

The background of the cover features a vibrant rainbow gradient that transitions from blue on the left to red on the right. Overlaid on this gradient are the dark, intricate silhouettes of bare trees, creating a layered and textured effect.

"Drew"
A child of God

Mark Crawford

"Drew"

A child of God

Mark Crawford

Content

Content.....	3
Preface.....	4
MEET ANDREW (DREW) REID #44520-509 - "A child of God".....	4
Drew - A child of God.....	6
My Life 1.....	6
My Life 2.....	10
My Life 3.....	13
My Life 4.....	17
The License.....	18

Preface

MEET ANDREW (DREW) REID #44520-509 - "A child of God"

Over the years I have been very judgmental of the men around me, especially the drug addicts; just didn't understand how you can't say no. But, it's deeper than that actually. To be honest, I have been very judgmental about everything in life. But after many years I have changed my way of thinking. To try to express this change and the reason for it, I am going to publish on this site a few stories of men who, like me, have ended up in prison. Men who have made terrible mistakes and paid terrible prices for those mistakes. In living with these men, these misfits, outcast, these CRIMINALS, I have learned to see past their obvious flaws and been blessed by God to see the often surprised goodness inside of them, and this has helped me to see the good in me as well. I can tell you unequivocally that people have reasons for the things they do, even the evil things. That is not to say that what they, I've, done is justifiable, 'cause it ain't, but what it does say is that people are products of their environment. You are the way you are because of your upbringing, and these men are the way they are because of theirs. And oh the horror and injustice of the lives some of these men were born into, is beyond what the average person can imagine. Me, my life, was ... well, it was messed up too. I'll leave it at that. But as a result of my early childhood, I am bent, damaged inside and that damage caused me to see the world through distorted lenses and to ultimately crash and burn. No excuses, just the facts, facts I couldn't see until prison and compassion for others opened my eyes. The same goes for most, if not all, of these men. The liars were lied too as children. The thieves were raised in an environment where thieving was an accepted way of life, or done solely to support an addiction. The child molesters were victims of molestation themselves and most drug addicts were taught this by their own family members, oftentimes, their mothers and fathers.

I once knew a man who's mother was a "Dope Whore" (his words, not mine). This young man loved his mother beyond anything imaginable, but, he was conflicted. He loved her, and, he hated her. He is an abuser of women, likes to tie them up and punish them. I tried my best to council him ... and he listened, and has a great respect for me. I have recently learned that he is back in prison ... this time, a young girl. Just wanted you to think about this.

I guess what I'm trying to say is this. Read Drew's story, filter out all of the foolishness of youth and drug addiction and look at the very beginning of his life; his mother, father and surrounding environment. Then imagine how you would have acted under the same circumstances, and then thank God that you were born into your normal life ... and then leave the judgment of these men, to God.

Drew - A child of God

My Life 1

Hi, my name is Andrew and I'm an addict. I'm currently serving a 10 year prison sentence in Federal prison for distribution of two ounces of Methamphetamine. The Federal Government now labels me as a Narcoterrorist. I wasn't selling metric tons of drugs. I'm not El Chapo. I'm just an everyday drug addict, who, because of my addiction, couldn't hold a job. So, to support my habit and pay my bills, I decided to sell the very drugs I was getting high on.

Why am I a drug addict, you may ask? Well, I can't give you any solid answer other than because I enjoy the release it gives my mind and the way it makes my body feel. When you take that first hit of Meth, the rush that runs through my whole body from head to toe, and when my heart starts to beat faster, and the pain in my body is pushed to the back of my mind. The renewed energy pulsing through my veins. It just makes you forget everything: your problems, your need to do certain tasks, people trying to put you down, it just all goes away. Or, doing a line of heroin/fentanyl, your body just melts away to nothing, and pain no longer exists. Hell... nothing exists anymore.

I've probably died five times in a matter of two months just testing new batches of heroin/fentanyl I would get from my dealer. Did I ever think growing up that I would be a drug addict? Not really. I had seen while growing up what it was doing to my mom and never wanted to be like her. I guess lets go back to the beginning.

