

15-24750

you have volunteered 70.5 hours with our non-profit Habitat for Humanity. These hours were completed

VIRGINIA UNIFORM SUMMONS

YOU ARE SUMMONED TO THE

(CITY OF/COUNTY OF)

REQUEST FOR FINGERPRINTS
(Non-Criminal Justice Purposes)

RICHMOND

Virginia authorizes a fee, not to exceed \$10.00 for the fee charged for the taking of fingerprints when voluntarily requested

GENERAL DISTRICT COURT

GENERAL DISTRICT COURT

JUVENILE & DOMESTIC RELATIONS DISTRICT COURT

ON

~~NOVEMBER DEC. 16, 2017~~

AT 900 A.M. P.M.

LAW SECTION

18.2-250.1

DESCRIBE CHARGE:

POSSESSION OF MARIJUANA

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HAV
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JUDG
ULTY
NG TO THE
R VEHICLE

ADDRESS
November Dec 6, 2017 AT 900
LOCATION OF STATE COUNTY CITY TOWN

RACE A SEX M D.O.B. MO. DAY YR. HT. FT. IN. 5 11 173 WGT.
DL/CDL # (IF CRIMINAL OFFENSE OR NO LICENSE, USE SSN)
DL HOLDER YES NO LICENSE NO.

JURISDICTION OF OFFENSE DATE OF OFFENSE DAY OF WEEK
120 10/28/17 SAT

DIRECTION ACCIDENT WEATHER ROUTE NUMBERS/STRE
YES NO Clear Caryl/Bel

LOCATION OF OFFENSE:
Caryl/Belvedere Dam 631 W

ARREST DATE ARREST LOCATION
SAME SAME

OFFICER
Kesler, C.S. VCUPO

CITY/TOWN STATE

LIVER AND DEPARTMENT INSTRUCT

SE INFORMATION SH

15-24750 VIRGINIA UNIFORM SUMMONS —

This book attempts to document and detail my multiple walks from VCU to court in the months of November, February, and April. It gives a glimpse of my thought process, my anxiety, and my fears. This walk was horrible, don't get fucking caught.

All proceeds will go to my parents because they paid for my lawyer and I'm in debt.





I'M A CRIMINAL!

I'M A CRIMINAL!

