The Mind of a Mad Man

By: Kenneth Barr

THE MIND OF A MAD MAN

OR

THE JOURNEY THROUGH THE MIND OF KENNETH BARR

ABOUT THE BOOK

This book is a collection of poems, plays and short stories by the author. The focus of this book is to explore the world and mind of a person convicted and sentenced to hard time in today's American society.

Some of the short stories in this book have been graded and critiqued by the famous writer and Princeton professor Chris Hedges. (see Chapter 3)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Kenneth Andre-Donta Barr, is a 27 year old African American man. He is also a prisoner at New Jersey State Prison serving a sentence of 40 years with an 85% parole disqualifier. He will be eligible for parole in 2042, he will be 53 years old.

The mission of Kenneth Barr is to educate the public about the prison experience and to open the minds of American politicians to the possibility of redemption for prisoners. The personal experiences of Mr. Barr along with his diverse knowledge of American Politics, gives the reader a vivid view of the inside of his world and mind.

Mr. Barr is currently focusing on gathering the funds together to attain a college education. He is also still appealing his conviction.

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CHAPTER ONE: POEMS

"WORDS OF A MAN, IS THE MOST DANGEROUS WEAPON"
-- STYLES P

CHAPTER 1 POEMS
THE GOOD THE BAD THE UGLY
LONG LOST LOVE
MY BABY BOY
NOT MY BROTHER
MIDNIGHT PRAYER
COLD
A JUDGE AND A CRIMINAL
WHAT YOUR LIFE LIKE
Poem: The Good The Bad The Ugly.

The bundle of joy that mama brought home is a boy.  
Oh what a bundle of joy is mamas little boy. 
The boy she brought up in love and joy.  
The boy she brought up to learn and endure. 

The joy of that mama felt was so great. 
The love she gave was so sweet. 

Who knew the boy she brought up would burn and destroy?  
Who knew that the boy she brought up would lay in his core?  

The boy that was the bundle of joy was now indeed as ugly  
as a bundle of porridge. 

But all and all he was still mamas little boy.

Poem: Long Lost Love.

My love, my beautiful love.  
Where have you gone my beautiful love?  
When will you return my beautiful love?  

How do you live without me my beautiful love?  
How do you live in such a cold world without my love?  

I do not live in the world without your love.  
I live in a time where your love is still loved.  
I live in a time where your love is all I know.  
I live in a place that is cold, ruff and steally all around.  
I live in a place that men can only live.  
I live in a place that the mind and soul remain as it is.  
I live in a place where we remain as kids. 

The days are long and empty where I live.  
No cable no TV no games where I live. 
No school no friends no love where I live. 

Where you live? I do not know.  
Where you live one day I will go. 
Where you live no one knows.  
But where you live one day all must go.  

How I wonder if you still love me.  
How I wonder if you're still so snugly.  
How I wonder if you still love money.  
How I wonder if your still so lovely.
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Oh how I miss your love.
Oh how I miss your touch.
Oh how I miss your smell.
Oh how I miss your voice.

So long ago I lost your love.
So long ago I lost your world.
So long ago you were my love.
So long ago I was your love.

Poem: My Baby Boy!

I don't care what he did he still my baby!
So what he did that so what he did this.
He still my baby, and I love him!

I don't care that he stole.
I don't care what he sold.
He still my baby boy and I love him!

Stop lying he aint do that!
He aint do this he aint do that.
He still my baby boy and I love him!

He aint shot that man!
He aint take that Jam!
He aint rob that man!
Stop lying on my baby.

Stop saying that.
Stop blaming him.
Stop saying him.
Say them.

Them did that.
Them shot Jack.
Them robbed Black.
Them did all of that.
Not my baby, my baby did none of that.

My baby aint take your jam!
My baby aint rob that man!
My baby aint shot Jack.
My baby aint rob Black.

My baby good.
My baby real good.

My baby so good, that good aint good enough.
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Cause my baby real good.
So stop hating on my baby boy.

He only in prison cause ya'll blamed him.
He only in prison cause they say him.
He only in prison cause them want him.
Cause my baby boy good my baby boy real good.

My baby so so so good that he can't do no good.
My baby got me this, my baby got me that.
My baby got my back, so I got my baby back.

Yeah I got my baby back
I got my baby back through everything and anything.
Cause my baby aint did anything.
No my baby good he real good.

Poem: Not my Brother.

Who dis man that say he my brother?
I don't know dis man.
I never seen dis man.
Dis guy not my brother.

Why mama say dis my brother?
I don't know dis man.
I never seen dis man.
Dis guy not my brother.

Why he hug and kiss my mother?
Why he say he love us?
Why he say he my brother?
I don't know dis man.
I never seen dis man.
Dis guy not my brother.

Why he say my name?
How he know my name?
I don't know dis man.
I never seen dis man.
Dis guy not my brother.

How he know about me?
How he know I'm three?
How he hug me?
I don't know dis man.
I never seen dis man.
Dis guy not my brother.
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Why he sigh?
Why he cry?
Why he look me in my eyes?
I don't know dis man.
I never seen dis man.
Dis guy not my brother.

Why he wear tans.
Why we can't hold hands?
Why mama cry?
I don't know dis man.
I never seen dis man.
Dis guy not my brother.

Why he give me candy?
Why he talk to daddy?
Why he call us family?
I don't know dis man.
I never seen dis man.
Dis guy not my brother.

Why we got to leave?
Why he say he love us?
Why he say he love me?
I don't know dis man.
I never seen dis man.
Dis guy not my brother?

Poem: Midnight Prayer

As I lay me down to rest,
I pray to god, the lord above,
If tears and pain should come to me, tonight.
Just make sure my mind is numb in the morning.

Poem: Cold

Freezing cold, freezing cold cell, freezing cold men, freezing cold life.
Freezing cold so cold I'm numb. Numb to pain, numb to sadness, numb of mind, numb to life.
Tears, cold tears, in search of warmth, in search of hope, in search of love, in search of light, in search of life.
A life, in search of hope, in search of love, in search of meaning in search of warmth.
Poem: A Judge And A Criminal.

Forgive me your honor I was hungry and broke.
I know that's not a reason to be selling some coke.
All I know is my daddy wasn't round and my mommy couldn't work.
4 kids in the house, and we had to make it work.

It's no excuses, I made a mistake,
but tell me, what would you do in my place?
Could you watch your brother stave?
Could you watch your mother stave?
Or would you tuck your pride and sell a little hard?

Listen!
It's no benefits for the poor, it's no union for the poor.
How can you live with no food?
How can you live with no health plan?
It's the basic things in life that could help man.

I mean I got bad health, but no health plan.
And my mama got bad health. And she need two plans.
Cause her mental.
So tell me your honor what would you do in my place?

Would you disown your family and have nothing to do with them?
Leave home and try to strike it out on your own.
Or would you, find some way to try to provide?
It's only a few ways to survive in the streets, when your poor.

So tell me what would you do in my case?
With no choices, no exit and no escape.
No way out, you must remain stuck in this place.
Stuck in the streets, stuck being poor.

Is it my fault for being poor?
Did I not work hard enough to not be poor?
Is it my fault I am poorly educated because I am poor?
Is it my fault for being born poor?

Listen!
I swear your honor I never wanted none of this.
I never wanted the streets,
I never wanted drugs,
I never wanted poverty,
I never wanted to be, a thug.

So tell me, what my crime is?
Is it the crime of circumstances?
Am I a criminal of circumstances?
Is it a crime of being poor?
Am I a poor criminal?
Is it a crime of attempted escape?
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Attempted escape from being poor?
Am I a "Poor criminal of circumstances that has attempted to escape being poor"?
Is this my crime?
Is this what I am being convicted for?

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Poem: What your life like?

So tell me what your life like.
Do shit get real, so real you hide a shank in ya ass?
Fist fights common, but the knife game real.
And its do or die here so, kill or be killed.

So tell me what your life like?
Is it money and drugs?
Where you either getting plugged or the plug.
The C/O's bring it in but ya bitch coming up.
And you stacking for a lawyer so triple it up.

So tell me what your life like?
It's no rights in this bitch.
They raid your room and call you a bitch.
Where niggas get hit up cause of C/O orders, and the crazy part is that the C/O's say it.

So tell me what your life like?
It's no pussy in here.
Them homo dudes sell they goodies in here.

So tell me what your life like?
Where your home aint your home.
Your stuck here but your missing your home.
You fighting in the courts but they don't really care cause what your fighting in the courts they don't want to hear.

So tell me what your life like?
It's all bangers in here.
Them rat niggas they get strangled in here.
Every homie aint your homie but you already know.
Cause every nigga in this spot got a 30 year slot.

