I returned to Bloomington two days before my Fall Semester began. I reported to Teter-Thompson dormitory and unpacked my belongings. My new roommate was a Russian dude named Alex. He was odd in nature, but much better than the last roommate that I had. I told Alex that anything he needed from me was possible by asking. I made it very clear that I would give him the utmost respect as long as it was mutual, so Alex and I hit it off at first.

My new classes were more difficult, but I had to simply discipline myself to read several chapters a day. My syllabus kept me organized as I faithfully outlined all test dates and placed them on my calendar. Psychology was my favorite class and I learned a lot about myself. I remember studying about Phrenology and how the "old school" of psychologists studied bumps on the head to determine one's behavior or personality. I was also intrigued by Gestalt Psychology and what was really meant by "The whole is greater than the sum of its parts."

My professor, Mrs. Farmer-Daugan, was really entertaining in class and she was able to keep my attention on the lesson at hand. I went to class on a particular day and learned about the "Four Humors," as they relate one's temperament and health. Professor Farmer-Daugan began saying that blood, black bile, yellow bile, and phlegm were proportional to a level of one's health and daily social behavior. I thought to myself for a minute that each time I needed to urinate, I was moving fast and in a hurry to get something done. It wasn't that I had not learned patience, I just needed to pee. I opened my eyes to things that I had not ever thought about and I really wanted to understand why people did and said things as they do. Most importantly, I wanted to understand myself better and be able to control my anger, for I knew that I was in mode to lash out.

I took a martial arts class at the HYPER facility on campus. I was needing to get some kicks and punches out of my system and develop discipline and self-control. I was introduced to various forms and the blocks, kicks, punches, and other strikes associated with them. It was a good release and I actually looked forward to the workout each Tuesday and Thursday. My instructor was a blue belt, but man could she kick. I'm a fan and I enjoyed her teachings.

Chemistry was my least favorite class in college. I hated covalent bonds and the Periodic Table of Elements. I had an attractive professor and I believe that was my only motivation to attend class. I remember many of the students sleeping during her class, but I was focused on her gorgeous curves and that round voluptuous butt she had. A guy can only dream, so I did a lot of it!

The class with the most potential for a date was my English class. It was a small class of thirty-five or so, but seventy percent of that particular class were female. I sat in the middle of my English class so I could not only learn, but also see each of the best looking ladies in front of me.

I knew that if I was going to get the girl I wanted, I'd have to perform on a high level academically. These women were awesome and I wanted to get to know one particular one named Laura Burkhead. She was an extremely intelligent woman that reminded me of a younger Diane Sawyer. Her writing skills were on point and she was a very hard worker during and after classes. Laura had a great work ethic and was very meticulous about her organization and study habits. I was greatly enhanced by her presence and I picked up quite a few study skills to increase my success in the classroom.

Back at the dorm I was having a small problem with my roommate, Alex. We agreed that we would respect one another, yet he continued to have friends in our room after hours. It is very difficult to sleep when you have three or four extra people in your personal space, so I put my foot down and ordered Alex to get rid of his friends or else I'd bust him in the mouth. He must have thought I was playing, because he continued to laugh and procrastinate about getting the room cleared. So, I "cleaned the clock" of one of his friends named Carson Gilbert. Yes, I tried to put three-quarters of my foot in his ass and I actually enjoyed our dance around the room.

I told Alex that, "I mean what I say when I say something, so get these motherfuckers out of our room or you're next." I wasn't playing anymore, and I was not ever going to allow anyone to have their way with me against my will. I gave respect, so damn it, I wanted respect. An aggressive Charles Baney emerged and I had no regrets for how I carried myself.

A police officer came to the dorm and asked me about the incident. I told him the truth and that this is my room and when I'm wanting to go to sleep, one should respect my privacy and need for rest. I was given a warning and I had to make an appearance in court for what ended up being probation for six months. I was officially in the system and from that day on, my life would change dramatically.

Laura and I had a long talk about how I reacted to my problem with Alex. She made some valid points and I was compelled to agree with her. Laura told me that I was such a nice guy with so much potential, but my temper would eventually destroy me. She didn't want to be involved with someone who could not control his temper concerning the smaller things in life. Laura wanted to remain friends, but that incident with Alex scared her. Once again, I found a way to fuck up something good in my life and I began to see a pattern.

My grades fell quite a bit, but I finished the semester with an overall 2.7 gpa. I wasn't proud of that, but I was doing better than many expected. Furthermore, I wasn't one of the more than thirty "groups" students that decided not to finish out the semester. I was making it just fine, but I needed more money.

I went to the McDonald's on Kirkwood Avenue and I got a job making McDLT's, Big Macs, and dropping fries in a deep fryer. I liked my job and the extra money came in handy, so I was better able to support myself and buy a few extras. With all that was going wrong in my life, new things popped up that brought new excitement.

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"I Love Uncle Sam"

During my Spring semester 1988, I was looking in the newspaper and saw an advertisement for the National Guard. At first, I thought it was just an idea to ponder, but I eventually grew to love that idea. I went to the recruiter's office on South Walnut Street and spoke to a guy whose job is to sell a man a dream. I felt like "Judy Benjamin" being deceived about what to really expect once you sign up. The movie "Stripes" was what I wanted to expect, for I wanted to be the mess-up turned leader of the pack.

The recruiter gave me a bus ticket to Indianapolis so I could visit the Military Entrance Processing Station (MEPS). There, I took a physical, bent over and coughed, and was asked a lot of questions. I took an oath and I swore that I would protect this Nation and defend the rights of its inhabitants as set forth by our Constitution.

I was proud of my accomplishment, but I was a little worried about leaving home again. I knew that I had to get past it and I eventually did. My orders were received in April 1988 and I was to report to Bloomington's 2nd of the 150th Field Artillery for a commuter transport to Indianapolis, Indiana. Once in Indianapolis (NAP TOWN), I got on an airplane that took me to Fort Sill, Oklahoma. I arrived Fort Sill late in the evening and ~~in~~ I was greeted, along with my new peers, by some angry drill instructors.

The drill instructors informed us that we are in the land of the brave and mighty warriors, such as the likes of Geronimo. Drill Sgt. Thompson informed us that we are the 3rd of the 321st Field Artillery, Bravo Company. I was nervous and not really cut out for all that was to come, but I had to adapt to my new environment and find a way to succeed.

