

County Jail

On March 21st of 2008, I was brought into the local county jail by two Walnut Creek Police Detectives. Right before my booking photo was taken, one of the detectives said something to the deputy. I was then told by the deputy who was taking my photo to lean my face down towards the floor and look up at the camera or he was going to beat my ass. (Welcome to county jail.) The position I was pressured into by the officers gave me a menacing look and manipulated my physical appearance to fit their desired illusion. (During trial I found out why this was done. During Mendell's interview he said the gunman had a shriveled up face like a meth addict. I did not match this description; however at trial he said that a shriveled up face like a method addict means small chin). By my having to face down, it not only made me look menacing, but made my chin look smaller as it was farther away from the camera.

I was full of anxiety, sick, and feeling withdrawal's from having no pain pills or muscle relaxers of which I had become addicted to over many years of over use. I was put in a holding tank that was overfilled with newly arrested and overly anxious people like myself. We were stuffed in like cattle. There was one phone and a bathroom with feces splattered all over with no way to sanitize or clean, which everyone had to share. I used my one phone call to call my mom, tell her where I was and to let her know I did not shoot Joshua. To not believe what was being reported on the news.

I was then moved to Q module which is administrative segregation or the hole. It is used for intake when you first come into the jail. It is also a disciplinary module for when you get in trouble while in jail. When you are too troublesome to be in maximum security jail. As I had to find out too many times. Inmates are also sent there when they file complaints against staff as retaliation. As bad as this was they have an even worse module D. Where you don't even have control over the light in your cell. Had I not had family constantly calling and coming in to the jail demanding to make sure I was alright, as you will read, I would have been there and most likely would not be alive to tell my story. Who gets sent to Q or D mod is entirely up to the discretion of Classification. That is a department of deputies who are like gods in the jail. They control where every inmate is housed and who can get a job or not. They seem to do and get away with anything they want to, under the umbrella of safety and security. You can be sent to D mod for gang activity, a stabbing, assault on staff, after your conviction like they tried to do with me, or by just pissing off the wrong classification officer.

The deputies have what is called bed or head cards which is what they used to identify the current jail population. I could see a red stamp of a phone on the bottom of my card, which I never saw on anyone else's card. I learned later that this stamp meant that all my phone calls were not just monitored, they were recorded for the prosecution. This was highly unusual. However, the prosecution knew that if the Walnut Creek police witness procedural violations and tampering were ever released, it would invalidate all witness testimony and the search warrant, severely damaging their case. They needed me to say something incriminating in case this happened.

I believe the jail staff also worked with the prosecution to try to help them with their case. As you will read later my attorney warned me that the prosecution was going to use jail staff to testify against me during my trial if I was caught getting into any fights. You will read that a deputy Norvell kept trying to get other inmates to pick fights with me. As my attorney explained to me that it is all about jury perception. To have deputies testify that you are a violent person who has been getting into fights while in jail would be enough to sway a juror who is unsure towards a guilty verdict, and in having to explain to the jury why I am getting into fights would also just make me look more guilty. In a perfect judicial system none of this would matter as it would be absolutely irrelevant to whether I did or did not commit a murder previous to my arrest. This is just another example of our corrupt judicial system which is not concerned with getting to the truth. The police and prosecutors only care about winning and getting a conviction at any cost whether they have the right person or not doesn't seem to matter to them at all. The proof of this you will read for yourself.

Back to my story

On the back of the cards is a list of any enemies you have or had. As far as I know I never had an enemy listed on my card while in GP.

From Q module I was moved to C module which is max security main-line or general population with 46 two man cells.

The deputy opened the cell door where I was being moved into, and told the inmate who was already in there that they were moving someone in with him and asked him if everything was going to be okay? A 19 year old weighing about 300 pounds named Chris says "yeah, it's okay".

After the door closed I said to Chris, "what the fuck was that about?". Chris tells me that he beat up his last three cell mates because they were fags. I told him, "I'm not gay, so

were going to get along, Right?". He said, "yeah, no problem". We did end up getting along well, but Chris was just a little different.

A white guy named Mike came by the door, welcomed me, gave me a cup, soap, and shoes. They had all seen me on the news, so they new I wasn't a weirdo (child molester refered to as cho-mo, or sex offender). As they have to go straight into protective custody. If they try to go into general population or GP they will be stabbed or killed, at least in my county that's how it is.

When I went out to dayroom people told me about Chris chasing his last cellmate around the dayroom in his underwear.

Around my first day there I got into an argument with some real mean looking older guy. He lifts his shirt and has Coco across his stomach. I'm about to take this argument further when someone grabs me and pulls me away. He tells me I cannot mess with any of the Coco homeboys. I tell him I don't even know what that is. He just tells me to let it go, I am glad I listened this one time. (Coco homeboys or gang members are notorious in the prison community for being extra vicious). They have to earn their letters by doing things that are not nice. They poke holes in people where holes don't belong. It turns out that " mike" who had welcomed me was the Coco white shot caller.