So tell me what your life like?
Where they come in, all types.
But when they leave, they leave as ex-convicts.
And if they leave they leave on they lonely, with just a few brave words from they homies.
So tell me what life like?
"EVERYONE WANTS A HAPPY ENDING, BUT EVERYONE DOESN'T DISSEVER A HAPPY ENDING. AMERICA DOESN'T DISSEVER A HAPPY ENDING"

-- THE AUTHOR

CHAPTER 2 PLAYS

SUMMARY OF PLAYS
THE POLITICIAN
THE PRISONER'S WIFE
OLD JUDGE PETE
THE TRUE LIE
OLD JUDGE PETE PART 2
THE WAITING GAME
DAY DREAMS
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<td>This story is about the mother of a prisoner asking a politician about revising the laws of mandatory minimum's for rehabilitated prisoners.</td>
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<td>2. THE PRISONER'S WIFE,</td>
<td>This story is about the love between a prisoner with no hope of returning to the outside world and a beautiful woman with her whole life ahead of her.</td>
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<td>3. OLD JUDGE PETE,</td>
<td>In this story we view a prisoner prepare himself to go in front of a judge for his appeal. Knowing that the judge he has to go in front of denies all appeals that come before him.</td>
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<td>4. THE TRUE LIE,</td>
<td>In this story we see how a female prisoner lies to her son and baby father about her appeal being granted. In order to protect them and give them hope about her return.</td>
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<td>5. OLD JUDGE PETE PART 2,</td>
<td>This story is part 2 of &quot;OLD JUDGE PETE&quot;. It shows what happens to John once he goes in front of Judge Pete with his new evidence.</td>
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<td>6. THE WAITING GAME,</td>
<td>This story is about a female prisoner waiting to hear from the love of her life after she has been sentenced to 10 years in State Prison. It shows how she waits and waits and never lose hope that she will hear from the love of her life.</td>
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<td>7. DAY DREAMS,</td>
<td>This story is about a prisoner that starts to day dream while he is laying down on his bed. He begins to day dream about his life before he came to prison.</td>
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THE POLITICIAN

Narrator: The curtains open and show a small town hall meeting with Senator Clifford standing in the center of the room. There are chairs arranged on both the right and left sides of the room, and an empty narrow pathway in the center where only Senator Clifford stands while she answers questions.

Senator Clifford: Are there any more questions regarding the criminal justice system? I plan on making our country great again by stopping the mass incarceration that this country has seen for the last 40 years. I have the most liberal ideas regarding prison reform than any other presidential candidate because I know the hardships our families go through dealing with the prison system. And I will deal with this problem.

Narrator: At this time an elderly woman named Ms. Hawk feebly raises her hand to ask a question. Senator Clifford points to her in acknowledgment of her raised hand with a gentle smile on her face. Ms. Hawk asks her question in a cracky voice that is attempting to be hopeful.

Ms. Hawk: Thank you for taking my question Senator Clifford, I am a 85 year old woman, I haven't got much time left on this earth and I only have one wish to see happen before I die. My son, Jamal is a prisoner in Texas. He was locked up at 20 years old for being involved in a robbery at a corner store. The robbery ended with the store clerk being shot and killed. My son has been in prison for 40 years. He's 60 years old now. He's a different man than he was then and he deeply regrets what he did back then. However he has no hope of ever coming home, because he has life in prison. Do you believe in redemption Ms. Clifford? And will you personally promise to make sure my son comes home to me one more time before I die?

Senator Clifford: Well first I would like to thank you for your question. And send my prayers out to your son, Jamal. Unfortunately I cannot force the state of Texas to release your son.

Narrator: Ms. Hawk interrupts Senator Clifford.

Ms. Hawk: But Ms. Clifford, surely you can do something, you can stop all mandatory minimum's. This can be done with a new law passed by both houses and signed off by you, if your elected President. I mean you do believe in redemption don't you Ms. Clifford?

Senator Clifford: Yes, I believe in redemption Madam. However it's not to much I can do to help you.
Ms. Hawks: But I thought you said that you are the most liberal candidate running for President concerning prison reform?

Senator Clifford: And I am, But just imagine Ma'am all the political capital that I would have to use to get such a law passed. Wouldn't you rather I raised Medicare benefits? Or something else that would help you in your golden years?

Ms. Hawks: No senator, I rather have my baby boy back. You can't imagine how good it would feel to me to know that my only son is home on the streets living a productive life, before I die, before he dies. Ms. Clifford, is there anyway you could find it in your heart and soul to do something more for prisoners with life sentences? I mean no one is the same person they was when they were 20 once they reach 60. Look at my baby boy he goes to church every Sunday and Tuesday now. He reads the Bible and even went and got himself a fancy college degree while he was in prison. Is there really no way my son can never get another chance at life? Is there no hope for redemption for my son or any other prisoner with a life sentence?

Senator Clifford: Madam I am very very sorry for you and your son. He truly does sound like a wonderful man and I too wish you could spend the rest of your last days with him. But just think about what could happen if he comes home and commits another robbery and he ends up killing someone again? Do you want to remember your son this way? Or would you rather him stay where he is and continue to progress in his life in a way where everyone is safe?

THE END
THE PRISONER WIFE

Narrator: The curtains open and shows the visiting room at Delaware State Prison. In the middle booth sits a beautiful brown skin lady about 25 years old in regular street clothes. Two other visitors sit in visit booths on either side of her. Three prison inmates walk in the visiting room. A light skinned man about 25 years old walks in and sits at the visiting booth of the beautiful young lady. They both smile warmly at each other as they hug and kiss before they sit down.

Steven: So how was your weekend baby? Did you like your new job? I hope things weren't too hard for you.

Toya: It was alright baby, I had a hard time with some of the work at first but I managed. My spirits were renewed after I got your card. It brought a big smile to my face. I really did need it.

Narrator: As Toya finish her sentence she grabs Steven's right hand and gently holds it. Steven smiles at her and looks her in the eyes.

Steven: I'm glad it reached you on time. I know you were worried about the new job. And I knew that you might have somethings on your mind. So I figured I'll show you some love.

Toya: Ohh, thank you baby your always thinking about me.

Narrator: In the visiting booth on the right side of Toya and Steven, the couple are arguing and they are getting louder.

Steven: So how's your mom doing? Did you tell her about the good news?

Toya: Oh she already knows, she was just wondering how long we were going to wait. She came with me to pick out a dress.

Steven: Oh really, so did you find one you like?

Toya: I'm still looking, I haven't found one that I exactly admire or wish to get just yet.

Steven: Yeah, so what are you exactly looking for?

Toya: Wouldn't you like to know. You know its bad luck to see the bride before the wedding.

Steven: Oh no, you know I don't like bad luck... Guess I'll
have to wait to see you then. I'm just not sure that you could get any more beautiful, you already look like a goddess.

Narrator: As Steven says the last words Toya moans and they kiss.

Toya: I love you so much baby.

Steven: I love you too.

Narrator: The couple on the right of Toya and Steven; argument gets louder and officers start to walk over toward them. The couple could be heard arguing about a female and when the male prisoner would be coming home.

Female visitor: See this the stupid shit I be talking about! You got me coming up here to see your dumb ass and you still fucking with that bitch!

Male Prisoner: Lisa, chill! You gonna draw attention to us. Look the police coming over here now. They gonna shut the visits down chill.

Female visitor: Fuck the visits! Nigga I'm done with your tired ass. That's why you never coming home now. That dumb bitch can keep your stupid ass.

Narrator: As the angry female visitor finished her last words she throws the visiting table over. Five officers come over and grab the lady and escort her out of the visiting room. Another officer comes over and tells the rest of the visitors that visits have been canceled due to the fight. Steven and Toya both stand up and engage in a long embrace of hugs and kisses. Tears could be seen in Toya face with a slight smile.

Steven: Don't cry baby, you gonna make me feel bad for the rest of the week. Don't cry its the eve of our wedding.

Toya: No, I'm not crying cause I'm sad baby, I'm crying cause I love you so much.

Officer: Alright visitors out!

Narrator: As Toya walked out of the visiting room the officer that yelled visitors out pulls her to the side and asked her a question in a low whisper.

Officer: Hey, why you wasting your time with that guy? You know he's got life right? That means that he's never coming home again. Your a beautiful girl you don't need that guy.
Toya: I'm not wasting my time. I truly love him, and nothing will ever change that. Not even if he had a million years. That man in there is a good man. And tomorrow I'm going to be the happiest woman in the world, when I become his wife.

Officer: But you got your whole life ahead of you. Why waste it on somebody in prison, that's never coming home again?

Toya: Because he makes me feel whole. That man in there is a good man that only crime in the world was killing a rapist. A rapist that raped me. So that's why I love him and that's why I'll never leave him.

Officer: Well what will you do about your needs?

Toya: My needs? I'll be alright, I don't need no man. Besides what man will want me?

Officer: Well I would love to have you. I mean, I could handle your needs while your man is in here. Shit I'll even look after him while he's in here and he won't ever have to know.

Toya: Yeah? Well let me let you in on a little secret. It was 14 years ago last week, 14 years ago since I was rapped. And when I was rapped, the person that rapped me infected me with HIV. I haven't had sex since then... Do you still want me? Do you still want to fuck me?

THE END
NARRATOR: The curtains open up to show the law library of
Tennessee State Prison. Two prisoners are seated at a table
with a bunch of books and papers all on top of the table. Other
prisoners are walking around the room paying no real attention
to the, two inmates sitting at the table. One of the inmates
seated at the table is named John he asks the other prisoner
seated at the table with him what he thinks about his argument.