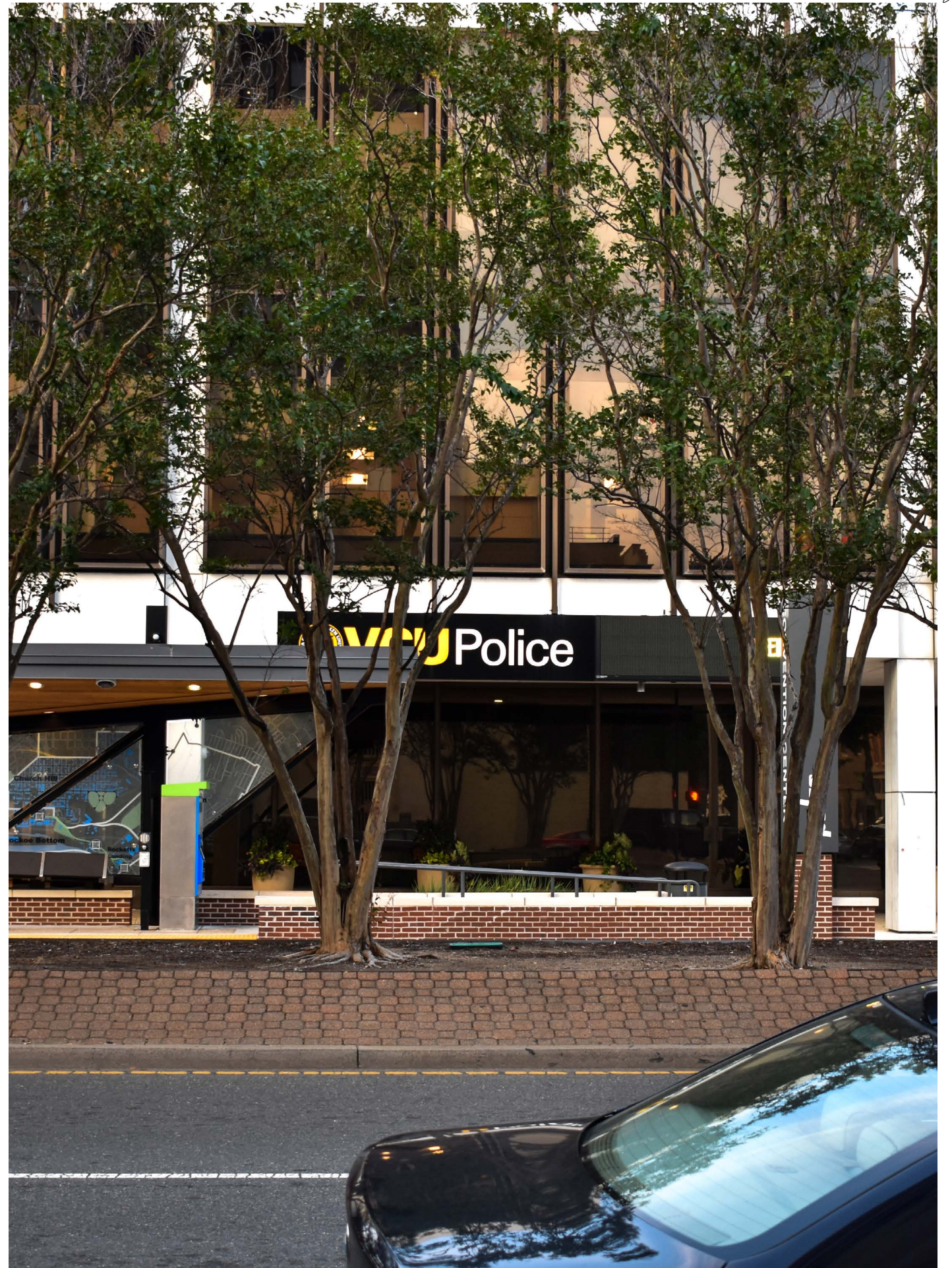


MISDEMEANOR
FIRST OFFENSE
100 HOURS OF COMMUNITY SERVICE
\$500

I'M A CRIMINAL!

I'M A CRIMINAL!





VCU PD VCU PD VCU PD VCU PD

VCU PD VCU PD VCU PD VCU PD

1153

KESLER

FUCK YOU

THEY SAID THAT
CALLED THE POLICE





... what is this
fucking anxiety



It's odd. The walk to court was so serene. It was all so relaxing. All of the build-up, the crying, calling my lawyer, waking up at 5:30 to do community service at Habitat--this was the culmination of it. My lawyer was a fucking dick though. I went home over the weekend, and I had to call him because VCU had told me I had to be by a specific date if I had accepted the sanctions, and I had to be put on academic probation and take the classes. I wanted to say yes but when I called my lawyer, he started criticizing me. When I had called him, he said I was going to do it. He started criticizing me, inferring that I was a criminal. I remember him saying, "Do you even remember the difference between singular and plural?!" Jesus Christ. After that call, I remember falling apart. I isolated myself and didn't want to shame myself further by telling my friends what I was — a criminal.

The beginning is the worst. You don't have a lawyer to tell you that you'll be okay. It's all in your head, and you start researching the consequences. Oh, and you have to tell your parents. You cry, research, wonder "why me?", research even more, cry a little bit. This process goes on for a couple of days. Then you get the courage to tell your parents. Maybe they'll get angry. Maybe they'll understand and have some empathy. Fortunately for me, my parents understood. They understood that I was in college. College kids make mistakes, and some really bad. My parents contacted a lawyer in Richmond for the first time in a long time. I can think just a little

If you're caught, don't keep smoking. You're dumb if you do.

