

Mrs. Celeste Dobbs Comment

Too many Florida officials are manipulating the system solely for their own personal prejudices and then having justice denied to avoid lawsuits. A favor for a favor tradition, Regardless of constitutional propriety. Many have gotten more severe sentencing when facts are manipulated at trial .some were just been plain rail road. This system within the system is so embedded that the Feds are scared to touch it, especially because of the financial ramifications. A federal investigation is sorely needed, men like my son who have been ignored and lack opportunities to received justice in Florida that only money can buy.

We are looking for equal protection of the law my son believes that the only way to get that basic on the political inferences surrounding his conviction in the absence of evidences and legal premise is through public support, we are looking for representation by a capable law firm that won't be shaken, there's been a lot of due proceed violations some very significant.

If just about any accusation against the judicial system is true John is entitle to his freedom with compensation or the very least a new trial.

Florida Statute Law, Effect October 1,2005 776.013 (3)

Addresses the ability to “ stand your ground” in any place that a person legally has a right to be, states;

A person who is not engaged in an unlawful activity and who is attacked in any other place where he or she has a right to be has no duty to retreat and has the right to stand his or her ground and meet force with force, including deadly force if he or she reasonably believes it is necessary to do so to prevent death or great bodily harm to himself or herself or another or to prevent the commission of a forcible felony.

American Me

Law vs. Law Enforcement

(A brief on the petition to free John Dobbs aka King U, the website American me king universal.org, the fascination with the so-called “Stand Your Ground Law,” and a basic summary of the last seven years).

The U.S. Constitution was and is constructed and framed to check the rulers with the rules. It establishes and governs the government. It unites millions of families and individuals to design one nation in pursuit of the American Dream. The dream that any and every individual under its jurisdiction, and working for success, will enjoy the security that the fruit of their labor is protected by the might of the many. And any power or authority acting outside of its perimeter, is no authority at all, in the eyes of the mighty many. In fact many pursue the dream because of those who dreamed of coming here to pursue the dream. So even powerful judges and prosecutors (acting outside of the equal treatment sought and demanded by the Constitution), who are caught by the many showing a lack of faith in the dream are subject to being viewed as un-American as any other

unauthorized alien intruders. Procedure demands that such people are checked at every checkpoint and their movements restricted until confidence is restored. After all the Constitution itself sharpens our focus on the dream through its Amendments. So in a time of constant terrorist threats we occasionally have to set aside our entertainment systems to address the haters, who for some reason believe that by killing dreamers they've found a shortcut to their success. Because to be an American is to be a dreamer. And even though my story, like many of my forgotten ancestors', starts with a nightmare, the Constitution obligates the mighty many, to make amends; to clarify the dream; and check those who terrorize American me.

Chapter 1

Every Sinner

My name is John Dobbs, Florida DC no. C00618. Most people now a days call me King U or King. Family and old friends call me Universal. These are all breakdowns of my attribute in Allah's family. In 1997 I put out a single called "Family Jewels" with a guy named Grand Finale from uptown, under Urban Artist Production for Supreme Empire Entertainment. We had a distribution deal with Universal Records. I also had another partner named Universal who featured on two of the songs from the album. Obviously that's too many Universals, and since I always said that Sade told me my love was King, I had my name copy written as King U. The single didn't do much. We were independent, put out about 2,000 copies for promotion, got a little airplay, and I caught a charge. That was the end of that. When I got out every couple years I put out a couple of C.D.'s as U.V., or King U, in the hood, but nothing official. I spent most my life in South Side, Jamaica, and Queens. I'm going to keep it real not only because that's what I do, but because that's what you deserve. I'm writing because I want your support with my mother's efforts to publicize a miscarriage of justice. She is in her 60's now and surviving off of disability. She gives about everything she has

to her family and most of that to supporting my cause. She is the light of my life. First let me admit that as a kid I was always on the poor side of things, and even as a man I was never far from it. On the other hand when it comes to respect for the most part in the streets I'm rich with it. I've associated with a bunch of famous guys like Fifty, Supreme, Slim, Naps, Mr. Cheeks, Pastor Troy, and a list of others on a number of occasions, and I'm not really known for my music. It shouldn't take much to refresh their memories although it's been awhile. I've always pretty much been known as a soldier, a gangsta, or a stand up dude. Some of the old gangsters enjoyed my company because I'm loyal, honest and I get down. I've never been a sneak thief or even much of a hustler, but I bust my gun in a number of ways. Other than in light of the circumstances of my life, I can't say I'm clean, but I am not guilty of these charges.

I remember being 4 years old living in the Salvation Army eating on a chow line, and being 8 years old living in the garage of my grandmother's burnt down house getting electricity from a neighbor's extension cord, eating off a hot plate. I played a lot of positions trying to find mine. Still I read somewhere that every saint has a past and every sinner has a future. Where I'm from 'Gangsta' is like a bad meaning good thing, and being a gang member has nothing to do with the qualifications. Gangsta still signifies loyalty and sometimes obedience, sometimes regardless of the law; but all the murderers and kidnapers and rapist don't get that title. We call them fools, or crazy, or stupid. We reserve the title of

gangsta for our heroes. Gangsta means you take care of business, you're a survivor, you're dependable, and you're impressive. A car can be gangsta, the way something is finessed can be gangsta. Keeping it real is gangsta. Getting a degree can be gangsta. Your teacher can be gangsta. Real love is gangsta.

As a kid I was always moving so I was always the new guy and I was always getting jumped.

I don't carry myself like a thug but I've been in hundreds of fights. What really happened is those guys underestimated a veteran? With all this in mind I need you to give me the benefit of the doubt and assume everything you're reading is the truth and correct. Then check out the website and verify it for yourself, once you do you'll see that there is nothing fictional about it, no matter how farfetched it sounds, it is the truth. Then imagine the good... the bad... and the ugly of exposing it. I mean truly exposing it. This is bigger than me. I don't know why a street dude like me was chosen to carry the burden of such a battle, and provided with the means to shake the American justice system, but I have the evidence to expose a culture of corruption the likes of which we cannot tolerate. I heard you were fighters. My hope is you have more fight in you.

Chapter 2

The Dream

It started with me waking up one morning saying, "God let it be me instead." I woke up crying, hard, I mean bawling. I had just had a nightmare. I kept saying it over and over. I had a dream that my son Justice Divine, who was only 11 at the time, had been arrested and they weren't letting him go. In the dream I was exhausting my self-trying to get him out. The reality was that I hadn't seen him in over a year because of all the drama between his mother and me. I called myself falling back trying to get my life together so I could impress them and she'd go back to paying me my proper respect. I was staying with my girl at the time named Genie (Deanna Washington) in an apartment in Marietta, Georgia, on the outskirts of Atlanta. We'd been renting it for about a year and a half. I was bouncing between New York, Atlanta, and Miami promoting strip clubs and managing strippers. That's what I called slowing down so I would stay out of trouble. We both dragged ourselves out the gutter. She needed someone to care for her and protect her and I needed someone who I could care for and protect. We were inseparable for over 2 1/2 years, but her own emotional traumas made her no good at situations like this. Still crying, I called my mother who was

staying in California. I just wanted to talk to someone who would listen and let me express myself but she wouldn't stop with the "I told you" this and "I told you" that. It ended in a big argument and convinced me at the time that she didn't truly love me but did what she thought was her job. Obviously I had a lot of growing up to do. She probably just didn't know how to help me.

For the past 5 years I had been driving a BMW 740iL which was breaking my wallet in maintenance fees. For the second time the transmission blew, so I rented cars for about 2 weeks then stopped at the Acura dealership and coped one. 4 days later driving an '07 in '06 I felt a need to go see my kids who had been living in Kissimmee, Florida since I got out in '99. I moved them out there when their mother and I were still together. I originally visited them every other month cause I was still on paper in N.Y. We had close to 12 years together, 3 kids (Justice Divine, Isis Wisdom, and Infinite Understanding), and we had planned on, me moving out there permanently when I got off probation and getting married. I at the time was making a decent dollar and was a member of Local 29 The Blasters, drill runners and miners union. I started in construction doing the coalition thing. I paid their bills and mine and spent just as much time in Florida as I did in N.Y. Then everything went to hell. I stopped getting work and months would go by without me seeing them. After a bad breakup between our 2nd and

3rd year out here I vowed I would never give as much to any woman who didn't go as hard as me in the relationship. I drove out here for years with no license and on paper! Genie was a trooper and she filled a void in me.

Two weeks after the dream me and Genie drove down here and spent the better

Part of 2 days with my kids. We arrived Monday Oct.23, 2006; I picked my kids up from school and hung with them all day. I did the same thing the next day and dropped them off around 9:30pm. There's a guy named D.J. who I would catch up with whenever I come to Kissimmee. He's a good pool player. Pool is a major hobby of mine, I even taught Genie how to play and she's great at it. I had four sticks, one worth about one thousand dollars serious.

Anyway, we left D.J. and his girl around 1:15am, after asking if they knew any place we could go to have a drink. The places we'd been only served beer. They told us about a strip club called Cleo's, which was not far, but entering the Orlando area, but on the way there we noticed one even closer called Thee Doll House. When we get there its 1:35am. The club closes at 2. Oddly we had originally no intentions on going to a strip club. Money was tight we were planning to check out of the hotel we were in and go back up north in the morning. But we figured we might recruit some new girls, and at least have a drink.

Chapter 3

Where's the Ho's?

As soon as we found ourselves a table Genie went to the ladies room. 2 minutes later she comes out with this cute looking white girl with big tits and eyes full of tears. She's kind of helping her walk. They're both laughing and wiping tears out her eyes. Genie introduces us and explains how she found the girl crying in the bathroom. Genie says "You daddy you know we got the same name. Her names Deanna and my names Deanna." The girl apologizes for crying and explains how she's a waitress there but she was drinking and she was feeling sick and her boss wouldn't let her leave. Neither of them had ever met another girl named Deanna, and she was telling me how Genie made her day and she was feeling a little better. They hugged each other like three times in one minute, then she squatted down holding the table in front of us between our table and the stage. I'm on one side and Genies on the other both facing the stage. She's facing us with her back to the stage. I'm excited but I'm playing it cool while the girls chat happily. I'm pretending to not be paying so much attention but the girl still looks off balance. Then I hear Genie say "well how old are you cause I'm the first Deanna." The girl says 19 and Genies says 21. Then 'when your birthday?' The girl said April 9th. Genie says, "Get out of here" and pulls out her ID, showing her birthday, April 8th. Now the girls are laughing and hugging each other again, and I'm struck by the irony of it all. I also notice we're the only African Americans there.

While all this is happening some guy walks up to our table behind us and asks "what's so funny over here?" or something like that. Me, being in the business, I'm used To environments like this. I glance back at him without making eye contact and let the

girls speak for themselves. I noticed the girl stopped smiling and gave him a weird look. I thought it was because of the way she was feeling but I put the pieces together later. Genie just smiles at the guy and says 'can you believe it we have the same exact name and the same birthday.' The guy says "so." Genie stops smiling and I feel a wave of negativity, so to try and change the vibe back and let the guy know their not alone, don't give them a hard time, but in a way so as not to intimidate him. I say while only turning halfway toward him. 'Yo man the girls are just bugging cause they got the same name and their birthdays are one day apart.' I said it in a light hearted manner then went back to pretending to be engrossed with the stage performance. He made no response but the energy changed and the girls started looking serious. I told the girl being that she's a waitress why don't she go get us some drinks. I told her to get me a glass of Hennessy and a glass of Patron for Genie. She wobbled to the bar, grabbed the rail, waited 30 seconds for the bartender, who paid her no mind, before she gave up and headed for the manager's office. I pointed her out to Genie and then sent Genie to the bar instead. When she came back I tongue kissed her, something I never did before in a strip club because its bad for business, but she wasn't working and neither was I.

I was actually very sad about the situation between my kids and me. My visit was so short because my pockets were tight. I was exhausted from the drive; yet so anxious I could barely sleep. The way they'd grown was a shock that gave me pride, and disappointment at not being there. I ended up just staring at them for 2 days and never dropped all the knowledge I had been planning on dropping, because I was intimidated by the situation. I didn't want to say the wrong things. I needed more time. But I was proud of Genie. She proved her gangsta. She adored my kids that weren't hers. She was a ho when I met her, but she changed her life and was loyal to me for 2

1/2 years. She gave me everything I asked for. At that moment I wanted to take care of her for the rest of her life. I wanted to marry her.

Around that time a voluptuous Hispanic girl got off the stage and asked if I wanted a dance. I told her I don't pay for dances but my girl might, and Genie happily pulled her over to her. The club was getting ready to close. The other Deanna comes out the manager's office and they hook right back up. Genie's telling her how this club is wack and how she could make a real power move rolling with us in N.Y., Atlanta, and Miami, where the clubs close at 4 am there's more money and the girls don't have to wear tape on their nipples. The girls talking about how she really wants to hang with us and always wanted to visit those places. Genie takes my phone and she puts her number in it. Meanwhile there's another waitress, real pretty Hispanic girl that I noticed when I first came in. She kept staring at me and smiling. As we're getting ready to leave I notice she's still doing it. Genie also got the number of the girl who danced for her. When she was done I pointed out the waitress, who looked nervous when she saw this. Genie stepped to her with a smile and soon had her and the other Deanna up against the wall by the exit putting down game. I was about 7 feet away laying back. Things were going so smooth I was scared I might mess it up. That's when the guy who turns out to be William Troy walks over to them (I didn't realize it was the same guy who approached us at the table until I read the paper work). He doesn't appear to be saying anything and they are ignoring him. He looks wasted.

Genie is over there doing her thing. I hear them talking about coming with us after we check out of the hotel in the morning. Genie says 'let me introduce you to daddy,' and brings the new waitress over. I simply say 'how you doing' but of course I'm getting excited. Genie and I both like sexy women, and it seems like we made the

right decision stopping here. That's when William Troy approached me asking 'where the ho's at?' I said 'I don't know I'm not from around here why don't you tell me?' He says 'Yo man, where the ho's at?' Again even louder, like he's waiting for me to point at the girls, maybe insult them. I said "Yo just cause my girl calls me daddy doesn't mean I'm a pimp,' just as loud so they would hear me. Then he turned towards them spread his arms wide and said ' cause me and my boys wanna to fuck' this time louder. To me it was a sad display and I didn't see anybody with him. I was there only 25 minutes and my mind was on other things. But right after that a big guy dressed in all black comes from by the bar grabs him by the arm and says 'lets go.' I later found out this was Anthony Riollano. They go outside and it's another minute or two before Genie gets the other girl's number and we leave.

Chapter 4

Need Security

Walking through the parking lot with Genie on my arm, I'm thinking up ways to get the most productivity out of our situation. Between all the recent car rentals, the new car, and the money spent on this spur of the moment trip. I'm really in need of a come up. My mind is calculating bill payments as well as a way to be more consistent in my kid's lives. Quietly, Genie gives me the vibe of a woman who is very satisfied. The parking lots pretty empty and we see five guys standing around a Chrysler 300 and a truck. I notice one of them is the guy from inside the club. As we walk past, maybe 20 feet away, someone yells. 'You need security to walk you and your girl out.' Initially I didn't recognize it as a threat. I took it as a compliment that they recognized I had a bad chick by my side. Even though she was dressed casual for playing with the kids, her swagger spoke for itself, and in the club Troy asked me about girls. I saw no reason there should be a problem. I took it as good humor, there was no one walking with us. With Genie on my right I just raised my left arm and twitched my hand in a wave, as if to say "good night fellas we outta here."

When we get to our car, I open the driver's door and pop the lock on the passenger side for Genie. She hops right in but I stand in the doorway and take the time to open a fresh Black 'N' Mild. Then with one leg in and one out the car. I sit down to start it, and Genie says 'Look daddy one of them is walking over here right now.' I peep through her window then stand up and look over

the roof of the car. I don't recognize this guy and I'm curious as to what he has to say. I'm thinking of using the opportunity to promote my new CD. Visiting my kids I hadn't done anything with it other than give each of them a copy and give four copies to D.J. I was also disappointed that the club closed at 2 and thought maybe they'd know what else was popping. They didn't look broke or desperate. The thought that there could be trouble had no logical basis to me so I brushed it aside. Still, I told Genie to stay in the car. No need for her to be around a bunch of guys who had been drinking, with no other girls around.

I had about 100 copies of my CD. In the trunk, but when I get there before I open it I notice the guy as he got closer was walking really aggressive. Kind of stomping from side to side with his shirt open and falling off his shoulder. So instead of stopping at the trunk I went around to the passenger side, waved my left hand in the air in a slow the fuck up gesture and said "A yo, I hope you ain't coming over here to fight cause ain't going to be no fighting." He never said anything. This was not William Troy or even Anthony Riollano who escorted him out the club. This was a totally different dude. A guy who turns out to be Andre Blanco who actually worked for William Troy. He seemed to be headed in the direction of Genie's door until I started speaking. Then he angled toward me, more to the rear of the car, and before I could put the period on my sentence and put my arm down he swung.

