

Dear Friends:

I would like to share with you the amazing story of a young man that is very lucky to be alive. I hope you are touched by it just as much as I was. Here is his letter to the youth in its entirety.

To My Young Brothers and Sisters:

My name is Geoffrey Evans and I was sentenced to 12 years at the age of 26 years old. I am writing you from a maximum security penitentiary at the request of my teacher and friend Mr. Cedric Dean in hopes that you will see that everything in life isn't always as sweet as it seems. I know how it feels to see the gangsters or dope boys when they walk into an area. The respect and praise that they get is unbelievable. Where I am from the gangsters and the dope boys are the high rollers who sit big and are recognized by everyone. Many times if a person doesn't know them they have at least heard of their names. That's what we call a name that rings a bell.

Growing up recognizing these types of people I knew that's what I wanted. I wanted to be known and praised. I also wanted the money, cars and ladies that came along with it. Life seemed so sweet on the other side. And I had to have a taste of it. I started out as a stick-up kid. Me and my crew did all that it took to get money. We would rob, steal and even extort - and we loved it when someone would buck. They gave up a reason to use our guns. Once my name was good and out there, I decided I wanted to then be a dope boy. When it came to powder cocaine and crack cocaine - I had it for sale. The name Little Geoff was ringing bells all over North Carolina.

All that I wanted as a child I had. The money, the women, the cars, the fame, the glory, and the respect from the streets. I had it all, and now that my bed was made, it was time for me to lay in it. First, my closest homies began to get killed. Then I went to prison at age 18. When I came home I picked up a cocaine habit. I liked snorting powder. From there it was back to jail. While being away a new breed of dudes were coming up just as hard as me and my boys used to go. So did they. Think about it - they came up watching and hearing about us. Now it was their time to shine. They had to make a name for themselves but never did I think they would get a name off of me.

I was shot in the head and in the back by a youngster trying to get a rep. I lost sight in my right eye and partial sight in my left eye. And to go along with this, shortly afterword I caught a nice size prison bid to do. This isn't the part of the game I wanted. But it's a part of it that you need to know. Along with the fancy, cars and making it rain in the club - there are also ambulances, hearses, and bullets that rain down in this game. If that's not enough to give you a second thought -there's also long prison terms and the graveyard that awaits some of you.

Know that the game isn't all sweet. It can be very bitter if you get deep enough into it. It can break you, In the 33 years I've been a part of it, I've seen it break more people than it has made.

God Bless You,

Geoffrey Evans, Author of the Forthcoming Book: "Choices and Decisions"