After a while I found someone more compatible and in a better location to move to. There aren't too many cells that have a view of a TV. My new cell had one of those coveted views. After I was there for a while a deputy asked me if I would move back in with Chris as I had been the only one he could get along with. I told him, no.

I was working out and playing handball everyday. I mostly played handball with the Northerner gang members, as I seemed to get along with them best. Handball is a one on one or two on two game where you hit a small rubber ball with the palm of your hand against a backboard or a concrete wall. It's like racket ball, but without the rackets.

I didn't follow any of the woods (white) politics. I ate food the Northerners gave me, I played chess with other races, and when I became a module worker I worked out with the other module workers who were black and Hispanic.

A lot of the Coco homeboys are from Antioch and I had friends in that area that were infamous, they were known for fighting a lot. Unlike myself they loved getting into fights and for some reason I got along with them really well. I had met them through the different gyms I worked out at, through my wakeboarding friends, and the clubs we all went to. If you've read the chapter on clubs there is a night where I brought Jennie on a

party bus with these guys that ended up with a couple of them beating up all the bouncers at a club in San Fransisco, then getting arrested, and where they scared the bus driver so bad that he left without us.

During one of my “who do you know” conversations with Mike, I had mentioned some of these guys thinking that since he was from Antioch he would have to know them. I figured they most likely ran in the same circles. I believe Mike had been able to make calls to ask about me and any of them would have vouched for me and most likely mentioned that I knew some martial arts. Mike later said to me that he knows that these guys wouldn’t hang out with anyone who was a pussy or couldn’t handle themselves. No timid person would be able to be around them for long.

This plus one day getting into an argument with one of the bigger younger woods on the handball court then not hesitating to go up into a cell to fight him brought me some credibility. I had also told Mike and his homeboys that if they were ever to try to remove me they better send more than two guys. I’m not proud of who I was, but I was confident that I could handle myself.

The module worker positions are coveted. You get to be out of the cell when everyone else is locked up, even at night time. There were two white positions, two black, and two others (which includes every other race). The white positions normally only go to the Coco homeboys. I got a job, as I was the only white guy who was older with no write up’s at the time. However, I could only keep it till one of the homeboys was cleared to work. Then another time Mike got in trouble and was sent to Q mod. I was supposed to hold his job till he returned. However, I wasn’t getting along with one of the other workers, a really large Samoan named Oso and we were always arguing while serving chow.

I did follow the no gambling rule as that was just common sense. However a couple of the white guys made bets with Oso and Oso refused to pay when he lost. That’s why you’re not supposed to gamble, because that forced a wreck. A wreck is any form of physical confrontation. Jail or prison rules dictate that if someone owes you and doesn’t pay, you have to fight them, if you don’t then you are open season to anyone and the predators will come after you.

No one would try to not pay a Coco homeboy or any gang member because they know that they would get cut or stabbed. However people like myself who are unaffiliated or not in any gang have these choices:

Be wise enough to not get themselves into a wreck.

Have made an example of someone by hurting them.

Have a reputation for being able and willing to hurt anyone who disrespects them.

Pay for protection.

Or, become a victim.

To hold a module worker position also means you are supposed to put in work (beat up or remove whoever the shot caller tells you to). I told them that I was nobody's torpedo, which I think caused some resentment among the other guys who wanted to put in work. I personally cannot pick a fight with someone who has done nothing to me. And I seen where people were removed just for personal reasons.

I was told that my Dad, Bob in Oregon had past away. I started buying pills and was getting high every once and a while. It is really sad that when I was told about my dad all I could think about was getting out. I really was cut off from all feeling.

One day when a deputy named, Norvell was working, he called all the workers into an interview room and asked us, "who turned up the TV?" we could all see how pissed off he was by his expressions, posture, and tone. Norvell was known to be unbalanced and at times borderline psychotic. He was a control freak who did not want to hear the TV at all. He does this while he is putting his gloves on like he wants to fight one of us. He leaves the room and Oso tells the other workers to blame it on me. His cellmate and coworker tells him that is fucked up as I just lost my dad. Norvell never found out who turned the TV up, but seemed to hold a grudge against us all.

One day a classification deputy, Behrman, who is friends with Norvell was working. I had stopped vacuuming and was in one of the Northerner's cells talking. Behrman sees me in this cell and fires me on the spot. A wood (A white guy who is respected) should never be in a Northerner's cell, I didn't know, as I didn't care about or follow any politics. I whined about being fired and told the woods I was going to file a grievance against the classification deputy for firing me. They all told me not to.