When I was born, my mom was only 16. She met my dad, I think she said at a party, but he said it was at a bar. At any rate, she was 16 and he was 21. They were both drunk and were both getting high, and the next thing you knew, she was pregnant. When my grandpa found out, he, as the old saying goes, made a shotgun wedding. Even though they were married, my dad didn't care, he used to drive trucks so he was out of town a lot and was always cheating on my mom. Before I was born, he ran off. He came back a year later, got my mom pregnant again and did exactly the same as last time and disappeared again. My mom was young and rebellious. She was always disappearing for days and leaving us kids with our grandparents. She was off getting high and partying and selling her body for drugs and alcohol money. My uncle, her youngest brother, was a drug dealer since he was 12 years old. That was also my moms fault. She owed her dealer money and so she made her brother sell dope to pay her bills. So my whole childhood, that was what I was subjected to. My grandfather was a trucker, so he was at work all week and home on the weekends. My grandma was a nurse and would work 16 hour shifts all week, so my uncles babysitted us all the time while my mom was off doing whatever she wanted. She was always getting picked up by the police too. I remember going to visit my mom while she was in the city jail. When she met my stepdad, she calmed down a little bit and started being a mom.

She had two kids with him and they were together most of my childhood. My mom was still a drug addict, so we kids didn't get much attention from her. Me being the oldest I was forced to be the babysitter all the time for her and my stepdad to go out. As I got older I got a job cutting grass in the neighborhood at \$20 a yard, so I started to have money to buy me things that I wanted here and there. That is until my mom started stealing my money out of my wallet and would tell me she would pay me back. She claimed she needed it for bills. I was around 8 years old at the time, so I didn't know any better. She never paid me back. Whenever I didn't have to babysit my mom would make me play outside to keep me out of her hair so I was always roaming the neighborhood getting into mischief, breaking stuff in peoples yards or stealing little things out of their yards. There wasn't a bike in the neighborhood that was safe, I would steal any one that I saw. I was always stealing spray paint too so I could paint the bikes as soon as I stole them.

I remember the first time I ever got drunk. Me and my buddy Chad were climbing on peoples front porches playing a game when we found a cooler full of wine coolers. Nobody was around, so we stole and ran back to his house. I stayed all night at his house that night and we got wasted sitting on the roof of his shed, looking up at the stars. I was so sick the next day that I kept puking up red. Haha.

I started smoking cigarettes when I was about 10 years old. I was sitting in my room one night looking out of my window when I saw somebody run around the corner of my house. I went out to see who it was and it was a new kid who just moved in recently next door. He was sneaking out to smoke and when I found him I wanted to be cool, because he was an older kid. When he asked if I smoked I said yes. So he shared one with me. I was coughing and felt sick at first, but I was hooked ever since. We would go by the gas station after school to play pool and when we would leave I would steal cartons of cigarettes. They used to keep them on a display by the front door, so my buddy would distract the guy behind the counter while I stuffed my pockets.

When I was 14 years old my mom was remarried to her third husband, who was a real prick. He was a drug addict, so that was nothing new, but he was a bad alcoholic and him and my mom would fight all the time. One time he pushed my mom into the wall and she hurt her arm and I yelled at him to keep his hands off my mom. He turned on me and said, "What are you going to do about it you little punk?" He was pretty drunk, plus he was kinda short so it was pretty easy for me to scoop him up and I slammed him through the coffee table. My mom was pissed I that I got involved AND grounded me for it though. I was always being grounded or getting my butt whooped on a regular basis by this time in my life. I'm ADD/ADHD by the way, as you can probably tell just by reading this. I was diagnosed when I was little but have never been medicated due to the fact that I'm allergic to Adderall. My disability, I use that word because that's what it really is, a disability, caused me to do poor in school. It wasn't that I was dumb or anything. It was just that I could never stay focused on anything for long periods of time. Playing video games was the only thing my mom could find to keep me occupied and out of her hair. So, if she wasn't forcing me to go outside to play,