JOHN: So what do you think Andy? You think I got a shot with
this guy? Or what?

ANDY: John I think you got some real good arguments in here
and you should get some relief...

JOHN: But what?

ANDY: Ah, I don't know how to say this John, but you got a raw
deal with that judge you got.

JOHN: Yeah, tell me about it. I know, this guy is a real jackass.
A lot of people think I should never got this much time for
this crime.

ANDY: Yeah, I agree, you shouldn't have. You ran over a dog
for Christ sake. So what it was a cop dog, it wasn't a human
being and you shouldn't got 40 years in prison for running over
god damn dog.

JOHN: Sometimes I wonder if I'm in a dream. Or rather a
nightmare. Yeah a nightmare.

ANDY: Let's go over your issues again. All right, what do you
say when they ask you about why you were speeding.

JOHN: I tell them I was rushing to the hospital down the road
because I was bleeding badly from a wound I got from working
on my truck.

ANDY: And did you see the dog before you hit him with your car?
Or did you not see the dog until you ran him over with your
car? And if so why did you keep going and not pull over to help
the dog?

JOHN: No I did not see the dog until I ran him over with my
car. The only reason I did not pull over to help the dog was
because I was bleeding badly on my side and back and I wanted
to get to the hospital as fast as I could, before I passed out.
ANDY: And did you know that this was a cop dog you ran over?

JOHN: No, I didn't know that the dog was a cop dog.

ANDY: And why didn't you stop when Officer Jones, called out to you.

JOHN: Because I had to get to the hospital as soon as possible because I was bleeding badly from my back and ribs. I did wave to Officer Jones to follow me to the hospital, but he fired on me.

ANDY: Didn't you fire on him first?

JOHN: No I didn't fire on him I didn't have a gun.

NARRATOR: The two men stop for a second as an unknown man walks over to them.

UNKNOWN MAN: Un sorry to bother you but I couldn't help but overhear your conversation. Are you the guy that ran over Sparky the dog.

JOHN: Well, yeah, but it was an accident. I didn't do it on purpose.

UNKNOWN MAN: So you got old judge Pete.

JOHN: Yeah--

UNKNOWN MAN: AH that old fart doesn't give a damn soul, a bit of relief. He'll jail his own mother for nothing.

JOHN: Well I got some good issues. So he'll have to reverse.

ANDY: Yeah he does got some good points.

UNKNOWN MAN: Trust me it doesn't matter, that old fart swore to give out 4 million years of prison time before he retires. He'll never reverse your conviction. Especially since your a nigger, he's got no love for niggers.

ANDY: You shouldn't say that, let the man has some hope.

UNKNOWN MAN: Sure I'm glad to give someone some hope when there is some hope. But there aint never no hope for anyone that got old judge Pete on they case. Listen to me lad, I had that old fart judge Pete on my case. He convicted me for staying in the house with someone that killed they self. The medic, the doctor, the undertakers everyone said it was a suicide and good old
judge Pete still tried me for murder. He suppressed all the testimony from the medics, doctors and undertakers, so I didn't have no defense. And when I appealed he denied my case without a hearing, just denied my appeal on the papers. That's why I'm still here lad, after 46 years, 46 long years. My advice to you lad is, don't waste the stamp.

JOHN: Well thanks for the advice. I rather still try to see what happens myself. I can't see now he'll deny my motion.

UNKNOWN MAN: Suit yourself lad, don't say that I didn't tell you so. And one more thing before I go, you got lucky with 40 years. He gives most people life for murder.

Narrator: The unknown man walks away and Andy and John continue there conversation.

ANDY: Well where did we leave off?

JOHN: Andy what do you think about what he said? I think I got good issues. I got good issues right?

ANDY: Yeah, you got good issues all right.

NARRATOR: Officer steps into the law library and puts his hands around his mouth and yells.

OFFICER: Law library up! All passes out!

THE END
THE TRUE LIE

NARRATOR: The curtains open and the scene shows a woman in her early 30's standing in her cell with prison clothes on. An inmate walks to her cell door and gives her the phone.

LALA: Peaches, you got the phone for 15 minutes. I'll be back in 14 minutes so be ready, no funny stuff.

PEACHES: All right, thank you.

NARRATOR: Peaches gets on the phone and calls her baby's father house. As the phone starts ringing she sits down on her bed and starts shaking her legs. A baby like voice answers the phone and presses five to accept the phone call.

PEACHES: Hey baby! I how you doing? I missed you so much.

KENNY: I'm alright mommy. I missed you too. I drew a picture of you today at school.

PEACHES: Ahh, thank you baby. I can't wait to see it.

KENNY: I told my teacher and my friends that you coming home soon. I told them that my mommy coming home cause she been doing good. And that she coming home because them people lied on my mommy. My teacher asked me if I was sure that you was coming home. And I told her yeah I'm sure my mommy was coming home. Stop hating on my mommy.

NARRATOR: As Peaches listened to her son speak, tears began to water her eyes. She began to smile and force a slight laugh out after her son said that he told his teacher to stop hating on his mommy.

PEACHES: So you told her to stop hating on your mommy? Boy you crazy. You better not get yourself in trouble at school.

KENNY: I'm not mommy I promise. I promise to behave in school. You promise to come and stay with me and daddy when you come home? I promise I'll behave, I promise I won't get into no trouble, if you come home and stay with me and daddy.

PEACHES: I promise when I come home I'll stay with you and daddy. I wouldn't wish for anything more in the world baby.

KENNY: You promise mommy? You promise you being true mommy?

PEACHES: I promise baby, I promise I'm being truthful.
KENNY: So you'll be home in four weeks?

NARRATOR: Peaches pauses and doesn't say anything. Tears fall from her face and she is completely quiet.

KENNY: You promised mommy. You promised you was being true. You come home in four weeks?

NARRATOR: Kenny voice becomes sad and it sounds like he might cry. Peaches swallows her pride and answers Kenny in a voice attempting to hide her pain.

PEACHES: Yeah baby, I'm coming home. You hear me baby, mommy's coming home. Mommy's coming home real soon.

KENNY: For real mommy! You coming home! On I love you so much mommy! I'm a get you presents, clean your room like you like it, fix you breakfast and give you a big hug and kiss every morning. I love you so much mommy.

NARRATOR: A male voice could be heard in the background, asking Kenny who he was talking to.

KENNY: I'm talking to mommy daddy!

MIKE: Oh yeah? Well let me talk to her for awhile, go help your grandma setup for dinner.

KENNY: Daddy wants to talk to you mommy. I'm a go and help grandma get dinner ready. I love you mommy!

PEACHES: I love you too baby. Give me a kiss.

NARRATOR: Peaches and Kenny kiss through the phone. Kenny walks away and Mike picks up the phone.

MIKE: So now you holding up Peaches?

PEACHES: I'm hanging in there, but its only getting harder and harder everyday.

MIKE: I know how you feel. Prison isn't for anyone. So any good news today at court?

PEACHES: Not really, the judge denied me an Evidentary Hearing. The hardest part about it is the fact that I can't tell Kenny. He was counting on me getting some relief from that, and I don't know how I'm going to tell him that he may never see his mom again.
The Mind of a Mad Man

By: Kenneth Barr

Narrator: As Peaches finishes her sentence pain and sadness swell up in her voice.

Peaches: I don't know what I'm going to do Mike. If I can't see my baby boy grow up. I just want to...

Mike: No, Peaches its going to be alright. We gonna figure something out, don't worry, okay.

Peaches: Okay

Mike: Its gonna be alright. Don't worry--

Lala: You got 30 seconds left Peaches, I need the phone, its someone else's turn with the phone.

Narrator: As Lala waits for the phone she listens to Peaches conversation while standing in the doorway tapping her feet and rolling her eyes.

Peaches: I gotta go Mike, I love you okay, tell my baby I love him and kiss him good night for me.

Mike: Alright, I love you too Peaches. I'll make sure I tell Kenny you send your love to him and kiss him goodnight for you. Keep your head up in there, I know how it is in prison, from 1st hand experience so I know what you going through in there. Just know your loved and missed out here always. Okay.

Peaches: Okay baby, I love you... Bye.

Mike: Love you too baby... Bye.

THE END
OLD JUDGE PETE PART 2

NARRATOR: The curtains open up and reveal a court room that has only a few people inside. The clerk of the court is seated next to the judges seat, the prosecutor is standing at his table and an officer is standing at the front of the courtroom. John is brought inside the courtroom in prison clothes and cuffs and shackles. He is escorted by two uniformed officers. They place him at the defense table, where he stands by himself. An old man with all gray hair walks into the courtroom from a door in the back. He wears steel rimmed glasses and a black judges robe. It is clear by everyone that this is Judge Pete. An Officer begins to yell out to everyone in the courtroom.

OFFICER: All raise! For the Honorable Judge Peter Lynch! Court is in session!

JUDGE PETE: State the names for the record.

PROSECUTOR: Thomas Fuchs, appearing for the state.

JOHN: Johnathan A. Vics, Pro-se petitioner.