Classification is like god in the jails. They control everything, pissing them off is a really bad idea. I was warned but I did it anyway, not my smartest move and boy did I pay for this one over and over. This one mistake created a domino effect and dictated the rest of my stay while in this jail and had an influence on where I was going to be sent in prison.

Mike kept warning me that what I was doing here was going to follow me in prison and the other woods would be disciplining me for not following their politics. I told him that

I'll be going home any day. Mike had been reading the newspaper articles about my case and would tell me he has been at this for awhile and it really doesn't look like I'll be going home anytime soon. He would say "I really hope you don't lose your case, but if you do you are going to be in trouble when you get to prison". I believe he was sincerely trying to help me, however I was too stubborn and delusional to listen.

The max security general population were A, B, and C module's. They each had two small concrete yards with some kind of metal netting over the top of them. B yard could see A and C yard. So when I worked out with the other races, someone from B yard sent a kite (message) over to my yard telling the woods that I need to be disciplined.

There was a couple times where Mike got so frustrated with me that he told me to meet him in the big shower so we could fight. However, out of everyone there, he was the one who I would not fight with. I was at least smart enough to not get into a fight with the Coco shot caller. I would do my best to make a joke out of not going into the shower with another man and then walk away.

My ignoring politics and refusing to be a torpedo had to be dealt with. One day a couple of my Northerner gang member friends warn me that the woods are going to discipline me, but exercising won't be enough (meaning that they are going to send some torpedos after me to force a fight) and to watch out.

There was even an older deputy who had told me that it was obvious that I was not racist and he could see that I was heading for trouble. He told me he could have me moved to a smaller GP modular where I wouldn't have to deal with the woods politics. That sounded all right to me, however the move didn't happen.

For discipline I had to do Navy Seal exercises that are similar to burpies, they did take more cardio than I was used to.

We had a guy who got into a fight with his cellmate who returned too early from Q module. The word was he talked and told on his cellmate.

One day I get a haircut during yard. Then I am told to go back to my house and look at it in the mirror. When I get there the guy who told on his cellmate rushes me. As he comes in all cranked out, I grab him when he tries to punch me. I throw him on my bunk and hold him down. I am telling him to calm down and I repeat over and over that I do not want to hurt him. He says three more guys are going to come in and jump me. I tell him that I will let him up and then I am going downstairs.

This dumb ass tries again. When I get to the bottom of the stairs, there is a deputy right there. This guy comes flying down the stairs and hits me in the side of the face in front of the deputy. Out of reflex, I spin around, hit him and he drops to the floor.

There weren't three guys coming, Mike thought he was going to kill two birds with one stone. They got this guy all jacked up off crank and sent him after me. He had to get rid of the other guy for telling and he figured this way I would be forced to remove him. Mike knew this guy was no threat to me.

I remember afterwards while in Q module, one of my Northerner friends coming to my door and telling me that they heard my punch all the way from the other side of the modual. From Q module, I was moved to the smaller modual the other deputy told me about. It was a medical modual which half of it was used for PC inmates. I was still on the GP side and there was another older guy there who used to be in C module with me. Everyone thought he had already transferred to prison. He seemed cool to me and did legal work for people.

There was however a huge issue with this module. It was Norvel's, the angry deputy who was friends with the classification officer who had fired me. Norvel tells me one day that the older inmate who was there had been informing on guys he was doing legal work for. He told me that if I rolled him up (beat him and forced him to leave the module) My wood and Northerner friends would appreciate it. What ? Did this cop just tell me to beat someone up for another inmate? Hell no!

I don't know if Norvel was telling me the truth or if he just wanted to get rid of the guy because he was filing, and helping other inmates file complaints about him. As we will find out later Norvel gets his kicks out of causing trouble and physically harming inmates. I watched from my cell door as he had a guy get beat up by someone who was transferring to prison the next day. He watched as it happened and waited till the guy was done beating this poor guy. Then he hit the alarm. The guy that did the beating got to stay out in the dayroom and watch TV the rest of the day. Norvel would go into cells and beat up inmates. Before someone was moved into the module he would have his porters spread rumors about them and even lie about what their case was about. This was " Norvel does whatever he wants to do module". I swear he had to grow up torturing small animals in order to graduate into what he became.

Norvel would do stuff just to mess with people for his own entertainment, being a cop must have been a wet dream for him. He was also a tuff guy being personally trained in martial arts which he liked to show off. I saw him flip a guy with no effort and walk two

guys down the stairs while having each of them in a control hold at the same time. This of course would not have been possible if either of them resisted.

