

Asalam Alaikum Abu,

How are you? Hope you're in a positive and strong state of mind, and ready to deal with hard core facts. Because Sunday is gonna rise, and the truth is soon to come to light.

First of all, you and I both know that before Frenchie and Carol moved into the house on 135th. I was doing fine. Ray and I got along very well because we both were about "making it". And I'm sure you remember speaking to me on the telephone and feeling proud to have a son out there on his own, working, going to school, striving to fulfil a dream knowing that, "Yes he can!". So what could've happened that was so drastic, it nearly drove me mad. School and work are already enough stress in itself, then to have to go through what I went through is having hell on all counts.

You sense yourself that if you were out here things would be very different. I wouldn't have had to be literally scared for my life in a place that I had thought was home. That night, I'm telling you

"the way it was," and "like it is." Yeah Bob, you've heard everyone else's side of the story, but I'm sure you didn't find out the whole truth. Maybe not even part of it. Reason being is that people make a habit of not admitting their wrong, to win favor of those on the outside looking in. You see, I'm a very special person, because I just let people cheat me, lie on me, take what little resources I have to offer, suck me dry and leave me on an all time low, penniless ~~and~~ but very determined to get out of the "Putt" that I'm in now.

You see your brother Frankie, although unconsciously, nearly destroyed me, he and Carol, Til this day Grandma doesn't know the shit that I've gone through since I've been in that house. That's why I'm in the position that I'm in now. Because regardless of what I do or don't tell Grandma, she'll never hold Lafayette or Carol responsible for anything that's been going on since they moved into the house. I know you don't want to hear that, but truth is truth.

Lafayette come in, not alone, but with an army, A one man army, infected with honor stories of the past which didn't involve me, but made me suffer.

He came in armed. Armed with a dark rage only confined by a mind boiling, stumbling over with anger, fear, hostility, and self-denial. Angry because of his position; black, intelligent grown, jobless, and hungry. Frenzied of the the frustration the seems nearly unending and unpredictable. Hostile because it wasn't supposed to be like this; Denying self because self hurts and refuses to face truth. His position, uncommon this path, blocked. Blocked by a wall. A wall standing between him and tomorrow. A path only to clash with mine and explode, bringing about distrust, dishonor, dis-united and filthy debris left over from destruction of a family core. Or what was hoped to be a family core.

Frenchie wanted to escape ~~and~~ and he did escape. He escaped to drugs, alcohol and fighting, yelling, and beating on Carol. And I had to live there. But I wasn't living I was simply surviving. Surviving because I could not live with the chaos. It was me the provider of what little there was that I could to support myself, through work, through school, and through the hell, the hell of surviving. So you see, for the first time in my life that I thought I had truly had something. That I had worked for on my own

I had to share it with Frankie and Carol.
Not a regular aunt and uncle with more problems
to add to yours. An aunt and uncle who had
no choice but to feast off of what little you had
for yourself.

Now, I was under tremendous stress. The
night job in itself was nearly more than I could
handle. And then going to school full-time
with all these well to do white kids and all
of these preppy blacks, just sort of tortured me,
mentally. I just couldn't understand why I
had to be out on my own and deprived of
those little necessities in life. Why did I have
to be stuck with a frustrated, jobless uncle
whom ate up my food, screamed on Carol and
beat her religiously, and brought bad company
into the house? And then go to school, mind
all boggy, frustrated from my housing situa-
tion, tired from work, screwing to it all
slowly giving up on my dream. Slowly losing
purpose. Slowly falling, falling into this rut.
Never thought it could happen to ~~me~~, young
black, intelligent, talented, and without purpose.

Grandma doesn't know; if she did
she couldn't understand. To know the hell,
you have to live the hell. And I excuse
her for misunderstanding and feeling that
I'm the bad guy because she just couldn't

understand how a young man my age could have so many problems. And I hate to say it, but Pransma would never hold Franchie at fault on behalf of what I say. I know from experience. But I'm leaving that house and I'm sorry that Pransma feels that way she does about me because she'll never know the truth as long as she keeps holding me responsible for someone else's wrong doings.

Franchie had his escape route and I had mine. Yes, at the most vital point in my life I became a wanderer. Because the only place that felt like home to me was at my girlfriend's house. Since I couldn't live with Franchie, and Carol who stole my wallet and a gold chain my girlfriend had bought me, and used my room at will, I figured what the hell, I don't have to take this shit. That's when I really began to freak.

That's how I fell behind in school, lost my job, started getting headaches, fell way behind on rent, and forgot or rather forfeited my dream. 2001/1992 And it all started from a housing situation that got outta hand.

— continued — over —

(I'll be visiting soon)

*Keep this letter confidential please

And about that rent deal. It wasn't fair from the beginning. Grandma started charging me rent at \$50 a week starting January of this year, which would've been fine considering everyone else had to pay rent too. Frenchie wasn't working, Carol's on welfare, and I'm working going to school which includes carfare and food expenses, which usually left me with less than enough to pay my rent. Yet I attempted to pay rent several times and I'm the ass because I never got any receipts from Grandma to prove that I had paid. But somehow Grandma somehow got amnesia and claims I owe her rent from now til January. That hurts, I know I owe gramps some back rent but not that much. \$1,2000 to be exact.

The best thing for me to do is to move away from there and prove I'm greater than all of them, that's all. And appreciate the fact that Grandma really tried to help but I would've done a lot better with some good moral support rather than two scavengers like Frenchie and Carol. But look, I shall prevail in the end. I shall prevail, because I'm not a bad person.

I'm just hurt, angry, and tired of everybody trying to tear me down everytime I try to take a step up. Love, Sulaiman