We spent the night in barracks referred to as the "ghetto". It was there that we were schooled on H.I.V. and other diseases. We were further educated what to expect from our drill instructors and what was expected of us as United States soldiers. I was introduced to the laws set forth by the Uniform Code of Military Justice and what one should not do when conducting himself or else receive an Article 15 sanction.

As the many days passed, I learned alot about myself and was aware of my weaknesses. My talents were few, but I realized how important it was to contribute and work with my peers as one complete unit. I didn't have to rely on too many people during my early years, so I wasn't thinking in terms that were "team" oriented. I soon began to become a team player and trust in those that otherwise I would have not thought about trusting. I had to remind myself that someone had to trust me and I would have to perform on a level that demonstrated someone's comfortability to put faith in me.

Basic Training lasted eight weeks and it was followed by our Advanced Individual Training. At the very end of basic training, a lot of guys' began to celebrate and get a little loose, so the drill instructors came up with a plan to bring discipline back to the table that had been set for all to dine.

Drill Sgt. Claxton asked my platoon if anyone had trouble with holding his bowels. Most of us laughed and wanted to see where he was going with this. Drill Sgt. Claxton informed each member of our platoon that someone expelled his feces on the sidewalk in front of the barracks and demanded to be advised as to who did it. We all looked at each in total disbelief and began to debate on who perhaps ate too much at chow or who admitted to a medical condition that fits that profile.

As we tried to come up with answers, the drill sergeant became impatient and threatened us with intense physical training. Not more than two minutes elapsed before we were all in the "front leaning rest" position doing countless pushups. Many of us, including myself, were in pain and regretting having woken up that morning, but we remained as one and would not give a name. Finally, after one hour of grueling exercises, the drill sergeant said that the feces belongs to a horse and welcome to A.I.T., you Advanced Individual Training!

As a 13-Bravo, I learned how to fire howitzers and the "big guns" consisting of 109^{ers} and 110's. I learned how to fuse a projectile and how to charge it for "fire". We had "point detonated" fuses and "variable-timed" fuses, along with projectiles that ranged from "white phosphorus" to a grenade projectile that had a time delayed feature. So much to learn and so little time to learn it all in. I had to stay focused and I remember doing alot of pushups for being hardheaded or falling asleep.

After graduating from Ft. Sill, I returned to New Albany and packed up everything for college. Once I arrived to Bloomington, Indiana, I reported to my National Guard center which was the 2ND-150th F.A. Headquarters Battery. We performed our "weekend warrior" drills at Camp Atterbury in Edinburgh, Indiana. The military had many advantages for me to consider. I had the Montgomery G.I. Bill for my tuition and I could get housing or even a loan from a bank.

So much going for me, but I had to find some way to mess it all up for myself. It's been a pattern in my life that I now realize all too well, but I was not that apparent to me then. If only I knew then what I know so well now.

I was the "laugh" of the whole Headquarters and Service battery. I never really fit in to begin with, then I decreased lower on the "toldum pole" when I became a felon. My life was actually starting to fall into place before I foolishly set out to destroy my record, my freedom, and my reputation.

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CHAPTER

" DOING TIME "



Charles

D. ***

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On March 31, 1993 I was sentenced to twenty years to do in the Indiana Department of Corrections. I arrived the Reception and Diagnostic Center (RDC) in April of 1993, where I underwent several tests, such as an MMPI for personality and an aptitude test for scholastic ability. I was checked out medically and seen by a few doctors and specialists. Various questions were asked of me, both medically and psychologically in order to determine if I had any ailments or disorders.

While there, the classification director determined which prison I would go to based on a point system. The lower the points, the lower the security level and the higher the points, the higher the security level. I scored enough points to be placed in a medium security prison because of my prior record. I was told that I would go to the Indiana Youth Center in Plainfield, Indiana.

I didn't have far to travel, for the I.Y.C. prison camp was right next to R.D.C., so I simply walked over and changed out of the reception clothing. I was directed to the Arrival and Orientation dorm (A&O) to receive a lock for my locker, clothing, linen, and a tour of the facility so I'd know where everything was located. It was a day that never seemed to end and I was very relieved to had finally went to sleep that night.

I.Y.C. was a really positive atmosphere. I took a class in Heating, Air Conditioning and Refrigeration and completed Substance Abuse. Next, I became a tutor and helped several guys with their homework from school and other trade classes. Finally, I enrolled in college courses through Indiana State University and I completed my first semester with a 3.5 g.p.a. and I was developing a sense of self-esteem that I had lost during my robbery attempts.

With all the good that can occur in a prison, there certainly is the negative as well. Most prisons have gangs and thugs that run in big packs and dominate by using intimidation through the power of numbers. Just like the hyenas of Asia and Africa, gangs are scavengers and prey on the low in number or disadvantaged.

I lost a couple hundred dollars in a poker game that was fixed. It was designed for some to win just enough to keep them at the table and allow their "greed factor" to kick in. Once the stakes were of a large sum, the cards were cupped under palms and integrated into existing hands to enhance the cheater's chances of winning. It was pretty successful until one of the ingrates failed to cup a particular ace of diamonds properly. Once the secret was out, the thugs became aggressive and demanded payment regardless of the discovery of their cheating and deception.

I knew that I couldn't just tell eleven "gang bangers" to get it off the roof or to get it like Jesse James, so I told them that a money order was in the mail and to be patient. After three weeks of waiting the heat was turned up and I was confronted. I was unable to speak my first words on the matter before I was attacked by five gang members. I was busted wide open and I bled for several hours before I sought out medical attention from the facility.

After I arrived back from the hospital, I was taken to segregation for not telling the officers who assaulted me. I was initially written up for lying to staff and I watch college and all my achievements wash down the drain. I made a phone call and didn't know that the call was recorded by the facility, so the officers found out everything they needed to know. I was found guilty of fighting and given an institutional transfer to the Indiana State Prison in Michigan City, Indiana.

It was the most embarrassing thing for me to have to explain to my friends and family. I had to tell them that I got my ass kicked for a silly-ass poker game. My visits, college, my close associates, and all that I worked hard for was now greatly inconvenienced if not lost entirely.