I was stuck in front of a video game. Well, one day my mom and her husband got into a really bad fight, the worst I had ever seen between them. Eventually he left, said he was done and never coming back. My mom shut herself in her room after that for hours. Finally. She came out and told me she was going out and would be back later to watch my brother and sisters. After two days went by and she still hadn't come home, and we were low on food in the house, I called my grandma and asked if she had heard from my mom. She told me no and asked me what was wrong. I told her everything that happened and that we didn't have anything to eat. I asked if she could come get us. After we got to her house, she called the cops and put out a missing persons report on my mom. The cops then contacted social services and they came and took us from my grandma and put my brother and I into separate boys homes and my sisters together in a foster home until they could schedule a custody court hearing for us. That's when my dad, who we hadn't seen in probably two years, decided he was going to file for custody of my sister and I. My great uncle and his girlfriend and my grandma also filed for my sister and I. My brother and other sister went to live with their dad. My great uncle wound up getting custody of us and my dad got court ordered visits. We went to his house on his weekend and when we got there the house was completely empty, not one word, no note... nothing... just gone. Once I started living with my uncle, my life made a big change. I was made to do work around the house and was told if I wanted anything extra that they weren't required to provide for me, I had to get a job and buy it myself. I was still 14, so I couldn't get a real job, but I did wind up getting a job building a house after school. One of my best friends lived around the corner from me so we hung out all the time. So when we saw this guy building a house nearby, we went and asked if we could work. He said he could hire one of us for \$6/hour or both of us for \$3/hour and we both could learn a new trade. So, we both said hell yeah and went to work. My buddy smoked pot, so of course I started smoking too. We had the extra money for it so we were good. Plus, our boss would give us a carton of cigarettes a week, so we were good. When I turned 15 I got a job after school at the local grocery store near the house and during the summer breaks I would build houses and work the farm. Once I started at the store though I got the bright idea that I would steal chewing tobacco and cartons of cigarettes, sodas, candy, and beer and would sell it at school along with weed. I did it my whole time in high school and never got caught, not at work, not at school, but eventually I did at home when I was 17. I had about 6 months left till graduation and was planning on going into the military right out of school. I was still smiking pot by the time I graduated. Well, I didn't make it. I was at a buddy's house after school one day and we were high. When it was time for me to go home, I realized I had forgotten my eye drops at home. It was really cold out and windy that day, so when I got home and I couldn't get to my room to use my eyedrops, my aunt asked me what was wrong with my eyes. I told her the cold wind had my eyes watering and irritated. She didn't believe me and kept hounding me so I finally yelled at her that I was high from smoking pot. They grounded me. The next day while I was in school they got her nephew to come over. He's a K-9 unit with the police and they had him go through my room. When I got home they made me sit at the kitchen table and they told me they knew I was selling weed and that they had found the boxes of bags in my dresser and my pill bottle of week under my mattress.

They said they were going to turn me in for being a drug dealer. I told them they were full of shit because I never kept weed in the house and would never be stupid enough to have it under my mattress. They were turning me in anyway in the morning. So, that night I packed two trash bags and jumped out the window and ran away.

That first night I slept in the woods and was scared shitless. I had two big ass knives stuck in the ground on either side of me cause all night there was some kind of animal messing with me by running all around out of sight, but I could hear it the whole time. Eventually I ended up at my cousin Danny's place. Danny is my cousin on my dad's side, so not many other people on my mom's side knew him. I hid out there pretty much until I turned 18. I would help out under the table at Pizza Hut where he worked and he also sold weed, so I started smoking and selling weed again.

Once I turned 18 I was no longer on the run, so I got on at Pizza Hut full-time as a driver/manager. I still sold weed at times and I met more customers at the houses I delivered pizza to.

Well, as most drug dealers' lives go, I started trying new drugs to make more money. It started with Codine cough syrup or AKA lean. That stuff would take you out of this world. I would see everything in slow motion and lights trailing everywhere and felt like I was floating in water all the time. I would black out from it and wake up in random places all the time. Then came the pills. Zanax, Colonopins, Coratabs, Percosets. These little pills would come to destroy my life. I was so out of it on the Zannies and Colonopins, there are whole sections of my life I will never be able to remember. And the pain pills, the numbness I felt in my body was so amazing that I felt invulnerable. I didn't rampage on pills very long, a year maybe, at the most. I cut way back after I OD'd for the first time.

