

**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**

GENERAL DISTRICT COURT

GENERAL DISTRICT COURT

JUVENILE & DOMESTIC

RELATIONS DISCTRRICT COURT

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ON

**NOVEMBER DEC. 16, 2017**

AT 900  A.M.  
 P.M.

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VIOLATION  
ALITY, AS  
S" CHECK

I PROMISE TO  
THIS SUMMONS IS NOT AN ADMISSION OF GUILT. I CERTIFY THAT MY  
CURRENT MAILING ADDRESS IS AS SHOWN BELOW



ADDRESS SHOWN ABOVE. SIGNING

RECEIVED BY:

WITH PARENT/

ICK IS CHECKED

DEFENDANT'S COPY ARE FOLLOWED.

-6431 IF MORE HELP IS NEEDED.

RACE	SEX	D.O.B.	HT.	WGT.
A	M	MO. DAY YR.	FT. IN.	173

DL/CDL # (IF CRIMINAL OFFENSE OR NO LICENSE, USE SSN)

CPL 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	Cary/Bel

LOCATION OF OFFENSE:  
Cary/Belgrave Dams (314)

ARREST DATE	ARREST LOCATION
SAME	SIME

OFFICER	CS. VCUPD
Kesler, CS. VCUPD	

CITY/TOWN STATE

IVER AND PREPAYMENT INSTRUCTI

SE INFORMATION SH

**LAW SECTION**

**18.2-250.1**

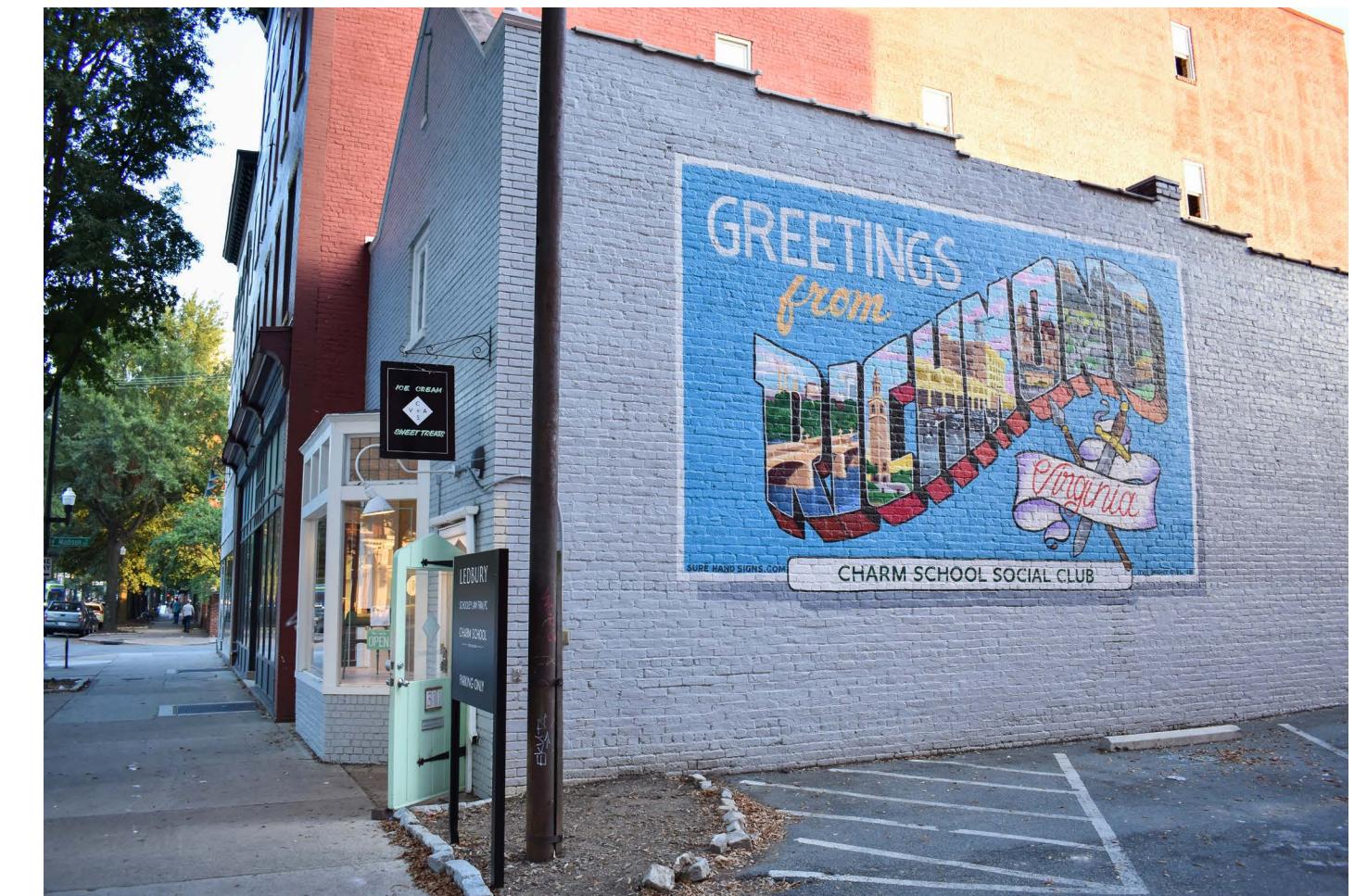
**DESCRIBE CHARGE:  
POSSESSION OF MARIJUANA**

**15-24750**  
**VIRGINIA UNIFORM SUMMONS —**

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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!**