When I arrived the Indiana State Prison, I couldn't take my eyes off of the wall that surrounded the prison. It had a look of death to it and I was truly unnerved by that experience. It was intimidating to see the outside of the prison, so I could only imagine what would be waiting on the inside to introduce itself to me. I had always been a soft and easy going person, so I had some doubts as to whether I would survive the jungle I was about to enter.

I was immediately placed in a segregation unit for disciplinary carry over from IYC. I was stripped and searched, then I was given temporary clothing to hold me down until I could get to general population. My segregation time lasted three months and then I was placed into D-Cellhouse for Arrival and Orientation.

I discovered that I had my own cell and I could have privacy for the first time of my incarceration. I was amazed at what we could have in our cells. We could buy televisions and hot pots, plus have a locker full of commissary and even pornography. I was beginning to ask myself if this was even a punishment to there, but the reality of how much time I had left was the deciding factor as to the answer to my question.

The entire D-Cellhouse, as well as the rest of the prison, was on indefinite lockdown status due to a stabbing of a guard. The guard lost his life and until the investigation surrounding those particular facts concerning the case could be determined, we were to remain on lockdown.

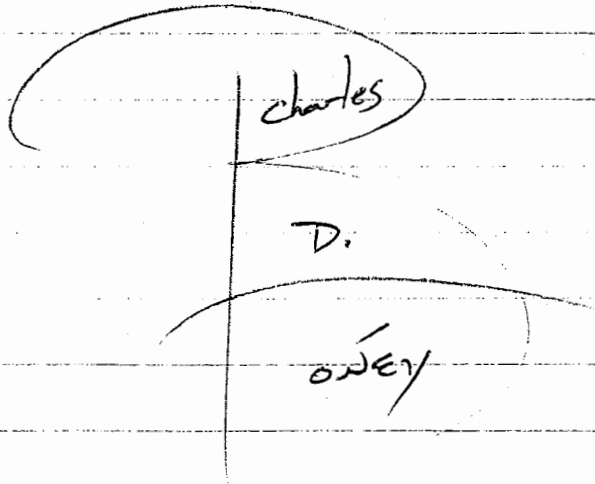
I eventually purchased a television and all of the basic essentials needed to do good time. I prepared a workout routine and my late nights were focused on movies and the news programs. I watched the Discovery Channel and alot of Arts and Entertainment channel, too. I think the worst habit that I developed from the television, other than sleeping with it on, was not ever missing an episode of "The Young and the Restless."

The guards were somewhat laid back and had no real agenda to mess with the convicts, but there were four officers who in my mind went out of there way to really find something to mess with us about. Lieutenant Frazier was like "Roscoe P. Cochran" from the "Dukes of Hazard." He would walk around snickering while in route to someone's cell to shake it down. Lt. Frazier was a rotten, dirty mother-fucker who would set guys up by placing shanks in their possession and then place the offender in the "hole" for having a weapon.

CHAPTER

"124"

"Caught Up!"



Thursday February 17, 2005 was a day that I will not ever forget. I was travelling northbound on Zorn Avenue when an unmarked police vehicle ordered me to pull over by flashing their lights. I complied and pulled over to my right in a condominium complex. I remained in my vehicle until an officer approached me with instructions to show him my license and registration.

I asked the officer what was wrong and he told me that they were running checks on my car. I then informed the officer that the vehicle that I was driving was not mine, but rather belonged to my girlfriend's stepfather. I was asked to exit the vehicle and I was asked if I had any weapons. I answered, "no." I was pat searched and then a female officer questioned me on a low key level. She asked where I worked, where I went to high school, etc. It turned out that we knew some of the same people.

Twenty minutes passed and another car pulled with two more detectives. One detective identified himself as Wayne Kessinger of the Floyd County Prosecutor's office and the other identified himself as Gary Gilbert of the Indiana State Police. I was then asked to come with the detectives back to New Albany for questioning. When I asked what it was about, the detectives simply told me that I would find out soon enough.

My ride to New Albany was a quick one. It took all of about eight minutes from where we were at in Louisville. Once we arrived the prosecutor's office, I was asked if I wanted a softdrink and a candybar. I knew then that I would not only be there for a while, I would be doped up with sugar so it would serve as truth serum. Cops always want to give you soda and candy before they drop the bomb on you!

I was introduced to Floyd County Chief Deputy Prosecutor Steve Owens. Mr. Owens was very professional and courteous to his approach in discovering more about me and my involvement in a case that was yet to be announced to me. I sat in my chair and sipped off of the softdrink as two decorated veteran detectives sat around the table on either side of me.

Wayne Kessinger began by asking me some general questions such as, where did I go to school? my name? social security number?, and other identifying questions. Once they were comfortable with my mannerisms and my ability to be forthright, then the tough questions came. Det. Kessinger told me that I was being questioned for a very serious crime that involved three homicides.

At that point, I knew exactly who those three victims were, but I stayed cool and waited to see where he was going with it.

Det. Kessinger showed me a picture of my grey sweatshirt that I purchased while in prison. He asked me if I recognized it and I confirmed his suspicion by telling him, "Yes, it is mine." Det. Kessinger asked me if I had a nickname or pen name, so I told him that I did have a nickname and it was "BACKBONE".

Kessinger looked at me and told me that the grey sweatshirt, of which I had identified as my own, was found at the crime scene where Kimberly Camm, Brad Camm, and Jill Camm were murdered. He then tossed several pictures of the victims in front of me, which included very graphic photos of the deceased. Kessinger progressed onward and said, "Your sweatshirt is there, so you must have been there. So, tell us the story, Charlie."

I knew in my heart that I had not killed anyone, but I didn't feel comfortable enough to tell what I did know. I figured if they had anything pertinent against me, then I would have been placed under arrest, so I continued to not associate myself in any way, shape, or form to this case. Since I was confident about not committing the murders, I offered to take a polygraph.

Kessinger looked at Gary Gilbert and they looked at me. A quick moment of silence took place and it was as if you could hear their wheels turning inside their heads. Then, Gary Gilbert asked me if I would take a stipulated polygraph.

that would be admissible in court if it were necessary to present it as evidence. I told the detectives that I would take the polygraph and I would cooperate fully with them.