We would have clothing exchange once a week where I would request 2x clothes. Norvel would give me only XL's. This was a petty issue on my side. As XL's at the time fit me better anyway. But this was added to my complaints filed against him. In custody they will look at all the issues you bring up and then pick out the one issue that is petty and use it to invalidate all the rest, then retaliate.

I had a friend who was a chiropractor from Antioch, he was in F module on the PC side, when they had dayroom he and his cellmate would yell up at me to come over on their side, saying that it is better with no politics. I wasn't interested, while my friend was cool, I still had some judgement I adopted from being GP. They really hate guys in protective custody.

There was another guy here Mike who was on the GP medical side because he had a broken foot with medical complications. Norvell hated him too, and started rumors about him before he arrived. Norvel moved him in with a flamboyant homosexual which is not acceptable in GP. When Mike was well enough to go back to a regular GP modular, Norvel told him that he was letting the woods know that he was living with a homosexual. He made Mike sign a form to go into protective custody where later Norvel would go into his house and beat him up.

I had a cellmate who was a real jay cat (prison slang for nut case) he was 6 ft 4 and a pretty big guy, but every time a deputy walked by, he would pound on the door and whine about something, every time. I kept telling him to leave the deputies alone. He would say OK, but he just couldn't help himself. I started messing with him, I would grab his wrist and elbow and then lightly twist putting tension on his shoulder, wrist and arm. I did this just messing around and not enough to hurt him or cause injury. But to me it was funny at the time because he started holding his arms together in the cell so I couldn't easily grab them. In hindsight this was not cool of me at all. I was becoming a product of my environment.

He still wouldn't stop bugging the deputies and one day a deputy who was cool with me, hears me getting mad at him. They pull my cellmate out for something and the deputy tells me that my cellmate is transferring to prison in the morning so don't beat him up. He will be gone soon. The deputy didn't tell me not to tell him he was transferring. So when he comes back and is acting weird again. I say something about him leaving tomorrow. Now he really starts pounding on the door to get the deputies attention. The

cool deputy hears him and says to me; I didn't tell you, so you could tell him, I was just trying to ease your mind so you wouldn't beat him up. Woops.

My next cellmate there was also somewhat of a jaycat, however he was cool with practicing martial arts. When practicing blocks though, he kept wanting to hit our forearms together harder and harder which really hurt to the bone. What I realized is he didn't feel pain. No, he literally didn't feel it. After practicing, where we were making connection would bubble up on him. So I knew it was causing damage, but he really wasn't feeling it.

During our practice he broke his collar bone. He didn't feel it, however, I noticed his right shoulder drop and was lower than his left. He ended up getting a sling to put his arm into. Unbelievable, though he kept taking it off and would try to work out. I kept having to stop him from doing this. The lesson - pain has a purpose, however if for some reason you don't feel it, hopefully God has blessed you with common sense. This poor guy had neither.

He would look out our cell door all the way across the module where the PC cells were and start yelling at a guy who was too far away to really see or hear him through the narrow window in his door. I would ask him what are you doing? He would say "that guy is staring at me". I really tried to tell him that there is no way he could see what that guy is looking at from here. (Interesting note, that cell had a PC inmate Danny Dowdy, who I would later find out is Norvel's #1 snitch and who the jail staff use to do their dirty work.) So, maybe my crazy cellmate was right.

My cellmate hated having the sling, he said it made him vulnerable to his enemies while in the bullpen. This really seemed to stress him out.

Norvel did not like my cellmate and started a rumor that he was there for raping a woman in a wheelchair. He would tell me I should do something about it. However, I knew that my cellmate would have never been in GP if that was true.

There was another guy in the module who would sell all his food for coffee and then shit himself. He had terrets and would yell racial obscenities out the door. I was suprised when I first saw him come out of his cell. I expected to see some big heavy white racist. However he was this little fragile guy who didn't say anything when he came out to the dayroom during freetime.

I had been trying to get a module worker position. There was a 300lb black guy, Jeff that had the job, but was fired awhile back. There was a deputy that wanted to give me the

job, however what I didn't realize was that since I had pissed off Behrman (classification) and it was Norvel's modual I was never again to get a worker position.

There was a guy Carlos who was more fluent in the soft styles of martial arts which I wanted to practice with. We tried to get celled together, however Norvel wouldn't allow this. One: practicing martial arts is against the rules and two: he didn't want me learning and practicing more than I already knew. We had another deputy move me into Carlos's cell which was on the ground floor. This was a really stupid thing to do. Never go around custody staffs orders. Especially when it is their module and even more so if they are a sociopath and vengeful. It is just a really bad idea no matter what. When Norvell came back he threatened to write us up for fighting and then moved Carlos out. He then gave me a cellmate who was homeless and intentionally gets himself put in jail.

I ended up getting back to my old cell on the second tier where Norvel put me in with a skin head lunatic who Norvel had in his pocket somehow.