I remember it was a wide right that ran straight into my arm. It was either the wind or he grazed my ear, either way I spontaneously rocked his jaw with a right cross and the momentum of his descent upon me caused him to twist and fall at the same time. Remember, its after 2 in the morning and pretty dark outside. Depending on the angle someone more than a couple feet behind him may not clearly have seen his ineffective punch, which was naturally blocked by my already raised left arm. Some how the awkward fall ended with him behind me by the trunk, and I don't know how I didn't notice this guy take the long trek over, but immediately after Blanco fell from in front of me there was another guy about three steps in front of me. As he came at me swinging, I stepped in and blocked the first blow then another and punched him in the face backing him up with two jabs. That's when I notice I was surrounded, with Andre Blanco behind me, the second guy who turns out to be Francisco Gotay and also works for William Troy in front, and a third guy who is never revealed throughout the entire case.

From then on much of the details are a blur. All I remember is every time one of them stepped toward me I'd rush in to beat him to the punch or block and hit him and then I'd have to instantly spin around and do it again to the other one who would be moving in. The timing had to be perfect to back them up to give me enough time to start over. I could only use stiff jabs because I didn't dare take the time to conjure anything more powerful. This couldn't have went on for

more than a bunch of seconds but I wondered how long I'd have to keep it up before somebody break it up or they'd quit. I tried not to wonder how long I could keep it up.

I had a pocketknife that I carried for years nothing illegal about it. Of legal proportion I kept it in my back pocket, but even grabbing that would be a risk. So far my goal was to keep them off me and away from the front of my car where Genie was, which happened at the time to be behind me and the only direction I could have turned without immediate resistance. I wished I had the time and energy to knock all three of them out individually, but I was getting weaker with each move I made and I could not stop moving. I was already breathing hard. Then I heard Genie scream, "get off him." My heart skipped a beat. I realized she'd got out the car. As I said before I've been in plenty of fights and though it had been many years I've taken plenty of ass whooping's. I had no desire to kill any of these guys. For one I wasn't even really sure why they wanted to hurt me. But when I heard her voice I lost all curiosity and all cares. It wasn't a fight between men anymore. I felt I was surrounded by animals. I took a second to look behind me and I saw she had her own troubles.

When she was saying, "get off of him" she was actually pushing someone off of her. I glanced back and saw Anthony Rolland with his arms extended around her facing my direction. She had her back toward me while leaning into him her arms fully extended pushing with all her might. Rolland weighed about

225 all muscle. I weighed about 168 at the time, and Genie about 135. All of them were bigger than us. I also saw William Troy standing beside them saying, “get her or get the girl.” I can’t remember anymore. All I know is I have to finish this and fast. That’s when I start cutting people. I buy time by turning and skipping in her direction then spinning back on the guys who I know are moving in. My timing falters and I took some blows but now I got what I need. Still I don’t want to kill so I’m punching them in the face even though the knife is in my hand. I swing it from time to time hoping they see it and back the fuck up, but I’m cutting their faces and they don’t even know it. When William Troy noticed me notice them he moved toward me. Every time I take two steps toward Genie I have to spin and take a step into these guys to keep them back. I’m hurting them, their leery, but they won’t quit. I try again to make it to Genie and I see stars. Riollano has me pinned with my back against my rear passenger door. He has me with his left arm across my left arm, hand gripping my collar, and he’s hitting me so hard that when the rest of them close in and go to work their punches feel like paper balls. I can’t raise my left arm because his has it pinned, at least four of them are hitting me and all I could do is try to tuck my head and swing with the knife.

From that point I recall even less details. I know I was stabbing at them but they didn’t seem to feel it. I remember trying not to go down. I remember bouncing off of one knee and fighting my way through the punches to

American Me

Need Security

swing and stab only to receive a blow from Riollano that would knock me back down. I remember I was in a position where I couldn't see their faces or torsos, only their feet and legs. So I was striking up at where I estimated them to be. I remember trying to force my way up to where I could strike at Riollano and get him off of me. I never made it. I remember the last time I was down on my knee with my face two or three inches from my back tire, thinking I'm going to die here, maybe end up under the car. They had to have hit me over ten times apiece about fifty times together. I felt there was nothing else I could do, just give up and go to sleep. Then I heard Genies voice again. I don't know what she was saying, but she was screaming. That's when I remembered, like the revelation of a fact of life. I will not lose!

Chapter 5

Self Defense Yea

Most of the fights I remember like still photos and from then on I remember even Less. Though I don't see the motions I have pieced things together. I recall standing Seeing that they'd backed up. They look shocked. I remember seeing Anthony Riollano with his arm around William Troy. Troy's tank top drenched in blood. Riollano looking from him to me shocked. I remember Genie standing by her door eyes wide. I remember wanting her to get in, but not how I communicated it. I think I just pointed. I remember wanting to go but I don't remember moving to get in, getting in, or starting the car. I remember reversing almost hitting the valet, putting the car in drive and turning around instead. I remember none of this in motion just still photos and intentions. I remember Genie yelling at them out the window things like "that's what you get for fucking with us."

Then I said I think I stabbed him, and she immediately got quiet. I remember seeing a gun on my lap and wondering how it got there. I remember

thinking it was theirs and a feeling like I was pistol-whipped. Blood is dripping in my eye. I'm driving out the parking lot wondering if I'm going to make it. I'm feeling faint, but I have to stay strong for both of us. I have to stay about my business. Besides I had just started teaching Genie how to drive and she doesn't know her way around. Also true to the streets we never call police. You lick your wounds, take your loses, plan your next move and go on, because when it comes to police and people like us, nothing we do could ever be justified. They're trained to have no understanding.

For some reason I feel like the gun is a threat to me. I pick it up with my right, while I drive with my left and use my thumb to release the clip. It comes loose but doesn't fall out. As I'm doing this I'm also turning out of the parking lot. I feel my car bouncing and jerking but I think I'm running over bumps. Then I see a truck pull up beside me at an angle and begin to nose dive at the front of my car, until the driver sees the gun in my hand. Of course, the barrel is pointed towards my window, otherwise it would be facing Genie. He was a young muscular white or Hispanic guy in a tank top with a bald head. He thinks I'm going to shot him, not knowing the gun is empty. Not that I wouldn't have at that point, but I was as surprised to see him, as he was to see the gun. I was so dazed I never realized

he had already hit my car twice. He looks at me, looks at the gun, and whips the truck in the other direction making a wild U-turn. I remember my relief, feeling lucky I had the gun. Thinking they're still after me I pushed the clip back in, just in case.

Genie's looking really worried, she keeps saying 'Daddy...oh daddy your bleeding.' I remember driving very carefully. I wanted to pull over and go to sleep but I was afraid I wouldn't wake up. I needed to get back to Kissimmee, to the hotel. Genie's steady wiping my head to keep blood from dripping in my eye. The steering wheel is bloody and I notice my fingers are bleeding and there are two big gashes in my arm. That's when I remember seeing something shiny in one of their hands and instinctively making sure to block it. It occurs to me that they had a knife too. I remember thinking there might be a body on the gun so I'm trying to wipe my prints off with my shirt to toss it, but it's hard to focus while I'm driving. Genie's patting my head; I'm still bleeding and getting blood on it. I guess I'll have to wait till we get to the hotel. Eventually, I release the clip again.

I don't remember doing it but I had put the knife in the cup holder, still open. I reached back real quick and jammed the gun under the back seat cushion.

Genie's in a state of shock. I don't think she was aware of anything except all the blood. Watching my rear view for further pursuit, I noticed a car following with no lights on; mind you it's dark as hell. I'm instantly regretting putting the gun up.

Slowing for a red light, right before I stop I notice the car without lights is a police car. I'm thinking what type of tactics are these? After I stop at the light another police car lights blaring cuts in front of me. The officer, a deputy Herbert Mercado, gets out and tells us to get out. As we do I tell Genie over the roof of the car, loud enough for the police to hear "don't worry it was self defense." The officer asks if I have any weapons. I told him about the knife and the gun and where to find them. As they cuff me against the trunk of my car, I tell them I feel like I'm going to pass out and ask them to lay me on the ground before I fall. A fire truck pulls up and a Hispanic guy starts examining my injuries. I ask if I need stitches and he almost breaks my arm flipping me over, then pushes it back and says "No," walks over me and leaves. I remember feeling like he hated me, like he wanted to spit on me. I remember thinking don't these people know my kids are half Puerto Rican? Don't they know how many Hispanic friends I have? I remember feeling like this nightmare is just beginning.

With my head throbbing I'm interrogated for hours. I was never taken to the hospital.

I'm talking just to have something to focus on and not fall out still scared to fall asleep. I asked if anyone else was arrested they say "no". Now I'm confused. I asked what they think happened and a Detective Phelan says "you get into a fight with 4 guys you pull out your knife and go to work." C.S.I. Allison Wright photographing my injuries says, "It looks like you been punching a brick wall" I asked if she "ever heard of anything like this," she says, "self defense yea." I feel relieved thinking O.K they know.

I got stitches and medical treatment for my injuries in the Orange County Jail where the doctor said, "you look like you were attacked by dogs." The County Jail was very revealing. Besides finding out I wouldn't be able to eat anything as big as a hot dog for a week or two. I also found out I had been on the news and that the Orlando Sentinel credited me with committing the 50th murder for the year, besting the all time high of 49 from the previous year. Although the paper mentioned that I had been fighting at least three men in the parking lot, it never mentioned that it could have been or even that I claimed self-defense. Though they did mention that William Troy had been arrested ten times for battery, once for battery of a law enforcement officer. Its focus on statistics caused me to view them less as news reporters and more like a lynch mob that's mastered misdirection. I also discovered Florida's " Stand Your Ground " self defense law Fla.Stat. 776.013(3).

Chapter 6

The Right

Effective October 1st, 2005 the statute enabled that: Anyone who is not engaged in an unlawful activity and who is attacked in any place where he or she has a right to be has no duty to retreat and has the right to stand his or her ground and meet force with force including deadly force if he or she reasonably believes it is necessary to do so to prevent death or great bodily harm to himself or herself or another or to prevent the commission of a forcible felony. According to Florida Statute 776.08 the term 'Forcible felony*' means any felony which involves the use or threat of physical force or violence against any individual. Florida's Legislature expressed its intent regarding self-defense - Deadly force in creating Fla.Stat. 776.013(3) in Session Law Chapter 2005-27 'authorizing a person in a place where he or she has a right to be to use force, including deadly force...against an intruder or attacker creating a presumption that a person acts with the intent to use force or violence ... in the protection of persons and property.' According to Florida Statute 776.032(1) a person who uses force as permitted in s.776.013 is justified in using such force and is immune from criminal prosecution and civil action for the use of such force (unless used against a law enforcement officer who is identifiable in the performance of their official duties). The term "criminal prosecution " includes arresting, detaining in custody, and charging or prosecuting the defendant.

So that's why now a days we hear about guys shooting someone in the head for coming at them in a threatening manner and not getting arrested. It's because you no longer have to retreat or allow yourself to become a victim of someone's violent intentions. You can lawfully take action against anyone who makes it reasonable to presume they intend to use force or violence against you or your loved ones. Anyway I can't afford an attorney, especially for a case of this magnitude. I'm being held for: the second degree murder (with a weapon) of William Troy (count one); aggravated battery with a deadly weapon or causing great bodily harm to Francisco Goatee and Andre Blanco (counts two and three), aggravated assault with a firearm against Hanzel Holiday (count four); and shooting from a vehicle (count five). I'm just glad Genie was released and I could find someone to pick her up and drive her back to Atlanta. I took it as a good sign because of course if they really thought I was guilty they would have held her as an accessory. I have to settle for a public defender, but my own legal research gives me confidence that together we can handle it. After all in '95 I beat a case of attempted murder and like eight armed robberies with a legal aid in N.Y. I was struck by the irony of being locked up again for a crime I didn't commit. What are the odds? The Supreme Court of the United States in a case called *Martin v. Ohio*, 107 S.Ct.1098, 480 U.S. 228 (1987) stated that "We are aware that all but two of the States, Ohio and South Carolina, have abandoned the common law rule and require the prosecution to prove the absence of self

defense when it is properly raised by the defendant." This translates to the law of the land dictates that the prosecutor must allege and prove beyond a reasonable doubt that neither Andre Blanco, Francisco Gotay, William Troy, Anthony Riollano, or Hanzel Holiday could have reasonably created a presumption that they intended to use force or violence against either me or Genie; to prove my guilt. But in this case the prosecution never even argued that these guys didn't come to hurt us when they approached. Instead the State argued that I reacted viciously, cheated in the confrontation by using a knife, and that I struck the first blow. Basically they were a bunch of good ole boys looking for a fair fight, and Holiday was just being a Good Samaritan trying to stop me, and that's why I was the only one arrested. They were victims of a big bad angry black guy.

Even though that argument has no legal substance to find me guilty, here I am Over 7 years later. Let me show you how. Ride with me on the Florida Railroad. Check it, the U.S. Constitution says that a person accused of a crime has a right to be informed of all the witnesses, their allegations and the evidence against him so that they can prepare a proper defense. So procedure demands that the prosecution provide the defense with copies of all the things they have discovered about the case. Well, when my assigned Public Pretender Catherine Chien, who never wanted to hear my side of the story, gives me a copy of the State's Discovery which I requested,

American Me

There Were Witnesses

a couple of things jump out. First none of these guys stories match, most of what they told the police on one page doesn't match what they say on the next.

Nobody clearly describes me as attacking anyone, nobody saw a knife, nobody knew when they or anybody else got stabbed, nobody knew who started it and nobody describes a murder. Genie's story matches mine up to the point of whether the gun was mine, but I could understand her confusion with the leading way she was questioned and the fact that I had a similar one of my own. Either way it didn't matter because I wasn't charged with possession. I sent word for her to relax and testify to whatever she told the police.

American Me

There Were Witnesses

Chapter 7

There Were Witnesses

I guess I was too busy fighting to notice there were witnesses. One of the security guards a guy named Leonard Bolanos told detectives that he saw a group of Hispanic guys on one side of the parking lot and a black male and female on the other. He describes the fight starting with the guys moving from the left all the way to the right

where the Acura was. When asked if it was between two people, he says they were all swinging and punching. When asked if he saw me with the knife he said that didn't happen until after he left to call the police. That's when I realized the 911 tapes could clear my name. The police weren't originally called because someone had been stabbed, they were called cause I was being jumped.

Leonard Bolanos had a partner named Justin Idle who gave them a more descriptive version. He said I was by my car when he saw four men yell I needed security to walk with me inferring that I was pussy, and that I responded by saying I don't need nobody to back me up. He said he thought nothing of it, he thought it was just guys talking. (Let me remind you that they commented on me walking while I was walking, before I got to my car, and let me add that while "I don't need nobody to back me up" sounds like something I might say, its not something I remember saying). He said another guy yelled something and the 4 men ran at me and I ran at them and started fighting. He said it was a fist fight and as it progressed another man joined in and everyone was swinging punches back and forth. Then Genie joined in and then the other guys joined in and soon I was down on the ground surrounded clearly stabbing at random. He said one of the guys actually went up behind me and hit me in the throat with something, but he doesn't know what it was.

The valet, a guy named Phillip Allen Westfall told detectives he saw Genie standing at the passenger side of the car yelling at four guys at a car about 6 spaces away, (he must be confusing the way she left with the beginning of the fight otherwise I don't know why he would say that. Either way it's just another version of justified force). He said one of the men started walking toward her and I came out the driver's seat around the back of the car and punched him in the face. Another guy ran over and started fighting me and Genie jumped in. Then all of the sudden it was four men fighting the couple and people were being hit, punched, and kicked in every direction. The guys started ripping their shirts off and fighting me. Somebody ran up and kicked Genie in the back, and he remembers somebody got slammed against my car making a dent in front of the right passenger tail light. He said when it was over before he realized anyone got stabbed, he was actually making sure we were O.K. getting in the car.

Andre Blanco told police he didn't know how the fight started or who was fighting but he just ran over and intervened to help a friend. He thought Genie was Hispanic. He doesn't know if he initiated the fight or I just started swinging with the blade. He never knew he was stabbed that's how drunk he was. He didn't see William Troy in the fight.

Francisco Gotay told police he saw William Troy arguing so he went to find out

what was going on and when he gets there he blacks out that's all he could say. Then he says he saw William Troy and me swinging so he goes over to grab William to see what's going on? He also said he saw me and William arguing then he saw William fall so he came to break it up; next thing he knows both he and William are on the floor; and if he had seen a knife he would have never approached me.