While Steve Owens arranged for the Louisville Police Department to allocate their time toward a polygraph, I continued my conversation with Gary Gilbert about prison and what I had learned from my experiences. I learned that Det. Gilbert was a twenty-plus year veteran at the investigation level and that he was ^aFreemason.

Finally it was time to go to Louisville so I could get the polygraph administered to me. I was very nervous and I had no choice but to relax and know that any question centered around killing anyone was nothing to worry about. I did not know how I would be able to deny knowing who David Camm was or that I sold him the gun which was used to murder his family. If I told them that I knew David Camm killed his family, I can only imagine the next ten thousand questions that would follow. I knew that I would not ever see freedom again if I spoke too soon. The gun alone was at least twenty years plus thirty more years for habitual offender.

As I sat and waited for the polygrapher to set up for my examination, I asked myself, "How could you trust a cop to do any kind of illegal business with?" I answered my

own question as I thought back to my days in prison when I would pay guards to bring me in food, tobacco, and lighters. Without a guard on the take, there is no profit for one to make. I had depended on crooked law enforcement figures for several years and David Samm was no different.

Now that the polygrapher was all set up and ready to go, we had a basic conversation about the murders and then he developed some questions that I would later test on. I was very comfortable with the polygrapher and it was as if we were working together as I answered each and every question. Next, the polygrapher asked me to write down eight to ten questions that if asked, would seal the deal either in my favor or against me.

I came up with ten very specific questions about the murders and the victims involved. When he returned to the room, the polygrapher was surprised at how good the questions were and I could see him eliminating me as a suspect by how his demeanor changed during the time we spent together. Later, the polygrapher became very ill and he told me that he was unable to read the charts accurately, so they called a second polygrapher to come in and re-test me.

At this point, I had already been in police custody for nine hours. After several soft-drinks and no dinner, I am a little aggravated that the process is taking so long. The second polygrapher did not show up until well after midnight Friday morning. How was I to test well after hours of no food, no sleep, and an uncertainty of my immediate future as a free man?

The second polygrapher tested me on some new questions mixed with the previous questions asked of me. Some questions were asked two or three different ways and I felt as if the detectives were trying to fail me on purpose. The second polygrapher was less responsive to my character than the first polygrapher, and I felt as if he really did not like me. So, it was no surprise to me that I was uncomfortable with him and responded differently to his tests as opposed to the first polygrapher.

The detectives told me that I had failed questions about David Camm and whether I knew him or not. So, interrogation began all over again and did not stop until 12:46 p.m. Friday afternoon. The investigators wanted to know about that sweat-shirt and whether I really gave all of my clothes to the Salvation Army. The truth is that I gave most of my clothes to the Salvation Army after I got out of prison.

I remained in custody of the prosecutor's office as the investigators travelled to Caesars Indiana where my mother worked to talk to her about what I did with my clothes upon exiting prison. My mother verified my story and I was released from the prosecutor's custody under strict conditions. I agreed to call and check in with someone at the prosecutor's office each and everyday. I gave them my routine list and included phone numbers to all of my work places and hangout spots.

Although I did not know it at the time, a tracking device was placed on the vehicle that I was driving. As I had promised the detectives, I called in everyday, sometimes twice a day! I wrote down every place I went and I kept a mileage sheet and all receipts to verify my whereabouts.

At this point in my life, I am a very nervous and uncertain person. Most people would have ran far away from Floyd County and acted cowardly. Not me! I went to work every day and I did as I had promised to do by calling in and reporting. I had nothing to hide, for I was not a killer. Running only solidifies the prosecutor's suspicions, so I stayed around to face whatever might come my way for selling David Camm the gun. It was almost certain that something was going to take place, but I just didn't know when.

Running away from this case was not ever an option! I had a fiancée with two boys that called me "dad", and three jobs that I had to attend in order to make it. Together, it took our four incomes to get ahead and to stay ahead. I promised Vickie's father that I would take care of his daughter and that I would work hard to be a father to his grandchildren. I still love these "little rascals" and it was all worth staying around for!

I was home for the first time since Thursday afternoon at about two o'clock Friday afternoon. With no sleep, I went to work and completed my shift. Just before I could be properly relieved, I got a call from Vickie's mother telling me that Vickie's father, Everitt Harrod, had passed on. I almost dropped my cellphone when I heard the news about Everitt's death, but I kept my composure and told my future mother-in-law that I was on my way to pick them up.

With all that was going on with me, I didn't need anything else to think about, but I had two more darts thrown at me, Everitt's death and WAVE - 3 news wanting an exclusive interview with me about new developments. I drove straight home and I changed clothes so I could be a support for Vickie and then do an interview for the news.

Vickie and I drove over to her dad's house to get the scoop on what happened to him. Once there, the front yard was packed with a ton of bikers, for Everitt Harrod was a Black Piston and an affiliate of the Louisville Outlaws. I had to focus on my fiancée's needs and be there for her, so I stuck by her side and we got all the information that we needed. Vickie's father did not have life insurance, so that weighed very heavily on her mind. No one seemed to want to help with the payments, but most everyone wanted to conduct the arrangements.

So, we have a triple homicide investigation, a death of one's father, and all of the undesirable drama that comes from the so-called family members who become vultures in hopes of obtaining the deceased's possessions. With all of this, add a WAVE-3 interview with an up and coming reporter and morning news anchor.

Once I arrived the news station, my head was pounding and I was just about ready to drop from exhaustion. I was greeted by Carrie Harrod, who was given the original assignment during the first Camm trial. I instantly became sick to my stomach, but I covered up how I felt. There was absolutely no time wasted, Mrs. Harrod went straight into the interview and fired question after question. She assured me that the story would not air until Monday at 10:00 hrs., but she aired

the story early on Sunday night at eleven o'clock. I was very upset, but mostly because I was about to be exposed for my past, of which very few people knew about. Most everyone in my life, from ex-girlfriends to employers, had no knowledge about me being a felon. Some things are best kept to one's self and my past as a robber and a thief were some of them.

The next set of atomic bombs were in position to be dropped on me. I received a call from one of my employers and he told me that since I was not honest on my application about being a felon, I was terminated. I was asked to come pick up my checks at three o'clock and they would be ready.