JUDGE PETE: This is the case for the murder of Officer Sparky. Our dearest Officer Sparky. At this time I would like to call for a moment of silence in the court in memory of our dearest friend Officer Sparky.

NARRATOR: John listens in shock and disbelief as Judge Pete calls for a moment of silence for the dead dog. The rest of the courtroom including the Prosecutor and Officers look tired and worn out like they heard the theatrics of Judge Pete one too many times.

JUDGE PETE: Officer Sparky was one of the greatest officers to ever wear the uniform. He was a great father of four and great role model for our community. Sadly he was killed in the line of duty by a criminal that couldn't lend him a helping hand in his time of need. What do you have to say for yourself Mr. Vics? And why are you picking the wounds of the family of Officer Sparky, by coming here today.

JOHN: Your honor I am here today because I now got new evidence to prove that I was in fact wounded at my shop as I said before. I also have a witness that will state on the record that I was in fact on my way to the hospital at the time of this incident as I said before. Your honor I never meant to hurt that dog--

JUDGE PETE: Officer Sparky was a beloved member of this
community, and you ruthlessly killed him. You didn't even stop to help him after you ran him over.

JOHN: Your honor I was hurt and I could have died. I didn't have time to stop to help that dog--

JUDGE PETE: That Officer you killed was in the middle of an investigation. And you assisted the people he was investigating by running him over. You assisted your Co-conspirators.

JOHN: No, your honor I didn't know those men. I was trying to go to the hospital to fix my broken ribs. Just ask my witness Ms. Teller.

JUDGE PETE: Lies, lies, all lies. I won't allow any of these lies to be put on the record to dishonor the life of Officer Sparky. Or to harm the reputation of Officer Sparky's family in any way. Your motion is, DENIED!

JOHN: Your honor Ms. Teller is a 67 year old lady that works with the city she has no relation to me once so ever. She only knows me from my shop I would fix her car from time to time. Please allow her to testify on my behalf. She traveled 2 hours to get here and she hasn't got to much time left on this earth. She couldn't testify at my trial because she was in the hospital for the same injuries I had that day cause we both were injured inside in my shop.

JUDGE PETE: Stop with these lies! I don't want to hear it. You and your people lie so much its sick. Does the state wish to be heard on anything before I dismiss this case with strong prejudice?

NARRATOR: The prosecutor stands up and buttons up his jacket. John looks at him with sad eyes.

PROSECUTOR: Yes your honor. The state wishes to amend the sentence in this case to a life sentence. As of right now the defendant only has a 40 year sentence and he may receive parole at the age of 57 and that would not be right being that he killed an officer of the law and is still proclaiming he did no wrong. Not to mention that he tried to get this lady to come to this court and lie for him.

JUDGE PETE: I agree prosecutor. And I sentence you Mr. Vice to life in prison. Officers bring me that lady!

NARRATOR: Judge Pete point over at Ms. Teller. Ms. Teller looks around shocked as three officers come towards her and grabs her by both arms and escorts her off to the defense table.

JUDGE PETE: You know what you did now take the punishment! Ms. Teller I sentence you to 10 years in State Prison, for lying in a court of law for this man.

NARRATOR: Judge Pete points to John. Ms. Teller cry's out and shake with terror. John look over at her in horror.

MS. TELLER: No your honor, no! I did nothing wrong!

NARRATOR: The curtains close.

NARRATOR: The curtains open again and show John in his cell laying down in his bed tossing and turning under his covers. As he slowly wakes up from his sleep, he sits up in his bed and realize it was all just a dream.

JOHN: It was just a dream, thank god... I do got good issues, so he gots to hear my motion right?

THE END
THE WAITING GAME

NARRATOR: The curtains open up and show the insides of a cell. Inside are two female women dressed in prison clothes. They are talking to each other quietly. The names of the women are Zoey and Pumpkin.

A C/O walks down the hall heading towards their cell as he passes out mail. Pumpkin jumps up as she hears the keys of the C/O and runs towards the door.

ZOEY: I don't know why your rushing over towards the door. You know that your not going to get any mail.

PUMPKIN: He's gonna write me one of these days. He loves me you know. He just doesn't want to see me like this.

ZOEY: Pumpkin you been in prison now for over 2 years. If he still hasn't wrote you yet he's isn't going to write you now.

NARRATOR: The cling sounds of the C/O's keys are getting closer. The C/O stops 3 cells away from Pumpkin and Zoey's cell and passes out some mail.

PUMPKIN: He still has a few pieces left over.

ZOEY: They aint for you. Let me get over there their probably for me.

NARRATOR: Zoey shoves her way over towards the doorway. Pumpkin shoves her back to maintain a larger space in the doorway. The C/O is one cell away now.

PUMPKIN: Here he comes.

NARRATOR: The C/O stops at the side of their door.

ZOEY: You got something for me C/O?

C/O: Nope, nothing for you Rivera.

PUMPKIN: What about me C/O?

C/O: Nothing for you either Sanders.

NARRATOR: The C/O walks by their cell holding about ten envelopes. Both Pumpkin and Zoey moan "aanh" at the same time and slope on the floor. After a few seconds they both jump back on their beds. Zoey breaks the silence.
ZOEY: Why do you put so much faith in this guy reaching out to you? I mean if he still was in love with you wouldn't he have wrote you by now?

PUMPKIN: It's complicated.

ZOEY: It's complicated? But if your in love with each other what's so complicated about that? Unless it's something your not telling me. What makes you so sure that he hasn't just moved on? Men are weak, you do know that right? As soon as a new piece of ass comes around all that love shit goes out the window.

PUMPKIN: This is different though.

ZOEY: How? How is your situation any different from any of the other women in here?

PUMPKIN: You wouldn't understand.

ZOEY: Try me. I'm open minded, try me. Cause we been bunkies together now for two and a half years and I still can't understand it one bit. So please explain it to me cause I'm starting to think your crazy.

PUMPKIN: I'm not crazy.

ZOEY: Well explain it to me.

PUMPKIN: Okay, but you can never tell anyone.

ZOEY: All right, I swear I'll never tell anyone.

PUMPKIN: All right... You remember what I'm locked up for?

ZOEY: Yeah robbery and attempted murder.

PUMPKIN: Okay, well remember when I said that I didn't do it? Well I really didn't do it. I took the fall for him.

ZOEY: For him? You mean your man?

PUMPKIN: Yeah

ZOEY: Uunn, men really aren't shit. You did that for him, and he can't even write you, that's fucked up.

PUMPKIN: He has a reason though. This has happen before with another person and that person told on him. The person that told on him took the letters he was writing and brought them to the police so they could build a case against him.
ZOEY: How that happen? Its only letters.

PUMPKIN: They would talk about the case a little bit in each letter and the police made out some of the things he talked about or said as coded words or gang lingo.

ZOEY: That's crazy so what that means he doesn't trust you.

PUMPKIN: Not necessarily, he just rather be safe then sorry. After we get through this we will be great. And he will trust me with the world.

ZOEY: Damn girl you really love that dude. Or you really are crazy. Fuck it, you live and you learn.

NARRATOR: Years go by and Pumpkin never hears from her love. After seven years she is about to go home on parole. Out of no where a C/O comes to her cell with a letter for her.

C/O: Sanders, mail up.

NARRATOR: Pumpkin gets up out of bed wearily and confused.

PUMPKIN: Mail? For me?

C/O: Yup, enjoy.

ZOEY: Who's it from?

PUMPKIN: Its from him.

ZOEY: Really? What he say? What he send you?

PUMPKIN: Its a card. It says, I love you.

ZOEY: That's it? That's all it says?

PUMPKIN: That's all it needs to say.

THE END
DAY DREAMS

Narrator: The curtains open up to show a cell with the door open. A man dressed in prison clothes walks into the cell looking tired after a long day of work. After he enters his cell he turns his radio on to familiar music that he used to listen to when he was home. Then he plops down on his bed. His cell door closes and the lights dim down. The prisoner is half sleep half awake, and muttering to himself.

June: What the fuck I'm gonna do?... What the fuck!

Narrator: The next door neighbor to June comes to the gate of his cell. And calls out to June in a quiet voice.

Fats: Hey June.. June!

June: What the fuck you want fats?

Fats: You alright over there?

June: Yeah I'm alright... Since when you start worrying about me anyway?

Fats: You sound like you about to hang it up over there. Talking to yourself and shit. You sure you alright over there?

June: Yeah I'm alright. I'm just out there right now listening to this music... Thinking about the hood all the woes the money everything out there.

Fats: Yeah I know what you mean. I was just over here thinking about my seed. I still remember the first time I held my little nigga, it's crazy ass hell just thinking about it.

June: When was the last time you seen ya son Fats?

Fats: Its been awhile. My baby's mom be on some bullshit, she don't bring him up here to see me.

June: Damn that's foul my nigga.

Fats: Yeah, I know. I miss my little nigga doe, he be over my moms house a lot now I near.

June: That's what's up. I know if ya mom like my mom ya little nigga getting big cause my mom can cook.

