

Life History

Of

~~Andrew G. G. G. G.~~

From the time I can remember up until the age of 7. I was cared for by my mother. She raised me, and my older brother single handily. We lived in a three bedroom home in ~~1982~~ California. I was exposed to gangs and criminal activities at an early age. They literally existed outside my home. My mother was / is an amazing woman because in midst of all this chaos she made sure me, and brother were fed, clothed, protected and comforted.

At the age of ~~8~~ my step-father came into our life. His presence immediately brought security, adventure and a father figure that myself, and brother lacked. The love, trust, attention, and care of my parents played a major role in my emotional development. ~~From~~ to the age of ~~10~~ were the golden years of my life. I was pro-active in school, and playing sports. I raised dogs, and birds. I built club houses, bird cages, and go-cars. I worked along-side my step-father detailing and rebuilding Van motors.

Every weekend my family went on Fishing & Camping trips to get away from the chaos of the city life. These occasions were joyous to me. My childhood was full of love, adventure and excitement. I also experience my pains of chastisement when I was disobedient. My parents were strict when it came to enforcing their rules. I was ~~10~~ years old when I started to become rebellious.

Around ~~1992~~ 1992, changes in my parents relationship began to impact my life in an unhealthy way. The excitement and adventure from the Fishing & Camping trips slowly came to a halt. My parents attention shifted towards focusing completely on working through their conflict, and caring for my two younger sisters. I became frustrated because the interaction between myself and parents lacked the intimacy, I was accustom to receiving.

I felt lost and assumed my parents didn't love me or care about me. Boredom and anger set-in, and my thinking was since my parents were preoccupied, I could venture into the streets to find attention, fun and excitement.

The weekly Fishing & Camping trips, and the strictness, and constant attention of my parents prevented me from hanging out in the street with my childhood friends. But as my parents struggled to amend their differences their supervision over my daily affairs became lenient. I started to skip school to hang out with my friends. We hung out in the malls and different High Schools where we occasionally got into altercations with rival gangs.

My gang affiliation became official when two of my friends jumped me in. I immediately gained respect from my ability to defend myself against their attacks which boosted my ego. The excitement, fun, attention, and adventure, I once experienced with my family, I replaced it with the activities I were secretly experiencing with my peers. When I turned 18 in 1993, my parents allowed me to live with aunt, and older cousin as they continued to work on their marriage. This change of arrangement provided me the opportunity to do as I pleased. I was able to hang out, and go places without the fear of my parents finding out. This was an empowering feeling of independence for me. I began hanging out with one of my older friends who was selling drugs.

The younger dudes such as myself respected, and looked up to him. He had his own car, kept expensive clothes & shoes, and he was considered to be wealthy. He showed me how to hustle which caught my interest. It was simple, and the rewards were: power to buy what I wanted, when I wanted; recognition from women, my peers, and outsiders from the imagine of me appearing wealthy. The accumulation of money from my sells of drugs made me feel important, and it made me arrogant. I thought I was grown, and I didn't have to answer to anybody. I was able to feed myself, clothed myself, and I purchased my own gun.

Owning my own gun put me in an elevated category amongst my peers because of the stigma attached to it, [dangerous, serious, and tuff]. I willingly embraced these negative characteristics because they were seen as a badge of honor. The acceptance, love, and attention I received from my peers made me feel good about myself. I started believing that I was above the law, and authority. The fun and excitement that came from having money, and possessing an object that controlled people through fear gave me a false sense of security.

Prime example is when my friends got into an altercation with another individual, and he came to me for assistance. When we confronted the individual he became fearful because he recognized that I held his life in my hands. This situation made me feel loved seeing the way my friend, and the rest of my peers looked up to me for standing up for him. I became addicted to the praises and attention of my peers. It fed my ego, and that's all I was concerned about at the time. My selfish and callous behavior continued all the way up to the day I murdered Mr. ~~XXXXXX~~ ~~XXXXXX~~, and attempted to murder Mr. ~~XXXXXX~~, and Mr. ~~XXXXXX~~.