Norvell hated me and was always trying to get me in a wreck. With as much as he hated me he never once tried to fight me, I believe my reputation and my family in constant contact with the jail helped with that. One day this cool black guy steps in my cell and says to me he is not into any of the racist shit or politics, but he said he didn't like what was going on. He told me that Norvel was trying to get all the blacks to roll me up and he promised Jeff he could have his job back if he beat me up. And Jeff really wanted his job back.

Jeff comes to my door and I tell him let's do this. All of a sudden he isn't interested in fighting with me, but tries to put it on all the blacks, like I'm going to have a problem with them all. I tell him I think it's only him and I'm ready. He walks away.

I call my family and let them know what's going on and have them file a Citizens complaint with internal affairs. (since my call is priority monitored, Norvell knows about this right away).

I am interviewed by a very hostile Sgt. Who calls me a momma's boy for calling my mom. The guy who warned me disappeared and no one ever found out what happened to him. I hope he was OK, because he was one of the few inmates there with a conscious.

After the citizens complaint Norvel comes to my cell and tells me I have to sign a paper saying I want to be in protective custody. My skinhead cellmate tells me I cannot stay in the cell with him, so he is backing Norvell up. Norvell tells me that if I don't he is going to send me to B modual which is the modual where they had sent the kite over to have me

disciplined for working out with other races. Then Norvell says I can write on it that he made me do this. I am between a rock and a hard place. I think about my chiropractor friend and I sign the paper. I am moved across the module and next to my friends cell. So this wasn't too bad, or so I thought.

What I didn't realize was Norvel did this because he had a plan that involved his # 1 snitch Danny Dowdy a large hateful man somewhere between 6'3"-6'5". Inmates like him will do things in PC for deputies that cannot be done on GP yards. It can get real ugly on the PC side. Once Norvel manipulated me to this side he knew he could get away with whatever he wanted.

At first everything was alright, I was able to hang out with a friend I knew from outside custody. He also had Dirk as an attorney which he deeply regretted. Dirk however, had a very good investigator who used to be a San Pablo homicide detective. He uncovered things in my case which if had been properly used by Dirk would have stopped my case in its tracks. And it was the same for my friend. Dirk trucked us both.

About this time Dirk had told me that I cannot get into any fights in custody because the prosecution is going to use my behavior here to show to the jury that I am a violent person. That any little thing can be used to tip the jury in their favor.

Not that I ever wanted to fight, but this put me in a terrible position. When it gets out that someone won't fight back or defend themselves in this environment all the predators come around to take advantage of them. Inmates will go into their cell during free time when they are on the yard (a small area outside surrounded by concrete) and steal their property and food.

Norvel used to get so mad at me that his face would turn red and he would practically hyperventilate and then storm away in his pants that were always too tight (more on this later). I was told that I would be staying in F module and not be moved to the strictly PC – E module after my citizens complaint.

I am told to pack my shit, I am being moved to E module, I tell them no, that the Lieutenant said I was staying where I am at. The Lieutenant denies this and I get a write-up for manipulation of staff.

Norvel's plan was working perfectly. He had Danny Dowdy go around to every cell on E mod before I arrived there, and told everyone that I was a child molestor and snitch. Yes this really happened and Dowdy knew I was neither of these, as he knew I came from GP where sex offenders and snitches cannot be.

So now I am surrounded by people with a propensity for violence who have all been told that I am something that they all hate and they can get favors from staff and Dowdy for harming me. And on top of that, if I try to defend myself, it will be used against me during trial.

Before this, I had been studying a book on Dim Mak, an ancient Chinese martial art which does not depend on physical force. Dim Mak teaches how to direct chi (energy) when striking your opponent so that it disrupts their own (life force energy) chi. This could be done by fist or open handed without much physical force.

When I had researched it, I thought it would be helpful for stopping anyone from attacking me without causing them too much pain or any physical damage. If I broke someone's nose, wrist or arm or tore their shoulder out of its socket. It would send a message to everyone to not mess with me; however, it would also get me in trouble and hurt my case.

However, what I learned scared me, it is not something that you would use for a simple altercation. The strikes that were taught could easily cause death without much effort. It would depend on two things.

The author wrote that he didn't think it was irresponsible to write about or give instructions on how to use Dim Mak, because in order to do so, you have to have your energy channels opened by a master and you also have to know how to properly strike while directing the energy.

During my Reiki training my energy channels were opened up by a master for healing purposes and I was taught how to direct energy. It is the same energy used for healing as it is for causing damage. And I know how to strike.

This caused a fear in me that I might strike someone in self defence while being angry in the moment and without thinking. And, in doing so direct my chi into them causing either greater injury than is needed to stop them or possibly death.