The next stage is what I call "functioning." You figure out a way to continue going to school like nothing ever happened, but one day you'll look around and realize you're different from the rest — you have a criminal record, a misdemeanor. This stage is important because if you don't distract yourself, you'll fall apart.

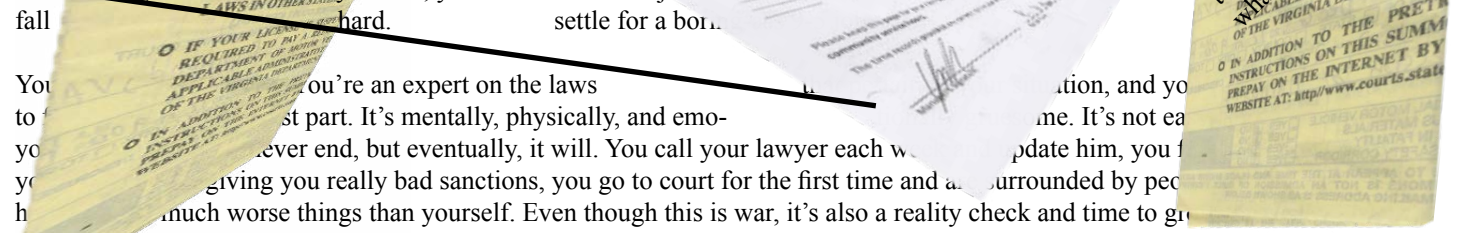
You become an expert on the laws. The most part. It's mentally, physically, and emotionally draining, but eventually, it will. You call your lawyer each week to update him, you tell him you're giving you really bad sanctions, you go to court for the first time and are surrounded by people much worse than yourself. Even though this is war, it's also a reality check and time to grow up. You can't shrink from your responsibilities. After all, you got yourself in this mess, and only you can get yourself out.

