
Appendix III

Verbatim History of a Crystal Methamphetamine Abuser

Introduction

I am an addict and a prisoner of drugs for “life.” I am 39 now, and I was heavy into Crystal Meth, also known as “ICE,” and also cocaine and pills (mostly downers). All the time I was high on drugs, I thought this was what life was all about. Then it became an addiction that I couldn’t control. Failure was my way of life for many years when I was using drugs. It all started to go downhill from there. I caused myself much pain and suffering but, more so, to my loved ones, as well as innocent victims. This evil poison has caused me to do things I would never have done, had I not been caught up in it. Now, looking back at my life of drugs, I feel a lot of heartache for my actions. Also looking back from behind bars, I begin to see more clearly what is real.

This is why I wanted to put together this booklet, in hopes that I can help you, the beginner, hard core user, and all you parents, to understand the evils of drugs. This booklet will show how we, as addicts, think and act while we are on drugs. It will also help you as parents look for some of the “warning signs.” Please read each page slowly and carefully and take all the writing personally. Try to feel it, understand it, and absorb it. Read it with an open mind and heart.

Battling the Monster

I remember the good drug experiences. I don’t think about the bad experiences like being sick or going crazy when I didn’t have any crack to smoke. I did almost anything to get more cocaine. I would manipulate people and I would try to control everything around me, no matter what the cost or who I hurt.

I used crack cocaine and a combination of drugs to help me to get away from the real world. I thought it would help me deal with my life. Crack cocaine at one point made me feel good until my body told me that I needed more crack to smoke.

My ability to love, care, and be responsible were sharply affected by my drug use. I was hurting, and I needed help but didn't know where to turn to. Some days the crack would bring me down. I would feel totally alone and abandoned. I found myself so strung out that I could no longer function as a human being. I would get to a point of paranoia and depression.

I guess I wanted the easy way out. So I started thinking about suicide. No matter how much I thought I was in control of the crack it always somehow brought me down. It defeated me every time. It was a losing battle. I could always get back my physical health but I always had a funny feeling when I wasn't using anything. It sure felt strange. The cravings were so intense that I became nauseated and sick until I couldn't stand it any more and would go and score some more crack.

I went through years of telling my wife it was going to be different this time. But it only got worse. I would try to change but sought very little help. This was the only way of life that I knew for many years. My pattern of abusing drugs was always the same. First the lying to loved ones and family then the stealing. It was a vicious cycle that I put myself and my family through every time. I had a difficult time giving up old habits and connections. I wanted to fit into society but never could because of my drug use. It was an uphill battle for me. The only way for me to win this battle was by either going to prison or death. Never in my wildest dreams did I envision this happening to me.

Losing My Soul

I developed a passion for ICE. It was my drug of choice. I would smoke for days then I would level off and no matter how much ICE I smoked, I couldn't get any higher. It would just keep me up. My body would ache for sleep and continue to lose weight, but my mind would race, and I would come to a point of paranoia and fear. When I smoked ICE for long periods of time, I would get extremely forgetful and would not be able to sleep. No matter what my wife or anyone told me about my drug problem I wouldn't listen. I still continued to insanely abuse ICE.

There were some days that I would kick back, watch my kids play, and wonder if I could stay clean just for one day. I could then have a chance for a quality life. I began thinking of how tired I was of living this kind of life. I was trapped by my need for the instant high to feel good.

I turned my life over to evil many times. I believe there is a demon inside all of us ICE users, and if given too much ICE for a long period of time it will one day turn ugly and evil.

I tried to stop using ICE on my own and went through the pain of withdrawal again. I felt lost, confused and even thought that my family deserted me. I would end up using the drug again. Sometimes I would even substitute ICE for another drug just to try to quit but it only prolonged the pain. I would devote all of my energy toward my desire to stay high with ICE.