Anthony Riollano tells a female detective (who seems to be impressed by him judging from the way she intentionally steers his statements away from self-incrimination), that due to his alcohol intake he was in no condition to drive. He said they started drinking at a Magic's game. He and William Troy are business partners and they'd purchased season tickets using them as an incentive for their employees, 2 of which are Andre Blanco and Francisco Gotay. He says William Troy was a well-known regular of the club and inside there didn't appear to be any problem. He says he'd been sitting at the scene for about an hour before he was questioned. He says they reached Thee Doll House around 11:30. He said we drove up and parked about 6 or 7 spots south of their vehicle and jumped out came toward them and the altercation began.

He says it didn't appear that we wanted any communicating with them, but walked in their direction, then a fight started, but he doesn't know with who.

Then he says we drove around the parking lot next to them as they walked to their car, arguing with William or somebody but he doesn't know what was said.

He says Genie was arguing and saying you guys are too slow but that was right before we pulled off, and he never heard me say a word through the whole incident. He said he grabbed Genie and pulled her to the side trying to break it up and that he pushed me away just trying to calm things down. He admits that all his friends fought me and that he might have hit me trying to defend himself. He said he never saw a knife and no one knew they were stabbed till after the altercation.

Anyway of course my confidence grows and I think I'll be home soon. They all claim not to know who started the fight or why, which means they can't deny it was self-defense. They all claim not to have seen a knife or knew anyone was stabbed till after the incident, which means they have no excuse for jumping in and only did so because, they didn't want their friend to lose a fair fight, or it was their plan all along. They can't get their lies straight and the evidence viewed from any angle is on my side.

Chapter 8

The Charging

On top of that the charging document or Information has been filed, but it's not signed. That makes sense because it says that the prosecutor themselves has to have taken statements under oath from witnesses saying that each of these crimes were committed. Yet the only statements in the discovery are those given to detectives and none of them provide evidence that I wasn't defending myself and my lady; while most of them provide proof that I was. Naturally I believe the charges will be dropped but I'm anxious. Bills are past due and I'm losing everything, my home, my new car, and I see the only reason they are holding me is because I'm a black out-of-towner who hurt some rich guys, some good ole boys. No matter what they did to deserve it, Florida must keep uppity niggers like me in their place. All I'm hearing in the jail is that Florida Courts are about money. Pay the lawyer enough to slide some to the judge and prosecutor over dinner and you'll walk, don't and they'll bam you. Of course my pockets ain't built like that. I had just done a show in Atlanta that was to air on Comcast Cable and performed with a group called Gypsy Pearl on a theme song for a show, which was filmed by Artisan Picture Works, but nothings paid off yet. I have to figure out a way to level the playing field. I'm supposed to be innocent until proven guilty, which I know, and they know they can't legally do. As a citizen I have a right to charge what I want for my time and labor.

American Me

Respect Her

I start tossing around the idea of charging the State of Florida with my cellmate. Guys in the dorm have been comparing my story to the 'Hurricane Story', the movie 'Con Air' starring Nicholas Cage and surprisingly, Emmett Till's story.

American Me

Respect Her

Chapter 9

Respect Her

Suddenly, I get notice I've been scheduled for an adversary preliminary hearing in less than two days where witnesses would be questioned to find out if the case should proceed. Not only hasn't my P.D. asked for my side of the story she never asked for my witnesses. I hurry and get word to Genie to show up. It's obvious they don't want her to. Genie who has never driven more than a couple of blocks, drives by herself from Atlanta to Orlando, and they cancel. I know she was scared to death. The last time she was here was a nightmare.

She meets up with my P.D. Catherine Chien and that's the last I hear from her till the trial. I later learned that she was told that she'd better stay away from me or she would be charged too, and that there is no statute of limitations on murder so she'd better move on and don't look back. Catherine Chien and the prosecutor told her I would lose the case. My Public Pretender also told my mother the same on the phone.

From the Bronx, Genie was raised by the State of N.Y. She'd been kidnapped and raped multiple times before and after being kicked out by her mother for the last time at 15 years old, I was her only family. When I met her she was 16. She was with my man who was pimping at the time. She stayed with him for about two days. She tried to sleep with me but I told her she was too young. I never saw her again for 3 years. She'd been out the game for a year and a half and was staying in a group home. At 19 she was the oldest girl there. They had tried to give her independent living, but she couldn't handle it. Coincidentally, after breaking up with my kid's mom, I had tried my hand at the pimp game for about a year and couldn't handle it. I had sent my girls away maybe a week before. I couldn't take the things they'd allow themselves to go through. I've always protected the people in my circle. That's why a friend of mine, a real gangster, a hood legend, first introduced himself to me by offering me a 'G' a week just to roll with him when I was a kid. Genie would come knocking everyday but her conduct was just trashy. I'd leave her and she'd follow me like a puppy and if she couldn't she'd be somewhere outside my door when I got back. I couldn't understand why she had to have me. She was always the type to keep it moving, but she

was determined to change her life. I respected that. I told her "I control me, you control you. I got rules I refuse to be with a woman who won't make me look good, get you some rules that make me look good." I could see her problem wasn't that she was stupid, it was emotional, it was her self-esteem. She could pass a test today and take the same test tomorrow and fail it. She needed confidence, she needed to be respected, and I command respect. When she was with me everybody respected her. She stepped her game up. I gave her the Genie and had my homegirls taught how to dance. We needed money and she needed to learn how to say no to a man. I put her in a friend's club where there were rules and she learned how to put the brakes on dudes. She eventually became the baddest chick there. Years later a kid named Sean Bell would be killed by police in front of it.

I helped her get back in school, took her to the Bronx to see her mom, who she hadn't seen in over 4 years and who previously refused to even give her her phone number. The first thing her mother said to me was 'you must be strict because my daughter is wild.' I wanted her family back in her life. We looked up her grandmother she'd never met and went to see her. We were in the process of finding her father she never knew. After finding out what the prosecutor and my public defender had done I knew they looked into her past to see how to play her.

American Me

No Plea, No Bail

In '94 I spent 10 months fighting from jail before I made bail. I knew she shouldn't and couldn't be alone in another State by herself. I had already told her she could see someone else soon as I knew they were keeping me. When I later found another man had taken my place that wasn't what upset me. I just hoped he'd respect her. I was upset when I heard she wasn't coming to trial, when she did I was proud of her. That was just the beginning of the States efforts to isolate me.

American Me

No Plea, No Bail

Chapter 10

No Plea, No Bail

The adversary preliminary hearing was rescheduled. Andre Blanco's version of events changed dramatically. There he testifies that he was the first one in the fight but he was attacked. He says I drove up to his car and jumped out and lunged at his face stabbing him, but he didn't see the knife. He only thought he got hit really hard. He fell down and spun around, sees me, runs after me, grabs me by the back of the neck, and starts hitting me. He says he saw Frank come (Francisco) to help him but he started feeling weak so he walked away, and after that he can't tell who hit who or how the fight went down because he wasn't looking.

He says he never saw William Troy in the confrontation, and he never approached my car. Whatever happened to him not knowing how the fight started or him running over and intervening to help a friend I don't know. I imagine the prosecutor pressured these guys to come up with something incriminating and he and his friends argued, with them saying their not going to risk incriminating themselves by saying either of them was first in the fight, just in case this thing flipped. So I guess Andre had to man up, and he'd better give the State something to hang me with.

Francisco's story changed too. Instead of coming to help William by seeing what was going on and breaking it up. Now he says he came to help Andre and admits that he came over and swung twice at me before I hit him. He says he got punched in the face and stabbed but he didn't see the knife or know he was stabbed until after the entire altercation. He blacked out so he didn't see William or Anthony in the fight. All he saw was Andre walking up to me as I walked toward them and we started fighting. He doesn't know who started it, but when Andre fell that's when he jumped in. He specifies that Andre was punched rather than stabbed. I can only assume that the prosecutor told him it was alright to attack me,

even though he didn't see a knife, or know whether I was defending myself against Blanco. Both Blanco and Gotay (Andre and Frank) testified that the fights were always one on one, even though their combined testimony over lapses and they claim not to have been looking at the others. Since both claim to have ran at me swinging after Blanco falls. My Public Defender refuses to use their police statement to show they committed perjury, but so far the only charge there is any shred of evidence to support is the one against Andre. There is no evidence of anything other than self defense regarding the others, and that's if you can believe that Andre was stabbed beyond a reasonable doubt by what everybody says was a punch, and he says he didn't know was a stab.

Phillip Westfall's testimony was less animated than his police statement but he does say that they would approach me and I'd knock them back real quick, but they kept coming. The fight happened at the back of my car. And when asked about the guy who died he said he came at me from the front passenger side where the girl was and I knocked him back in the other direction and another guy instantly came at me from the rear and I knocked him back in the opposite direction. That's around the time he started seeing blood, but when Andre first came at me

I simply punched him in the face. Deputy Herbert Mercado the officer who asked me to step out of the car testified that I complied with all his request and he actually referred to me as the victim two times. Now I definitely want the 911 tapes 'cause it appears he viewed me as the victim all along. So you can imagine my surprise when the judge (Judge Stan Strickland who eventually resigned after allegations of having personal relationships with witnesses), says he finds evidence to support all the charges! Now I'm beyond pissed. I need to get these people to see me as a man. By now I've lost everything including Genie. Since what happens in Court is a binding contract I decide to charge them for my time. Maybe then they'll stop treating me like an idiot. Maybe then they'll let me go.

After discussing it with my cellmate I decide I need \$100,000 for each of my kids college education, and \$50,000 for me to get back on my feet. At the January 17th pre trial hearing I inform the court that I'll be charging \$350,000 a day to Orange County until I'm released. From then on I remind them after every hearing. After the evidence presented at the adversary preliminary hearing. I wrote the judge explaining that I was only being held because I was the only Black man in the fight and because of the wealth of my accusers. I wrote the NAACP and ACLU, I wrote the

Bar Association on Catherine Chien explaining what she'd told my family and her reluctance to perform her duties. When no action was taken by anyone I wondered how deep the conspiracy ran. I know its newsworthy stuff; I was on the news the first night. I knew about America's reluctance to portray African American men as justified for using violence in any form, because it would make it harder to get convictions if jurors viewed us as worthy of more than being just entertainers, or assuming subordinate positions; and, were comfortable with serious black men from the hood being other than menaces to society. This seemed like something more. I was never offered a plea deal, or a bail.

At the motion to suppress hearing for my statements made in the interrogation, because I was improperly read my Miranda rights. The interviewing detective, Detective Phelan, denied seeing me with any serious injuries after the fight. Namely the cut to my arm that I needed 9 stitches for. Yet, he's clearly seen in the video of the interrogation looking at it so closely he could kiss it. So now there is evidence that the investigating

American Me

No Lawful Theory of Guilt

officer, although he's black, is prejudice against me for some reason. He'd just committed perjury. One word has dominated my thoughts since that night. Why?

American Me

No Lawful Theory of Guilt

Chapter 11

No Lawful Theory of Guilt

The trial lasted 3 days. My mother flew in from California. My father flew in from Detroit. To my surprise, none of the investigating detectives responsible for witness interrogations were called to testify. My father, a struggling Michigan attorney, distributed a complaint of ineffective assistance of counsel, after my Public Defenders (a supervisor was added to the team), refused to ask either Andre Blanco, Francisco Gotay, and Anthony Riollano about any of the material contradictory statements they'd made to the detectives. I had previously written Judge Strickland about the same thing, but although he was a trial judge, without my knowledge he switched with Judge Lisa T. Munyon; who presided over the trial, apparently with no knowledge of the facts already established.

With no incident or psych evaluation I was forced to wear shackles.

Andre Blanco testified pretty much as he did at the preliminary hearing except that he added that he saw me and William Troy scuffling and wrestling at which time Troy was on the ground. My attorneys ignored my request to impeach him on this as well. It was the only direct testimony of interaction between me and William Troy besides my own. There is no description of a murder. The only material thing established is that he entered the altercation of his own free will and was stabbed after I had already been fighting 2 or 3 other men.

Francisco Gotay's testimony was relatively the same as at the adversary preliminary hearing. He said me and Genie got out our car and walked in their direction then Andre approached me and we started fighting. He doesn't know how it started or who threw the first punch, but I got in a good one and Andre fell down. That's when he ran over and started swinging at me but he missed and I punched him in the face then I stabbed him, he blacks out etc.

Anthony Riollano came and testified that he couldn't say who did what but I fought all his friends. And while I was fighting at least 1 of them he came up and grabbed me from behind but he only hit me three or four times in the neck. After that the fight stops, but he doesn't know why until he finds out his friends were stabbed. My suspicions are confirmed when

he testified that after the Magic's game before they went to Thee Doll House they had went to two other strip clubs, one called Cleo's (the one we were supposed to have went to originally), and one called Diamonds. After having drinks at each of these places, and clearly thirsty for female attention. I suspect they slipped the young waitress a micky, but Genie's intervention upset their plans. She then became their focus, and after watching her work the club Troy provoked Blanco (who was eager to please his boss) into trying to take her by force. I realize now that their names and accents are closer to Italian than Hispanic. And me a lone black male weighing 168 pounds, as they say out here in Florida, they didn't see me. But, as we say up north they couldn't see me.

My request for the 911 recordings had gone unanswered. At trial Catherine Chien says that's because there are no recordings. Shocked I try contemplating the depths of this conspiracy. I'd been writing Genie once a week for four months straight. Every other letter cursing her out or telling her how much I love her. Around the beginning of my trial proceedings she showed up for a visit. She said she never received any of my letters other than the first one. She said someone kept trying to break into the apartment and she was so frightened that she eventually left for a while and when she came back the place was empty.

Everything we owned was gone. All that was left was little pieces of paper. I was shocked because nobody really knew where we lived in an apartment complex in Marietta, Georgia. We worked and partied in Atlanta. I don't think it was a coincidence. Only three people we knew of knew where we lived. Two females and one male, all three well off. The only other people would be those involved in this case.

The list of things stolen would be incredible. Even my BMW was towed from the parking lot of the club she worked in, and taken God knows where. This was just the beginning of devastating and swift actions which would be taken to disassociate me from family and friends.

The trial itself was a faux that bordered on ridiculous. The conduct I was accused of changed with each of the prosecutor's opening and closing statements. In fact the conduct described should have brought into question the sanity of the perpetrator; but I was never given the psychological evaluation mandated by federal law before trying person of accuse of murder. I mean what sane man traveling with a female and a pocket knife for protection would for no reason attack four or five men who are all larger than him on their own turf not knowing them or what weapons they bear, unnecessarily. That's got to be pretty insane behavior for a couple of tourists. Yet, for some reason the court asserted that it was only to be expected of me.

Even though the crime scene investigator testified that the altercation took place close to the rear passenger side of my vehicle based on blood splatter evidence. And the prosecutor admitted our cars were parked 6 spaces apart after C.S.I, averaged a parking space to be about 10 feet wide. They had to cross 60 feet to fight me.

I had been trying to have a trial by judge rather than by jury because the judge would be less likely to be misled as to the laws applying to the case. They denied my request at a prior hearing because the State refused to go along. It's no wonder how the prosecutor got away with presenting the jury with a theory of guilt which was legally insufficient in her opening statements. The prosecutor said that the case would prove that the fight started with Blanco and I being "in a fighting stance." She said "one on one fight" "what's the big deal? I'll tell you what the big deal is." "He brought a knife to a fist fight." Now what's wrong with this is that both Blanco and I claim to have been attacked by surprise by the other (excluding Blanco's police statements), and none of the witnesses claim to have seen us in a fighting stance before the initial use of force either. So not only is the prosecutor making up her own story unsupported by evidence; but if we were in a fighting stance, after admitting that Blanco walks over, she cannot claim that Blanco had no intention on committing a forcible felony.

Thus, unless she provides evidence that I agreed to have a one on one fist fight with Blanco, and Blanco's friends agreed so I should not perceive them as a threat; then she cannot prove that it was unreasonable for me to believe that I was acting in self defense. Even in her own accusation there is no lawful theory of guilt. Only a 'we don't like what he did theory' and a judge would be forced to acknowledge this.

So they present it to a naive jury and the judge lets the jury believe it's a legitimate case by standing for it. And as I just explained the trial testimony of any given State witness exposes the fact that there is no truth to it. The normal procedure for the State under these circumstances would have been to drop the charges; but then they should have been dropped long before. It's funny how they stress the fact that I pulled a pocket knife without acknowledging that I was the smallest man in the altercation weighing 168 pounds. Gotay weighed 200 and Riollano 225. The record shows William Troy as 6 feet 175 and Blanco is clearly over 200. They all had multiple felony convictions, yet no matter what the evidence showed, their possible guilt was not to be considered. What's really crazy is as suddenly as they came at me with the exception of William Troy I couldn't even tell you how they looked until they came to testify.