Fats: Shit who you telling nigga? I wasn't born with all this
weight. How you think I got like this.

June: Yeah I can dig it. What about them hoes doe? I know you miss them.

Fats: Who wouldn't miss all them little bitches out there. I be in here thinking about some pussy every day.

June: I know that's right. My little P.Y.T. used to suck a mean one. And she flexible ass hell.

Fats: What, that's crazy blood. What you know about them old heads doe? They know some tricks.

June: You aint lying either, they be the best. I'm trying to go to college this time around and get some of that tuna while I'm getting my degree.

Fats: That's smart, word up.

June: Yeah dog cause I can't do this shit, I aint fucking around in them streets no more dog.

Fats: Word up!

June: I just want to chill, have some kids and live a regular life. I can't do this shit to my family no more blood.

Fats: I feel you.

June: I just can't help but to think about all the things I'm suppose to be doing that I'm not. I want kids one day Fats.

Fats: And you will one day. Just wait to when you get out. Right now just get your plans and shit together. How much time you got.

June: How much time I got?

Fats: Yeah how much time you got?

Narrator: June pauses before answering the question. He sits up and looks into the dark space with a blank look and answers slowly.

June: I got life... I got life, I aint never coming home again.

THE END
CHAPTER THREE

In 2015 the famous writer and journalist Chris Hedges came to New Jersey State Prison, to do a course on Anton Chekhov. He also wanted to teach the students in this course another lesson, that would be much more powerful and everlasting on myself and other inmates in the class. He wanted to teach his students how to think for themselves.

I knew it might sound weird and confusing, it did to me too at first. But if you ever really stop and evaluate a situation in your own words about what you see and about what you took away from the situation. Then you are indeed taking the first steps to learning to think on your own. And not to think in a way that is uniform with what other people think or want you to think.

I always been a radical at heart. And thanks to Chris Hedges and other teacher like himself, I learned to use tools like this to help me further improve my life and the lives of the people around me. I’ve learned a valuable tool to use against the machine that constantly oppresses me and millions of other people around the world.

Below are two stories I wrote for grading in this class along with comments from Chris Hedges.

THE PARTY

Ken, this is good! Very vivid.

THE PICK UP

Ken, this is a very good story. Remember the less you tell the more you show the more powerful the story becomes.
TITLE: The Party

It was a warm spring night in the slums of Wilmington, Delaware, where the hoodlums of all kinds roamed the streets. A party could be heard in the distance by the ears of a young gang banger that went by the name Jessy Ru. The sounds of the bass in the speakers being used at the party tempted Jessy to abandon the block he was working on and join the party that was sure to have eligible teenage girls his age that would be astonished and amazed by the meager amounts he made in his reckless lifestyle. Maybe he could bag an old head 10 years older than himself, Jessy thought. He was after all seen as a bright young star on the drug scene among those in his age brackets.

The daydream of the party and the girls that might be in it came to a screeching halt as someone yelled out "One time!" in a loud voice. Without a thought to it the legs of Jessy began to roll beneath him to the point that he must've looked like a track star. As Jessy became pleased with his own observation that no police officers were in his vicinity he began to walk slower and direct himself towards the sound of the music. As he began to cross the street he could see the beginnings of an outline of what appeared to be a fellow hoodlum of the streets of Wilmington, Delaware, Jessy could see that the outline was coming towards him. So being unsure if he was dealing with friend or foe Jessy dug his hand into his pockets and clenched the handle of his .38. As the figure came within ten feet of him Jessy could see that the figure was his people, Papi. Papi was a member of the same street gang as Jessy Ru, and although Papi was older than Jessy, Jessy held more rank then Papi.

"Your going to end up doing something stupid one day!" yelled Papi. "Cause all you know is this" As he finished his sentence Papi made his right hand into the shape of a gun. "Nay, you gonna end up dead you keep running up on people looking like you want something." Replied Jessy in a sarcastic tone. "Where you on your way to?" The Block Papi replied. "No you not, the nigs just ran down, that shit hot." "Yeah, so where you going?" "To the party up the street, you coming?" asked Jessy. A moment past before Papi responded to the question then he said "Yeah as long as I can hold on to your biscuit". The response from Papi stunned Jessy and he ask Papi "Do you have yours?" "Yeah" replied Papi. "Then why do you want mines? You trying to walk me nigger?" asked Jessy accusingly. "NO! I just don't want something to happen and you go off like you did last week". The answer Papi gave made Jessy remember the episode he had last friday at Bibi's house, and against his own natural instincts Jessy gave his gun to Papi. As they began to walk toward the sounds of the music Jessy said sarcastically to Papi "This only means that you'll have to let off instead of me". "Yeah let me worry about that" Replied Papi, as they began to walk toward the porch of the party.

As they walked onto the porch of the house the party was being thrown at, Papi lit up a blunt and passed it to Jessy. As he inhaled the smoke he stole a glance at a woman in her late 20's sitting on a plastic chair at the far end of the porch. Yes, thought Jessy as he sat down on another chair a few feet away
from the woman, on the porch. Jessy smiled at the woman and asked what's up, the woman smiled back and said "Nothing much". At this point Jessy knew he had her, he pulled the money from his pocket and began to count it. The woman looked in a silent amazement with a hint of amusement. Jessy ask the lady what's up, the woman smiled back and said "Noting much". At this point Jessy knew he had her, he pulled the money from his pocket and began to count it. The woman looked in a silent amazement with a hint of amusement. Jessy ask the lady what's up, the woman smiled back and said "Noting much".

As Papi continued his conversation with Nicky, he smoked the rest of the blunt. Nicky soon exposed that she and her boyfriend or ex-boyfriend argument was about her not wanting him to go away to the war, and that she told him she wouldn't wait for him. Jessy thought the woman was selfish and deserved to have him and Papi run a train on her tonight, because her boyfriend told her he was doing it for her, he gave her his bonus sign up check of $17,000 and even signed over his monthly checks to her. Yeah she was selfish Jessy thought to himself but he wouldn't tell her that, instead he said "Man fuck that nigga! Keep his money and let him go, he leave tomorrow right, me and son here what's good?" "It's whatever" replied Nicky. At this point Jessy realized that a dark figure was standing in the door frame and before he could motion to Papi to give him his gun a tall built man of about 30 years old came from behind the door yelling "I heard everything! You cheating ass Bitch!" Jessy was stunned and shocked and he motion to Papi to give him his gun. Papi said "No! I got this" Jessy was unsure and wary the man then began to direct his anger towards him. "Nay, my beef with this little fucking nigga, right here! What's up pussy!" Papi jumped up and pushed Jessy to the side and said to the man "Chill! That's my people, Jessy, Jessy! Get out of here go to the spot I'll meet you there, GO!". A group from the party amassed in the door way. A lady said get D-Block he's in the house go get him and tell him to come out here. "Go Jessy! yelled Papi. "No don't go Jessy you tough right?" said someone from the crowd.

Reluctantly Jessy began to walk down the street away from the party, as he began to get farther away he could still hear the man shouting above the loud music. And someone saying get the car keys where that nigga went. Jessy could hear a car zoom up and down the street. As Jessy walked into Bibi's house he went straight to the back room and grabbed a heavy book bag out of the back closet and walked back to the living room unzipping it. As he flopped down on the couch he grab an old rusty .357 from the bag and mentally swore never to be caught naked again.
The Mind of a Mad Man

By: Kenneth Barr

TITLE: The Pick Up

As Rodney sat on the edge of his pull out couch bed, he roamed his mind in search of a way to get his next fix of coke. He began to have cravings earlier in the day at work so he called his favorite Drug dealer Tony. Tony was only his favorite drug dealer because he had the best product among the thugs of dealers he knew, and he gave fronts. Rodney told Tony that he would be getting paid tonight for fixing up some guys transmission, so Tony would front him. But as the clock ticked he knew he would have to get another fix and find a way to pay for the quarter Tony fronted him. Rodney owed his roommate Pete, $700 for last months rent, so he couldn't get any money from him. So Rodney began to search for another way to get some quick cash.

First he searched his own room for something valuable he could trade for some drugs. As he looked around all he could see was the pull out couch and the bare walls around him, he seen some dirty clothes on the floor and an old basket. Surely Tony wouldn't want any of this stuff, Rodney thought, so he ventured off to the common areas of the house in search of something to sell for drugs. Then it hit Rodney, in the hallway closet Pete had a double barrel shotgun. He knew he would have a lot of bargaining power with that shotgun, all he would have to do was get it and bring it back to his room. Pete never came in his room when he was buying or doing drugs.

As Rodney walked threw the living room he could see Pete's bedroom door closed, so he quietly opened the hallway closet door and picked up the double barrel shotgun. As he walked back to his bedroom he glanced at the clock on the hallway wall and seen that it was 11:45. Tony would be there in 15 minutes, Rodney thought.

As Tony turned onto the quiet middle class street of Cain's, he lowered the music on his car stereo and turned to face his comrade, Goose. "Listen just sit out here, this dude owes me some money if I don't come out in 15 minutes, then come in", said Tony as he opened the car door to get out. Goose watched him go inside the house threw the side door. Goose then observed the surroundings of the quiet street, and eagerly watched the digital car clock.