People say that ICE is not as bad as smoking cocaine. When you smoke cocaine you have a mean head rush and ringing in the ears. Some first time users cannot handle the rush, so they turn to using ICE. When you smoke the ICE, there are no head rush and no ringing in the ears, so you think you can handle this drug. You continue smoking for a very long time.

ICE is a slow death process. You can smoke more and more till the ICE DEMON gets its evil claws deep into your soul. Then it's too late. You are doomed. With some other types of drugs, when I was without it I immediately began experiencing depression, hostility, anger, and stress, but as soon as I would score some more, I would mellow out and be happy. But with ICE, I was in a state of depression, hostility, anger, and in a stressful mood with or without the drug. You cannot escape this "ICE DEMON" once you start smoking. I was beaten.

The Plea

I am 39 years old, and I've been convicted of second degree murder. I'm incarcerated at Halawa High Maximum Security Prison. I was sentenced to life in prison with the possibility of parole. My minimum is 35 years and I see the parole board in the year 2002.

I'm in my cell that is 9' by 12' and I have to share it with another inmate. There's no place you can go and have quality time by yourself. As I lay here on my bed staring at my family's picture, I look at my three beautiful daughters and my lovely wife and ask myself "WHY?" How could I have been so stupid and allow myself to end up in a place like this?

I had everything going for me. I had my own business and things were progressing by the day and looking real good. My wife is a hard worker, supportive, and beautiful. My kids are the greatest. They bring joy and happiness into my life, even though I'm in here.

I never realized how blind a person can be. I guess for most of us it takes prison before we realize and see what we really had going for ourselves. For me now, just to see the outside and breathe the fresh air is a blessing. To be locked up in a place like this, I think, is the gateway to hell.

For me, I found the higher power in the “Man” upstairs and it helps me fight off the evil in this God-forsaken place. You have to be strong-minded and have a positive attitude to survive in this concrete jungle of hell.

I’m calling out to you, all my brothers and sisters of our island. Hear me out, please! Open up your eyes, ears, and mind before you start experimenting with the “CRACK MONSTER” and “ICE DEMON.”

This is one of the few “poisons” that the devil has to offer us. It starts off pleasurable and the feeling is really good. But, trust me; it’s not what it seems to be. Behind this mask of temptation is the devil himself waiting for us to do his dirty work for him. He rewards us with desperation and depression and we end up lying, stealing, physically hurting people, and even murder.

This is one of the ways I can contribute to you, the people of our island. By writing my true feelings and experiences, maybe I can at least help you, the parents, and our kids, understand the evils of using drugs. I was using drugs for over 20 years and for once in my life, I can feel sane and human again.

History

Also known as “speed” or “crank” methamphetamine is a synthetic stimulant developed by a Japanese chemist in the year 1919. It gives a feeling of euphoria (feeling of great happiness) and alertness and perception of improved self-esteem. It targets areas of the brain that control the emotions. But as it wears off, the abuser of the drug, especially after a several day binge, becomes easily agitated, on edge, and paranoid. Because they’re emotionally burnt out, they respond with a “hair trigger.” The crash is often deadly for the children, spouse, and friends of the drug abuser.

In the 1960s, doctors in San Francisco began prescribing meth injections for treatment of heroin addiction. Widespread abuse by students, and others, followed. While the drug became better controlled, illegal meth labs began to appear. San Francisco’s Haight-Ashbury district became the heart of the worst abuse in the late 1960s.

In small, controlled doses, methamphetamine is used to treat obesity (overweight), increase attention span, narcolepsy (uncontrollable sleep), and depression. Doctors used to prescribe the drug to increase energy, decrease the need for sleep and elevate mood. It was also used legally by combat pilots who needed to fly through the night while staying alert for battle. Records have shown that astronauts used the drug to stay alert enough to make quick decisions at the end of long missions. Ex-President John F. Kennedy was known to have taken injections of this drug prior to key summit meetings.

It's a good stimulant, but Adolf Hitler, an abuser of the drug, used huge amounts of meth when he was in power to rule the world.