I remember before or after the trial I'm not sure when, but there was a Hispanic guy in a wing across from mine in the county jail and we had been going to court together sometimes. He had a case similar to mine in that he was claiming self-defense so we would kick it about the law and such.

Anyway for some treacherous reason I was shackled and brought in to sit next to him in the jurors box and listen to his family beg the judge for leniency at his sentencing. There was absolutely no purpose for me to be there other than to intimidate me. I felt like an intruder. His family cried, he cried and tears came to my eyes. The judge sentenced him to life in prison.

I swore I would not be broken and months later learned that he won a new trial on appeal due to misleading jury instructions. I can't remember his name, but I can't forget his pain. Let's get back to my trial.

Chapter 12

Triumph

O.K. after the statements made at the adversary preliminary hearing I compared them with those made to police and came up with around 250 questions for around 9 of the witnesses and gave them to Catherine Chien for impeachment. She asked none of them and I complained during trial that I wanted the witnesses to be recalled so that I could ask them myself. Being that the arresting Detectives were never called to testify (Which I really comprehend the importance of after the trial) it was vital that the jury hear the conflicting statements of the complaining witnesses which the detectives received. The jury never heard them. My father passed out a Notice of Ineffective Assistance of Trial Counsel regarding the behavior of the Public Defenders Office during trial for these same reasons. Nothing was done. Just as I believed they planned all along, I spend most of the trial trying to think my way through a state of shock.

You'll recall earlier my explaining that immediately after the fight a muscular bald headed Hispanic or white guy was trying to run me off the road in a truck. So you can imagine my surprise when a little old black man with graying hair and poor vocabulary takes the stand and says he is Hanzel Holiday and he was the man driving the truck. I could not imagine the gall it took to pull this off, but I can imagine the reason. They didn't want it to look so racially motivated.

Stunned, I told myself it didn't matter who they put up there; since the man says he didn't see the altercation, but after coming from the club across the street to find out what was going on, only to make it in time to see me leaving, and being told to stop or follow my car. Without any attempt to communicate with me verbally or by hand or by horn. He simply took it upon himself to take the truck and hit my car twice to run me off the road and was attempting for the third time when he saw me with the gun in my hand (which he says I shot twice at him - but a gunshot residue exam shows never happened, and other evidence shows my window was rolled up so it couldn't happen), causing him to cease his attack on us. Legally there was nothing in his testimony even indicating evidence that I was not acting in self-defense. Just as the case was concerning Gotay or William Troy.

I'm still confident of acquittal, despite the deceptive tactics in use. Did I mention that they charged me with aggravated battery against Francisco Gotay and list verbally a number of injuries but never presented any evidence, such as pictures etc. to me or the jury.

No proof whatsoever won't stop me from being found guilty, but I do believe I can fathom why it wasn't provided. Either because he didn't receive them or, because there is more evidence on them that I used my fist which would be counter productive to the accusations.

I know some people will never believe that America's judicial system can have or settle for the same inadequacies, regarding the rule of law, as those of a third world country. But hang on this ride is far from over. It's a non-stop nightmare for equal protection.

A medical examiner testified explaining the stab wounds received by William Troy and stated that Troy had been cut on one of his thumbs. When making that statement she said that it was a defensive wound and placed both her hands in front of her palms out fingers spread as if to say stop. She gave no testimony as to how she came to that conclusion, nor was she asked to. Neither was I presented with any photo of this alleged cut. Yet Crime Scene Investigator Allison Wright testified and provided photos noting several of my injuries such as: 1) my left upper lip was swollen, 2) there was a cut on my right eyebrow, 3) a cut on the right side of my chin, 4) an abrasion on my left knee, 5) a cut on my right thumb (note if I held the knife with my right these cuts must have occurred prior), 6) abrasions on the right and left little fingers, 7) a cut on a middle finger, 8) two cuts on my left forearm, and 9) linear red marks on my left chest.

Surprisingly the fact that my knuckles were swollen and bleeding was not mentioned. Actually when she took the photos of my knuckles she said "It looks like you were punching a brick wall" to which I replied "see that's proof I

was punching them first." (This exchange was somehow edited from the video of the police interrogation. Still the evidence of self defense was and is overwhelming). A man named David Swift (Donald Swift according to my transcript) manager of Thee Doll House was brought in to testify at which time Judge Lisa Munyon told the jury to leave. He offered testimony that Blanco returned to the club a few days after the incident apologizing for his part in the altercation. He says they had a conversation about it that lasted about 45 minutes. He says these guys are regulars. He said Blanco told him that it started over something William Troy had said. The Judge brought the jury back in after ordering him not to mention that Blanco had come back to apologize calling what he said Blanco told him directly 'hearsay.' Mr. Swift testified in front of the jury that Blanco came back and said the incident happened because Troy was "running his big mouth." The jury could perceive that as inferring that I was mad about something Troy had said rather than Troy saying something to Blanco, his employee, about me which made Blanco approach with violence in mind.

I almost forgot to mention what the valet Phillip Westfall testified to, as well as Justin Idle the security for the club. The other security for the club, Leonard Bolanos, who told police that the knife never entered the fight until after he went inside to call police, was never called to testify. Neither was Deanna Southerland, the other Deanna who could testify that we were objects of William Troy's surly attention. Phillip Westfalls trial testimony was a watered down version of his adversary preliminary hearing testimony, which was a watered down version of his police statement. After telling police that "all the sudden it was four guys

fighting the couple"; "some of the guys were ripping their shirts off and coming in to fight the guy." And after telling the court at the hearing, that they would come at me and I would "knock them back real quick" but, "they kept coming trying to fight" me; and regarding William Troy's actions he saw him come at me "from the passenger side door where the girl was at," and I knocked him in the opposite direction and instantly another guy was coming from the rear, at which time I turned and knocked him back the other way.' At trial he said that I fought them each one on one. He makes no mention of interaction between me and Troy. I can tell he is scared to say what he saw. His testimony to anyone who knew his prior testimony would have been shocking. In the face of everything else I could only muster disappointment. Still something the State's star witness said did surprise me, as he told police and, the Court prior at the hearing; he testified that Genie was screaming at the guys, Blanco walked over, I came around the car, met him and punched him in the head knocking him down. I'd always interpreted this as a claim that I threw the first punch (which under the circumstances would not necessarily have been illegal if I sought to protect Genie). Yet, when asked if he knew who threw the first punch he specifically testified that he did not. I'm thinking 'wow' I'm definitely going home! They don't even have the lie that I threw the first punch anymore. Not only didn't I go home, but they erased that part from my transcripts; forcing me to argue that the totality of his testimony would even if he was correct in the inference that I threw the first punch, justify my throwing the first punch.

(My mother, father, and friend DJ. were witnesses to the testimony and have signed affidavits as to that account). Justin Idle testified that day as well, and his trial testimony differed from his police statement in significant ways also. He also looked afraid to provide too much evidence on my behalf. And, remember when he told police that the four guys and I ran at each other and started fighting after they told me I needed security to walk us out inferring that I was pussy. This time he says that they called me a 'pussy." Even though he says he thought it was just talk; it would make my claim, that I didn't immediately recognize their statement that Genie and I had to walk out with security as an actual threat, and even initially took it as a compliment; doubtful. And surely such directly hostile language would anger me. It became clear that my Public Defender had gone over my theory of innocence with the prosecutor. Idle then said that rather than running at me the four men slowly walked over. He then says even though I was surrounded with the guys each taking shots at me, that the fight were one on one. And to counter his statement to police that I was eventually down on the ground surrounded clearly stabbing at random (which is evident from the abrasion on my knee), he says I was merely hunched over in a defensive position trying to pick targets.

As to his police statement that I was being hit with a weapon which he doesn't know what it was, he testifies that it appeared to be a key or a ring. This would appear to help me being the only thing a key or a ring would have in common is that their both usually shiny and his uncertainty doesn't exclude the fact that it could have been a razor or a knife.

Then I remember Anthony Riollano testifying; wearing a large round harmless looking silver ring which was unusually shiny. I remember him trying his best to let the jury see it, and the strategy became clear. When Idle rushes off the stand I tell the court that I would like to have him recalled for further questioning. The judge says he has to testify in another court, in fact a federal court in another State because he was a witness to a bank robbery and that it trumped my State murder case!

Chapter 13

A Way With John Dobbs

At some point during the trial the judge brought out a lone juror whom she said it was brought to her attention that he had been caught conversing with the father of William Troy. He was asked what transpired and claimed he was on the elevator with the father and the father made a general statement to everyone saying "hello* or 'how you doing" and that he merely said "hello" and that was it. I was asked what I thought about it and I really couldn't see what was wrong, so I said it was O.K. It occurred to me later that that wouldn't qualify as a conversation and the person claiming to have caught them would have had to have been on the elevator as well, and would have known that, because a general 'how is everybody' would have included them also. I'd just been hoodwinked and my attorney never advised that there be a mistrial.

Genie (Deanna Washington) made it to the trial.

After she testified I'd seen her waiting outside the courtroom jumping out her seat every time the door opened. I could see, no matter what she said about having moved on, her heart told a different story. But they really worked her on the stand, and me in the process. Of all the fear and disappointment I had bottled up nothing at that time compared to the heart break I felt over being separated from Genie. In light of the betrayal I felt from my family she was the only person who brought me close to happiness and now that was gone. I'd left her in a whole different state alone and terrified, to survive on her own, knowing she wasn't built for it. She took the stand sounding well rehearsed and they focused on the fact that she had moved on with another man. Maybe it's just me; but they seemed to be dragging it out just to compound my misery. I don't believe I was able to keep the pain off my face or the strain of not yelling while listening to her testify about our relationship ending as if it were some type of fling. I remember her telling me in a phone call how she's been crying so much she almost wrecked the car on a couple of occasions, that I was the man of her dreams and how she and her mother would call each other now and pray for me.

On the stand she was detached. I felt the attorneys smiling at me as if to provoke me to anger. Of course it wasn't that another man had had her physically; but it was that another man might have her mentally: another man might have her heart. That's what ate at me. Ours was the only serious relationship she'd ever had. I was jealous; but then I saw her jumping up every time the door opened as if she expected me to walk through it every time and I knew she was still mine.

I knew if I walked out that door she'd run to me and fall on me and tell me everything. I knew she was told to behave like that on the stand and she believed the best thing for her to do was to act like she didn't care about me so the jury wouldn't think she had a reason to lie.

She gave them what they wanted and they still betrayed her to make her look like a liar. My public Defenders Catherine Chien and Mellisa Vickers kept telling me to smile because the jury was looking at me. That sounded crazy to me, it would only make me look crazy under the circumstances. They hounded me about it so much during the trial, that at some point I actually said aloud to Mellisa Vickers that "that's like me telling you to lose weight right now!" She was on the heavy side and that got them to stop. (This wasn't during Genie's testimony but I thought I should mention it). Let's get back to Deanna's testimony. She testified that she never saw me with the knife during the altercation. When asked if after the first guy hit me I hit him so hard I knocked him to the ground, she said all she remembers is blood everywhere, and she remembers that the first guy that was walking to our car attacked me. She said she saw someone else come up after the fact that the guy was still trying to attack and get like strength, but she was still in the car when the second guy came over. She said she got out when she noticed the other three guys from the group run over and surround me. And that when they attacked all I could do was swing on whoever came toward me. She testified that the gun was mine, but I didn't use it; just like she told the police. I got a copy of her police statement with my discovery. In the middle of her testimony she was presented

with an altered version which I was shown, but never provided with. This version was unsigned by any interviewing detective. They asked her if she remembered making police statements she said 'yes.' They used it to make her doubt her own words. I could tell she trusted them and was confused. She gave in and said if it says she said it then she did; so as not to look like a liar.

Genie being light skinned and William Troy being mixed with twist in his hair, I understand why she would consider him black. In her original police statement she tells police that the guys who were attacking were wearing all black. The new version had her saying that these guys, who were clearly not black, were black. I don't know how the jury took that after seeing the complaining witnesses themselves. As dark as it was and as swiftly as they came even I couldn't tell how they looked until they came to testify. I assume the same applies to her, but I knew they weren't black. The police identify them all as white males on their list of witnesses at the scene found in my discovery. Genie and I were described as unknown black male and female being that we'd left. We were the only blacks on the list.

This fabricated police statement also had Genie as saying that she knew I had the knife and where I put it, and the gun; when she testified she did not. (Like I told you she was hysterical). This was contrary to her actual police statement and they used it to impeach her or make her impeach herself. It was so phony it was never even submitted into evidence as a State's exhibits (in fact no one's police statements were even placed on the record, except mine which contained more than 300 inaudible statements; although its clear what I said on the video). The sole purpose of this display was to reduce her credibility to the

jury. Even though none of it mattered to the law of the case. As to whether she was hit, she remembers being pushed but not kicked in the back; even though a bad kick to the back would feel like a push. When asked what they wanted she said they wanted to take her away from John Dobbs (Clearly she was their drunken desire. I was just in the way). Our testimonies were the only ones which were totally consistent with our police statement on the issues that matter.

Chapter 14

A Magic Trick

Even the State's closing argument was different from their opening argument. I asked my attorney Mellisa Vickers if she could object to the fabricated evidence the prosecutor injected in her closing and she shook her head 'no'. Prosecutor Kimberly Laskoff, rather than sticking to her theory that both Blanco and I were in a fighting stance, told the jury that the guys made the comment (which none of them confess to) about security walking Genie and I to our car, in a questioning manner, making fun of us, rather than threatening us. She said that Genie asked me what I was going to do about it (there's no such testimony) and proceeds to fabricate a conversation between Genie and I after which my manhood being challenged I'm pissed off and fired up. So when these good ole boys walk over I just pull out my knife and attack them one by one. She said the fact that their stories don't match should be an indication of their

honesty, showing they didn't get together and make this up. (Even though her statements conflict with the fact that they admit to coming at me swinging. It seems she'll abandon all reality for this conviction). She says they are not lying; thus vouching for their credibility while indicating their testimony is unreliable. She says there is no way I didn't get out my car and commit murder and aggravated battery (If the jury has any faith in the prosecutor this intrudes on their right to find me not guilty, because this is the prosecutor's personal opinion). She says yes I have the right to stand my ground but I "could have left" and I "should have left" and she says "that's not what we meant when we made the law" as if she was actually there with legislature when the stand your ground law was made. The prosecutor made up her own story manipulating the evidence. She says Blanco approached even though he denies it. She says I went after his friends even though they admit coming after me. She says I could have left even though her witnesses said either I was being held or surrounded. She says I held the knife in an underhanded manner which she demonstrates, even though I demonstrate holding it overhand and everyone else never saw it. She says my fear for Deanna's well being was a lie she calls "a magic trick." She says they came over asking what's going on rather than swinging at me as they admit to. She says they saw people falling and bleeding all over the place that's why they came, even though they all testified that they didn't realize anyone had been cut or was bleeding until the entire incident was over. Everything they said was a punch, she says was a stab. She says none of them used anything as a weapon and my injuries were self inflicted, saying I cut myself, even though her own witness Justin Idle says I was hit with something.

She sought to resolve all the debatable issues of the case with her own seemingly eyewitness account. She said Hanzel Holiday a 4 time convicted felon was just being a Good Samaritan. My attorneys never object.

Never the less two things never happen regardless of her manipulation of the evidence; 1) there's no substantial theory of murder regarding William Troy and; 2) she points to no evidence indicating a lawful purpose for Andre Blanco approaching in the first place. Which means there's no evidence that I did not act in self defense or justifiable use of force in protection of my girlfriend which was the purpose of the trial. Whether I was mad or not (which I never had a chance to be mad until later), none of it matters if I reasonably felt either of us were in danger because of their approach. Her job was to remind the jury of the evidence presented throughout the course of the trial and present them with the question of a reasonably minded person's possible perception. If any reasonable mind could view that approach as threatening, they must acquit, because of course that would amount to a reasonable doubt of guilt. I still have faith.

After closing arguments Judge Munyon read the jury instructions which would clarify the laws which apply to the evidence they'd just heard over the last few days. She read the instructions clarifying the elements of each charge. She read the justifiable use of force and stand your ground law for each charge. But she also added what she called a "special instruction" which she said was requested by the defense, titled "necessity" which held six elements. She never clarified that it was a separate defense from my self defense claim, when naturally the word "necessity" would be associated with the use of deadly force law where it states

that a person may use deadly force “if he or she reasonably believes it is “necessary.” The jury and I were allowed to infer that it was a instruction clarifying what's needed to decide if a person had reasonably believed such force was necessary to defend themselves or someone else. I was never informed or counseled on the defense and the record shows no official proceeding in which it was requested. Therefore, it was discussed and agreed upon in a personal non official gathering between my attorney, the prosecutor, and the judge. Exhibiting the very definition of the word conspiracy. This 'special instruction' was given with each charge.