As Tony entered the side door Rodney directed him to be quiet as possible. Tony looked the room over and noticed a shotgun in the corner of the room by the pullout couch. "Where's my money Rodney!" Tony asked sternly. Rodney in a reassuring voice resoned hurriedly in a voice no louder then a whisper, "listen, listen, I got a deal for you bro, Things didn't go as planned today so I'ma sell you this Double barrel shotgun" "Sell me?" asked Tony, "You owe me $385, where's my money?!" "Yeah I know
I owe you man and thats gonna come out of what I get for this double barrel shotgun". "Look just give me my money or the shotgun, cause I aint given you shit!" As Tony said the last sentence Rodney's roommate Pete walked into Rodney's room and asked "Whats all the noise about Rodney?, I'm trying to sleep, and why is my shotgun in here!" "Your shotgun?" asked Tony "I thought this was yours? How you gonna sell me something that aint even yours?" "Oh hell no" interjected Pete "Your not getting my shotgun, matter fact get the hell out of my house" as Pete said the last word he picked up his shotgun and waivered it at Tony. Tony said "I aint going no where until I get my money" then he chirped Goose and told him to, "Come in cause their trying to not give me my money."

As Goose got out of the car race and anger boiled over in him. He felt terrible that someone was trying to get over on Tony, it felt like an attack on him. As Goose opened the side door to the house he seen Tony standing by the doorway and two other men, one sitting on a pull out couch and another standing with a Double barrel shotgun. The scene angered Goose even more, the thought that these two clowns might be trying to rob his partner in crime or do harm to him was unbearable. Without giving it a thought Goose snatched the shotgun from the man standing by the pullout couch and kicked him square in the chest landing him on the floor. Then he asked Tony who owed him. Tony pointed to the man sitting on the pull out couch. Goose pointed the double barrel shotgun at the man and pulled both triggers. Click! Goose pulled the triggers again click! "Broke ass gun" said Goose "Well were keeping this piece of shit anyway until you pay what you owe". "No!, I'll pay you, how much does he owes you?" said Pete, as he pulled himself off the floor. "$385 plus interest" responded Tony "I'll pay it for you Rodney, but then your getting your candy ass out of my house, pronto!" said Pete in a demanding but fearful voice. "Whatever" responded Tony "Where's my money"? Pete pulled out his wallet as he led them to the door and handed Tony $400, as he walked out. Goose handed Pete the shotgun after Tony finished counting the money.

As Tony and Goose walked back to the car they did so in complete silence. After driving for awhile Tony asked Goose "Were you really going to kill that man over $400?" Goose looked at Tony and responded calm and coolly to his question. "Yes I would have, and it would have been an ugly sight, double barrel, point blank range, ugly." As goose finished saying the last words, a sleek smile came across his face, and they both laughed.
LAST WORDS

I've often been asked by some of my peers at N.J.S.P. why I decided to call this book "The Mind of a Mad Man". The reason for this title goes back to something I was once told by a psyche who asked him why he enjoyed being a psyche. He told me he liked to look into the minds of mad men. In essence he was calling me and all the rest of his patients mad men. He was disbarred from his practice not too long after this. But my point in naming this book in this way, was because I see strong similarities between how that psyche viewed his patients and how America views Prisoners and the prison system.

America, like that psyche, likes to look into the minds of prisoners. As a type of entertainment, like an amusement park or a haunted house. The only thing is this is not an amusement park or haunted house. This is real life and real people have to live in these conditions day in and day out. Just look at all of the new Prison shows coming out, all the new reality TV shows they have now on prisons and prisoners. It's sick that people really are being entertained by our forced enslavement.

I know that Prison foundation gives awards out for prisoners that make stories or poems about perseverance and humanism of prisoners. However that is not my aim. My aim is to assault the mind and soul of the American public, with the true stories of hopelessness and despair that our criminal justice system leaves on the thousands and thousands of souls it buries in prisons across America with no hope of redemption. All around America tens of thousands of Americans have life sentences or de facto life sentences. Often for crimes that they committed when they were in their early 20's or late teens.

This is wrong. Everyone deserves a second chance no one should spend the rest of their life in prison for something they did when they were 23. I look at other western nations and see that they have caps on the time limits people spend in prison or could get sentenced to, no matter what crime they committed. Then I wonder why America still sentences men and women to life in prison or even death. The answer I came up with is that they can do this because prisoners have no voice in our society. We are according to the U.S. Constitution slaves, because we were convicted of a felony crime. Often people don't like to hear this, but it is true, just read your constitution. However I digress.

I focused my plays and stories on those prisoners that are sentenced to hard time. Or as we say in prison football numbers. I did however show the human side of the charters in these stories, this is something that is often forgotten about by the public at large. And is indeed a fact that needs to be seen more. Prisoner are human no matter what they may have done or didn't do.
Lastly I would like to thank Prison Foundation for giving prisoners this foundation to speak on. Now that I know about this, it will be a tool for me and all those other like minded prisoners I know. Also I would like to thank Chris Hedges, Dr. Novack and other teachers of great repute that take the time out of their lives and careers to come and teach prisoners for free, not even being paid by the prisons they go to. Because of these people I have learned to think and grow on my own. And I have seen the different things that I too could accomplish in my life, no matter where I am at. It's sad, because often when I was on the streets my dreams would be crushed and laughed at by the very teachers that were suppose to be teaching me and nurturing my mind. So once again thank you.

RESPECTFULLY

March 26, 2016
N.J.S.P.

KENNETH A-D BARR
THE BOOK OF WISDOM

OR

THE WISDOM OF GREAT LEADERS OF THE UNDERWORLD

ABOUT THIS BOOK

This book is a collection of sayings, advice and rules. It also includes a summary of certain topics for modern leaders to use for his or her own purposes.

The main focus and goal of this book is to give a standard model for these leaders in today's underground organizations, and for the everyday man or woman on a quest to conquer his or her own world. This book is a gathering of knowledge and wisdom from experienced leaders of the underworld.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Kenneth A-D Barr, aka "Messy Ru", is a 27 year old African American man. He is currently serving a 40 year sentence at NJSP, he will be eligible for parole in 2042.

He is also the author of "The Mind of a Mad Man" and "African Kingdoms and Empires". He also wrote the play "The Chronicles of Newba'la". He is currently taking college courses.

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CHAPTER 1. 10 GOLDEN RULES FOR SUCCESS

1. RULE NUMBER ONE IS THAT THERE IS NO RULES, ALL RULES ARE MADE TO BE BROKEN.

EXPLANATION: THE RULING CLASSES ARE THE ONES THAT MAKE THE RULES, AND THEY USE AND ABIDE BY THEM AS MUCH AS IT SUITS THEMSELVES AND THEIR GOALS. WHEN THE RULES DO NOT SUIT THEMSELVES OR THEIR GOALS, THEY BREAK THEM. THEREFORE, A WISE RULER WILL NOT ALWAYS FOLLOW THE RULES. IN FACT RULES ARE OFTEN PUT IN PLACE TO STOP THE ADVANCEMENT OF OTHERS AND TO PROTECT THE RULING CLASSES... A WARNING TO THOSE RULERS THAT CHOOSE TO BREAK THE RULES. RULES THAT SEEM TO HAVE BEEN IN PLACE SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL ARE NOT TO BE OPENLY BROKEN. THOSE RULES MUST BE BROKEN IN SECRECY AND AWAY FROM THE EYES OF THE MASSES. IF SOMEONE WAS TO DISCOVER THAT A RULER BROKE A CARDINAL RULE AND THUS COMMITTED A CARDINAL SIN THE PERSON THAT DISCOVERED THIS WOULD HAVE SOMETHING TO HANG OVER THE HEAD OF THE RULER AND THUS THE RULER WOULD BE AT THE MERCY OF THIS PERSON AND LIABLE TO BLACKMAIL.

2. DEVELOP AND MAINTAIN A TIGHT INNER CIRCLE. THAT YOU CAN DOMINATE AND CONTROL.

EXPLANATION: THIS RULE IS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT RULES FOR ANY RULER THAT IS SUBJECT TO SOMEONE ELSE. THIS IS BECAUSE, IF HIS OR HER SUPERIOR BECOMES HOSTILE TO HIM OR HER THEN THE SUBJECT RULER BECOMES A HOSTAGE TO THE WHIMS OF HIS OR HER SUPERIOR.

EXAMPLE: OOG HEAD IS UNDER OOG BIG DOG. OOG BIG DOG SNATCHES THE STAIN OF OOG HEAD FOR A FRIVOLOUS REASON. MOST OF THE PEOPLE UNDER THE SET ARE UNDER HEAD AND NOT UNDER BIG DOG. HOWEVER BIG DOG HAS CONTACT WITH ALL THE KEY PEOPLE UNDER HEAD AND HE TAKES THEM AND PUTS THEM UNDER HIMSELF. THIS LEAVES HEAD VULNERABLE AND DEFENSELESS AGAINST BIG DOG, IN FACT HE IS LEFT AT THE MERCY OF BIG DOG.