This was not the alternative I was looking for. And now I was especially reluctant to hit anyone. There was no altercation in jail that would warrant accidentally killing them.

When I arrived at E mod. I was moved in with a very angry and racist older black man, Booker. Who it turned out had been in and out of jail for more than 30 years with a lot of in custody fights. One where he burned someone's face with chemicals that were heated in a microwave. He had been in that jail when the now Lieutenant commander of the facility and the Sargent of Classification, Sgt. Kosmiki were just deputies there. I was

put in with him because of Behrman and Norvell, the two mentioned earlier and my citizens complaint. I was set up.

Booker was older but he was in good shape and tried to argue and fight with everyone. We argued right away, a deputy calls me to the podium and aggressively tells me he is going to make sure I learn how to get along.

I get sent to Q module where there is a deputy who is very hostile towards me. At this time I am trying to prepare for my trial and being in Q module makes this difficult. As I only get an hour a day for yard and to use the phone. This hour could start at 5am or at anytime in which they decide would be the most inconvenient time. There was no schedule it could come at night. If it wasn't for my Mom and Tony coming down to the jail and demanding to see me all the time, I really believe staff would have had me killed. You will read one of their attempts later.

I am moved back with Booker. However, either he noticed or Norvel told him he had an issue with me, who knows maybe Norvel offered him a job if he would fight me. Booker hated whites, but more than that he Hated Norvel. Booker would yell out at him making fun of "his tight ass pants". Calling him a tight ass pants wearing mother fucker. And would then go on a long rant making fun of him. Norvell wouldn't try to fight Booker though. He only picked the weak to fight with.

Dowdy has been made a module worker as a reward for being Norvell's snitch and doing his dirty work. He is also able to have the deputies let anyone out of their cell whenever he wants. He and Norvel are giving favors to anyone who will mess with me. However, by this time, most everyone has seen me on the news or read about my case. But for the ones that are only going by what Dowdy or Norvel says, or just don't care, I appear to be the worst of the worst and deserve whatever comes my way. They are using PC gang members to mess with me.

One day I am in the bullpen with a few other inmates, I am complaining about all the stuff Norvel is pulling and one of the very large inmates who does favors for him starts arguing with me and puts his forearm to my neck. A deputy opens the door and asks what's going on. The guy backs up and says we're just horsing around. When he leaves I ask what's his problem. Another PC gang member says it has to do with my case (they think I am a child molester) I tell them that I am accused of murder over a construction dispute. Then the guy pulls a razor blade out of his mouth (called a tomahawk) and tells me that I am going to have to carry around one myself because I am going to need it.

Another thing the jail staff do to retaliate against inmates is what's called a dry run. When you are called out to court you are pulled out really early in the morning and have to wait in a small cold concrete room with a bunch of other inmates till your case is called. It is terribly uncomfortable. A dry run is where you do not have court that day, so you are sitting in the bullpen all day. I had this happen a lot. Which also gives other inmates a chance to go in your cell and steal your stuff while you are gone.

Eventually, I am moved to cell 45 which is a bad location. During free time someone goes into my cell and steals some of my canteen. A day later a guy walks in my cell and tells me to get off my bunk like he wants to fight me. I get down and he throws my canteen that was stolen on my bunk. He says I stole this from you because I was told you were something. I found out you are aren't what I was told you were, so that is fucked up and I don't steal from solid woods. If you still want to fight me we can. I tell him no, I'm cool.

I end up getting stuff stolen again by some young kid trying to make a name for himself. Someone else tells the deputy he seen him go in my cell when I wasn't there. They later use this against me by putting the guy who stole my stuff's name on the back of my bed card. Listing him as an enemy.

Another gang member Freddy walks in my cell and threatens me for Norvel in front of about 10 other inmates.

And then one morning a module worker starts yelling at me. Asking if I'm going to tell on him. I don't even know what's going on and he hits me in the doorway to my cell. I automatically swing back and scrape my arm on the metal doorway and this guy who hit me for no reason starts backing up as I go after him. It was a set up. A deputy was right there. He yells and I get on the floor. I am handcuffed. In his report he stated that he put me in an arm bar. He never had to do this, because I let him cuff me with no resistance. I wasn't about to give him an excuse to beat me with his baton. He also clearly didn't know what an armbar was.

I was sent back to Q module. I notice that I am missing my metal framed reading glasses. They are a really nice pair that my parents brought in for me. I write a request to have them brought to me. Later, Norvell shows up at my door and hands them to me all crumpled up in his hand. I file a complaint. When I get back to E mod, I ask my cellmate about my glasses and he tells me that when Norvel came and picked them up there was nothing wrong with them. With his permission this is added to my complaint.