My Life 2

I was taking a buddy home and I'm kind of an aggressive driver. So, when I came up on an SUV doing 35mph in a 45mph zone, I was riding up his ass and blowing my horn. Finally he pulled off onto the side of the road and I flew by. Well, then he shoots back out hauling ass and hits his lights. Yes, he was an undercover cop. I had pills and weed on me, so I picked a road to turn onto and dropped the bags out of my window. I got a ticket for tailgating and was let go. I took my buddy home and on the way back I stopped to look for my pills and weed. All I could find were the pills, but they were all cracked from being run over. When I got home I poured out two piles of pills, one was green colonpins, and the other was 19 Flexural. I took a straw and cut it in half and gave one to my buddy and said, "Get to sniffin." I was O.D.ing for two days in my grandmas basement. Every time I would open my eyes they would force water down my throat. That's when I decided to try cocaine for the first time and I fell in love. I was doing so much coke, I wasn't really making money anymore, I was breaking even. But the way it made me feel, I didn't even care. That numbness in your throat and face, the energy... I felt like nothing could stop me but I always wanted more. It was a constant chase.

I was really stupid on coke when I first started. I was still 18 and was always doing stupid shit. One time we got all coked up that I got the bright idea that we should go to the lake and when we got there, (it was around midnight, by the way), I decided to burn the porta-potties down. So, I set them on fire and we took off to the store on top of the mountain and watched as the fire department responded. We thought that shit was hilarious. Then I got an even brighter idea to steal every street sign on a particular road. When we were done we went by the lake to check out the result of the fire and all that was left was a puddle of plastic and the stink of crap. When I got home we divided up the signs and I hung mine on my walls. My grandma saw them and got pissed and made me throw them out.

Shortly after, my buddy asked me to move to Pennsylvania with him. So, I packed my bags and we took off. This was one of the dumbest decisions I've made in my life. We were there four days before we both went to jail. For one, he never told me he was a wanted felon in PA, so in reality, we were screwed from the start. Someone recognized him and turned him in. I was arrested on two misdemeanor counts of hindering the apprehension of a wanted felon. I wouldn't tell the cops that he was in the house. I did five days and was released after court and was told to stay in town. If they needed to further question me, they would contact me. I got a job building houses with two guys I met, Bob and Dannato. I was staying with my locked up buddy's girlfriend at her parents house, helping them out while her dad was in jail. When he got out he kicked me out, but let me rent a camper he had for \$50.00 a month. He also started fronting me an 8-ball of coke at a time, so that made my whole check each week go to him. Dannato moved in with me because his step-dad kicked him out. We got so bad on coke that we had no money, so we started breaking into houses, stores, even a

junkyard to get gas. We had a fence who would buy all of our stolen stuff without I.D., so it was never a worry that we would be found out by a pawn shop. We got kicked out of the camper and lost our jobs, so now we were living in my car and stealing all the time. After four months of this, I had enough and called my cousin, told him to send me \$80, and he could have my \$400 stereo system. that way I could get back to Virginia. He sent it and I went home.

After I turned 19, I started living with my little sister Ivory and her "baby daddy" Steven. I hated Steven's guts because he used to be my buddy in high school and I also, even to this day, think that he murdered my cousin. But that's a different story. My sister and I both worked at Denny's and when I wasn't working I was getting shit faced drunk and smoking pot. I wasn't using coke at the time. My grandma, my dad's mom, called me and my sister and told us she just heard that our dad had died. He was in a wheelchair with spinal deterioration, he also had skin disease and couldn't go outside, and had cancer, which killed him. We were sad because he was our dad, but we weren't put out because he was never really in our lives. Well, about two days later we were at work and my phone rang to some strange number, so I answered it. It was my dad. He said, "Hey bud, what ya been doin?" I said, "Damn, you sound good for a dead man." He said, "What the hell are you talking about?" So, I told him what we had just heard. Apparently, he was just fine and was living in Florida. He asked if we wanted to move down, so we quit our jobs on the spot, went home and packed, and headed down to Florida.