I reported to my second job and was at least told face to face not to clock in that day because I had been terminated for violating the application policy by not indicating that I was convicted of a felony. Two jobs lost in two days was bad enough, then I had to tell my fiancée that her man was no longer able to help carry the load until I could find new employment.

I had to take an optimistic approach to it all, though. I told myself that I at least had four checks coming, plus I still had one job to report to that did not give up on me. Through it all, I was determined to take care of my family and provide their needs.

Chapter
" "

" Benedict
Arnold "

" 15 "

ACKBONE

Monday morning came. I was awakened by the trustee who brought my breakfast tray to the holding cell. Food was the last thing on my mind as I took inventory of the morning cuisine. I forced myself to eat the corn flakes, but I left the apple sticks and toast for tray returns. I looked out my door window and examined the officers playing solitaire on the computer and wasting time that taxpayers would truly be pissed off about. Moments later, someone with rank returns to the book-in control area and the screen saver is quickly applied to the computer to cover up the fun and games. I quickly became aware of the day's date ... February 28, 2005.

About two hours later, an officer called main control to open DX-one so I could exit my holding cell. Ofc. Hill cuffed me up with my hands behind my back and escorted me to Sheriff Randy Hubbard's office. Once I arrived upstairs, conversation that existed in the room quieted to a hush. All attention was on me as I looked around the room and had noticed several detectives, investigators, and my own mother, Barbara Lou Bonney. My mother had emerged from that crowd of detectives and walked up to me and said, "Son, we need to talk and clear up something here today."

I looked into my mother's eyes and I had not ever seen her look at me with such intensity. It was a look of doubt and shame mixed with a determination to become a fill-in detective with her own agenda. It was a feeling that can only be compared to a newborn puppy that was touched by human hands, and the scent of human detection enables the mother to disregard her young. I felt detached from Barbara and I did not trust her or want to open up to her for questioning.

Barbara was very adamant about taking me into the interrogation room. She told me that it was just the two of us, no cameras or recorders... "just straight talk." As I entered the room, I was instructed by an investigator to have a seat. Barbara gave the investigator a nod and he closed the door. She positioned herself comfortably in her chair and she began asking me questions about the Camm case.

She began by saying, "They are going to put you to death if you don't tell 'us' what happened in Georgetown." Us? Not me or them, she said "us". Suddenly, I became an expert at personal pronouns and their usage as she continued to intimidate me into telling her "the story." Barbara repositioned herself in the chair and asked, "Did you help David do

these killings?" I began to tear up and shook my head and told her no. Barbara continued to ask me how I met Camm and so I told her the truth. I told her, "I met David Camm at Community Park playing basketball against him on a hot day in July 2000, just a couple of weeks after I was released from prison."

I continued to tell the truth and describe to Barbara my chance meeting with Camm at the Better Way foodmart on State Street in New Albany. She wouldn't look me in my eyes or show me any signs that she had faith in my story, so I told her that I would tell the complete story to my attorney. Barbara raised up in her chair and she said, "If you don't tell me the whole story now, I will walk out of this room and you'll never see me again!" I thought to myself, "You're not gone yet?" But, I just looked at her as she continued to tell me that if I didn't talk right here and right now, she would forever be gone from me.

I was already having a bad day, now I have to lose my mother, too? So, I broke down and cried. I looked into my mother's eyes and I told her, "I did not kill anyone, nor did I help David... he used me like a piece in his chess game." My words did not penetrate her wall of reasoning, so I told her that I would

just wait and talk to my attorney. Barbara adjusted something within the confines of her jacket and I noticed a wire hanging near her waist. I looked my mother in the eyes and I said, "You're wired." She got up from her chair and said, "I don't know what you're talking about." As she walked to the door, an investigator met her at the door as she was about to exit the room. Barbara said nothing more to me that day and seconds later, the prosecution team came in to do a "last chance, Charles," effort on me. I made it very clear that I wanted an attorney and I had nothing further to say.

An officer came upstairs to retrieve me and as I walked back downstairs, I thought to myself, "What the hell did they do to my mom to make her turn like that?" I have always known that detectives will lie, deceive, mislead, or use any other device available to get a conviction. A feather in someone's hat, a book deal, or perhaps a spot in a segment of 48 Hours on CBS. My head was spinning and I couldn't stay focused on the case, but I did wonder what was in it for various individuals. Everyone seemed to be worried about how they could cash in, from the media to my own mother. I decided early in this case that I would trust no one!

I returned to DX-One and I cried my eyes raw. I tried to focus on the one thing that made me smile at the time ... Vickie. Oh, what I put her through! All of this news about the Camm case took her by complete surprise and she was left out there by herself still trying to cope with the loss of her father, Everitt Harrod. I kept thinking of our boys, Johnathon and Alex, then I would think about bills and her new responsibility of having all of that tremendous weight to carry.

I had finally graduated to a level of thinking that kept me from being recidivistic and taking shortcuts. Now, the three jobs I had were all a wasted effort after thinking of how they were taken from me and not a dime to show for my perseverance. It was far too late to have a pity party, nor was it suitable ^{to} think of what could have been. I had to simply look at where I was at in life and grow from my experiences.

While still deep in thought, I was distracted as DX-One opened for me to go to my arraignment hearing in Judge J. Terrence Cody's courtroom. I was shackled, then the guard took them off and simply cuffed my hands behind my back in double cuffs. I was taken to the transport elevator and more than ten minutes elapsed before the elevator moved upward to the destination floor.

When the elevator door finally opened up, I was greeted by two armed guards whose sole purpose was to walk with me until I entered the courtroom. The distance from the elevator to the courtroom could not have been more than thirty-five yards, but it seemed like an eternity to get to the courtroom door as I took my walk of shame.

The cameras were rolling! Representatives of every local news team lie in wait like predators of the wild as their prey passively makes his way to the courtroom. About halfway to the door I see a flash, then another, and another; until everyone's flashbulbs seemed to have been exhausted. I can vaguely remember what I was thinking at that moment... I said to myself, "I wish I could be anyone other than me." Needless to say, that wish was not granted.

Once inside the courtroom, I took a brief look around the court and I noticed a few familiar faces. Among them were my sister, Jennifer Lynn Riggs and Nicholas Stein, a former prosecutor of Floyd County and a private attorney that I had represent me years ago.