SOLUTION: IF OOG HEAD TOOK MEASURES TO KEEP AT LEAST HALF OF HIS LINE UNDER A PERSON COMPLETELY LOYAL TO HIMSELF AND NOT TO BIG DOG AND DID NOT ALLOW ANY DIRECT CONTACT WITH THIS PERSON AND THOSE UNDER HIM WITH BIG DOG OR OTHERS UNDER BIG DOG. THEN HEAD WOULD HAVE A SECRET DEFENSE AGAINST BIG DOG. ANOTHER WAY THAT WOULD ALLOW HEAD TO KEEP HIS WHOLE LINE OR AT LEAST MOST OF IT, IS TO INDUCE THE LOYALIES OF HIS LINE TO HIMSELF AND NOT TO THE SET OR BIG DOG. THIS WOULD CAUSE ANY HARSH ORDERS BIG DOG MAY SAY AGAINST HEAD TO BE LOUDLY REJECTED AND IGNORED BY THOSE UNDER HEAD'S LINE AND MAY LEAD TO A CIVIL WAR WITHIN THE SET.

EXPLANATION: THIS RULE IS ALSO TO BE TIGHTLY FOLLOWED BY THE ESTABLISHED RULER THAT RULES IN HIS OR HER OWN RIGHT. BECAUSE WHEN THE RULER Follows THIS RULE HIS OR HER WHOLE ORGANIZATION WILL RUN VERY SMOOTHLY. IT IS ALWAYS IN THE BEST INTEREST OF ANY RULER TO EMPLOY AND DEVELOP THE PEOPLE DIRECTLY UNDER HIS OR HER OWN CHARGE, ESPECIALLY FOR THOSE THAT HOLD IMPORTANT POST. IF A RULER MAINTAINS A TIGHT INNER CIRCLE IT WILL BE MUCH HARDER FOR AN ENEMY
Or disloyal person to enter the ranks of the rulers' organization, and moreover it will be easy for the ruler to spot when disloyalty enters the heart or mind of one of his top chiefs. Because the rulers and others in this circle will spot the change in the person.

3. Violence and murder are always to be used as a necessity.

**Explanations:** Violence and murder are the tools used by any illegal enterprise. Whether it is a gang, drug cartel, Mafia or any other enterprise or organization in the underground world. Criminals by nature only respect money and violence. Violence should only be used to further one's own enterprise, organization, status, reputation and advancement. Moreover when it's for any of the above reasons, the wise ruler should not hesitate to use it. Violence and murder should be something that any underground organization is seen to be willing to use. If it is seen or believed that any illegal organization will not use violence, then that organization will become a target of another.

4. Know the people around you, know their limits, there faults, their backgrounds and there mind.

**Explanations:** The wise ruler will know the people under his command, and he will know his superiors and equals. Above we talked about inducing loyalty in those under your command, and one of the best ways to do this is to have something over the head of those loyal to you (i.e. cardinal sins).

**Examples:** If you know of a cardinal sin that someone under your command has committed and they know you know this. That will cause that person to be nothing but loyal to you in hopes that you will not disclose there secret to the masses. You only must watch the power they gain and make certain they don't gain enough power to destroy you. On the other hand if this person was your superior he or she may rapidly promote you and shower many favors upon you, in hopes that you will not disclose there secret. Your superior will do this until he can secretly kill you or secretly destroy you without your knowledge that he was actually the one behind the attack. If the person was your mere equal he will openly try to destroy you unless you both are subject to the same person and in that case he will secretly try to destroy you, while also offering you what he can to befriend you, so he or she can gain time to destroy you secretly.

**Explanations:** The wise ruler will also know the limits of the people around him, especially those under his own charge. This is so important so the wise ruler will not assign a mission to someone under his charge that is not suitable. This rule is also often not followed by many modern rulers today and is in fact the reason why so many leaders are in prison for someone telling on them.

**Examples:** OG Mad Max told his capo Taz to kill someone. Mad Max gave Taz a gun and the information he needed to find his target. Upon the completion of Taz mission he was arrested by the police, and he told them about the whole operation. The fault is not on Taz for snitching to the police, it's on OG Mad Max for not knowing the limits of Taz. Everything isn't for
SPEAK ABOUT HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

In the event that others in the organization begin to admire him, they
will fill under him. When working this procedure, make attention to OC COSE
CO when the occasion is none and the condition to the BOY of the
answer after doing the effect against his superior or magic.

EXAMPLE: One...
6. MAKE YOURSELF INDISPENSABLE TO YOUR SUPERIOR.

EXPLANATION: THE WISE UNDERLINING WILL MAKE HIS BOSS TOTALLY DEPENDENT UPON HIM. THIS WILL CAUSE THE BOSS TO HOLD HIS UNDERLING IN THE HIGHEST REGARD, AND FORCE HIM TO SHOWER HIM ALL IMPORTANT EMPLOYEE WITH MANY GIFTS AND TITLES... IT ALSO GIVES THE EMPLOYEE AN IMPORTANT TOOL TO BE ABLE TO CONQUER HIS BOSS'S ORGANIZATION.

EXAMPLE: CG SAD EYE, CONDUCTED ALL THE AFFAIRS OF HIS BOSS, SOLO, WHILE HE WAS ON LOCK DOWN IN PRISON. THIS ALLOWED SAD EYE TO CONTROL THE FINANCES OF THE GANG, MANAGE THE AFFAIRS OF THE GANG, CONTACT AND MEET ALL THE POWER PLAYERS IN THE GANG AND DEVELOP NEW RELATIONSHIPS. SAD EYE WAS ABLE TO USURP THE RULE OF HIS BOSS, SOLO. BY DIVERTING THE LOYALTIES OF PEOPLE IN THE GANG ALREADY DISSATISFIED WITH SOLO AND MAKING NEW ALLIANCES WITH OTHERS IN THE GANG EAGER FOR ADVANCEMENT. SAD EYE ALSO PUT SEEMINGLY TRUE BUT FALSE INFORMATION OUT ABOUT SOLO, THAT WAS SOLELY FOR POLITICAL THEATER FOR THE MASSES, TO MAKE IT SEEM AS IF SOLO COMMITTED A CARDINAL SIN. SOLO COULD NOT PROPERLY OR EFFECTIVELY DEFEND HIMSELF SINCE HE WAS ON LOCK IN PRISON.

SOLUTION: IF SOLO FOLLOWED RULE 2 HE WOULD BE ABLE TO SUCCESSFULLY RETAKE HIS GANG AND DESTROY HIS DISLOYAL CG. SOLO SHOULD HAVE ANOTHER CG WITH A LINE UNDER HIM THAT IS LOYAL TO SOLO AND NOT SAD EYE. IF SOLO DOESN'T HAVE THIS HE SHOULD BUILD ONE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE EVEN IF HE HAS TO DO IT IN JAIL. THIS IS A MUST BECAUSE THIS LINE WILL HAVE TO PROTECT SOLO AND FIGHT THE WAR WITH SAD EYE FOR HIM.

EXPLANATION: ANOTHER WAY TO MAKE YOURSELF INDISPENSABLE TO YOUR SUPERIOR IS TO FOLLOW RULE 5, AND UNDERTAKE GREAT FEATS FOR ALL TO SEE. IN THIS WAY YOUR SUPERIOR WOULD BEGIN TO DEPEND ON YOU AND YOUR TALENTS MORE AND MORE.

7. DO NOT HESITATE TO SACRIFICE, EVERYTHING IS SACRIFICIAL FOR THE GREATER GOOD.

EXPLANATION: THIS RULE HOLDS TRUE FOR ANY WISE RULER THAT IS FACED WITH ANY HARD DECISION. IT IS NOT MERELY AN ACT LIKE MOST OF THE OTHER RULES, IT IS A FACT THAT SHOULD BE REMEMBERED AT ALL TIMES AND ACTED ON DURING A CRISIS. THIS RULE IS A CORNER STONE RULE THAT IS TO BE FOLLOWED FOR ANY RULER THAT WISHES TO BE GREAT.

EXAMPLE: CG GOOE BROUGHT A NEW PERSON INTO THE ORGANIZATION NAMED, BEAN POP. BEAN POP, WAS AN ASSET TO HAVE ESPECIALLY SINCE GOOE AND HIS BOSS CG MAGIC, WAS REBUILDING THE RANKS OF THEIR ORGANIZATION. HOWEVER BEAN POP, WAS AN OPEN ENEMY TO MAGIC'S FRIEND AND ALLY. SO MAGIC MANEUVERED A WAY TO GET RID OF BEAN POP AND KICK HIM OUT OF HIS ORGANIZATION.

EXPLANATION: MAGIC TOOK AN UNDERHANDED MEASURE TO GET RID OF SOMEONE HE ACCEPTED INTO HIS ORGANIZATION AND PLEDGED HIS FULL LOYALTY TO. HOWEVER WHEN IT BECAME KNOWN THAT BEAN POP, WAS AN OPEN ENEMY TO AN ALLY OF MAGIC AND HIS ORGANIZATION, MAGIC TOOK A EVIL MEASURE TO RID HIMSELF OF BEAN POP, TO SAVE THE RELATIONSHIP HE HAD WITH HIS ALLY. THIS RULE ENTAILS A RULER TO MAKE HARD DECISIONS, THAT ARE NECESSARY FOR THE SURVIVAL OF THE WHOLE AND
MAY SEEM EVIL TO THE MASSES, BUT THEY ARE NECESSARY MEASURES.