Ok, so the trip to Florida was kinda exciting once we got to Georgia, let me tell you. So, we were making this trip from Roanoke, Virginia, to Pensacola, Florida, which is about a 13 to 15 hour ride if you drive non-stop. We were in my sisters car. Me and baby Jaiden in the back, and my sister Ivory and her boyfriend/supposed "baby daddy" Steven up front. Just about the whole way down they wouldn't let me drive, (I didn't have a license at the time because it was suspended), no matter how much I begged. We were in a 1989 Chrysler La Barron and I mean it when I say, It was a PIECE OF SHIT CAR!!. For starters, we left on this journey and not once checked any of the fluids in the thing. Not the oil, not the transmission, not the water... not anything... We also didn't inspect the body or tires for any possible issues. Well, everything was going great until we hit Georgia. When we got near a little town called Commons, Georgia, all of a sudden the car starts getting hot and steam is coming out from under the hood. So, we get off the interstate and check it out. Steven and I get out and pop the hood. Well, #1 jackass has the bright idea to pop the radiator cap off while the car is off and it is over heated. Can you guess what happened? If you said death and distruction, then yes, you are a winner! HAHHAHA! this dumb ass didn't even have a shirt or a towel over the cap. He just reaches down, turns, and boom, he gets the shit burned out of himself. We are losing all of the water in the car and don't have any jugs to refill it. We are in the middle of bumfuck Egypt, and I'm on the side of the road on the ground dying laughing at this idiot. HAHHAHA! Well, we thought we were fucked because we were still like 5 hours from where we are going, and like I said, in the middle of nowhere. As I live and breathe, I swear one of the bigger higher powers were looking over us because someone stopped to give us a hand, and he just

so happened to be an actual mechanic. turned out the thermostat was bad. Well, problem #2. We didn't have any cash or extra money on a card to even buy a replacement. Our blessing #2 was that the mechanic guy told us to just sit tight and he would be right back. This true southern gentleman went to the parts store and bought us the part we needed and got enough jugs of water to refill the radiator for us. I can't remember the mans name, but he saved us that day. Before we get back on the road, my sister tells me to drive because she was too worn out after all that drama and that Steven was too hurt to drive. Well, we made it out of Georgia and made it to the Alabama Welcome Center and now I am pulling off the road really quick. Everybody but me was asleep when all of a sudden I start to see black smoke coming out of the sides of the hood. I pop the hood, jump out, and when I raised the damn thing, all of a sudden the back of the motor bursts into flames. I jump up on the bumper, rip off my shirt, and start beating out the flames. By the time I had it out, ivory and Steven wake up from all the commotion. Ivory asks me what was wrong now. I say, "Well, the good news is the fires out." She's like, "What the fuck? What was on fire?" That's the bad news, the motor is starting to leak oil around the head unit and caused the motor to catch on fire. She's all freaking out and wanted to know if we were going to make it to our dad's. I tell her we're fine, I'll clean as much of the oil off of the motor as I could and let the car cool off, then be on our way. So 2 1/2 hours later, we finally make it into Florida.

Now remember, we haven't seen or spoken to our dad in around 6 years up until now. He wasn't in our lives growing up neither, so we don't really know anything about each other. For the most part, me and him look almost identical, except he's got black hair where as mine is brown. He wears glasses and I don't, and he can't grow much facial hair past a mustache and a goatee, and I can practically grow a full beard (minus my one small almost bald spot in my chin strap and one under my chin). To be honest, once we got to know each other better we discovered we were a lot alike in many other ways as well. (Which is why he considers me his favorite child.) So the first rule my dad and his wife Jerry told us was either we get jobs and help with the bills or we had to be continuing our education. Ivory went straight to option B and enrolled in online college at Phoenix University. Steven and I went job hunting, which was shitty considering we had no car because the Chrysler took a shit on us immediately and my dad only had one car and wouldn't let us use it since neither of us had our licenses. We walked all day, stopping and putting in applications everywhere. We went in this one place called A Reddish Canvas and Awning to put in appluications, but they didn't have any, just took down our names and numbers and asked us a bunch of questions. Two days later I'm sitting in my room and the phone rings, it's the awning place. They tell me to be there in the morning to work to decide if they want to hire me. Steven was pissed. They called him first, but he didn't answer their call, so they said screw him and called me next. He felt I should let him have the job since they tried to call him first. HAHAHAHA! What a moron to really say I should let him have it.