The LT Commander of the facility interviews me in the middle of the module. This is done to make me look like a snitch. The Lt also tells me that it does no good to file a citizens complaint because they just go strait to him. This came out as a direct threat.

When I get moved back to E mod I am moved in with another black guy who they thought I would have problems with. However, he is cool and mellow. During free time he hangs out in front of the cell so no one tries to come in and steal anything. When Norvel sees that we get along. He has me moved out of there. A black female deputy calls me to the podium and tells me to pack my shit. I say what for. She says it's not ask the deputy questions time, it is do what the deputy says time. I am sent to Q module. Booker is my cellmate again. They claim I have enemies in E and F modules so I have to stay in Q module for my protection. I file paperwork and my family complains, so I could get back to E module. However, for a short time only.

I get sent back to Q module where they move Booker in with me for the last time. This time the deputy who has been so hostile towards me hears Booker yelling and how I am keeping my cool. He moves Booker to another cell and then he tells me that he was one of the deputies that had to remove Joshua's body from the house. He then complements me for how I have handled myself in here. He says he doesn't think he would do as well as I have. Wow, this really meant a lot to me and I tell him thank you.

The big setup

The day I lose my trial. I come back to E mod and the deputy tells me that all my stuff has been stolen out of my cell, is gone as it was all thrown out with the trash, and the guy who did it (a PC gang member, Roger) is out on the yard waiting for me and to go out and see him. I walk out, Roger tells me he stole all my stuff and to go ahead and take a swing at him. (There is a camera recording this). I tell him, I know he wasn't the one who did this and I forgive him for what he is doing. I could actually see on his face when the realization hit him of what he was just a part of.

Dowdy is the only inmate who removes the garbage from the building and he had to have a deputy with him to do this. When I arrived at my cell all my property was gone. My clothes, canteen, hygiene, books, paperwork, court transcripts, and trial notes were all gone.

I knew I was being set up. If I had hit Roger. The emergency response team was just waiting for me to bust my head open. They were going to claim that I just went crazy after I lost my trial. I was so exhausted from all of this.

Another Citizens complaint was filed.

After my sentencing where I received three life terms they tried to move me to D module saying that it is too dangerous to have someone who was convicted of murder and sentenced to life with the rest of the population. That I might be a danger to myself or others. I fought it because in D module there would be no other inmates around to be a witness in case the deputies tried to finish what they started. They could have killed me in there and made it look like a suicide. And who would not believe them, as they would have claimed that I was unstable and just couldn't face life in prison. I could just feel that this is what was going to happen if I was moved there.

And besides I got along well with the majority of my fellow inmates and many of the deputies. It was only a very small group of PC gang members which Norvel and his; I could call it a gang of other deputies used for retaliation against me. Yes, I am saying that Norvel and other deputies were a gang, as they were associated for a particular purpose in retaliating against any inmate who filed a complaint in their jail. They used Danny Dowdy and known gang members to harass, assault, and steal from any inmate who either filed complaints against them or they just didn't like. They gave them jobs in the jail and other privileges other inmates did not get.

Danny Dowdy was a coward though, while he did all his backstabbing for Norvel and riled up a small group of inmates against me. He never once said anything to my face or took a chance at having to fight me himself. He just used other inmates as if he was the PC shot caller in the building who could hand out favors from a small gang of deputies that would allow him to do this.

Shortly before I get sent to Prison. Dowdy was in the bullpen waiting for the bus to take him to San Quentin. While there he brags to the guys waiting to go to court that he is the one who stole my stuff, that he is going to have me stabbed when I get to prison, he has my families address and is going to send people to hurt them. He tells them to let me know this.

When the guys come back they tell me everything. They say how wrong it is and offer to help me by letting staff know about this. This was an admittance of him being a cell thief, a credible threat of attempted murder, and worst of all threatening to have other people assault my family.

I put in paperwork to the head of classification, Sgt. Kosmicky backed up by a witness who was willing to give a statement on what Dowdy said in the bullpen.

Sgt. Kosmicky who out of his hate for me responded with it's not his problem as Dowdy is no longer in his jail. He refused to do any kind of follow up or investigation. So their snitches can admit to stealing from another inmate, threaten to have them stabbed in prison and conspire to have their innocent family harmed. And Sgt. Kosmicki head of classification ignores his legal responsibility because he doesn't like the person who filed the complaint.

Another Citizens complaint, however mentioning that they need to bring in an outside investigator or they will be endangering my life. They never did, however, since there was an extensive paper trail they could no longer try to cause me physical harm.