Treatment, education and reduction efforts worked, but some people continued to favor methamphetamine as a cheaper alternative to cocaine in the 1980s. Meth is a mixture of ephedrine, a common drug used for asthma and stuffy noses, and other chemicals found in gasoline, rubbing alcohol, pool cleaning supplies and drain cleaners.

In the mid-1980s, Philippines, Japan, and Korea took the "speed" (methamphetamine) one step further. It was purified to create what we now call "ICE" (crystal meth). There were two types of crystal meth — oil base and water base — and the cost is two to three times more than "speed" or "crack." Now it has plagued our beautiful island of Oahu.

Understanding

I am a chemically dependent person and will always be. I lack the "power" over my drug use. We, as addicts, are unable to predict the outcome of our actions while under the influence of drugs. A chemical dependent person is any person that is dependent on any type of drug such as coffee, tobacco, off-the-counter drugs, to the use of pot and crystal meth. This person is one that cannot control his or her craving for that type of chemical. The lack of will power! Another symptom of a chemically dependent person is that he or she sometimes can't stop using the drug when he or she wants to stop. We are all powerless over our dependency.

When we are under the influence, we miss out on what's important. We are too busy thinking where am I going to get the drugs and how? When we are using drugs, we think we are in control. We always justify our means. Here are some examples: "I use only on the weekends and special occasions, with my friends." "When I did use dope it wasn't much." "I only smoke pot, I don't use the hard stuff." "If I wanted to, I could quit at any time. Under the influence, we forget our responsibilities. Sometimes we don't plan on things happening the way we want them to. We forget the time and don't come home. We can't drive safely. We get pretty crazy at times and we usually do things we regret later.

When we first start out using, it's all fun and parties. It's a pretty neat experience. We think we are cool. But, after we keep on abusing our body and our mind, the drug begins to take over and we begin to listen to it. Then, it's the most important thing in our lives. When we are in this state we don't realize that this is a problem.

When we use drugs heavily, we cause our body to get rundown. We don't take good care of our body. We don't get enough sleep, and exercise. When

we are high, we lack good judgment. We think we can solve problems, drive a car, and handle firearms. We sometimes think mixing drugs is pretty cool too. The combinations of drugs can be much stronger than we expect. Famous people, like River Phoenix and John Belushi, have died mixing and using a combination of drugs. They mixed heroin and cocaine (speedball). It can be deadly!

When we start using drugs, we tend to surround our entire life around it. We drift away from our family and our “true friends.” When we are high, our behavior changes. We start to lie and steal from our family and friends. We don’t even know that we are hurting them by our changed behavior. We lose all self-respect and self-esteem. It all goes down when we are using drugs.

When we are high, we tend to do more illegal things, like stealing, carrying weapons, driving while high, and even murder.

We waste more money when we are using drugs. We think we are in control. We spend every penny that we have on drugs. We also damage and hurt other people, because of what we steal, or by some injury we may have caused, whether we meant to or not.

We were, at one point in our lives, caring, loving, trusting, and honest people. We had goals and values in life. Now that we use drugs we become more selfish and less caring and we think more evil thoughts. As drug users, we put our trust into the drugs instead of our loved ones and friends. We lose faith in everything that we believed in at one time in our lives (wife, family, friends, and God).

My parents were always on my back about everything I did. They were always complaining about who I hung around with, the type of things that I wore, and the type of grades I brought home from school. They were always treating me like a little baby and never listening to what I had to say. They were always putting me down. They just didn’t understand me. Sometimes I wished I wasn’t born. Maybe if I had different parents, things would have been different. I don’t know. Sometimes I had wished I was dead. I felt so lonely and so depressed. If I did die, would anyone really miss me?

These are some of the questions that go through our kids’ mind when they are growing into the teen years. We must try to understand them, talk to them with respect, not as babies. They need lots of encouragement, not discouragement. We, as parents, need to communicate with our kids, talk with them, not talk at them. We have to give them lots of LOVE. We should be caring, open-minded and honest towards our kids and other people. We should also give them some responsibility and room to grow. If we don’t learn to understand our kids, we may lose them to the evils of drugs.