Let me break it down. First, self defense or justifiable use of either deadly or non deadly force is what is called an affirmative defense. An affirmative defense is generally defined as a defendant's assertion raising new facts and arguments that, if true, will defeat the prosecutor's claim, even if all allegations in the complaint are true. The “necessity” defense is also an affirmative defense (which is called the defense of “duress or necessity” according to the standard jury instruction). Now this is where things get tricky. The jury’s confidence in their own understanding of the law can be very fragile, especially when it comes to new laws, and the stand your ground law was only a year old at the time.

As I explained earlier, because the stand your ground law clearly states that I had no duty to retreat and could lawfully use deadly force at any place in which I had a right to be to prevent death or great bodily harm or the commission of any forcible felony against myself or another. Even if everything the prosecution said was true, my assertion of new facts and arguments; showing that Blanco's manner of approaching after comments made about our security led me to see that he was intent on intrusion or attack; is the burden the State must prove beyond a reasonable doubt as false. Its not my job to prove this beyond a reasonable doubt. All I have to do is claim it and if it's reasonable then I can't be found guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. On the other hand the prosecutor's burden should not be viewed as incredible either.

All she had to do was provide the jury with evidence that it could view beyond a reasonable doubt as establishing my claim as unreasonable. Just some reasonable evidence. She could have used Blanco's testimony that he never approached my car and I attacked him at his car by stabbing him in the face off rip, even though he never knew it, because he never saw a knife and never knew he was bleeding till the end of the entire incident, just like everybody else. Even though I guess, if the C.S.I, says the fight took place close by my car; and his friend Gotay says he saw him approach us; and his friend Riollano says our cars were parked 15 feet apart and the fight started 15 feet away (which was actually more like 60 feet, being 6 parking spaces apart; C.S.I, estimating the average space to

be 10 feet wide); and both Westfall and Idle saying they saw him walk over; plus they all say he was hit with a punch first and he agrees that's what he saw it as too (hum, I wonder who told him he was stabbed first; surely not anyone who was actually there); I can see how his evidence might not be viewed as reasonable.

So she never even tried to use it. Instead she, told the jury on 3 different occasions that I should have left; appealed to their emotions portraying me as a eager black hurricane with a knife taking advantage of my opponents and; begged for my conviction. In light of a law which grants immunity for men who have shot men in the head who approached them aggressively to prevent themselves from becoming victims, she'd need help if she was serious. The Public Defender's Office and the court would give her more than enough.

The "special instruction" of "necessity" has 6 elements which it's the defendant's burden to meet:

1. The defendant reasonably believed a danger existed which was not intentionally caused by the defendant. (O.K.)
2. The danger threatened significant harm to the defendant or a third person. (O.K.)
3. The threatened harm must have been real, imminent and impending. (O.K.)
4. The defendant had no reasonable means to avoid the danger except by committing (crime alleged). (Hum)

5. The (crime alleged) must have been committed out of necessity to avoid the danger. (Hum)

6. The harm the defendant avoided must outweigh the harm caused by committing (crime alleged). (Hum).

Before showing you what just happened let me remind you that I'd just started learning to comprehend the law and was taken by surprise. I didn't think the judge was in on it at the time. Since Lisa T. Munyon did not preside over the hearings prior to the trial I really couldn't be mad for her not recognizing who was lying. Though I was slightly confused, I had faith that she intended to keep the law clear for the jury. Maybe you've noticed two female public defenders, two female prosecutors, a female judge; I really believed someone would appreciate me defending and protecting a woman; but she was black too, so there you have it. Once again I was attacked by multiple assailants.

You ever wonder how innocent people get convicted with no evidence?
You ever wonder how railroads are made?

Peep it.

Elements 1, 2, 3, are harmless and so consistent with the self defense law that when 4, 5, and 6 are read the subtle shifts in perspective are almost imperceptible. As I said, the use of the word necessary in the justifiable use of force laws and the title of 'necessity' in the special instruction, without specific instructions otherwise, would allow the jury to believe that the special instruction was simply implemented to assist in their comprehension of the other.

In fact it appears fundamental to the justifiable use of force instructions; so much that it can be viewed to supersede them. In fact they're both classified as necessity instructions under Florida law; but they apply to separate sets of circumstances. The 'duress or necessity' instruction would apply for example in a situation where a woman was caught prostituting but claims she had to do it because her pimp threatened to hurt her baby if she didn't and she never would have done it otherwise.

You see the differences don't seem so big, but they are major. Where one says you committed no crime the other is a confession that you did. For example there are multiple degrees of homicide from justifiable to excusable which are not criminal as well as manslaughter to murder which are always criminal. Where a killing done in self defense would not be done in the same mind state of malicious or depraved mind as second degree murder, once you claim a defense admitting to second degree murder you can no longer claim to have acted in self defense.

Elements 4, 5 and 6 instructed the jury that I committed second degree murder as well as the other charges. Now lets see if I even claim to have acted out of necessity as it was instructed. Element #4 said that I had to prove that I had no other reasonable means to avoid the danger. That means if retreat was possible (and I have to prove it wasn't) then my failure to do so means I can be found guilty. That means that if the jury believes that I believed that these guys were coming to start trouble (keep in mind Idle's new claim that they specifically called me a 'pussy') then I have no legal defense. And silly me, I never even claimed that I tried to run. I'm to stand my ground after I run.

Element #5 said that the crime must have been necessary to avoid the danger. Maybe if I would have screamed for help they would have backed off or maybe I could have kicked them all in the nuts. If so stabbing them wasn't necessary. Or maybe the jury recognized that I was surrounded and couldn't retreat and that kicking and screaming wouldn't stop them, but I failed to meet requirement #6 because they don't believe the harm I avoided by committing the crime outweighed the harm I caused. After all the only thing that outweighs second degree murder is first degree murder. That means I had to prove that they had a premeditated plan to kill me, which I never claimed. Maybe they believed they were unarmed and I cut myself.

Chapter 15

Lose My Right

The only thing these special instructions did for me is take away my right to stand my ground and use deadly force to defend us against great bodily harm, some forms of being killed, and most forcible felonies. Still, they weren't content with that, so they added another instruction for good measure. After all the evidence of self defense was overwhelming. They could take no chances that I'd be found not guilty. Too much is at stake (\$).

Judge Munyon overruled the bare bones objection (which happened to sound a little too well rehearsed) made by Catherine Chien and applied the second half of what is known as the forcible felony instruction.

This is an instruction that appeal courts have declared fundamentally erroneous; demanding reversal of convictions when it is given in self defense cases where the defendant is only charged for acts he claims he committed in self defense. Unless he is charged with a separate forcible felony such as robbery etc., which is said to have provoked the use of force that he defended himself against, the instruction is not to be given. Appeal Courts have found that the jury is misled by such circular instructions.

For example: A man grabs another man to rob him, suddenly the victim gets the upper hand and the first man finds himself fighting for his life. The situation reverses again and the second man is seriously injured by the robber. The first man admits to the robbery, but claims self defense to the serious injury charges which he says he never intended to cause. The self defense instruction is read but in that case the forcible felony instruction is read also. It reads as follows: (This was also read for each charge). However the use of [deadly or non deadly force] is not justified if you find:

1. (Defendant) was attempting to commit, committing, or escaping after the commission of (crime charged) or;
2. (Defendant) initially provoked the use of force against himself, unless:
 - a. The force asserted toward the defendant was so great that he reasonably believed that he was in imminent danger of death or great bodily harm and had exhausted every reasonable means to escape the danger, other than using [deadly or non deadly] force on (assailant).

b. In good faith; the defendant withdrew from physical contact with (assailant) and clearly indicated to (assailant) that he wanted to withdraw and stop the use of [deadly or non deadly] force, but (assailant) continued or resumed the use of force.

So when a person claims he shot someone in justifiable use of force and the jury is instructed that he is not justified if they find that he was attempting to commit, committing, or escaping after the commission of shooting someone, the instruction is circular and unfair to the defendant. So he must only have that instruction given if and for criminal acts other than those he claims occurred in self defense.

So Judge Munyon left out #1 of the instruction and only gave #2. The part saying I lose my right to self defense if they find I initially provoked the use them by standing my ground!

With all this adding to the instructions she never told the jury that the of force against myself. She claimed that only the first part was or would have been erroneous. Even though the appeal courts never said the instructions were only part erroneous. This was even worse because the jury could now take away my right to defend myself based on no criminal activity on my part. With no legal definition for provocation if the jury believed that I told them "I don't need nobody to back me up" I could lose my right to defend us. Some might think I provoked state had the burden of proving that I did not act in self defense beyond a reasonable doubt. She only gave the regular instruction that the prosecutor had to prove that I committed the acts beyond a reasonable doubt. With my affirmative defense the prosecution was left with nothing to prove. The jury would deliberate

for little more than 3 hours, after which I was brought back to the courtroom where the judge informed me that the jury had a question. They asked if it would be alright if they went out for a smoke. I agreed and was escorted out of the courtroom. 15 minutes later they came back with a guilty verdict for all my charges except the one for shooting a gun. If it was only a cigarette break they asked for, I guarantee they got more than they asked for outside that deliberation chamber. (The first thing I did when I got the records was took a look at the paper the jury was given to write their questions on which they would have had to use even to ask for a cigarette break. It was blank, as if it never happened. Just like the January 17th pretrial hearing, where I first started charging \$350,000.00 a day and every time I reminded them after every hearing including immediately after the guilty verdict and commented as the jury left that "this is an evil place"; all erased from the record. Luckily the man who transcribed the pretrial hearing no longer worked for them in 2011 and provided my mother with a copy). When we asked for audio or video of the trial or sentencing proceedings they claim they never recorded it. (I know you're probably wondering why me? I never saw a movie or book like this).

Chapter 16

I Saw The Signs

At the sentencing I added a million dollars to the \$350,000.00 a day I had been already charging them. They twisted my words in the transcript to make it sound like I'd just started and was a little crazy; but anybody could get my drift.

Besides being sentenced to the max on every charge, a couple other interesting revelations caught my attention. I gave the Court another opportunity to do the right thing. I spoke on how all the witnesses involved in the incident; Gotay, Riollano and Holiday, claim to not know how the altercation started between me and Blanco, and took it upon themselves to attack me not even knowing who threw the first punch. Therefore they admit that they don't even know if I was defending myself (which they know I was, but this is what their testimony amounts to). Without claiming that their friend was in danger of some great bodily injury, the State granting them immunity from prosecution violated my rights. When they said they never saw a knife and never saw blood or knew someone was stabbed until after the entire altercation. They basically said they got in because they would not allow their friends to lose a fight and they don't know if I started stabbing because they entered the fight and I was being jumped. Nobody cared and nobody would. My problem is not the law, but law enforcement.

William Troy's family stood up to say a few words on the record. I'd seen them in the courtroom the entire trial. A good looking family, I felt sorry for their loss; but it was either him or me. There is a time in every life where if death

comes its not entirely undeserved. Whether its skydiving, reckless driving, or threatening innocent lives. Many times we skirt the consequences. Sometimes we wish we'd never done it. Like I said earlier, I'm no angel, though I could never lower myself to attacking a man so that I could take his woman. Maybe Blanco wasn't acting at the behest of his employer. Maybe he took it upon his self and his friends felt forced to follow.

William Troy wasn't the first or even second guy in the fight he was third, fourth or fifth. I was fighting at least 2 guys before he entered the fight. In an altercation that lasted about 60 seconds, I legally can't be guilty of murder or manslaughter. The slaughter was in his favor. If he were first in the fight I could understand some suspicion. After all he's the only one I really had any interaction with prior. I was amazed by what appeared to be a freaky coincidence.

As his family spoke I had no doubt that there were probably some loveable things about the guy. I'd been "bad" before and I could think of plenty of reasons to love me, but I'd also done things that if I would have died in the course of, it would have been my fault. I didn't wish him dead but it was crunch time and deadly force was all that I could choose to possibly save my life and prevent my girl from being kidnapped and raped maybe even killed herself. I felt sympathy for his family, and wondered if after hearing all of the evidence, they felt any sympathy for mine.

His mother was a sad but well composed woman who bordered on beautiful. She appeared either light skinned black or Hispanic and it hurt me to see her pain.

His sister was her perfect compliment. Brains and beauty, she spoke of him as if he were a god using her education on the upper echelons of society to paint a grand picture. She spoke on how she was currently a student at Yale University. Of course, I was impressed, I'd got my G.E.D. after dropping out of high school. I also got a glimpse at the wealth and prestige of the Troy family. I'd already learned that Blanco and Gotay worked for William, who was only 24, the youngest out their crew. When I read Riollano's police statement. I'd learned that he was so well off he could afford to give his employees season tickets to the Magic's games; and they'd considered going to the Magic's game, then going to a strip club called Cleo's, then one called Diamond's, only to end the night at Thee Doll House; just another night out. George Bush, who was still president at the time went to Yale himself. I began to understand why judges would fall all over themselves to appease them. And why they saw me as nothing; period.

I'd seen his father; white man, white hair, but in such a condition that it seemed premature or hereditary; standing with the family. And when he spoke he was a picture of confidence, comfort, and charisma. He told how his son had chartered a boat for the family which he'd scheduled to depart the very weekend of his death. I thought to myself this kid who's been arrested 10 or 11 times for battery including once on a law enforcement officer, has lived a life more than half the world will never see. The father's name was William John Troy III and he asked the court to make sure nothing like this ever happened again. I'm thinking William John Troy III, that would make the deceased William John Troy IV.

American Me

I Saw The Signs

My name is John Wesley Dobbs IV.

We both have the John the 'W' and the IV. It reminded me of the two Deanna's with the birthdays one day apart. See at first I really didn't think this was about me. I thought it was about the south, racism, classism and, the inexcusable wanting character of an unacceptable portion of law enforcement. I thought it was just about narrow minded people who betray their oaths and don't understand that this country is the force that it is and admired as it is, because of the challenge that it presents. The challenge we present to the world, the challenge we present to ourselves. It's a combination of strengths, all essential to its D.N.A. not so much pride of the past as pride of how it grew, survived and thrives, striving with a potential and toward a destiny no other nation in the world can imagine.

Then I saw the signs and realized this is very much about me, even though they don't see me. I'm from N.Y. I've spent years living in any given borough, Detroit, Atlanta, I'm doing time in Florida. Not much for some; hell of a lot for others. I have 3 kids; Justice Divine, Isis Wisdom, and Infinite Understanding. Boy, girl, boy. The batteries of my life. The reason a man who has been eating off and on since he was 4, 5 years old from a chow line, still believes he's worth something; that he was to be something. For our legacy. My two princes and my princess have unique names. I meet a man named Justice (I'm talking about from birth) only after my son Justice was born, he was from Indiana and that was in the 90's. I once saw a woman in Harlem call a little boy

around 4 years old by the name of Infinite, but I can honestly say that's about it. I never met a woman or little girl whose actual birth name was Isis.

I'm looking at the family taking notes on how similar it is to mine, yet we're on two different sides of the ball. Both our parents are different shades. His father's white, his mother, caramel. My mother's high yellow, my father's dark brown. My parents are divorced and his parents didn't look close. He appeared to be the oldest of three "there was a younger brother who remained silent) I'm the oldest of three. One rich family, one poor family. There's so much more to this than a game of chess. I'm remembering the dream that started it all, the one that got me to make a basically unprepared trip, the one where I was desperately trying to get an 11 year old Justice out of jail.

When William John Troy IV's baby mother takes her turn to speak. A good looking girl with nothing flashy on. She's telling the court they have a daughter together she's 7 years old.

Her name is Isis.

Now it's imaginable that a guy from the hood inspires the wrath of a man whose possibly a member of Yale's skull and bones fraternity. After all the sister is a mixed girl who's yet to make a name for herself. I mean I got the impression she was educated but not necessarily that she was brilliant. I'm not sure if it's a long stretch to imagine her father's influence got her there; perhaps he's alumni. I'm not saying she doesn't or I should say hasn't worked hard and excellently. It's equally not a long stretch for me to imagine that she deserved it.

Its just I know a number of people who possess work ethics that would just as equally warrant it. But it's the little girls name that blows me. My Isis just turned 10. This is bigger than all of us. It's a little cosmic.

I see divine intervention.

I'm thinking this is so unnecessary. There was a time when I was hopeless enough and uneducated enough concerning life's opportunities that being sentenced to a gang of time might not have been totally unexpected, but I'd left that lifestyle alone years before. All these signs aren't necessary just to make another brother a victim of the system. I realized that I may be the focal point for something extraordinary. I may be being used as the tip of a sword thrust into the belly of the beast. A monkey wrench in the system within the system. Florida has been railroading innocent people for so long and sentencing and convicting people for crimes way harsher than the acts they are actually guilty of amount to, for so long. And I might just be what's needed to slow it down. They got too greedy and reckless with this one. I cracked the code and there's a paper trail the length of a titanic sword. But I'm just the tip. It will take a titanic character to use it and push it through. All I've done was prick them and you'll be astonished at the things they've done to try and close the wound.