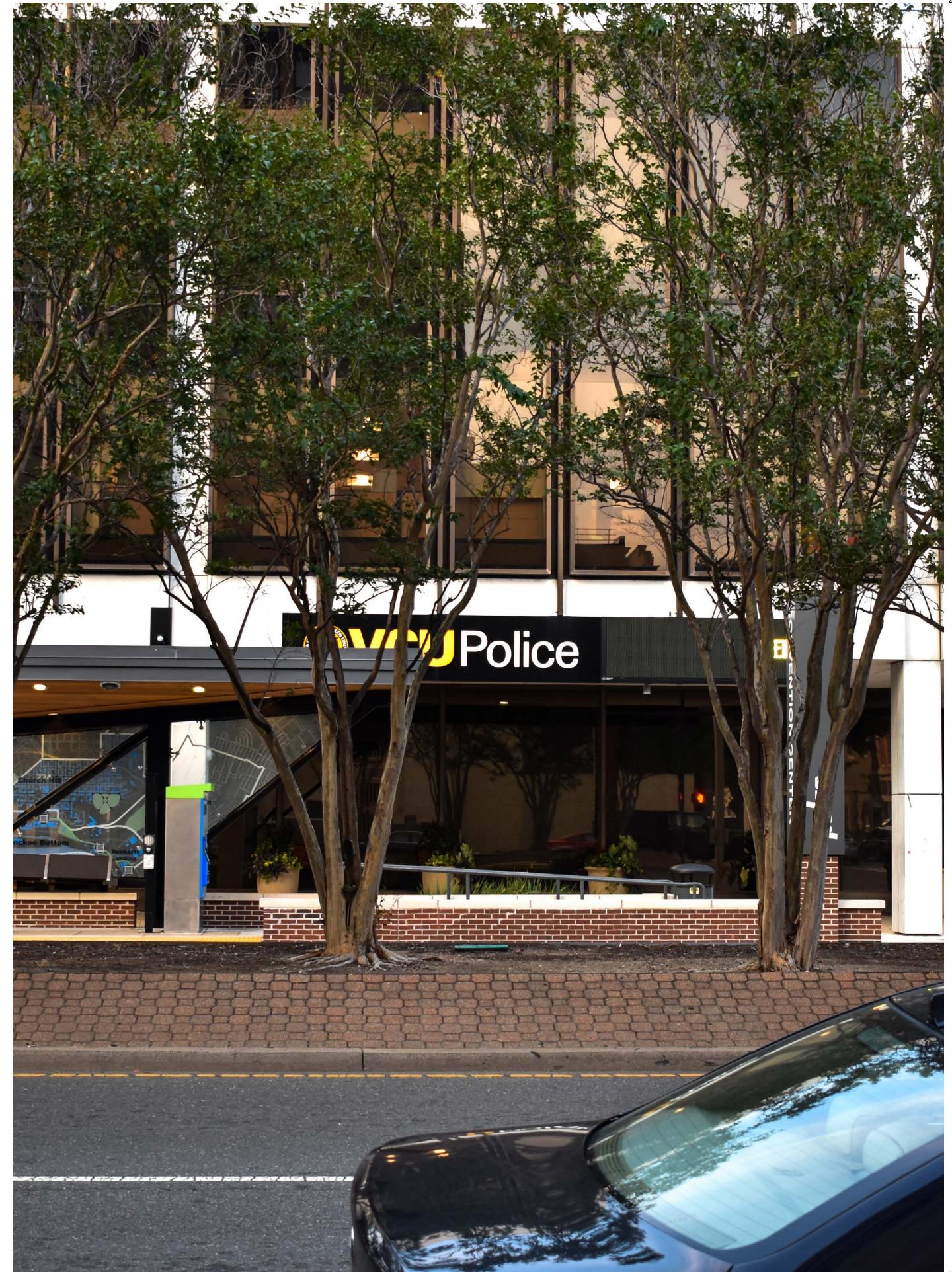
**I'M A CRIMINAL!**

MISDEMEANOR  
FIRST OFFENSE  
100 HOURS OF COMMUNITY SERVICE  
\$500

**I'M A CRIMINAL!**

**I'M A CRIMINAL!**





VCUPD VCUPD VCUPD VCUPD  
THE RAT THAT  
CALLED THE POLICE

FUCK YOU

KESLER

1153





# ...what is this fucking anxiety



It's odd. The walk to court was so serene. It was all so relaxing. Of the build-up, the crying, calling my lawyer, waking up at to do community service at Habitat--this was the culmination. My lawyer was a fucking dick though. I went home over , and I had to call him because VCU had told me by a specific date if I had accepted the sanctions, I'd be put on academic probation and take the wanted to say yes but when I called criticiz- ing me. When I had called I was going to do he started criticize me, inferring that I was 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 a lawyer in Richmond contact with them. I put for the first time in a 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 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

You're an expert on the laws to the best part. It's mentally, physically, and emotionally never end, but eventually, it will. You call your lawyer each week update him, you're giving you really bad sanctions, you go to court for the first time and are surrounded by people much worse things than yourself. Even though this is war, it's also a reality check and time to grow. You can't shrink from your responsibilities. After all, you got yourself in this mess, and only you can get yourself out.

stress came from situations, but I more. I had never er out of line, I with the teachers talk to a lawyer. I don't know what it's 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.

A lot of people (RAs especially) like to go through this whole process. Don't do drugs kids, if or for me, my parents understood. They times those mistakes are told me that they knew and that they'll get in down the phone. And long time, relief came. more clearly.

After you can function, you start preparing for war. I went to talk to my judge. This guy from the court for the second time and was given 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.