As I sat down, I could hear people commenting on me and sizing me up. One female said, "I don't think he did it." Another lady said quite the opposite, but I sat there and took it.

I sat at the defense table by myself and listened as the Judge read off the charges against me. This marked the second time during this case that I felt all alone, but I held my head high and I trusted in my Higher Power to bring me through this. As I listened to all of the formalities of the arraignment, I thought briefly to myself, "So much and so many against me, but their minds and hearts will change later." I was very confident in that statement to myself and I hold strong to that statement today.

I remember leaving the courtroom and all of the flashes went off again. I walked just a little faster going back to DX-One and felt physically and emotionally drained once I arrived back into my cell. I asked my Higher Power, if he would just let me sleep for a few hours and then I promised to trust Him and try to be strong.

Before dinner trays could be passed, Myron Wilkerson came to DX-One and persuaded me to speak to him about the case. He reinforced the idea of "coming clean" for Jesus! Now, I do not trust drug enforcement cops who confiscate drugs and give it to their associates for profit, so why would I talk with one about a triple homicide? Let me see if I have this right ... I am a true convict and I am going to trust a cop

who says that we are related to each other by marriage vows of our distant kin? I am suppose to trust this man of whom I have not ever seen at my Thanksgiving table, not ever spent a Christmas day, nor sung a carol with him, yet he is family? When someone wants the best for you, he would want you to have the best representation and look out for my best interests.

Myron Wilkerson is good friends with Keith Henderson, so it was a "cop thing". Looking out for a "brother" in law enforcement holds a much higher priority than a convicted felon who just happens to be a family member. I was very curious as to what Myron was searching for and I gave just enough information about the crime scene for him to know that I was there but not responsible for the shootings.

I lied to the investigators about so much of my information. The prosecution team was not completely honest with me, so I knew not to tell everything without an attorney that I could trust. Knowing what I know now, I should have told the whole story in its entirety and I may not have gone to jail. I was afraid of the gun charges, of which carried twenty years plus thirty more years for habitual offender. So, I was looking at fifty years to do and I had zero information to give to anyone that would put me back inside.

After round four of interrogations, I was cleared to be housed in H-Block of the jail. As I entered the cell block, everyone was quiet and perhaps a little apprehensive. There was no doubt in my mind that H-Block was my block! A bunch of snitches and cowards mixed in with a few good men. One particular snitch who referred to himself as "Smooth" turned out to be a confidential informant against another guy I was in jail with. "Smooth" wasn't very smooth at all, he just talked a good game to those who didn't know any better.

There was another snitch named Mr. Mark Smith. He was pathetic and a poor excuse for a racist, too! Hell, I like quite a few Klan members in real life, because they at least have a "colored" television in their home. This Mark Smith character worked for one of David Camm's investigators, Mr. Gary Dunn. I did not ever talk about my case to the extent that someone could make false claims on me, so I seldom really worried about snitches. I have a strict policy consisting of, "nothing to hide and nothing to tell."

On Wednesday March 2, 2005, an officer called into the block for me and asked me to go to book-in. I brushed my teeth, washed my face and then stepped out of the block. As I arrived book-in, an officer instructed ^{me} to call

my mother at home. I asked the officer why I was able to make a free call when others in the jail were not? I was once again instructed to call my mother immediately! Okay, so I call mother ... wait a minute! I no longer have a mother! She told me that our contract had expired, so what could she possibly want with me now? The next thought that went through my head was that I was about to be set up or recorded somehow.

I picked up the phone and dialed the number. As the phone began to ring, I said to myself, "All I's dotted and all T's crossed." On the third or fourth ring Barbara answered the phone in a most cheerful voice. She said, "Hi, baby. I'm so glad you could call me." Not sure of what to really say, I simply asked her what she needed from me. "Getting to the meat of the coconut," as Patrick Renn says, Barbara wanted me to know that there was an internet poll concerning my case and it was eighty-one percent in my favor.

That was great news and it was something that I needed to hear, but the source from which it came still puzzled me. Not even seventy-two hours ago, she was wired for sound and now she is all for me and trying to help? It was a moment that only Jack Daniels could understand.

CHAPTER

"16"

"The Chess Game"

ACKBOWE
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I have ambitions to play the very best in the world at chess. The game of chess has been the most stimulating and life-like game that I have ever played. One can easily apply what occurs in a chess game to real life situations and I've noticed that sometimes I have felt that I was about to lose, when suddenly a mistake is made by the opponent. I have learned to play out each game until I am checkmated. So many of my opponents assume that the game is over based on having less pieces to rely on, but less is sometimes better!

David Camm has money, power, influence, and he was once a representative of the law as an Indiana State Trooper. I have no money, very little power, even less influence, and I'm a convicted felon. Hmm... I wonder which one of us is the underdog? The underdog pays better when it wins in Vegas and I plan on winning big right here in New Albany, Indiana.

I was asked by someone, "Which piece is the most powerful?" The game of chess has no specific piece that is the "most" powerful. Each piece is as powerful as the mind behind the movement and placement of the piece. Some players believe that the queen is the most powerful piece and would be less inclined to finish the game if they were to lose her.

In life as I know it, my queen has always been my mother. With my mother in the game, I was susceptible to many successes and achievements due to her influence. It was an awesome feeling to know that you have someone to smile each time the job was done well, and that she stood behind me with complete confidence.

Unfortunately, my mother abandoned me and took herself off of the chessboard. She is no longer a part of the game, nor is she a part of my life. Barbara gave birth to me and I greatly appreciate that, but love is unconditional and requires no terms. Love is the only contract between two people that is binding and cannot ever be nullified! Once conditions are applied, then the essence of that situation is that nothing ever existed.

Moreover, my mother may no longer be on the chessboard, but I have the enemy in check and the next move is mate! David Camm has to realize that the lies he has told and the deception he has created will backfire on his ass! As I am writing this chapter, I'm confident that I will be found not guilty and I will become the "thirteen million dollar man."

You have to be careful what you ask for, because I remember all too well what I had

asked for during my resolution hour before the new year. I asked for myself to commit to a weightloss regime and I had a goal to make more money than I ever had before. Imagine that! I'm in jail and I have lost forty pounds so far and this book is my meal ticket for the rest of my life.