Chapter 17

Who Will Believe Me

Not long after Judge Munyon sentences me to natural life for the murder of William Troy, 15 years for the battery of Andre Blanco, 15 years for the battery of Francisco Gotay and 5 years with a 3 year minimum mandatory for the assault of Hanzel Holiday (her failure to orate whether their concurrent or consecutive leaves the presumption that their consecutive). I was sent to prison.

Now ever since the night of my arrest when the detective mentioned something about cameras on the scene that night I'd been trying to get my hands on a film that would show the complaining witnesses were lying. I was told they had cameras. Then that they didn't film the parking lot. The Public Defender's Office on one occasion allowed me to speak with a private investigator. I'd been asking whether they had a camera filming the entrance; and if so it would show that Blanco and his friends left before we did, so they were waiting for us, and that means there is no way we could have been driving and arguing with them as they left and walked to their car. Also the angle of the ramp to the door suggest that it would also capture a view of the parking lot exit and some of the street, and so would show that the claim that I fired a gun was also a lie. (I guess it would also show that the old black man 'Hanzel Holiday' was an imposter).

Then they said there was a camera but it doesn't record. O.K. well check it; I know they have a camera at the bar and I bet that records, and the angle of the bar suggest that it would also capture a view of the entrance. I never got

a response from my P.D., she'd always change the subject. But I kept asking. When I got to prison Catherine Chien send my mother 4 video recordings of different angles inside the bar. Large parts were fast forwarded with none showing Genie and I. They appeared to purposely rendered useless; Yet slowing to show someone getting a lap dance, with a guy my own mother says flavors me apparently at the bar masturbating. If you find it hard to believe imagine how I feel. I would have been speechless, but I couldn't afford to be. Do you think I would request something like that be sent home to my mother? Because of course that's where they would have to send it I can't have it in jail or prison. Remember I was only at the club for 25 minutes, I was there with my girl, I never even approached the bar, she did, and it honestly wasn't that type of establishment. I mean remember the girls wore tape on their nipples. That's not the type of thing that would have been allowed.

To this day I don't know whether it's just some look alike or an altered video. I'm sure we can't actually have that much in common; if you know what I mean. The bottom line is the disrespect to me and my family is awesome. The reason they'd do such a thing was immediately obvious. They wanted my mother to turn her back on me. I thought to myself if they would go through all that and stoop so low, be so cold. What else will they do? What else have they done? Maybe they did something like this with the NAACP, the ACLU. Maybe they'll do something like this with the appeal courts. Do I mention this; wouldn't it hurt me even more? I mean how do you mention something like that? How do I tell the courts? What if it's a one time thing, just an attempt to cut off family support?

Who will believe me if I was to say 'hey help me I've been convicted of murdering a man at a strip club, my ex girl was a stripper, I'm innocent but some very influential people are not to be trusted, they'll stop at nothing to defame my character?'

I'm lucky my mother knows me better. She know how honest I am, she always said that she never meant for me to be so honest. She said I need to learn how to lie. She knows how I cherish the power that comes with respect and self control. Lies are a common result of fear. It's funny how in the land of the free and the home of the brave its not uncommon to find people whose fear is stronger than their love. But my only fear is my love.

I asked my family to find out whatever they could about the Troy family which might explain this insanity. My father said the only info he could find about a William John Troy in Florida was a reference to a monument in memory of a brigadier general. I smell old money. My mother had less luck; even though she hired a private investigator only requesting that he provide her with an overall view without invading their privacy. She was told he could get no information without a court order regarding that family. On her own she found a William John Troy III who is part owner of a law firm established in at least 3 different States. That's the best they could do to give me an idea of what I might be up against. Like I said I'm not sure if any of the violations of my rights are the result of a direct request from the Troy family or just a result of various law enforcement officials brown nosing. I'm just trying to survive. But once again I

find signs of a grander design. My own grandfather was a World War II veteran, and it appears that both our fathers are attorneys (granted on two vastly different levels, I would not trust mine with a case as serious as this for a number of reasons).

Chapter 18

Stronger Than The Truth

My first prison camp was Central Florida Reception Center (CFRC). There, after being subject to various I.Q., tests I was told that I scored high enough to be eligible for any of the inmate job programs D.O.C. had to offer. When asked which I'd prefer; I specifically inquired whether I would be able to work in a law library as a clerk and was told 'certainly.' I also met a man named William John Stringer who had spent some time as a paralegal on the streets. He'd even done work at a law firm which counted Tom Cruise as a client. After discussing the irony of his name and learning that he was the IVth also, we spoke on the issues surrounding my case.

Of course, he agreed that they would have to let me go; which he believed they would do on direct appeal. He said they only convicted me to appease the family of the deceased, and proceeded to tell me about there being a cap on how much a person can sue the State for a wrongful conviction. I explained my theory that being that I must lawfully be viewed as innocent until proven guilty at

the time I placed the charge, I also retained the right to charge what I want for my time and labor. I also continuously pointed out to the court that the methods being used to obtain the conviction displayed unconstitutional bias. It was the duty of the court to remedy the errors before proceeding. Because the jurisdiction of the court is established by the constitution; where a conviction is obtained through reasonable but constitutional errors, it would be a wrongful conviction. But where the court blatantly disregards the constitution and continues to do so in the face of enlightenment, then it never had jurisdiction and thus in fact is not a court of law at all as no such court exist according to the constitution. And the conviction is not truly a conviction, but merely an abduction.

I told him I'd be willing to pay a law firm 33 and 1/3% of any money received through their representation. He contacted the firm he'd worked for explaining what I said. When they got back to him they told him that they'd never heard of such a settlement but believed that if I could prove my claims they'd take my case for just 10% because of the amount its worth. They believed that between the time it would take for me to finish with, and be released, on direct appeal, they could request a settlement of 100 million dollars. Mr. Stringer became upset when I refused to agree to stay with him and his wife in Colorado when I was released. A few days later he came back shaking and sweating and told me that a captain pulled him to the side and threateningly told him to stop helping people. Mr. Stringer was a white man in his mid-fifties. I don't know what would become of him. He was doing something like another year and a half for bank robbery without a weapon. He said he intended to get caught because he had to disappear and lay low for some gambling debts.

I was transferred two days later. I wound up at Gulf C.I. in Wewahitchka, Florida. Where the motto of the C.O.'s is we will hit ya. When I got there a huge officer about 6'7, 3 and change, one of the few black officers there, started picking on me. I said nothing, just let him see his reflection in my eyes. After he walked away he came back a few minutes later and said "Inmate Dobbs that life sentence won't stick. 3 guys approach you at your car outside a club. Just you and your girl. They gotta drop it." I guess their computer's only mention the victims. I was assigned as a houseman and given shower detail. I complained to my classification officer explaining that I was told I could be trained and become a law clerk. I was initially at Gulf Annex but then was transferred to the Main Unit. When I asked why I was told "so you can be a law clerk". I was there for about two weeks and worked the library about three days. I'd been giving my sister some case laws to give to my father.

I was suddenly transferred back to the Annex. When I asked why, they said because I was a security risk. I'm like, what? They told me I could be a law clerk; and that doesn't make sense because the main unit is where all the security threats belong. Being my first permanent camp in Florida I couldn't really judge, but inmates complained that it was one of the worst camps in Florida as far as how officers treat you, and that area of Florida (the panhandle or northern Florida) held the most oppressive Klu Klux Klan infested camps in the State. Also the hardest to get a good adjustment transfer from. It's just my luck that that's the year Florida decides to take all the weights out of prison and make a rule

where you have to keep your t-shirt on on the recreation field even in 90 degree weather. One day coming back from the yard I forgot to take my headphones off. They were confiscated by an officer who said I could get them back at 12:30. Back at the dorm I fall asleep only to be wakened by the door to our wing slamming. I get up. Check the time; 12:30. I come out my cell and see the same officer walking with a female officer whose relatively new to the job. I approached them to inquire about my headphones. I'm told "not now we are looking for someone". I look up and see the sergeant in the officer's station. I go to her. She gives me my headphones. I go back into my wing, wave down the male and female officers, show them that I got my headphones back, and continue back to my cell. They order everyone to go to their cells. They go cell to cell on their search. They walk by my cell and then stop. I hear the female say "I think that's him." The male says "you sure?" And she says "yea, I think that's him." They step back to the front of my cell and tell me to cuff up. I say "wait a minute; you just saw me 2 or 3 times I just spoke to you!" I was told to cuff up and taken to confinement.

I'd been accused of a lewd or lascivious act. She says she saw me watching her and masturbating at which time she told me to stop and I complied. Now where I'm from a dude will get killed by half the dorm for pulling out like that around a bunch of guys even claiming that his attention is aimed at the barely viewable head of a woman 30, 40 feet away in the officer's station. In Florida its an accepted behavior, even commended sometimes. Most of the guys in the dorm knew my opinion of that. I let it be known that I viewed it as rapist in training or homosexual behavior.

There is a time and a place for everything; and the place is not where your surrounded by 50 men looking at a woman who is out of shape fully clothed and would spray you with a can of mace if she saw you. So the whole dorm stepped to the captain on my behalf. He came to see me and said he knows I didn't do it and he would give me the name of the guy who did. Now even if I wanted I wouldn't do anything, because all the captain knows about me is I'm in for murder and some other violent crimes. I suspect he wants me to hurt someone and catch a outside charge. They know I didn't do it (after all they woke me up looking for the guy), never the less I'm found guilty, but instead of the 60 days the D.R. calls for they give me 45. But I see they pull every trick in the book, better walk light. I realize what's happening. Their trying to give support to the claim made by the video. The reason she never picked me out when I was talking to them is because she was instructed to pick a person who slept in a specific bunk in a specific cell. Now I'm really shook because if they can keep doing things like this to me then my case is hopeless. Since its an issue let me explain something about my sexual habits in general. While I like an exhibitionist in my woman I am much more conservative with myself. I believe my woman should have the luxury to behave in ways that I don't. I crave the impression that my woman is on the verge of out of control and is only contained by my love. This causes the desired effect which is a constant display of my power over her. Egotistical, but honest. Any weakness I have for her or her need to see it would be done in private. That's who I am; bottom line. Anything else is a lie.

While I was still in confinement my appeal deadlines were coming and going. I was once again being represented by the Public Defender's Office. The general word was that the appeal courts and even public defenders were a different breed and were generally more thorough than what you'd find in the trial courts. But my appellate P.D. would let deadlines pass without having asked for an extension. When my P.D. Kevin Holtz finally put in a brief on my behalf my father and I would have to pressure him to amend it twice before his final submission. Which was still inadequate compared to the issues I'd found on my own. I found it ironic how I was set up with the Disciplinary Report (D.R.) just when my deadlines were approaching. Just before I was released, one of the confinement sergeants told me I'd be back, he'd make sure of it. I asked why and said I didn't do anything. He said "you didn't do anything the first time did you? My pen is stronger than the truth"! I knew I had to get away from that camp.

I never told them that I'd kill myself, but I had my mother call the institution to have them check on me. An officer asked me if I was all right. I wouldn't speak. They cuffed me and took me to a psych cell. Basically where they take your clothes, give you a small cloth to wrap around you, put you in a freezing cold room with nothing in it, and see if you break. Twice I found bugs in there that would never willingly submit themselves to such cold temperatures and naturally were drawn to me for my body heat. A spider and some kind of wasp, neither could survive more than a couple hours in that cold. After I found the spider I searched for any signs of insects in the empty room. Nothing. So when I saw the wasp I knew they were being slipped into the room possibly to

hit me in my sleep, just to get a reaction, because I'd refused to eat, drink or speak for three days. I knew that if I said anything, even that I wanted to hurt myself or somebody else, they'd say I was communicating and claim to be making progress. I kept shut; they transferred me to Santa Rosa C.I.

Chapter 19

What If He Signs It

While I was at Santa Rosa in a wing where inmates were actually cutting their wrist with dried orange peels or some such nonsense, I got a call from my Public Pretender Kevin Holts. Everybody says that's a good sign, even the lieutenant. They say lawyers never call, especially the Public Defender's Office, unless it's good news. But Kevin Holtz had no good news for me. He called 'cause he wanted to know what was on my mind. I'd written him telling him to argue issues like the prosecutor's knowing use of perjured testimony, fabricated evidence, her misrepresenting the law to the jury, and misleading "necessity instructions". He wanted to focus on the life sentence and let me keep the other 35 or 15.1 said it's self defense, if it applies, it applies to everything. Then he let me in on a big secret. He said "I could argue this thing where they'll have to release you. But you know they're not going to let you go." Everything else he said was gibberish.

I'm still being jumped and this time I don't even have a knife. One day when I was on the phone with my father I mentioned that the charging document was unsigned. The phone suddenly went dead. I called back, started to talk

about it again, and again they hung up on us. This happened 7 times until the money my father prepaid to the phone account ran out. Every time he picked up and answered it would hang up. The last time he rushed the phone saying 'don't mention it,' they hung up before he finished his sentence. That's when I knew it was a big deal.

They lowered my suicide watch level and transferred me to A.C.I. (Apalachi C.I.). I soon received another call from Kevin Holtz. This time I'm really optimistic. I mean what else could he possibly be calling me for if not good news this time. Last time was bad news something has to have changed. So we exchange pleasantries and it appears he's trying to get me to trust him. He says he has three super bowl rings. I congratulate him thinking did he play football, was he a lawyer for the team (someone explained it meant he'd got cases reversed, big case). Then I go on to tell him about the unsigned charge information. I'm explaining what I think it means. He's quiet. When I stopped talking he's still quiet. I'm waiting for good news. I mean even if he didn't bring it, I gave it to him. I'm waiting for him to tell me we at least have something to work with. He opens his mouth and says "What if he signs it? What if he signs it?" While he's speaking I hear someone start coughing in the back ground. Now I know why he called. It wasn't for me; it was for somebody else. Somebody who wanted to size me up. I almost exploded. I spoke loudly barely under control. I said "I want my constitutional rights." I took off. He basically asked me to let them hang me. Some people are so educated and comfortable that their idiots. Doesn't he know intelligence doesn't come from a book. It comes from decision

making life experiences. It comes from respect. The deeper your respect the deeper your observations. Some people circumvent the need for intelligence by settling for being smart enough to follow someone who is intelligent. Sometimes the bigger they are the harder they fall.

Oh, by the way I was in confinement again for that call (I can't remember the charge of the D.R. or the month. I spent 2 years at A.C.I. All I know is it was a crucial time during my appeal and I'd previously submitted my own brief along with his); I was determined to represent myself. I fired the Public Defender's Office and proceeded to represent myself, pro se. Before I went to confinement I'd taken it upon myself to file a state habeas corpus to Jackson County Court about the unsigned charging Information, the Fourteenth Judicial circuit. The Honorable Judge William L. Wright dismissed it stating after reviewing the record he believed it was an issue which should be brought up on direct appeal. While in confinement I wrote the court dismissing the Office of the Public Defender and expressing my intent to proceed pro se. I soon received a letter from Kevin Holtz citing case law for why I could not fire him and giving his explanation of why he could not argue the things I requested. 3 things stand out in my memory about that letter: first, he said he and the head Public Defender discussed my issue of the unsigned charging Information and agreed that it was not an issue that should be brought up on direct appeal (I never told him that a circuit court judge said just the opposite), second, he said the argument about the "necessity instruction would put Judge Munyon in an impossible position

because my attorney requested it (obviously my impossible position is not his concern) and; third he tried to manipulate me, into believing I could not fire him using a California case law regarding a mentally unstable man. I never looked back.

Chapter 20

I Continue My Fight

Once he was officially dismissed his office had to send me all my records and transcripts. Like I said one of the first things I noticed skimming through the records, was that the sheet for the jury to write any questions which could not be answered in the deliberation chamber was blank. One of the next things I found was something I anticipated but really hoped wouldn't happen. Suddenly, there in my records is a signed and notarized copy of the charging information. Now I'm pissed because in order to make any substantial amendments or corrections to an indictment or charging information once it's been filed all parties have to agree to the change. When I compare it with the original I received with my discovery I notice everything else is the same except the place where the clerk of court stamped the document with the time and date of the filing. The time and date are the same, but one was stamped on the top of the front page and the other towards the bottom. That's the evidence. The copy on the record is a fraud. If there had been a signed copy on the record Judge William L. Wright would have mentioned it when he dismissed my petition.

My trial Public Defender Catherine Chien (who fed me to the dogs) said in a letter to my mother that the copy she received was unsigned. Though she said that a copy doesn't have to be signed, she said she could only assume that there was a signed version, indicating that she, after receiving her copy of the records (the very same copies provided to Kevin Holtz), had no knowledge of a signed charging Information. This not only expresses her incompetence or her purposeful betraying of her oath by failing to observe whether formal charges had been properly filed so that the prosecution could take place; but it also shows her underestimation of my intelligence and determination.