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 f. He was mentally slow, but I loved hanging around him'

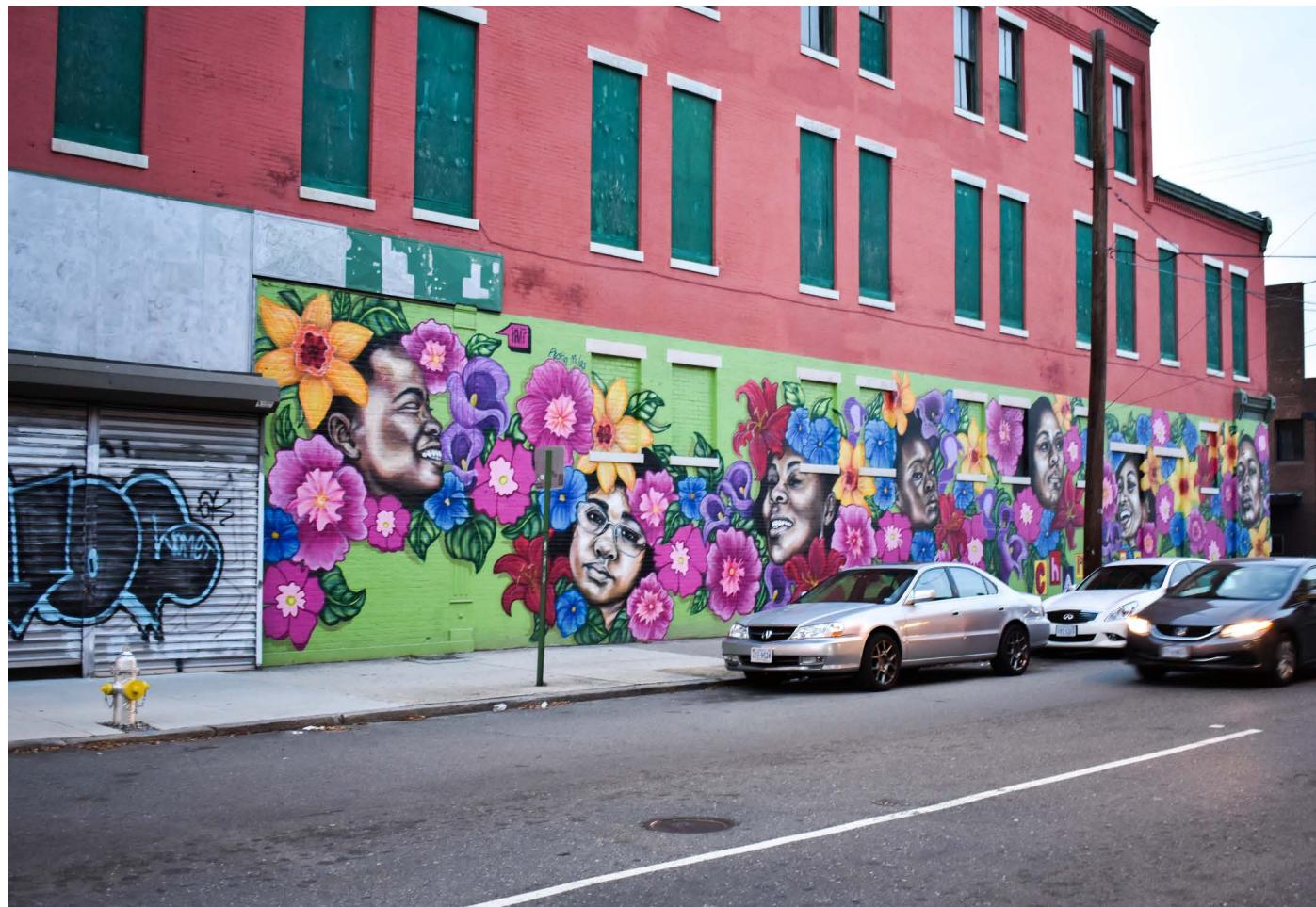
he distracted me from the reality I put myself in. I remember asking around why the manager kept coming in, and the others told me that they don't know. He doesn't get paid and just volunteers occasionally. After you finish your community service, you need to get your finger-scanned. It's not all that bad, and a cop doesn't actually scan your finger. It's just someone who works there that does it.