Parents, these are some of the Warning Signs to look out for, if you suspect your kids are using drugs:

Glassy and/or redness of eyes
Loss of appetite and/or sudden weight loss
Craving for thirst
Lacking hygiene
Growing one fingernail extra long
Picking at skin on fingers
Acting more fatigued
Acting more energetic
Unpredictable mood swings
Depression setting in
Acting more irritable
Lying to cover-up
Forgetfulness and/or confusion
Being less responsible
Unpredictable, sudden outburst of anger
Crying for nothing and/or fits of laughter
Acting more secretly
Changes in friends
Lack of communication
Lacking in school or job performance
Always in need of money
Things being missing (money, jewelry, things of value)

If your kids have any or a combination of these Warning Signs, confront the problem head on! Don't hold back — if you do, you might lose your child to the evils of drugs. Always go with your gut feelings. Be there, sit down and talk “with” them. Show your child that you care and love them.

When your child starts using drugs they may start to feel good about themselves. This good feeling never lasts. So they end up using more drugs and the problem only gets worse. Two of the problems are peer pressure and curiosity. They are trying to fit in or to be cool.

Any type of drug paraphernalia is a sure sign of drug use. Here are some of the items you can look out for: any type of glass pipe with a bowl at the end or a straight tube, syringes and needles, razor blades, mirrors, cigarette rolling paper, matchbooks with the covers ripped off, Q-tip swabs, cottonballs, rum 151 alcohol, small decorative containers or small pill boxes, tweezers, tiny spoons, tiny plastic bags, and baking soda.

Also be suspicious of any type of pills, white or yellowish powder, herb or tea-like substances you cannot identify, any clearish form that looks like rock candy or Hawaiian salt. If you find any type of drugs, drug paraphernalia, or your kid admits to having a drug problem, seek help as soon as possible.

Sometimes when I look back at what I did to my family, friends, people I didn't know, and to myself, I feel a lot of pain, guilt, shame, sadness, loneliness, and fear. I think to myself, "Why go on?" When we feel this way, we think nobody cares. But they do care. All you have to do is ask for help or just ask for a "hug."

"I should just kill myself" — this is the easy way out for us drug users. We have to think hard and fight this feeling of hopelessness. We have to believe in ourselves and start thinking of others again. We are not losers! I BELIEVE WE ALL CAN MAKE IT!

For me, it helps a lot to talk about my addiction problem. They say that we who are users are sick people, we have a type of disease. I believe that one of the cures to this addiction is to believe in yourself and that you really have to want to stop using, for yourself.

Now I know my problem, I can try to deal with it one step at a time. First of all, I will have to be honest with myself and my loved ones. I have to clean up my act. I also have to distance myself from all drug friends and dealers. I have to admit that I have an illness, that I am an addict and take responsibility and action for my addiction. We are not alone in this quest for recovery. We have to learn to love ourselves first before we can love somebody. Drugs act as a magnet, it always attracts the bad elements.

If your child is using drugs or you suspect he/she is using, you can contact the school counselor, your doctor, the police department, and/or agencies....

Introduction to Corruption

1985, Crystal Methamphetamine, A.K.A. "ICE," is slowly creeping into the Hawaiian Islands, Oahu in particular. Oahu, "The Gathering Place," once known as one of the finest tourist attractions in the world is about to be devastated by this drug, "ICE."

I'm a "heavy drug user." The year again is 1985. I'm trying to quit smoking cocaine, but I find myself really suffering by this thought alone. I keep telling myself I can't maintain this lifestyle. If I do I'll lose my family. I'm already "losing my mind." So I ask myself,

"How am I going to quit this drug?"