Of course any old copy doesn't have to be signed, but a photocopy or any document stamped with an official seal of the clerk of court must be treated as an original unless the document or copy itself specifically states otherwise. It would have to say that its an unsigned copy and not an original. Courts are not new to the confusion that would ensue from such irresponsibility, they have safeguards. This new copy was backdated in a vain attempt. I'm no fool.

And just when I thought I'd seen it all I find the treachery has yet to climax. None of the transcripts of taped interviews conducted by detectives the night of the incident were made part of the record except mine. The January 17th pretrial hearing, where I initially started charging \$350,000.00 a day, is listed on the docket as being scheduled, but not as having took place. All my references to it have been erased from the transcripts of my other court appearances with the exception of the sentencing. Phillip Westfall's questioning of whether he knew or saw who threw the first punch, as well as his negative response, was gone from the trial transcripts.

Even parts of the prosecutor's closing argument was altered.

Like instead of her telling the jury "I submit that he held the knife like this" and "I submit that he cut himself", she's transcribed as saying "It's the State's position that he held the knife like this" and "It's the State's position that he cut himself". (These changes occurred because her original statements clearly express her personal opinion, which would be misconduct). In the face of all this and a bunch of other stuff I continue my fight. In Florida's 5th District Court of Appeals (5th DCA) I argue that the record is incomplete and altered. I submitted 3 motions to supplement the record; with the transcripts of taped interviews; with the unsigned charging information and evidence that the transcripts provided to me were themselves unsigned. They were all denied; and the one about the unsigned documents never even acknowledged on the docket.

I noticed that the 5th DCA had me listed under a incorrect DC number. It's a fact that even if someone wanted to contact you or look you up in D.O.C. it could be nearly impossible even with the persons correct name if the DC number is wrong. Many attorneys check the docket and look up cases in search of clients. My mother and I complained to the clerk of the court about the error which they admitted to and promised to fix. We complained for 4 or 5 months; they didn't fix it until my mother threatened to call the F.B.I.. I realized they were trying to bury me; loose me in the system.

Chapter 21

American Me

That's when I asked my mother to set up the website you know as 'American me King Universal.org' featuring all my transcripts, pictures and arguments involved in this case and to keep it up to date. I know there's a possibility they won't let me out alive, but there have been cases that have been investigated and resolved long after their actual participants were dead. This is for my kids and my future grandkids and their kids. They deserve compensation for this betrayal by the system after the ban on cruel and unusual punishment in the 8th Amendment, the demand for equal protection in the 14th Amendment and the illusion of promises fulfilled which has been shoved down our throats to pacify us since the civil rights movement. They hate me for calling in their debt to the same laws which established the path to their rise to power. They hate me for using their methods against them and capitalizing off their failures in a capitalist country.

Throughout my entire bid I've been set up with bogus D.R.'s. They seem to have given up on trying to make me look like a sexual retard and instead decided to portray me as a person who despises authority figures. Trust me it's hard for me to believe myself because I'm guilty of many things, but I've never, to this date in 2014, been guilty of any of the D.R.'s I've received in D.O.C. They seem adamant to portray me as someone who'll scream and fuss at the police using terms I'd never insult myself by using, only to back down when I'm told to. Believe me if I ever got sloppy enough to express even in my own

American Me

American Me

words the attitude they consistently label me with. I'm all in, going all out and I swear to God I won't be the only one hurt. But I've lived much longer than I thought I would as a kid and I've learned the benefit of patience as well as the necessity and math of authority. Please don't let them fool you. I play for keeps. Still evidence be damned D.O.C. will find you guilty for the officer's pride. Anyway with everything being exposed on the website you'd figure they'd do the right thing. The 5th DCA denied all my arguments without so much as a reason why. They gave me what's called a per curiam affirmed decision (PCA) which means the entire court (3 judge panel) agrees with the jury's verdict and you can't even appeal it to the Florida Supreme Court to challenge their opinion because no opinion was given. I applied for rehearing, clarification and urged the court to reconsider for constitutional reasons. Nothing moved them.

Once again I applied for a job in the law library. This time I was outright denied. The head of the library at A.C.I.'s West Unit (which I'd been transferred to from the east unit) said the record had me listed as having nothing more than a 6th grade education. Wow! All the law clerks had told me I did the best pro se work they'd ever seen from someone who wasn't certified. Shh...in the 6th grade I had more than a 6th grade education. That's when my mother was taking her G.E.D. I'd studied her G.E.D. book and could pass all the test in the 6th grade. That's one of the reasons I cut school so much in High School. I took it for granted. I told him when and where I got my G.E.D. the same year I would have graduated from High School. He knew me from around the library, he believed me, but said there was nothing that he could do but check it out. He wished me luck but we never spoke on it again.

They moved me back to the east unit. While I was at the west unit I had been set up twice both times by two lieutenants named Silcox they were brothers (at least one of them is a major now). I have severe allergies to pollen at certain times of the year; one of the brothers had me locked up for asking for toilet tissue to blow my nose during a shakedown of my dorm. His first response was to tell me to "let the boogers run down your face on to your shirt and rub it all over your body". They'd been letting people use the bathroom all that time; I knew he was trying to provoke me specifically. Another inmate brought some back for me. I held my tongue. When they called my bunk and I was brought over to oversee their search of my property I asked for the tissue I had in it. Silcox told them to lock me up. That's around the time I got the last call from Kevin Holtz. When I got out the officer who he had write the D.R. apologized to me saying there was nothing he could do, they had his "back to the gate". The next time the brother had me locked up for asking to speak to him.

I'd been at the east unit about two weeks when I was set up again. This time for refusing to work. I'd been pushing a flintstone all day and an old injury started aching. I have a burned hole in my right ankle. It can perform extremely well for long periods of time but once in a while it can suddenly make pushing it impossible. The supervising officer of the lawn mower squad said if I wanted to stop working I'd have to call a medical emergency. I did; but a nurse said it wasn't an emergency; charged me 5 dollars; and told me to get out. I said it's only a medical emergency because I'm being ordered to work on it, which I can't do. The injury is obvious; all I have to do is pull down my sock for you to see it.

There had only been about an hour left of the work day anyway so when I got back they were packing up. I was told to help, but I guess I was moving too slow. He locked me up for refusing to work. After 3 years in Florida custody this was a new one.

After a couple weeks, before I finished my confinement sentence I was transferred to Liberty C.I.. There I'd finish my confinement time and learn just how desperate they are to destroy me. At Liberty I started putting together my petition for Federal Habeas Corpus. Around the time my 1 year time limit would have been up (had I not requested a rehearing in the 5th DCA postponing my initial starting of the clock till it was denied), I was set up with another D.R.. What's funny is I had my deadline posted on the website as being that February, but the rehearing had it actually sometime that April. One day there was something going on with the water system and we were told we could not take showers all day but to conserve water we'd be given an hour where we could shower.

Now for 60 people to shower in 60 minutes with about 6 shower heads would be pretty ridiculous, but that's what that amounts to. That includes undressing, drying and dressing again, because we can't even walk around with our shirts off in the dorm. So I decide to wash up in the sink in the bathroom. I'm not the only one either. I'm just the only one left when Sgt. Henry wakes up.

Now he always has something crazy to say to me. I mean totally out of left field, but I mostly lay low doing legal work all day if I'm not working out so I leave him little room to do more than stare at me when he walks by. Still people ask what's up with the two of us and I say 'I don't even know him.'

American Me

American Me

He usually sleeps 30 out of every 45 minutes that he works and when he wakes up he's always banging on the window to the officer's station screaming at anybody he sees moving as if they're the one's who violated. So when he sees me it's like a long anticipated thrill. He starts banging and screaming that I'm getting a D.R. for disobeying a verbal order. I remind him that he never said anything about the sinks and I was trying to make things run a little smoother. He lies and says he did say not to use the sinks. I'm thinking damn how'd I slip and let this clown get a chance to speak to me. So he says he's writing the D.R. anyway. Then he goes and gives the entire dorm permission to wash up in the sinks to make things go more smoothly! I'm released from confinement around a day before the website says my deadline is up.

Around that time I get my first and only set of visits. My father came to visit me from Detroit. Actually he was visiting a friend out here and he visited me two weekends back to back. He wanted to represent me in the Feds but his help was always late and in need of important corrections, besides he never wanted to argue all my issues. All he saw was the insufficient evidence and the prosecutor's knowing use of perjured testimony. It took 3 years to get him to see the merit of my selective prosecution claim! I mean its like pulling teeth with this guy. Anyway we debated law and I believe we enjoyed each others company for the first time in many years. I know I enjoyed his. When he left he went to the courthouse in Orlando to examine the records. Then for the first time in years he picks up the phone and calls my mother. He tells her that when he went to the courthouse and looked at the trial transcript he discovered that all the closing arguments were missing from the court record.

Due Process is that records are never removed from the court except by court order and only under a narrow set of circumstances. The Courts are required to keep the records for 10 years or until the convicted person stops seeking relief. When my mother tells me, I'm blown; but I have no time to slip. I tell her to call him back and tell him to go back to the court and get the clerk to verify his findings officially. The prosecutor's misconduct during closing arguments was an important issue in my claims. I don't know what they were trying to do but they got caught so to speak. Removing records from the court is unlawful without an official proceeding. This is big. But from here all I can do is keep a paper trail.

Chapter 22

The Reach Of My Enemies

I barely make my April deadline by asking for an extension which was denied, but the request itself was interpreted as an initial habeas action. Woo... I made it. I got such and such amount of days to finish what I started. I submit the form with 150 pages attached explaining my issues plus hundreds of pages and a copy of the video of the police interrogation as exhibits. I claim a miscarriage of justice to overcome any procedural defaults and present 12 grounds:

1. Petitioner's convictions are not supported by competent substantial evidence in light of his affirmative defense of justifiable use of force.
2. The competent substantial evidence established in the State Court proceedings supported the defense, thus, the trial court erred in denying the Motion for Acquittal.
3. New reliable evidence gives rise to reasonable doubt as to petitioner's culpability and provides reliable evidence of actual innocent. (Police transcripts since they weren't placed on record would be new to the court).
4. Petitioner was subjected to a selective prosecution as he likely initial aggressors culpability appears not to have been investigated or pursued by the State law enforcement.
5. The prosecutor knowingly used perjured testimony.
6. Petitioner was denied fair trial and sentencing proceedings by prosecutor misconduct.
7. The State Court provided misleading jury instructions.
8. The charging information was defective, and petitioner was denied a full and fair opportunity to litigate his claim.
9. The State argued a different theory of guilt on direct appeal.
10. The State Court violated due process by failing to address Petitioner's pro se motions on the merits and/or failing to address his claim of incomplete transcripts.
11. As the trial court record is incomplete and transcripts are altered and

missing statements as well as files being removed unlawfully from the court, petitioner asserts that the audio or videos of the proceedings are necessary to render a decision in the interest of truth and justice.

12. The cumulative effect of the constitutional violations entitle petitioner to relief. My case was assigned to a magistrate judge, but it was senior Judge G. Kendall Sharp who ordered me to reduce the pages of my petition complaining that I'd quoted 32 pages worth of transcripts. I resubmitted it replacing the 150 page attachment with a 118 page one having removed and summarized the quotes of transcripts. The magistrate judge ordered the State to 'show cause' as to why the petition should not be granted.

Now even though I didn't mention it between Gulf C.I. and Santa Rosa C.I. I laid a couple days at Washington C.I., so Liberty was my 5th camp. I'd been there about a year and it was also the better of the camps I'd been through, there hadn't been a stabbing there in almost 7 years and more importantly (besides the Sgt. Henry issue), the police weren't too disrespectful to inmates. O.K., so I'd had the same cellmate for months but from time to time he'd want to argue stupid stuff though nothing serious. He was an older out of shape dude who spoke with a heavy Spanish accent. He had a life sentence as well. I'd give him legal advice and what not.

Anyway one day he takes a swing at me, he's got a big smile on his face. I block it and show him I could have hit him in the face before he made his next move. He say's "wow your fast". Now I never mentioned it, but I workout a lot. People who didn't know me at Liberty, but saw me working out would call me the machine or Goku from Dragonball 'Z.' I don't have the 6 pack

I had when I came in but I'm a solid 5'11, 198 pounds, and after years of wanting to learn a martial art I had to settle for creating my own. (I haven't mastered it but whoever does will be more than hard to beat). Most people who'd seen me fight before that would think I knew something but that's cause I watched a lot of Kung Fu movies and wasn't afraid to try it; plus I had extraordinarily good reflexes. But I never had a set strategy and I wanted something I could pass on to my kids where they didn't have to have a million fights to learn it. The point is that most people who see me work out don't want a direct confrontation.

I'd offered to teach him something so he could defend himself. Now I'm an aggressive fighter but the style I created is purely defensive. I showed him a move or two but the swing he took was awkward. I knew he was just testing me trying to catch me off guard but it never occurred why, other than just being playful. In Florida most inmates just walk in and out each others cells with no form of announcement, but where I'm from that's considered a serious violation. Even your own brother or mother will knock before entering your room. Everywhere I go I ask my cellmate to have his friends knock before walking in, and I have mine do the same. They always agree. For months that was the situation with us, but about a week after that playful swing I got into it with one of his friends about sliding in without knocking. While we are arguing I'm also arguing with him about not enforcing the rule.

Later that day I'm watching World News sitting in the front row of the dayroom.

The last man is being pulled out from a mining accident in Chile'. Somebody slid up behind me places a palm at one side of my head and slides a knife into my neck on the other side just under my ear. Although I was caught off guard I was already in motion with the softest touch. I moved and spun out and somehow avoided a fatal blow, though I couldn't be sure at the time. As he comes around the bench to get me, I'm dancing around the bench to meet him. I guess he thought I was going to run. He's standing there with the knife and I'm standing there waiting for him to move so I could destroy him. He says "I killed you nigga". I guess he thinks he hit the artery he was aiming for. He thinks I'm going to fall out at anytime, but I say "Oh yea" and step toward him. He backs up and almost falls over somebody in the audience. My neck is leaking and I realize that if I came at him I'd have to chase him. I don't know how serious my injury is. So we stand there.

Now the officer's station is not 10 feet away and we're not 10 from the door. I see the sergeant just standing there watching the whole time. After a minute he pops the door I look back at it knowing I have to make it to medical, but I still feel strong I want him to make a move. The sergeant starts clicking the door, when I peek back at it again the guy who stabbed me started walking away. I see it already. If I run toward him he'll run away then turn around swinging wildly and I might be in worse shape than I actually fell. There's a lot of blood. I gotta take the lose. They keep me in medical for 45 minutes as if their waiting for me to pass out and die before they take me to the hospital. I'm stitched up and placed in protective management against my wishes (when I blew trial I had them place me in P.C.

for about a week because the guys in my dorm told me that the State would try to have me killed just so they don't have to pay me or better yet the people who work for the family or don't want to lose their jobs).

They ask me who did it and I say I didn't see it happen because it happened from behind. The sergeant, Sgt. Graham says he saw my cellmate with a knife and locked him up. While I'm in confinement a dude called Twin says he heard that the police set the whole thing up. I suddenly remember the way he'd tried to swing at me the week before and realized why the swing was so awkward. It's because it wasn't the type of movement you could get a good punch with, but it was the kind you stab with. He was trying to see if he could come at me from the front. I'm thinking, why do it in front of the police, why not when were alone in our cell, and I realize he was scared. He wanted the police around just in case. Coincidentally, the State responds to the Show Cause order while I'm in confinement. Their only response is that my petition was late. I fire back to the court explaining that I was on time with 3 days to spare. But I know they've done the calculations, they know I was on time. They were just trying something. I suspect them of even more.

Though this was the first stabbing in years, no inspector was called to investigate. I told the colonel and the head of classification Mr. Holland that I didn't see it happen cause I was watching T.V. but I'd been told that it happened at the request of someone working for the State. I suspect if he'd been successful his time would have been reduced. I requested that they either put me back on the compound where at least I'm familiar with my surroundings and now

being alert had a better chance to survive or send me to a camp outside of the region of North Florida where I've constantly been set up and threatened by the officers.