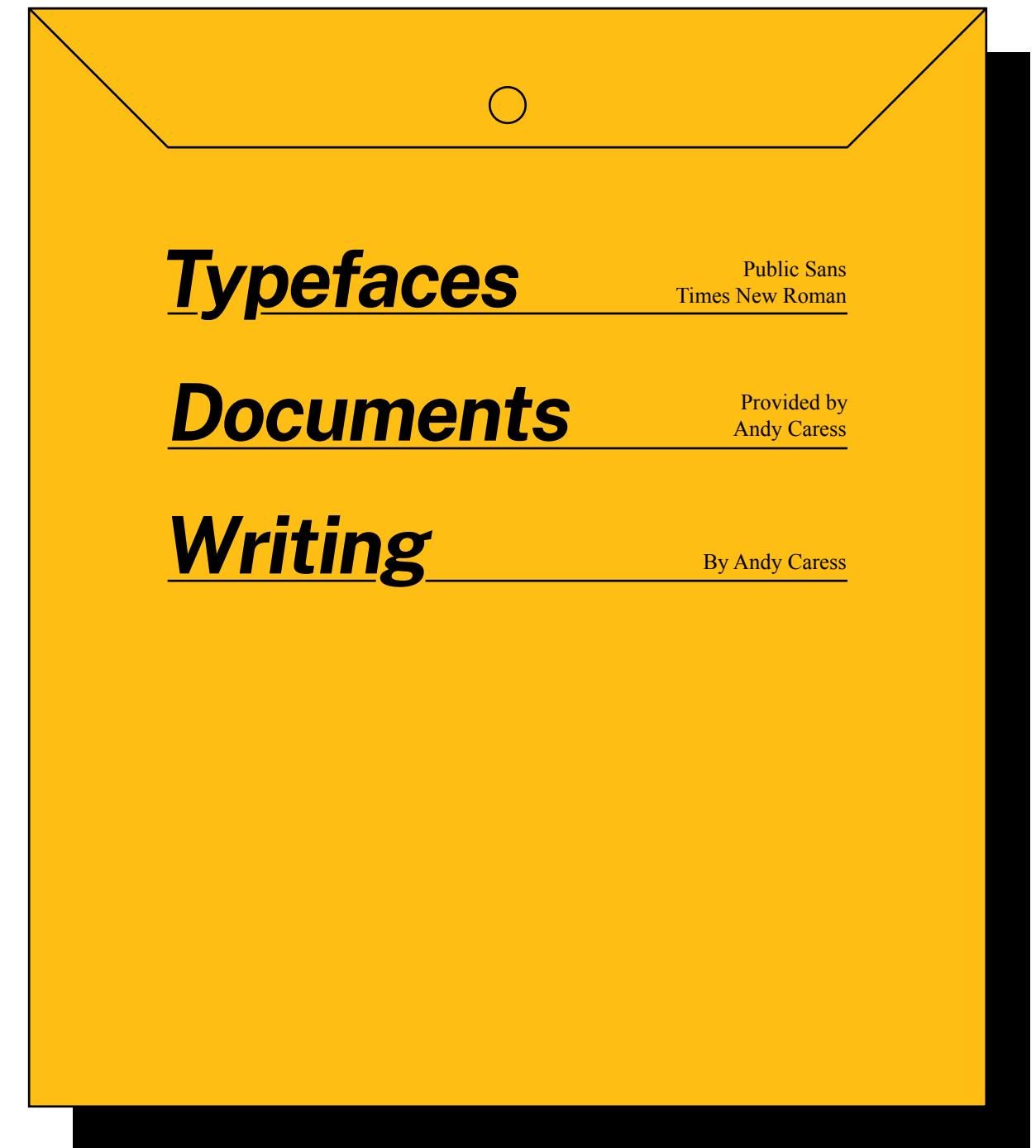
You've done everything. The community breakdowns and anxiety attacks really know what you're going to be granted — and it probably will, but you just want closure.

I realized that your self as a criminal. You're see yourself as a criminal. You're bad. You're 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

I was walking back from court for the second time and was given 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.

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# **STAY SAFE**

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And don't get fucking caught.