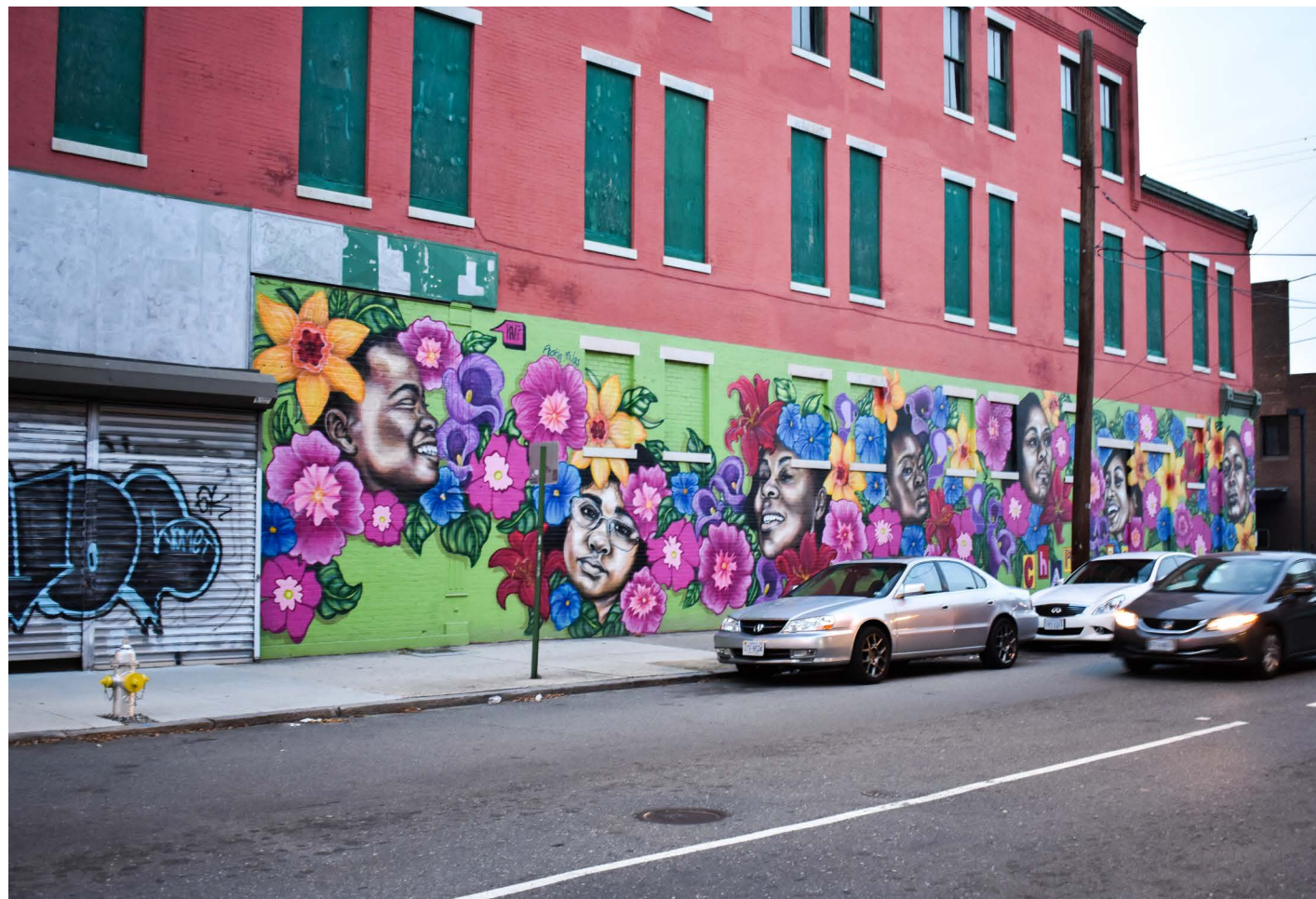
Dealing with the sanctions. After you go to court twice, it gets easier because you know what to expect; but the second time is when they slap on your consequences for your fuck up. I had 100 hours of community service and a \$500 fine. This part gets exhausting because you have to find a place that'll let you work there and show up with the rest of the bad kids that got into trouble. It's not really that bad though. I worked at Habitat for Humanity for 80/100 hours and slowly developed a bond with the workers. Daquan managed all the workers and where the products went. He was chill as fuck. We didn't really talk much, but I respected him. There was a big white dude that worked there; he had a confederate flag on his locker, but he didn't talk about his political beliefs with us. Despite his controversial ideas, I respected him too. He worked hard and was strong as fuck. There was this one guy who was funny as fuck. He was mentally slow, but I loved hanging around him. He distracted me from the reality I put myself in. I remember asking around why the manager kept coming in, and the others told me that they don't know. He doesn't get paid and just volunteers occasionally. After you finish your community service, you need to get your fingerprints scanned. It's not all that bad, and a cop doesn't actually scan your finger. It's just someone who works there that does it.