Weeks later, I run into an old friend of mine. I tell him of my problem. He replies, "Brudda, just quit using cocaine and try this. This is what they call 'ICE.'" I was the type of user that preferred smoking the drugs rather than snorting it. And ICE was the perfect escape for me, so I thought.

I didn't have to go through the trouble of cooking the coke, buying the screens for the pipe, using rum 151 alcohol, cottons balls and baking soda. I actually felt that I was not only saving money, but time, which is so precious to a user. I didn't have to wait a long time to get high. So here I was thinking to myself that I would be saving money and time. My friend told me that I would be able to function at work, and in front of my family as well. Being able to face my family and using the drug at the same time was just the solution to all my problems.

So, I then proceeded to find out what this new drug was all about.

It was like the latest fad in town and I was the "biggest sucker." I was amazed that all I needed was the drug (rocks), batu pipe and lighter. I was spending fifty to a hundred dollars and it lasted me for two or three days. It was great! I could get high at home and even at work. Nobody would even notice. Ah, man, what a life! Boy, was I wrong!

Everything was fine for about a year. My wife even thought at first that I had quit using drugs. I held a steady job and I was bringing home my paycheck steadily like an average person. The quality of ICE was good and cheap. My habit was growing but was still under control, so I thought.

As time went on, ICE was being smuggled in from foreign countries such as Philippines, Korea, and Japan. This is when ICE earned its name "Batu." Batu is the Filipino name, literally meaning "rock," or "ICE." It comes in two forms, oil base or water base. With new varieties of ICE going around, such as "peanut butter," "apple" and "bubble gum," I found myself needing more of this poison.

I started buying eight-balls which is a total of 3.5 grams. At the most, this would cost me about \$700.00. I would then break it down into papers, worth fifty to a hundred dollars each. By selling these papers I would double my money back and still have enough stash for me to smoke. I felt so invincible that nothing could bring me down, especially when you take downer too. I was "The Man!" But the monkey on my back was growing rapidly and telling me I still needed more, so I made my deals even smaller so I could smoke more, not knowing what I was becoming. I could feel it was getting worse, my addiction would soon get the best of me. And it did. I was doomed, but didn't know it.

The Hype

Thoughts ran wild in my head. "I've got to have more!" How do I get it? My heart is major throbbing. My hands filled with perspiration. I look at my stash, it's almost gone. I desperately start thinking of who, where, and how, can I get more stash for my dope.

Then I suddenly remembered someone having a safe in their home. No one will be at home; they're supposed to be at a party. What better time than now, broad daylight! Who would ever suspect it! I was so caught up in using this so-called "ICE" that I let the "hype" get to me. At this time I didn't care who I stole from. Stealing from your "own blood" is pretty much the lowest thing you can do, and the closest to describing, DESPERATE! And it was no chump change at that! The total estimate of jewelry and merchandise was around \$10,000. (I made about \$1,800 on the street).

As my needs grew rapidly for the ICE, I stole even more from my loved ones. It didn't matter who! At this point it was me, myself, and I; that was all that mattered. I ripped off my parents, wife, friends and even my children who I loved so dearly. It was anything for the "fast cash"! I couldn't control this craving I had inside of me. The ICE had full control over my mind, body, and soul.

Even the dealers were surprised and impressed at how good the quality of the merchandise I was boosting (stealing). They even made a list of things they wanted. For every item I brought in, such as jewelry (gold, silver, gemstones in any form), semi-auto handguns (22s all the way to 45s), even sawed-off shotguns, I'd get a certain amount of ICE for my goods. I didn't care what I sold, as long as I got high.

Planning

As I seem to step up a stage into this world I created, not even the President could bring me down. I entered a phase, full of false dreams and illusions. A phase that put me into the same category as men such as Al Capone, Machine Gun Kelly, etc. It was not so much of a gangster, but more of a Local Boy "Guardian-Angel," helping society get rid of the dealers. I eventually got this reputation, that I'm this "crazy guy" that likes guns, drugs, and will do anything to get what I needed. The dealers are even talking among themselves about me, so I used this so-called reputation to my advantage. I thought of dealers in the past, who ripped off users like me, by selling small deals for lots of money.