My Life 3

I wouldn't piss on this guy if he was on fire, much less give him a job I need. Should have answered your phone, jackass. Needless to say, I got the job. Also, after work I enrolled in night classes so I could get my high school diploma. My new job was great. For starters, everybody who worked there smoked pot. Hell, that was actually one of their requirements to get hired. I started out as an installer on their road crew. At the time it was only me and Ray, the road crew supervisor on the road crew and the welder Mark (Marky Mark), who would come out with us to help. the other Mark was the General Manager, then you had the sew-ers. There was this one guy, I can't remember his name, as the supervisor of the sewing shop, then there was Katie and Maggie, who were both sew-ers. Like I said, all pot heads. GM Mark would actually give us weed if we were out that day. My dad and his friends smoked pot too, so I found me a connection for some and started selling weed again. I was actually getting some pretty good Primo pot for really cheap through some Cuban neighbors across the street from our house. I had been working for about 2 weeks now and Steven stopped even trying to find a job and would just sit around the house and stuff his face and was getting fat,. My dad tells me, "Look son, I hate to ask this, but I need you to start paying more money to cover your sister and Stevens part of the bills and food or we're going to have to kick them out." I was pissed he said that to me. I told him I'll pay for them on one condition, I get to beat Stevens ass. I said that if he was actually trying to find work, I wouldn't be mad, but he's a lazy, no good piece of shit and I want to beat his ass. My dad didn't care. He said to take it out back so I went to his and Ivory's room and was like, "Look, they want me to pay for you guys to keep living here or you'll have to go. I'm not going to let them kick you out with the baby, so I'm gonna pay it, but Steven, you've gotta come out back with me cuz I'm gonna beat the living shit outta you cause you being a lazy no good scumbag, costing me money so you gotta pay." My sister was all, no, fuck you, don't you dare go out there, Drew stop being an asshole. After about 30 minutes of cussing, name calling, and threatening, I still couldn't get this punk bitch outside to fight me, so I did the next best thing. I told Ivory, I said, "I'm not giving you no more weed to smoke. If you want to smoke, you come ask me, but Steven, you're done. As of this day forward, until you get a job and can pay your way, you no longer get high. And trust me, I'm going to make sure my dad and his friends don't share shit with you. Also, you don't touch the fridge or cabinets for anything except for stuff for the baby. You will eat only at meal time and what you're given to eat from now on until you can pay for your own food." OH MY GOD!! he was pissed, but didn't want to get his ass kicked, so there wasn't anything he could do but listen to what I said. From that day on I treated him like the little turd he was.

After a couple more weeks I learned something that really pissed me off. So at this point I am paying rent for myself and my sister and her boyfriend, giving my dad around \$1500 a month. My step-brother, T.J. and I were talking and he tells me he is paying \$250 a month from out of his little \$600 a month SSI check. I'm like, well damn, I'm paying \$400 a month for

my part, and that's bullshit since we share a room. I shouldn't have to pay more than him. Well, then he tells me, you know it isn't but \$700 a month rent they pay on the house anyway, plus other bills, which are around \$350-400 more on top of that. I'm like, you mean to tell me that dad and Jerry aren't paying more than around \$1100 a month to live here but are making me pay \$1500? Oh hell no. fuck this bullshit. I gotta find me somewhere else to stay. That's bullshit, taking advantage of me like that. So, one of my dad's friends lived down the street from us who was buying weed from me. I asked Alita if I could move in with her, what would she charge me? She said yes, I could for \$50/week. She had four kids that were buck wild, but for \$50/week I jumped right on it. Alita like to not only smoke weed, but also liked smoking "dirties". A "dirty" is a weed blunt with crack broken up and sprinkled on it. That's how I started smoking crack.