I have nothing, except my name and that has been center of ridicule, critical review, and a rush to judgment. Once trial is over, what could I possibly do with my life? I have two options; I could go back to crime and be a real ruthless bastard, or I can market myself and be professional with all of my business decisions.

I have made a ton of mistakes in my life and I regret them. Nevertheless, with all that I have done, I'm not a murderer and I do not deserve to be punished for the rest of my life for a crime I did not commit. I have received nearly eight hundred letters from perfect strangers who believe in my innocence, but there are those who either don't care one way or another, or who think that I am a killer of a mother and her beautiful kids.

I have been told by several people that if they had a case like mine, they would relocate after trial. To me that is running

away from my problems. So, I want to make it very clear that I will be living in New Albany and if someone has a problem with it, then post up and be about something! My life will not be put on hold, nor will I duck and hide from anyone, because I have done nothing to have ^{to} watch my back.

I don't expect to have a handshake or a hug from everyone, but I don't foresee someone wanting to kill me, either. I will continue to pray and be at ease, for someone greater than my worst enemy is directing my path. I will lose not one night's sleep to thoughts of the inevitable, for what is to be will be and there is nothing one can do to change it.

I value each day I have more than ever before. I think a lot about how I could have been killed that tragic night and what a blessing it was for me to look death in the face and walk away from it. David Camm had intended to kill four human beings on September 28, 2000, but Divine Intervention would spare me for some reason and I still do not know exactly what God wants me to do to honor Him.

I think that my chess game is more complex than ever before and I am playing so much more than David Camm. I have Keith Henderson and the prosecution team, plus the

media slamming me every chance they get. What really upsets me about the media is how they use that same footage of my first court appearance. I look like a pumpkin dressed in orange at a weight of three hundred and ten pounds. The media slows down the footage and gives me the image of a cold, calculated beast.

Not once have they made me look human and one who has feelings, emotions, and a heart that is way too big to have killed three innocent people. Charles Bailey the GED tutor or Charles Bailey the jailhouse lawyer doesn't sell papers or make good coverage on television. So, let it be known that it was necessary ^{for} the media to create more of a monster out of me so that their product could be sold.

Regardless of what the media has tried to do, they are actually my best friends where this book is concerned. No one wants to read a book written by a really "nice" guy, they want to be reading a book written by a cold, heartless, and evil son of a bitch. The image sells newspapers and television time, so it has to sell my product as well. I call it the "Rapper Effect." Rappers rap about killing the police, sleeping with five

thousand women, and selling dope like Noreiga. The reality is that most of them wouldn't bust a grape let alone a "cap" in someone's ass.

The chess game is played to win. I will win the game by not receiving one cent for this book. All of what could be mine to spend is to be used for scholarships, reimbursement to the City of New Albany for the costs of the trial, and I would like to pay for my past incarceration commitments from the past. The State of Indiana is my home, I love it here, and I owe my State this simple gesture of respect to its taxpayers.

" MEDIA
FRENZY "

chapter
" 17 "

Charles
D.
owey

The media has been my worst enemy. They will do and say anything to get a story that improves their ratings. The media is a monster and I am a warrior fighting with all of my might to defend myself against the savage beast. The bottom line is that one is automatically guilty in the court of public opinion based on what the media introduces to its viewers.

How can a person have a fair trial if the viewers and potential jurors are tainted with information that should only be disclosed in a courtroom? Fact is, many things were reported on the news about me that will not be heard in the courtroom. Pretrial publicity destroys all hope of someone getting a fair trial and according to a case citing, "Irwin vs Dowd", it is written that, "The influence that lurks in an opinion once formed is so persistent that it unconsciously fights detachment from the mental processes of the average man."

During the summer of 2005, I was eating lunch one afternoon in the Floyd County Jail when I heard of a developing story on WHAS newschannel eleven: The breaking news consisted of a story about Charles Boney having escape plans in his possession. When I heard this, I could only laugh. I looked all around the cellblock and couldn't find one person without a smile on his face. I realized then that you can't always believe what you see on the news, for no one shook my property down, nor did they question me about anything concerning escape paraphernalia. The Assistant Sheriff Frank Loop said that he found the story of the allegations to be unfounded. He

continued to give an account of my demeanor and noted that I was a model offender and in excellent standing with no jail rule violations.

I believe David Camm paid someone to draw up some sort of blueprint of the jail. The plan was to make it look as if I needed to get out of jail bad enough to escape, thus such a sense of urgency would bring about a perception of guilt. The person caught with the so-called "blueprints" was moved out of the facility and sanctioned accordingly. At this point, I really needed to watch my back and be conscious of all individuals around me in the event of a future set up.

The media continued to torment me with reports of my foot fetish and how prosecutors as well as Camm's defense attorneys link it to the crime. The media began its endless pursuit to find anyone who knew me or who could elaborate on what my foot fetish entailed. I grew very angry and was appalled by the puzzle that the media was trying to piece together against me. The more that was being reported about my past crimes and convictions, the less chance I had for the viewer and potential juror to be susceptible to an unbiased opinion of me.

Later in the Fall of 2005, the media reported that I was a Satanist who worshipped the devil and also practiced witchcraft. This was totally absurd and made up to jeopardize my jury selection process. It was a timed effort and it was designed to contaminate the minds of those who would otherwise be

fair and impartial as a juror. There exists not one person who has ever seen me in a cloak, sacrificing a goat with a dagger, nor has anyone seen me in black mass drinking animal blood from a chalice cup. The witchcraft rumor really surprised me, so I quickly grabbed a broom and tried to kickstart it so I could fly the hell out of jail. I realized that I didn't have any special powers, so I wiggled my nose like Samantha Stevens did in the show "Bewitched" and I realized even more that only a simple mind would believe what they have heard about me as reported by the media.

I have learned so much from the way the media operates. They get close to you, make you feel as if you have a friend, then they cut your throat. What is really preposterous is how they apply direct pressure to stop the bleeding in hopes of anything else you can say to them, then they stab you in the back. With all the bleeding from the open wounds, very few survive and one's demise is brought about.