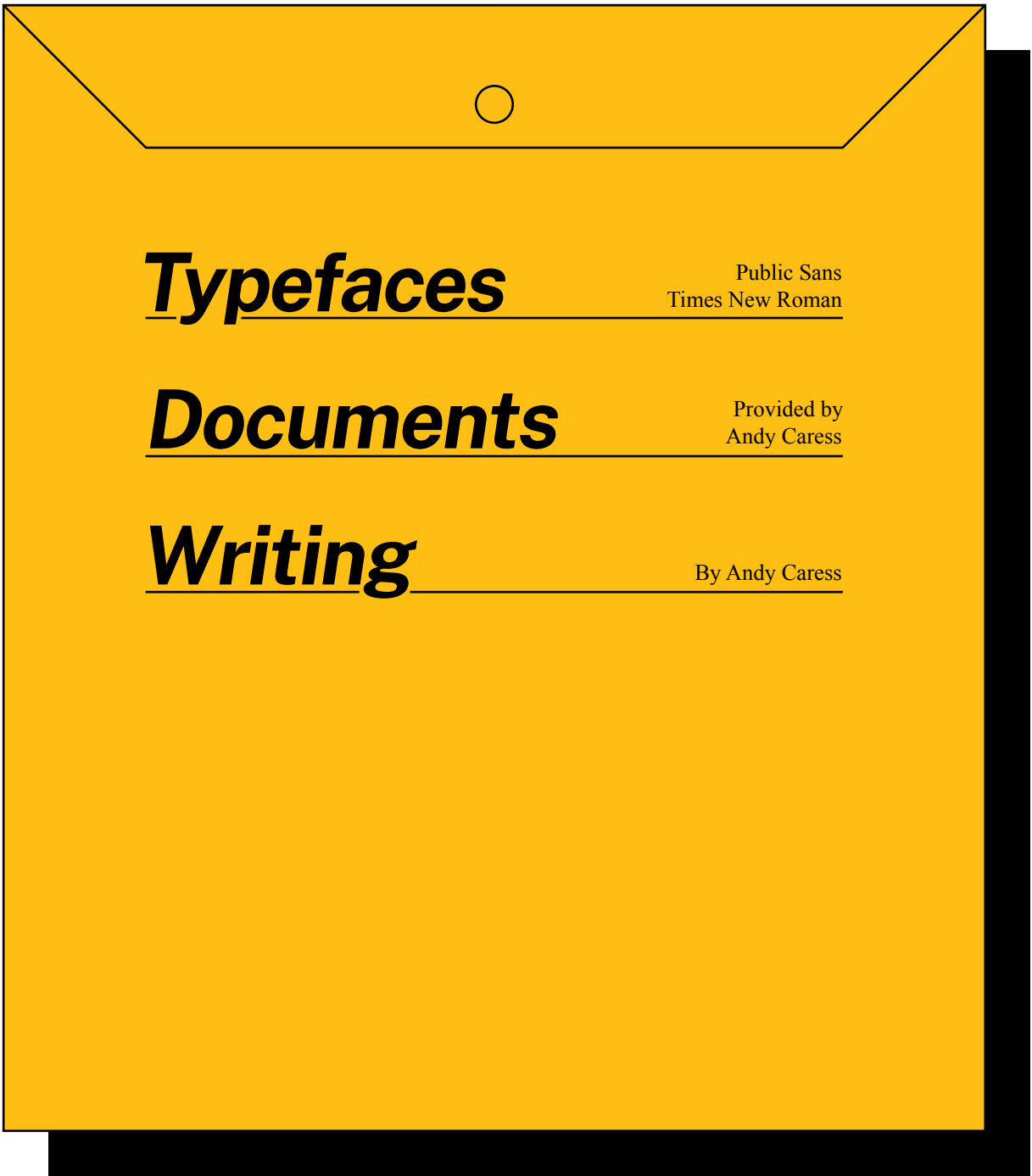
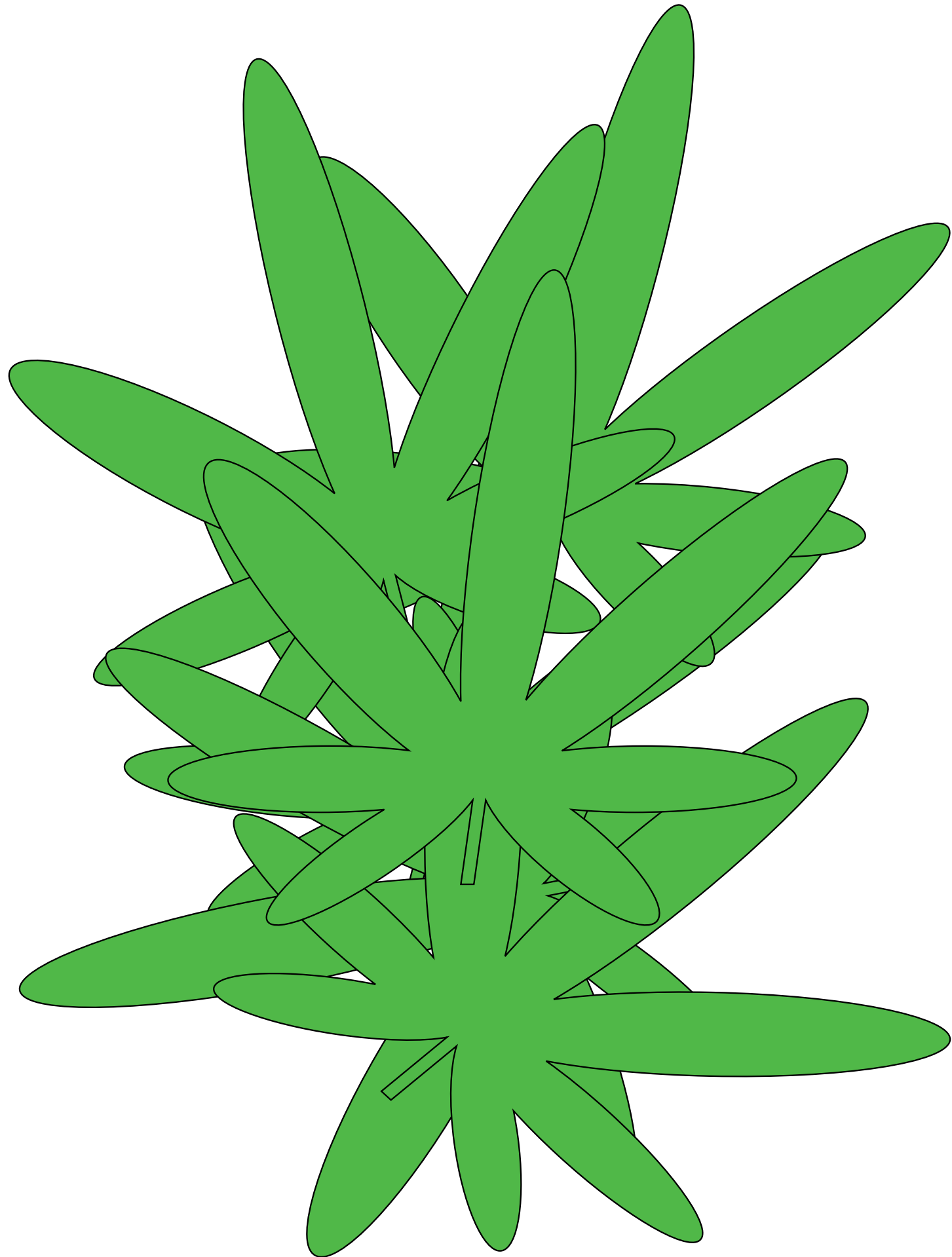
stress came from situations, but I never had any. I had never been out of line, I was usually the one that got the teachers to talk to a lawyer. I don't know what it's like to go through this whole process. So as Yo Gotti repeatedly says, let me "break it down" for all them kiddos and RA's out there who don't understand the torturous process we have to go through.

Finished. Expungement was finally granted to me two years later, but it was anticlimactic. If anything, the process changed me more than just cleaning my record. Despite the stress and anxiety that I went through, I'm honestly grateful that I went through that because what kind of adult are you if you haven't had. You're realizing that your situation was just waiting for your expungement to be granted — and it probably will, but you just want closure.

I was walking back from court for the second time and was given my sanctions from the judge. This guy walked up and started talking to me and complemented how I was dressed. When the conversation was about to end, he told me to keep doing what I was doing.







STAY SAFE

And don't get fucking caught.