By now I've been promoted at work to Road Crew Supervisor. I got promoted after Ray had a seizure at a red light in the company truck, which caused him to hit the gas, causing him to then hit three cars in front of him. He then darted out into the intersection to get t-boned, which totaled the work truck. We found out that Ray had a tumor on his brain. They put him on light duty around the shop and promoted me. We also hired two new guys to work with me, but I can't remember their names. Me and Marky Mark also started to build onto GM Mark's house. I was making around \$1500/week at work and \$600 every weekend. Me and Marky Mark started hanging out too and he smoked crack and snorted coke, so we could blow a lot of money partying together. My Cuban weed guy introduced me to his cousin to buy coke and crack from, so I started selling that too. The next block over from my house was a bar called The Grunge, which was only a beer bar as they didn't have a liquor license. I was still 19 but said what the hell and went in anyway. When I went up to the bartender I ordered a pitcher of P.B.R. and she didn't even card me. I thought, well hell yea, that's what's up. They had pool tables and some shitty karaoke setup. It was your typical trash bar, no doubt. I started selling drugs to all the locals who I got to know at the bar. One day the owner asked me to hang back after closing time. After everybody was gone he told me to bust out a few lines. So, I got in my bag and made up some lines for him, the bartender, and myself. I let them go first and after they were gone the owner says to me, that's some pretty good shit, how much for a quarter? I tell him \$450 and he counts it out of the register and pays me and I give him his shit. After that he tells me, look, I like you kid, you seem like you've been around the block a while and been through some shit. but, I don't wanna see or hear about you sellin shit in my bar. if you're gonna do it, take them outside around the corner and do it please. I couldn't argue with the man, so I said cool, I got you. After that I got my dad a job working there running the karaoke, and I started dating one of the bartenders. They had this thing called wine-based mixed-drinks since they couldn't do liquor, right. Well, we would empty the wine bottles and fill them back up with a few different liquors so we had our own secret stash, hahahaha!! I was staying so drunk or stoned or high all the time, life started kinda blurring together.

I'd say that went on for about a year and then my dad went back to Virginia and I moved out to Lillian, Alabama with Markey Mark. Me and Marky were making so much money but

were blowing so much more on snorting coke or smoking crack that for the most part we were actually broke. We were so bad that instead of spending \$1400 to get a water meter put in and pipes ran from the meter to the house, we would go to the K.O.A. campground and fill 10 5 gallon buckets just to have water. He was only charging me \$50/week to stay there. His only bills were the electric, cable, and property taxes each year. We were living in a double wide trailer on 5 acres of land with our own welding shop in our front yard. We wound up losing our jobs at the awning company because GM Mark was embezzling all the company money out of the business accounts, so they went under. So now all me and Marky had was what welding jobs we could come by and what we made selling dope. I thought coke was bad, well crack was 100 times more destructive. We would bust our asses every day to be able to smoke anywhere from \$100 to \$500 in crack. I eventually picked up some landscaping work a couple days a week, but it still wasn't cutting it. I was getting to the point where I was like, somethings got to give, this shit's getting out of hand. I'm tired of being broke all the time.

Well, not too long after I was starting to feel like that, Marky ran into an old friend he knew from a while back. I was in the truck and they were in the store. When he came out he had this big ass grin on his face. I ask him what's up? he shows me a little bag with some blue shit in it and I'm like, what's that? He tells me it's ice. I didn't even have a clue what he had in his hand, but I wish I never did.

When he tells me ice, I didn't even know what that was, honestly, but after that first hit in a glass bubble, I was hooked. I had way more energy than I ever had from crack or coke. I felt amazing, like I could take on anyone or do anything. Nothing could stop me. Next thing I knew, a week had gone by and I hadn't slept, not one day, and still wasn't tired. I was so amazed at how I felt after being up so many days in a row. Around a week or two of no sleep, I was starting to see and hear things, like people calling my name from the woods and helicopters in the sky. I would see shadows darting all over the place. You know, like seeing someone out of the corner of your eye, but when you turn and look they're not there. Or, like something big flew overhead real low and its shadow wizzed by. I was tripping bad, but I wanted to keep going.

