



Anoy

“They were kicking Atak a lot. Ridl had an earring. They tried to pull it out of his ear while they said all this racist shit to him.”

This was three or four years ago. It was on a street on the edge of Cleveland and a nearby suburb. We had Atak visiting from Buffalo and Ridl and I wanted to show him a really good time and show him that we could get unlimited street spots until the sun came up every night that he was here. That’s all we were about at the time. It’s all we really cared about. It was really fun while it lasted. We were on a street on the West Side on top of a Starbucks rooftop. We climb up this piping to get up there and me and Atak were going to paint while Ridl watched out. We start painting and Ridl’s laying low. Atak and I get our fill-ins off and Ridl said that a car had just pulled up in front of the building. I still had to throw a border on mine. We ducked down and one of us peeked up and sure enough there was a cop in front of the building. It turns out that there was a guy in the apartment building behind the Starbucks that watched us go up there. He called the cops because he thought we were going to rob the place. We kind of figured they might know that we’re up there, but Ridl said that they didn’t see us painting. We decided to just lay down and no matter how long it took, eventually we would climb down and get off scot-free. This wasn’t the case. Eventually we hear cop radios, we see cop lights. They start surrounding the building. At one point, they tried to trick us like they were leaving. Then they started yelling at us and throwing rocks

up at us. I think one hit Atak. We were just laying up there being quiet. We figured that even if they hit us with rocks we can’t make any noise and they might think that we’re already gone. They kept telling us, “you guys gotta come down sometime.” Eventually they had the fire truck come. When the ladder hit the roof we knew we were totally fucked. We decided not to jump up and run because we were surrounded. If we jumped off the building we probably would have gotten hurt pretty bad so we just stayed up there. A couple cops and a fire fighter came up there. One cop was complaining the whole time that he was having such a hard time climbing the fucking ladder like it was such a big deal. He got up there and I remember he started kicking us. Then another one came up and they were both kicking us in the ribs. That hurt pretty bad. They were kicking Atak a lot. Ridl had an earring. They tried to pull it out of his ear while they said all this racist shit to him. They handcuffed us when we were on the ground, kicked us some more and made us go down the ladder in handcuffs. It was kind of a challenge. When we finally got down, we went over and got in the car. Ridl wouldn’t even talk to the cop at all. He wouldn’t even answer what his name was. I think in his mind that was a really good idea but it made matters much worse. So there was a cop trying to pull his earring out of his ear screaming at him. He pulled Ridl out of the car trying to get him to talk. Me and Atak were sitting in the car watching this go down. This cop had him stand

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there and Ridl is still in handcuffs with his hands behind his back. The cop put on a leather glove and told him how fucked he was. This is a real diesel cop. The cop lifts his arm up and he's just about to deck him right in the face. Then just in time the sheriff or the lieutenant, his higher-up, pulls up. He looked at the guy and slowly set his arm down. We ended up going downtown to jail which was disgusting. Downtown Cleveland has such a grimy jail. I've only been to a few jails, but that one was definitely the grimmest. It was to the point where there was blood all over the walls, all over the ground. You got cockroaches crawling on you when you're trying to sleep. I had to watch a crack head slam his head against the wall, foaming at the mouth. His eyes are all white. It's not a nice jail.

Ridl and I were painting some trains near downtown Cleveland. We ended up parking his car in a parking lot in an industrial area around three blocks away. We did a couple freights. It was daytime. We're coming out of the spot onto a main street and I hear a smash and glass breaking. I started walking a little bit faster. We get to Ridl's car and these kids are halfway in the car window. We ran up on these kids yelling and screaming at them. They were pretty young. I'm guessing like 17 or 18. They freaked out and started running. One was on foot, one was on a bike, and there was one slightly chubby kid that had two bikes. He got stuck and he figured there was no way he was losing the bikes. So although it slowed him down a lot, he held onto these two bikes while he's running. We get to Ridl's car and there was a brick inside and glass everywhere. I remember sitting on all the glass but not caring. We started going up the hill as fast as we could. The two faster kids ran down another hill into some woods. The one kid wasn't quite fast enough so I hopped out of the car and I ran up

and grabbed his shirt. I was holding him there and he was screaming. I was literally trying to get this kid to shit his pants. I didn't want him ever doing this again. I don't like stealing, especially from a good friend of mine. That really irritates me. In my most intimidating voice I'm like, "I'm gonna fucking kill you!" Shit like that, an inch away from his face, looking him dead in the eye. I told him that his bike was mine now, and that he's fucked and that I'm going to beat the shit out of him. I don't know if he pooped his pants but I really wouldn't be surprised. He was crying. He wouldn't stop crying. He wasn't a little kid either. He wouldn't stop saying sorry and this and that. So I had Ridl hold him and I grabbed his bike. I started to put it in Ridl's car but Ridl said, "no, I don't want these bikes. I don't want anything stolen. Leave it. I don't want it." I grab this kid's bike and I just start slamming it on the ground over and over again. I was so mad. I had so much adrenaline in me. I still had the brick they used to get in the car. So I made him stand there and I took the brick about eight feet away from me. I pitched the brick at him like a baseball. The one hit him in the ribs and he just buckled over. He's just crying so much and I'm like, "shut the fuck up," screaming at him like I was going to kill him literally. I went over and grabbed the brick again and I threw it at his leg this time and he just buckled down. I told him I wasn't going to hit him again if he told us the names of the other two kids. So Ridl's over there slamming his bike around. I didn't remember the names he told us. I didn't care at that point. We let that kid go and ended up driving around looking for the other two kids. It's funny because. We saw this one kid who was walking by. Ridl threw it in park and ran up and grabbed this kid and starts screaming at him. I realize it's not the same kid. So I'm like, "Ridl, no no, it's not the same guy." He ended up letting that kid go. 🐼