Basically those who had the drugs thought they were "GOD," and they had the power over others and me. It was now my turn to get even! All the hours of waiting at places they told me to meet them and never showed up, would all end soon! Shut them all down and do this island a favor. My main reason, I thought at the time, was to shut down these dealers because they don't care who they sold to. They even sold to intermediate school children. I've even seen kids as young as ten and eleven years old. At this point I knew I had to do something. I couldn't believe what I was seeing.

Getting Even

I start by making my list of dealers I want to shut down. I begin my equipment check which contains one 410-caliber sawed-off shotgun (shells filled with rock salt), a hunting knife, rope, pair of handcuffs, binoculars, ski mask, army fatigues, a dark shirt and make-up. I thought I was actually Rambo ready to go on my rampage. "Because they drew first blood." (Keep in mind that this is all still the thinking of the user, who thinks everything can be controlled by him).

I cruise around one of the dealer's house to check out what's going on in the area, who's coming and going. Being that I've already been up for 4 days, running low on fuel, my body weakens. I stop so I can refuel my body with some massive hits of my pipe and take some downers to settle my nerves. Now I'm all ready to take on the world. I freshen up. I start making my way to the house.

As I walk up to the front door and call, they let me in. I enter, with a hundred dollars, to pick up a quarter gram of ICE. As usual, it's another "rip-off" deal. I calm myself, remembering why I'm in there! I'm there scoping things out from the inside. I'm checking out how many people, children or dogs, type of locks on the doors and windows, and, most importantly, any weapons and alarms. It all checks out! I take my dope and make my way out the door, keeping in mind that I was again ripped off, but now, it's time to get even.

Now back in my car, I take more hits from my pipe, and start gearing up. The time is right; I start my plan of assault on the enemy. I go in and make my move. The feeling is unreal! I can't believe the "High!" My first hit is a successful one. Only two people in the house. I guess you can say I caught them by surprise! I made out with a lot more than I thought I would. Everything went smoothly, like clockwork. Nobody got hurt, and I got my stash. Most important, minus one less dealer on the street. The way I saw it, those that ripped people off and sold to young children deserved to be shut down (I could justify my means). There's a saying in the criminal world, "Never get too greedy." I didn't think much of the retaliation. I felt what I did was for all the right reasons. But I was wrong.

My Obsession

Time journeys on. It's 1989. Almost all my hits continue to be successful. I can't stop! So far I've been covering my tracks like a pro. I still continue to let the ICE manipulate me into thinking I am invincible! Time encourages me to move on to bigger and better riches (dealers).

This time I use — or rather, con — a friend of mine, John (as I will call him), without his knowledge. I use him to my advantage, being that he introduced me to my source of money for my bills, and dope for my high (unsuspecting dealers) for the next couple of months.

John and I have been partying for a week or so, no sleep for about 4 days now. John becomes delirious due to the lack of sleep. He starts talking about a big time dealer that sells to just about anybody with the “kala” (money). With my mind racing, and body drained, I start thinking everything out very closely and wondering, “Why, if these people are so big, don’t they know the basic rule — Don’t sell to anybody you don’t know!” I know now that something must be wrong. These people must be desperate or have been up too long, “tweaking” on the dope. Taking the drug makes you lose focus and you become very vulnerable.

About three days later I decided to check these people out. I find out that they need to dump their stash so they can pick up a new load and make their people happy. Sure enough, it’s an easy sell, no questions asked. Just in and out of the house. While I’m in, I scope out the scene and see that there are only four of them in the house, Big Daddy and three others. I tell them that I can dump some ICE for them, and can be back in about 3 hours. I show up a couple hours later for more. I did this so I look like a steady, worthy customer with a lot of cash. They loved it.