I would go for weeks at a time zooming all day and night until I'd pass out eventually wherever I was at. Around this time is when I met my ex Katrina. I moved her in with me and she became a part of my party lifestyle for the next three years. Six months after I started doing ice, the awning company I was working for went under because the GM Mark was embezzling a bunch of money, so me and Marky Mark lost our jobs and only had the welding shop to pay bills and get high. I got another job cutting grass and Katrina got a job cleaning houses. At this point, me and her brother Bob, or "Hobo" as we called him, became best friends. Me and Marky were fighting all the time anymore about money and drugs to the point I finally had enough and Katrina and I moved out to our own place. Really what I mean is that we moved into a camper in the back yard of my bosses house until we could find something better.

Life was pretty normal for the next couple of years. We kept getting high, but now her brother lived with us. We bought out the mowing company I worked for, got a house on the bay, and I was actually doing well for myself. I had a house, my own car, and owned half of a quarter million dollar company at only 25 years old. For as fucked up as I was growing up, I felt I had actually done well with my life. I was happy.

Life just isn't one of those kind of stories though, are they? I got a call one morning from my mom in VA. She says my grandpa isn't doing well and I needed to come home and spend what time I can with him before he goes. I sold my half of everything that day and went back to VA. He made it another year, then died in August of 2016.

After that I went straight to the bottom. That night I got arrested for possession. My first drug charge. It was 1:30am. He died around 9:30 or 10pm. So, between 10:00 and 1:30 I was getting high and drunk.

My Life 4

I passed out at a red light. Nothing fancy, just dumb chance a cop was driving by and I hadn't moved so he came to check on me. I told him my story about my grandpa and I was actually 5 houses away from where I was going. He was going to let me go, then he saw the bag of dope in my door handle and arrested me.

I got the first offenders act and got it dropped to possession____? and did 12 days and got out. This is still August. I was in jail again before Thanksgiving for possession again. 0.5 grams of ICE. I got 2 years suspended and two years advisory probation. I still didn't learn.

I was slinging dope full time now, said fuck life, fuck work....fuck everything. I didn't care anymore. April of the next year I got arrested again. I was set up, but lucily I didn't have what I thought I did. I got charged with a gun + 0.5 grams of heroin. They gave me 7 years, 5 suspended and a 2 year mandatory minimum.

I got out in December 2019. I was 30 years old. I had a baby girl while I was locked up. Her name is Harley Anne and she is my world. I should be home with her right now instead of sitting here in prison writing this. I did good for 10 months working a job, being clean, and taking care of Harley. One day her mom was over spending time with Harley, and yeah, we had been talking about getting beck together. Well, Harley pulled a meth pipe out of her purse. I flipped out at her, cussed her out, everything. The next day I saw her I asked if she still had the bubble and it was a wrap from there.

This time around I was doing it way big. I was moving pounds of meth and heroin a week, making a killing buying guns, everything. I was on top for about 6 months, then I got set up. Honestly, I think I was being set up from the beginning because my dealer and his buddy are the ones who set me up.

The charges I'm in the Feds for are distribution of 2 ounces of meth. I sold to an informant who was my heroin plugs buddy. I was arrested for a police chase though.

Appearantly I took the cops on a high speed chase and got away. They arrested me the next day after the chase. They couldn't prove anything, so they dropped those charges and indicted me on the controlled buys.

That was April 2021. It's now July 2024. I'm still in the Feds. They gave me 10 years. I have around 5 years left. I work to support myself the best I can. It's hard being a drup addict in this environment and people forget who they are in here and look down on us and walk on us. Lie to us. I'm still a person and a good person. I'm going to be me no matter what. So, like me.... hate me.... whatever. I'm still me. :)

The License



Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International (CC BY-SA 4.0)

This is a human-readable summary of (and not a substitute for) the license. Disclaimer.

You are free to:

Share — copy and redistribute the material in any medium or format

Adapt — remix, transform, and build upon the material for any purpose, even commercially.

This license is acceptable for Free Cultural Works.

The licensor cannot revoke these freedoms as long as you follow the license terms.

Author: Mark Crawford, America

Design: Konnichiwa, Switzerland