I would respect the media if they reported on every angle of a particular fact and not just "those angles" that make for after dinner gossip. Reporting should be fair, objective, impartial, and accurate. I do not feel that all of the news stations fit the criteria for proper news etiquette. So, I have made a conscious choice to declare all members of the media as my most formidable enemies and one day I will expose some of them for any indiscretions that I discover about any one of them. In the same manner that my life

was destroyed beyond repair, so shall the media feel the sting of my wrath. There are legal avenues to get things done and I will use only those avenues as my pursuit to uncovering the many hidden truths concerning the media.

The media portrays me as a monster. They slow down the footage of me and that gives the perception of a cold and callous person. My face was emotionless and I was scared to death on the day all of those cameras were filming me. I truly didn't know what to think that day, except to ask myself how I could be so stupid as to trust David Camm? The "monster" that I'm portrayed to be did not exist until the media created me. Now that the "monster" is fully assembled and mad as hell, let's see if the media can deal with its creation.

On the first day of jury selection, I was asked if I could receive a fair trial? Are you kidding me? You actually think that a person could receive a fair trial after all the reporting surrounding the devil worshipping, witchcraft, and past convictions as a felon? The media asks questions that they already know the answer to and they all seem to have that same smile on their faces as they ask the questions. I will have my day to smile, too. Using all legal avenues, I will one day own one of the local powerstations. Once I achieve that, I'll sell it and give the money to the victims of the media and the working poor.

The media has made no effort whatsoever to make me look like a nice guy. They use the worst mug shots and film footage to depict an image of me comparable only to a monster. I have been to court several times and most of the news stations use the same pictures and footage from the very beginning of my case. I resembled a Halloween pumpkin, dressed all in orange and weighing in at over 310 pounds. Yet, in another court appearance, I'm sporting a much leaner, shapelier body and a goatee beard. In short, the media uses the pictures that best sells the story regardless of the biases created in the minds of the viewers.

It angers me that someone actually makes a living off of diminishing one's favor for me. During jury selection, there were questionnaires sent out to be answered. The panel of potential jurors each had their own opinions of me based solely upon what they seen and heard on television and by reading the local newspapers. It is fair to say that some people do believe most of what they hear and see on television, so I'm already guilty in the media's "court of public opinion." Sad, but true.

Not once has the media reported on what I am doing to help others in the jail. They were quick to report that I went to lockup (segregation) for passing notes, but made no mention of me

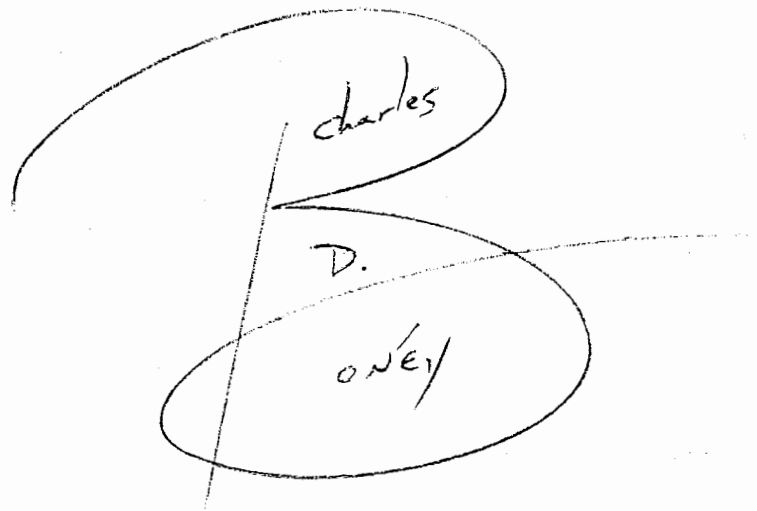
helping several men obtain their G.E.D.'s or get them into court sooner for release. There has been no mention of me helping two men read and write for the first time, nor of me accomplishing bible study certificates and sharing that knowledge with those who would otherwise not believe.

One good thing came out of all the stress that the media has caused me, though. I have lost over fifty pounds and I look great. I worked out often with angry thoughts concerning what I had seen and heard on television news. I hate the media so much that I allowed that hate to consume me just enough to improve myself aesthetically, if nothing else.

For every friend I tossed, became a friend I had never lost. I've learned that I had a couple of so-so acquaintances that I really did not trust too much on the streets, but they have shown me that they were friends all along, just lying in wait. Be careful who you dismiss as a friend and be even more careful of who you keep as a "friend." So much have I learned in so little time and yet my journey has just begun.

The media will forever be my nemesis and I welcome the challenges they present. I will forever hate the media for what they have done to me and I will seek ways to bring justice to the injustices of their inaccuracies.

" HOLDING
ON "



I am still holding on. I have worked hard and achieved many great things here in this jail. I have been incarcerated since March 2005, so I made up my mind early in my time to stay busy and create my own environment to function and cope in. I became a G.E.D. tutor and I have helped four young men obtain their equivalency diplomas. I have tutored 27 different students and only five have taken the test, so 80% of those tested passed and went on to bigger and better things.

In September 2005, I created a pre-release discussion group called "Back on Track." Our discussions consist of everyday concerns such as coping with stress, resisting relapse, refraining from recidivistic behavior, and reintegrating back into society. I feel that I many of my fellow convicts an opportunity to talk about something helpful and pertinent to their lives, instead of the usual jailhouse talk of how girls we've had or who we'd like to choke when we get out.

For every negative there is a positive. It has been very important for me to remember that my positive talks bring about a positive environment which is conducive to peace and one's ability to getting along well. Another great builder of character has been exercise and physical fitness. I weighed 310 pounds when I was booked into the jail. I felt terrible and I could hardly breathe after walking a

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a few feet in distance to any given point. I began to walk and do pushups at first, then I learned how to discipline myself and cut back on breads and sweets. I also added various exercises to my daily regimen, including powerwalking and lots of crunches for my stomach. After eight months, I lost most of the unwanted fat and several inches off my waist. In all, I have lost better than fifty-three pounds and I'm still shedding it off. Perhaps I can do a commercial for weight loss when I get out. No need to go to Weight Watchers, NutraSystem, or do the Subway diet ... just let a former State trooper set you up and you're guaranteed to lose weight and so much more, like your freedom, your hair, your family, your friends, and anything else you love dearly.

I've come to realize that I have absolutely no friends. By the true definition of the word, I have no reason to purchase Christmas gifts or remember anyone's birthday. A true friend is like love, it is something that is truly unconditional. So often I see