8. TURN THE AFTERMATH OF EVERY DEFEAT INTO A VICTORY, AND WAVE IT IN THE AIR FOR ALL TO SEE.

EXPLANATION: EVERY RULER WILL SUFFER A DEFEAT AT CERTAIN TIMES DURING HIS OR HER CAREER. IT IS THE HANDLING OF THESE DEFEATS IN THE AFTERMATH THAT TRULY SHOWS THE SKILL OF THE RULER. IF A RULER SKILLFULLY MANAGES TO TURN HIS OR HER DEFEAT INTO A SMALL GAIN, THE RULER CAN USE IT TO MORALIZE HIS TROOPS AND CHANGE THE CONVERSATION. MOREOVER IF IT IS A STRATEGIC GAIN OR LARGE GAIN IT CAN BE USED DOWN THE LINE.

EXAMPLE: WHILE COG MAGIC WAS MANEUVERING A WAY TO KICK BEAN POP OUT OF HIS ORGANIZATION, CO GOOSE STOOD UP FOR BEAN POP, AND SHOWED HIM THAT HE WAS WILLING TO STAND UP AND FIGHT FOR HIM, EVEN IF IT WAS A LOSING BATTLE. AFTER BEAN POP WAS KICKED OUT HE JOINED ANOTHER ORGANIZATION THAT GAVE HIM HIGH RANK. BEAN POP, BECAME A FRIEND AND ALLEY TO GOOSE AFTER HE LEFT BECAUSE GOOSE STOOD UP AND Fought FOR HIM DURING HIS TIME OF NEED.

EXPLANATION: EVEN THOUGH GOOSE COULDN'T OVER RULE MAGIC ON KICKING BEAN POP OUT OF THE ORGANIZATION, HE TURNED HIS DEFEAT AND LOST OF BEAN POP INTO A VICTORY BY GAINING A NEW ALLEY IN ANOTHER ORGANIZATION.

9. SEEK, MAKE AND OBTAIN LOYAL FRIENDS AND ALLIES IN DIFFERENT ORGANIZATIONS.

EXPLANATION: IT IS WISE FOR ANY RULER TO MAKE FRIENDS AND ALLIES IN DIFFERENT ORGANIZATIONS, SO THEY COULD BE THERE FOR THE RULER AND HIS ORGANIZATION DURING HARD TIMES OR TIMES OF NEED. IT IS ALSO VERY IMPORTANT FOR A RULER SUBJECT TO ANOTHER TO HAVE FRIENDS AND ALLIES IN DIFFERENT ORGANIZATIONS SO IF AND WHEN HIS BOSS BECOMES HOSTILE TO HIM, HE HAS A FRIEND AND ALLEY TO COUNT ON AND PROVIDE FOR HIM.

EXAMPLE: DURING THE REBELLION AGAINST COG MAGIC, HIS FRIEND AND ALLEY, MUSCLE MAN, PROTECTED HIM FROM HIS FOES AND HELPED HIM REBUILD HIS ORGANIZATION. EVEN THOUGH MUSCLE MAN, WAS IN A DIFFERENT ORGANIZATION THEN MAGIC HE REMAINED A LOYAL FRIEND AND ALLEY THROUGH THE HARDEST OF TIMES THAT MAGIC FACED.

EXAMPLE: AFTER A HEATED ARGUMENT BETWEEN MAGIC AND GOOSE, THE TWO LEADERS DID NOT TALK TO EACH OTHER AND IT SEEMED AS IF THEY MIGHT GO TO WAR. UPON HEARING THIS GOOSE'S NEW FRIEND AND ALLEY BEAN POP, CAME TO HIS AIDE AND GAVE HIM HIS FULL SUPPORT. UPON SEEING THIS MAGIC MADE PEACE WITH GOOSE.

EXPLANATION: ANYTIME A RULER HAS OUTSIDE HELP WHETHER HE IS A RULER IN HIS OWN RIGHT OR A RULER SUBJECT TO ANOTHER, HE MAKES OTHERS FEAR HIM AND HIS POWER. WHEN IT COMES TO A RULER THAT IS SUBJECT TO ANOTHER ANY FRIENDSHIPS OR ALLIES THE SUBJECT RULER HAS WILL MAKE HIS OVERLORD WEARY. THIS IS BECAUSE IF THE SUBJECT RULER GAINS ENOUGH POWER AND FRIENDS HE MAY CHALLENGE THE POWER OF HIS OVERLORD.
10. ALWAYS WATCH FOR THE CHANCES IN THE WORLD AROUND YOU, AND EMBRACE THEM. NEVER FIGHT THEM BECAUSE THAT IS A BATTLE THAT COULD NEVER BE WON.


WISE SAYINGS

FEAR NOTHING! PEOPLE RESPECTS THE BOLD AND DESPISE THE TIMID.

GREAT LEADERS SPEAK SOFTLY AND WALK WITH A BIG STICK.

THE WISE MAN IS THE ONE THAT KNOWS HOW TO USE HIS SWORD.

THE MIND IS THE GREATEST TOOL OF THE WISE RULER.

YOU WILL NEVER LOSE WHEN CHASING MONEY, BUT YOU WILL ALWAYS LOSE MONEY CHASING WOMEN.

THE WISE RULER Chooses A Spouse THAT BETTERS HIS OR HERSELF, NOT BASED OFF Lustful Needs.

THE 1ST AND GREATEST DECISION AN ADULT WILL MAKE IS HIS CHOICE OF SPOUSE.

THE GREATEST OF RULERS READY THEMSELVES FOR THOSE PAINS IN THEIR YOUTH.

THE YOUTHFUL RULER HAS THE MOST TO GAIN AND THE MOST TO LOSE.

MONEY IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.

THE CORNER STONES OF POWER ARE: WISDOM, STRENGTH, WEALTH AND LOYALTY.

WHEN EVERYTHING IS LOST, A PERSON STILL HAS HIS OR HER OWN KNOWLEDGE.

EDUCATION IS ALWAYS THE BEST INVESTMENT TO MAKE.

SEX IS A TOOL THAT COULD BE USED FOR GOOD OR EVIL.

THE WISE RULER RESPECTS THE RELIGION OF RELIGIOUS PEOPLE.

RELIGION IS A TOOL USED TO CONTROL THE MASSES.
THE WISE RULER APPEARS TO PROTECT RELIGION AND UPHOLD ITS VALUES.

THE VULGAR ONLY RESPECT MONEY AND VIOLENCE.

GREAT RULERS MOVE IN SILENCE AND DO NOT DISCLOSE THEIR NEXT MOVE.

DO NOT DISCLOSE ALL YOUR ASSETS TO ANY ONE PERSON.

CHERISH YOUR CLOSEST ALLIES.

NEVER GIVE ANY ONE PERSON TOO MUCH LOVE AND ATTENTION.

LOVE IS A LUXURY THAT SHOULD NOT BE GIVEN LIGHTLY.

THE TRUE WEALTH OF GREAT RULERS ARE THE AMOUNT OF CHILDREN THEY HAVE.

THE HUNGRY CONQUER ATTAINS THE HIGHEST HEIGHTS IN LIFE, AND IS REVERED IN DEATH.

THE COMFORTABLE RULER IS EASY PREY TO THE IMPOVERTISHED CONQUER.

KEEP YOUR PENIS AWAY FROM THE WOMEN OF YOUR ALLIES.

KEEP YOUR PUSSY AND SEX AWAY FROM OTHER MEN NOT YOUR HUSBAND.

RULES ARE WRITTEN NORMS AND NORMS ARE UNWRITTEN RULES, OPENLY FOLLOW BOTH.

WATCH NEW COMERS IN YOUR INNER CIRCLE AND THE CHANGE THEY BRING IN THOSE ALREADY IN YOUR INNER CIRCLE.

10 COMMANDMENTS

1. EITHER YOU EARN RESPECT OR YOU DEMAND IT.

2. PROTECT YOUR PUBLIC IMAGE AT ALL COST.

3. NEVER GO AGAINST GOD HEAD ON, OR THE OLD LAWS OF MAN.

4. NEVER LET PUSSY AND WOMEN RIDE YOU.

5. ALWAYS GO TO THE FURTHEST EXTREME, PLAY FOR KEEPS.

6. NEVER LIMIT YOUR OPTIONS POLITICALLY, AND NEVER LIMIT YOURSELF TO ANYTHING.

7. NEVER REVEAL YOUR FULL MIND TO ANYONE, GUARD YOUR SECRETS.

8. NEVER TELL ANYONE YOUR NEXT MOVE, ALWAYS MOVE IN SILENCE.

9. NEVER DEVOUT TO MUCH ATTENTION TO ANY SINGLE THING OR PERSON.