While in a holding cell waiting to be transferred to San Quentin, a big black inmate was put in with us. He had a freshly broken arm. By fresh, I mean the deputies had broke it as a going away present before putting him on the bus to San Quentin. He was in D mod, that is the place worse than Q where they wanted to send me after I was sentenced. He said that when they came to get him. The deputies knocked him to the ground and then stomped on his arm till it broke. I thought I had it bad. And if it weren't for my Mom and Tony's persistence, I would have been lucky if that would have been all that happened to me. I truly believe they would have killed me if they thought they could have gotten away with it. But not to worry, they will get another opportunity while I'm at San Quentin. They have a Lieutenant Fuller there who will try to finish the job for them.

This is the situation I had left county jail in, to go to San Quentin where Dowdy had already been telling the same lies there as he did in jail.

To say I was scared was an understatement.

Spiritual county

2008 In Martinez county jail max security. I'm reading every kind of self help book I can. I was trying to practice Don Miguel Ruiz's - The four agreements; however my mind was in such a terrible state that I could not keep any of the four agreements: Be impeccable with your word, don't take anything personal, don't make assumptions, always do your best.

The only agreement I could keep was #4; I always did my best at making everything more difficult and painful. This was not what Don Miguel had in mind. At this time I was in denial, delusional, and still attached to my tough guy who knows martial arts persona. So I was constantly arguing with everyone.

One day I find myself in "the hole" Administrative segregation, it's where you go when max security regular jail isn't enough. I got sent there a lot as retaliation for filing paperwork against staff and I was a real knucklehead.

I was laying on my bunk with my eyes closed when I noticed that I could see a Frisbee sized vortex hovering over my solar plexus area, made of tiny particles of light. As I watched this with closed eyes I found that through force of will I could change the direction it was spinning and even rotate it.

After a while more spinning vortexes appeared over my other main chakra points. Then I could see my whole body made of these particles of light. Over more time I could see everything is made of these. I could see this with either eyes closed or with eyes open while in darkness.

Vortexes started growing out of vortexes. Out of the center of one, another would grow, kind of like two Frisbees or a funnel attached narrowly at the center. Like what two black hole's attached to each other would look like. Large diameter at the two ends narrowing down where they are connected in the middle. They look like what scientists describe as a wormhole.

I could move my hand back and forth on the other side of the metal bunk above me and still see my hand made of light move back and forth. I would sit on my bunk, and directly across from me an image of myself would appear, I would open my mouth or turn my head and it would do the same. It would last a few seconds then twirl into a vortex and float away then another would appear and do the same. Sometimes this image of me had a cobra coming out of its forehead like the ancient Egyptians. Sometimes it was like the head and face had some kind of face guard or trap that was pointed in the front.

Keep in mind by this time, I was not on any drugs here, I was stone cold sober.

I would see odd images, no color, just made of these particles of light floating around me, never stagnant: A cross with a man on it, an alien in a ship that would turn its head towards me. Strange space ships, helicopters, boats, they all had something attached to the back of them, like they couldn't move on their own. I would see an arm curling a dumbbell and getting bigger. Some pretty random stuff.

While in the bullpen where us inmates wait to be taken to court, I would close my eyes and see everyone made of these particles of light, all our chakras and how we were all connected at the solar plexus point.

While in a holding tank by myself I would look at my arms which had vines made of these particles of light wrapped around them. I could slip my fingers under the vines and pull them away from my arms, but they would just snap back in place.

I could see mini vortexes coming out of my palms, all my joints, and all over my body.

I could see everything differentiated and connected, I could see my blanket, sheet, and body and know which is which with this vision.

I was and am surrounded by an ocean of light. It became like a giant organic factory. Some of the vortexes would have rivers of light or streams flowing through them and then flowing down. On the bus ride from county to San Quentin I would close my eyes and it was like I was riding through the center of a vortex.

I can no longer differentiate one thing from another. It is all one giant ocean of particles of light that are made of constantly swirling, spinning, and moving vortexes. Wherever I focus my attention it creates a vortex of which I haven't been able to hold straight. When I am looking into the vortex while it is spinning in front of my face the narrow part in the middle is like looking through a tube made of moving particles of light.

When the vortex I am looking at rotates I can see two vortexes connected by a tube which does not stay in a perfect strait line. I can watch the two connected vortexes spin and rotate. As I am looking at the two connected vortexes, out of the tube between them, more vortexes grow out at a right angle from the original two. then sometimes those would all turn together and make one larger vortex. Sometimes after a few seconds the connected vortexes float away. There is depth perception.

If you could look at a black hole from the side and see both ends, I imagine that's what this looks like. After this a new vortex will appear, starting it all over again.

During this time while in county jail and having these experiences I hadn't improved my character much at all. My visit's and phone calls with my Mom, Tony, and Jennie were terrible. I was not graceful or grateful at all. This was a time of constant stress. I made everything harder on everyone. It wasn't till I arrived at San Quentin when my whole world changed before my eyes.