Not only do they specifically request to send me to a camp close by in the same region, but they try to protect my cellmate in their report to Tallahassee by giving him my DC#. I've already explained that because there are many people in D.O.C. with the same name the DC# is essential to making any real identification. And even though like I said I won't say he did it, the fact that they'd try to cover for him is outrageous. We aren't living by the same codes of conduct. Of course, I grieve this only to be ignored. I never thought the government could be so blatantly criminal to its own citizens. I'm transferred to Jackson C.I.. I need to get away from this region. I ask my mother to call

Tallahassee and request an investigation of the administration back at Liberty. Suddenly, I'm placed in confinement at Jackson, under investigation. The inspector for Jackson comes to record my statement. We talk over the recorder for about 45 minutes. I tell him my situation about my case and how it applies to my current situation. About the money and all. Suddenly while I'm in confinement in Jackson, I get a visit from the head of classification Mr. Holland from Liberty. He's telling me how he could move me out the region at the snap of a finger etc., in front of the whole confinement wing! Then they release me from confinement, my mother is informed that there will be no investigation, she requests the recording of my session with the investigator. They send her a 15 or 20 minute recording and claim the batteries died for the rest. Then Mr. Holland, the head of classification at Liberty C.I., during the time he's supposed

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Refuse To Investigate

to be under investigation for an incident with an inmate at Jackson C.I. (me), suddenly becomes the head of classification at Jackson C.I. he followed me here. 2 years later he'd become assistant warden of Jackson C.I. and I'd still be here.

Every time I apply for a good adjustment transfer I'm set up with a D.R. I honestly believe if all this wasn't available on the website, they'd have killed me already. But I guess they have the rest of my life anyway. Some of my grievances never return. Back in the Federal Court my mother finds out that the reach of my enemies is very long indeed. While observing the Federal website she notices that 15 pages of my argument was removed without us being informed. The State tried to use it as a way around those arguments even though I provided them with their own full copy. The clerk of the U.S. Middle District Court for the State of Florida said she took out pages 70-95 of my 118 page petition because it was too long. This just happened to be, most of my prosecutor knowingly used perjured testimony argument, all of my prosecutorial misconduct argument, and a large portion of my jury instructions arguments. When my mother threatened to call the F.B.I., they made it fit.

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Refuse To Investigate

Chapter 23

Refuse To Investigate

Didn't matter anyway. Senior Judge G. Kendall Sharp once again takes the case away from the assigned magistrate and issues a 34 page order denying me relief.

Even though he didn't address all my issues like he's obligated to do, his primary reasons were:

- 1) Phillip Westfall said that when Blanco and I meet up after he approached my car, I knocked Blanco down; and Deanna Washington (Genie) testified that after the fight started she saw a lot of blood. Therefore the jury could find that I was the aggressor, that I threw the first punch and that I had a knife in my hand when I did it.
- 2) Even though he states that Blanco denied approaching in his testimony, the judge labeled it as an undisputed fact that he did, on a separate page, and claims that though it was made under oath neither that statement or any of the others amount to perjury.
- 3) None of the prosecutor's comments amount to misconduct because she's allowed to draw reasonable inferences from the evidence. (I guess since the people she represented said the opposite she could reasonably infer that they were lying so she had to protect them with her own story).
- 4) Though he never addressed whether they could have misled the jury which was the issue, he said the necessity and provocation instructions were applicable.
- 5) My prosecution was not selective because Deanne said they were black (even though they weren't, I guess there was no need for further investigation) and,
- 6) a whole bunch of other ways to say you don't know who you're up against, and you don't have a snowballs chance in hell!

I applied for a certificate of Appealability (C.O.A.) in the 11 Circuit Federal Court of Appeals. I was denied on the merits by a single judge even though I cited case law from the U.S. Supreme Court expressing that a C.O.A. should be granted if the issue is debatable, and to deny a C.O.A. on the merits; denying the right to an appeal of the merits being reviewed by the proper 3 judge panel; is to essentially rule on an appeal without jurisdiction. Essentially the only way to deny my CO.A. properly would have been to claim that even if I was right the claims would not warrant relief, therefore it's not a debatable issue for relief.

I applied for writ of certiorari in the Supreme Court of the United States. And finally, for the first time, was denied by somebody who had the legal right to deny me, because their review is purely discretionary. Meaning that they only have to look at it if they want to. With everything I hit them with, and me being pro se, I could understand them not wanting to go through something this big with an amateur. Though they may even want to, they shy away from cases that would help individuals, because they get thousands of cases a year from all over the country, they only have 11 Justices so they try to stick to cases that would affect a large class of people, by creating a new law, or clarifying an old one that might have left room for confusion. They have been reluctant to take up cases of racial discrimination of late, and my other issues were not new to them.

They probably felt that they've said all they had to say about them in prior rulings and agreed that they would have to rely on the lower courts to follow Supreme Court precedent if the country is to function properly. I like to think they felt torn by my

revelation. I put in a Motion for Rehearing hoping that the question of **“Whether a ‘stand your ground law’ survives constitutional inspection where the elements defining the burden of proof are not clearly established as a matter of law?”** would persuade them to review my case. After all if there is not even an example of a set of circumstances that mandate immunity, such as someone approaching in aggression after words which can be inferred as hostile or threatening are exchanged, then it leaves to much discretion in the hands of possibly prejudice law enforcers. Two different people, who commit the exact same act, under the exact same circumstances, can be treated in two different manners by the police and the courts. There's no set of circumstances where there mandated to accept your claim of a presumption or threat having been created. Maybe they're waiting for someone better equipped to litigate before addressing such a hot topic; but they didn't bite.

After that I had my mother file a complaint with the U.S. Department of Justice's Civil Department. I admit she got a little ruffled or flustered making the initial complaint. Like I said she's in her 60's now and though she's done a marvelous job with attending to the website, I can only expect so much. She confused many of the facts she presented and was forced to appeal a decision denying investigation of the matter. I was led to believe she had it straightened out, and found out that was wrong. We sent out an amended appeal which they would have received just before she got a letter telling her not to write back about this case.

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It's funny how one person she spoke to in the department would keep assuring her that this was the type of case they specialized in; but there was someone else who seemed to be telling her that they don't investigate this type of thing. Well, the nabs have it. They refused or somebody there refused to allow them to investigate. The tug of war in the civil rights department makes me suspect outside influence in the matter.

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Chapter 24

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So I'm back to square one. The website American me king universal..org which has received around a million hits, on a previous poll had 98% of 1,008 voters favor my self defense claim, and gathered over 180 signatures of people on a petition to free me despite numerous hacking attempts making signing the petition next to impossible.

(Many signatures come from the email addresses of coast to coast am., CBS radio, and the Flabar. (Florida Bar) members. Regardless of all this the request for donations has never received a dime (I suspect funds have been diverted) and I've never once received one letter from anyone about it other than my mother (seems they are still denying me mail to suppress my contact with supporters).

I have friends and family who said they wrote but I never got their letters some

were even returned saying unauthorized, even though they sent nothing but a letter, no pictures, they'd never been arrested or anything and no explanation was given. I had a guy hook me up with his sister, they changed his dorm the next week; a few weeks later he passed me in crossing and said she wrote him saying she wrote me. I never got it. He went to outside court came back and was in my dorm again. He wrote her again and he gave me her address. I wrote. The next week they transferred him to another camp. I won't write her again because I could never be sure if she wrote back. But given everything else.. .you see what I'm saying.

It's 2014. 14 years past Y2K. People are talking to each other face to face from a thousand miles away on cellphones. Technology and history have eased the burden of mankind for generations to come because of those who study and work with faith, determination, and pay great attention to detail. Yet so many people have been frightened into not fighting now to avoid the pain and end up living with an even greater pain, the pain that comes from being the perpetual victim. When a bully picks a victim it's not because he thinks he can win the fight, it's because he thinks he won't get hurt. He doesn't expect much of a fight. If he beats the hell out of you, but you give him a black eye, trust me he'll be reluctant to confront you again. Because unless he's going to carry you around as a trophy, he'll have a lot of explaining to do. All he'll hear is "damn man what happened to you?"

For the last year or so I've been being harassed by a sergeant named Chabot.

He's one of those guys who you know nobody pays much attention to outside the prison system because he's always trying to compensate for it on the job. He gets a thrill out of provoking people (inmates) who mostly just want to go home. He never used to act like that; he just made sergeant and is trying to make a name for himself. I admit it seems that at least in Northern Florida, only corruption is promoted in D.O.C.. The quickest way to get promoted in D.O.C. is to provoke a violent reaction from an inmate. So I tried not to take it personal. I know he's intrigued and attracted to my self discipline. It's been known to make other men petty. Then one day he walks up to me and says "Let me ask you a question. How old is your mother?" I look at him crazy. He says "I'm just curious. I've been listening to your phone calls and she sounds... I just want to know how old she is. Is your father alive?" I say "Yes. Their both in their sixties." He says "Oh they have plenty of life left in them." It's personal. I haven't told my mother but I feel I need to secure some type of protection for her.

Since then I've been set up with the latest D.R. which I was just released for. Another officer accused me of inciting a minor disturbance and says he locked me up at center gate. The video in the dorm shows I was locked up from my cell room by a bunch of sergeants none of them him. I appealed to none other than the assistant warden. Of course I was denied and told the video doesn't support my innocence regardless of the sergeant's statements that they were called to get me from my dorm, which would mean I was not creating a scene and locked up at center gate.

7 years have passed since I was first taken into custody. I've gotten older but I'm told I could still pass for between 27 and 31. And though I've been a victim of interchangeable corruption, I have faith that the system will inevitably correct these errors. I've always been the type to go hard. I may not look it but I clear pretty big numbers. My workout might consist of 3,000 pushups in 1 hour 15 min., sets of 50; or 1,000 one arm pushups (500 each arm), sets of 20 in 50 min.; or 25 sets of 100 pushups in 1 hour 35 min.; or 1,500 full body in the bucket dips sets of 50 and still do 700 pull-ups in 1 hour 15 mins. Plus jump rope or jog or do 720 one legged squats (360 each leg) or duck walk or do squats and lunges for an hour, on any given day. That doesn't include 360 jack knife sit ups or a number of other exercises.

My character is to go hard by myself, but I need your help with this. My greatest strengths are actually my love and my loyalty. I may have been considered connected, but I'm 1,200 miles from where I grew up, my mother lives in California 3,000 miles away. I know my kids love me, but their mother still hasn't gotten over a relationship that ended 12 years ago and denies my children open access to people that love them simply because she's too immature to deal with it. Yet, I noticed most great men of the Bible spent time in prison or on the run from the government, before things changed. And unlike them we have a government made from common people and laws which recognize no nobility and views all citizens equally. Jesus was railroaded and given the death penalty, because the people were inflamed by half truths and misdirection and the true criminal received immunity.

Your greatness is determined by the greatness of the obstacles you overcome. I need you to be great with me. I'm not asking you guys to imagine this; I'm asking you to see it. What I imagine are reporters, writers, and law firms who have spent their lives in the ring preparing for a championship bout. Please let me see it. As surely as they had the power to railroad me, is as surely as you have the power to steer them from their wicked course. Share the struggle, share the victory, share the reward. Contact my mother directly, and have any law firms and people offering financial support do the same. I need a friend who will fight by my side. I deserve a friend who will fight by my side, because that's the type of friend I am. Besides you can't imagine how much money is involved, and I never forget a friend.

When this gets back to them I'll have hastened the path to my release or my death. But America should know this is not only my situation; not only my families fight. This has the potential of happening to you or your loved ones. Something like this may have already happened to them, they just couldn't keep track of it all. My entire life I've been molded from pressure. I'm designed to survive even thrive through pain and disappointment. It appears there is nothing they won't do to avoid paying their debt to me. If they concede then the tax payers will make sure their heads will roll. But I've been tailor made for this. I'm not the first, but I've set things up so that I can be closer to the last. This is bigger than me. So in the resonating words of William John Troy III at my sentencing hearing, I'm asking you to "make sure nothing like this ever happens again".

Remember it started with a dream about my son Justice. I've been trying to get

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justice out the system ever since. Once again I'm surrounded by strangers who are drunk with power. I'm swinging my new knife, my titanic sword in their faces. This paper trail delivers a million paper cuts. There's more of them this time, still nobody sees it. They don't even know their bleeding. They had said something about us walking with the security of equal protection but I can't see it. Their just steady pounding away at me.

There's too many signs. This is bigger than me. I'm at the tail end of my vehicle for relief just inches from the end. I'm fighting to stay off my knees but I feel myself going to sleep. I just want to lay down. Then I hear Genie's voice again, but this time she's not alone. I hear Justice. Isis and my baby boy Infinite; but they don't sound like kids anymore. They're all screaming 'Daddy...stand your ground!' I hear my mother. I hear a million mothers. Their all screaming something about stand your ground. And that's when I remember, like the revelation of a fact of life. I will not lose!

Questions

(Frequently asked questions)

If Florida Stand Your Ground Law is equally available to citizens under Florida jurisdiction some of the questions that arrive basic on the evidence are:

- 1.) Why was he the only man arrested for a fight that all witness swear started as a fist fight between him and as least 4 intoxicated men who relentlessly approached him?
- 2.) Does race have anything to do with it?
- 3.) Does he have the right to protect his girlfriend for what can be reasonably preceded as acts of aggression?
- 4.) How is it possible to fine he didn't act in defense of him self and his lady, when no reasonable evidence exist that the men who approached them might no harm?
- 5.) If the statement (you need security to walk you and your girl out) can be perceived as a threat how is it not evidence of his innocents?
- 6.) Why wasn't Andre Blanco arrested for violating; for his part in the altercation being that he was drunk and on probation in a state were mere police contact usually results in violation?

7.) Why did the prosecutor allow Andre Blanco to change sworn statements from proceeding to proceeding without explanation?

8.) If the only evidence of aggravated battery against Andre Blanco comes from actions, Andre Blanco testified there was no evidence until after Blanco ran up grab him by the back of the neck and started hitting him; How is that not self-defense?

9.) If the only evidence of aggravated battery against Francisco Gotay comes from actions Gotay testified occurred only after Gotay ran at him swinging to hit him; How is that not self-defense?

10.) If the only evidence of aggravated assault against Hansel Holiday comes from actions Holiday testified occurred only after Holiday was attempting to strike his car and run him off the road for the third time; How is that not self-defense?

11.) If Andre Blanco testified that immediately after being hit with what seems like a really hard punch, Blanco gets up runs grabs him by the back of the neck and starts hitting him; And, Francisco Gotay testified

that immediately after Blanco falls from being hit with a good punch, Gotay runs up and starts swinging at him. And, Riollano testified that at the time that Riollano approached him and started hitting him in the neck and head, he was still fighting at least one of Riollano's friends. And, William Troy entered the fight sometime in between. How can they say the fight was one

on one.

12.) Why were Fransico Gotat, Anthony Riollanco, and Hanzel Holiday treated by the State Attorney's Office as if their attacking the couple at the couple car was lawful when they claim to have no knowledge of why the fight started or who throw the first punch: Thus, no knowledge of whether they were in the right or wrong?

13.) How is it that he was convicted of murdering William Troy and his conviction is upheld when the only evidence is that William Troy was the 3 or 4 men to enter the fight against him, and his claim to have stab Troy in self-defense?

14.) Why was the jury led to believe that he had to try to avoid the danger before he had the right to stand his ground?

15.) Why wasn't the State required to answer any of the questions on appeal?

16.) Why wasn't he granted an Evidential Hearing basic on any of his claim in the Federal Court?

17.) If the police was called before anyone was believed to have been stabbed and the Deputy Herbert Mercado testified at the Adversary Preliminary Hearing referring to him as the victim twice. Doesn't that mean

that the recordings of the 911 calls that were destroyed were evidence of his actual innocents?

18.) Does this mean that Florida law enforcement knows that he is innocent?

19.) Does the wealth of William Troy's and Anthony Riollano's family's have anything to do with it.

20.) Is there a conspiracy to deny a innocent man his rights?

21.) If a white man fought off 4 or 5 drunk black men, who told him he needed security, and surrounded him and his girlfriend, outside his car in the parking lot of a strip club, at 2:00 in the morning; Wouldn't he be a hero?

Please " Support The Cause, Sign His Petition" free John Dobbs on his website " americanmakinguniversal.org ".

If you believe that this story should be told investigate it, please donate to help with publishing, advertising and attorney fees to aid in our struggle to expose injustice quest for recognition and justice.

Florida Statute Law, Effect October 1, 2005 - 776.013 (3)

Addresses the ability to " Stand Your Ground " in any place that a person legally has a right to be, states: A person who is not engaged in an unlawful activity and who is attacked in any other place where he or she has the a

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right to be has no duty to retreat and has the right to stand his or her ground and meet force with force, including deadly force if he or she reasonably believe it is necessary to do so to prevent death or bodily harm to himself or her self or another or to prevent the commission of a forcible felony.

John Dobbs Police Interrogation Interview (2 parts)

Part 1 of 2; http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vCQ_eKzA4T4

Part 2 of 2; <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xUe5ERFIJH8>

American me signing off from the dirty south where their still crazy after all these years. Not one time has any law enforcement fulfill its duty to investigate this matter.

4/8/14 Sincerely, King U

Aka

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "John W. Dobbs". The signature is written in a cursive, slightly slanted style.

John W. Dobbs DC# C00618

Jackson Correctional Institution

5563 10th Street

Malone, Florida 32445