Now I’m in again, to pick up more dope. The same four are there. This time I ask them if I can use the bathroom. While I’m in the bathroom, I undo the lock to the window and screen. As I leave, I get a sense of trust from the dealer and his “Hui” (gang). They tell me I’m welcome anytime. I leave again with a grin on my face.

I drive my car 3 blocks away. There’s only one way to the house and not without passing me first. I sit and relax for about an hour and take some hits from my pipe. I start getting ready for my mission and notice 3 cars coming my way. I recognize 3 of the men who were at the house. It’s about two in the morning. Everything is quiet.

I’m all geared up and ready to make my move. I take another hit from my pipe and couple of deep breaths. Without thinking, I then make my move back to the house. I notice that all the lights are off except for the patio. I creep slowly into the front yard. Quietly I move like a “Ninja” to the side of the house where the bathroom is located. I take a peep through the bathroom window to see if anyone’s in sight. It’s clear! I lightly tap the screen to see if it’s still loose. Sure enough, it’s exactly the way I left it. I remove the screen and open up the window slowly.

The Big Score

I slide in like a snake on his attack. Without a sound, I start floating through the house like a cloud in the sky. I'm now 3 feet away from the patio where Big Daddy is facing in my direction. If ever he should awake, I'd be right in his view. So I quickly move to the side of the patio, out of his sight and taking a couple of deep breaths, trying to calm myself (I'm amping).

Now I get on all fours and pull my 22 semi (filled with 22 buck shots) out with the grace of Jesse James. I sneak up behind the couch where Big Daddy is sleeping. Completely shocked by my vision, I pause to check if what I'm seeing is for real. Lying in front of Big Daddy is a coffee table; there on the table was around a quarter pound of Shabu (ICE), 3 ounces of weed, and a koa bowl full of Valiums. I then quietly slip my black backpack off over my shoulder and move towards the dope with my gun pointed at Big Daddy. While putting the "treasures" into my bag, I grabbed the koa bowl of Valiums, but accidentally spill some on the table. Because of the noise Big Daddy awakes! With shock in his eyes and fear in my heart, I quickly jump towards him, still pointing the gun at him. I reach with my free hand and grab my backpack. Luckily, my face is covered. I then demanded cash, without hesitation he pulls out a wad of cash and I take it from him.

With my heart pumping wildly, perspiration dripping from my face, and fear in my eyes (what a feeling!), I slowly back up towards the door, open it, and flee as fast as a "jackrabbit" being chased by the fox.

Burnt Out

The mission was a successful one, but a very dangerous one as well. It's a blessing that I made it out alive. Now I think to myself, "Is this all worth it?" With all the dope and cash that I've ripped off, I have nothing to show for it. I'm tired.

This is a couple of examples of how far one will go to satisfy his needs to get high. In this case it was me. Sharing with you about the hits and being successful doing them, isn't what I'm trying to express to you. Believe me it wasn't always successful. I had my close calls and paid dearly for them. Being alive today, knowing where I was (ripping off), where I am now (prison), where I want to be (free), is the key to changing myself. And this, I would like to share with you from my heart, and hope that together we can help our keikis (kids) from making the same mistake.

Luckily, this is not Los Angeles or New York where we have to hide from flying bullets. This is HAWAII, our home of loving, caring, sharing, peace,

and happiness, our ama (land). We don't have to be using drugs or killing one another to be recognized. Just showing love and appreciation for each other will be recognized greatly by many. People will want to be around you, as we share our love that we portray. Through our kind hearts, loving personality and Aloha we will be remembered always. We can do it! TOGETHER!

At Peace

When I gave myself to the Lord, the power of darkness that had plagued me and caused me so much heartache and pain slowly left. This evil feeling has not returned, and I know in my heart and soul that it never will. I don't really understand what has happened to me, but this I do know, something great, peaceful and magnificent has happened. All I know is that the Lord has done this great happening in my life. I don't care what other people say, all I know is that He has changed my heart, soul, and my life. I now feel at peace with myself, even in here behind these concrete walls of hell.

Amen.