

# WHAT IT'S LIKE GROWING UP IN EUREKA

This is an account of my experience living in a household under investigation by the EPD. As such I'm not going to mention many names or specific places. So when I was 16 my father was sent to prison, I came home to an empty home that had been torn to pieces, the cops even tore a piece of the heater off the wall. My family had been struggling to find a place to live free from slum lords (Floyd Quires) and thieving fiends. We had gotten into a new home in a new neighborhood, on my good word. Unfortunately people in the neighborhood had warrants and we had to be secretive, the cops caught on and everyone either fled or were arrested. My mother was homeless and I came to take over paying rent at the new house. This is another problem in itself because we payed rent to the downstairs neighbors instead of the property owners. This is because of bad credit. Paying rent to the neighbors was a way around that issue, but it caused more problems. I made a conscious choice to stay out of that drama as much as possible, as good friends with the other teenager that lived downstairs. Paying rent was for our parents to fight over not us. No ones perfect is certain. It is wrong to be judgmental but I do hold feelings of resentment. Everyone has reasons for being the way they are, how they grew up, how they survive, but some ways are less healthy than others, becoming better is part of having a better situation.

So here's a chain of events that documents a cycle of investigation and connection. Yes there was "criminal activity" but the fact that people need to survive and have a space of their own was ignored by EPD and their POP unit (problem oriented policing) the Humboldt County Drug Task Force. In fact they help maintain a very unhealthy situation. They acted like we all were criminals and not like a sixteen year old who wanted the drugs out of the house and not like these authority figures who have no relation to us or our problems except making them worse.

For instance my mom had a car which was something special to her. With a car it is easier to get stuff together and look for work, to get groceries instead of eating junk food from the liquor store, or to take her injured son (on crutches at the time) to school or doctors appointments. So yeah a car was a big deal. There was multiple times where her or her boyfriend would come home and say they had been pulled over, usually by the same officers.

One night my mom had decided to go to the lottery and she actually hit the jackpot she won a \$1000! Pretty cool right? Well I was sitting on the porch as she was pulling up and sure

enough she gets pulled over right in front of the house. The officer that pulled her over searched her and the car and claimed that the money all in hundred dollar bills could only have come from drug dealing or prostitution. This is absurd middle man dealers like they suspected her of being a prostitute. This is a crude, class biased, sexist assumption. So they took the cash (which they probably wouldn't have a wad all in hundreds cos realistically users are broke. That was a crude, class biased, sexist assumption. So they took the cash (which they probably kept it themselves, on another note I had a conversation with some one who had recently gotten out of prison only to find that belongings confiscated by the police were missing, camera and an mp3 player and the camera that was there had all the pictures and music deleted) because drug paraphernalia was found they impounded her car. How could they claim to help the community when they just make it harder for us to exist?

Several months later there was a drug task force raid. They kicked down our door on an early afternoon put guns in our face and handcuffed us on our lawn for all to see and no arrests were made. One of them commented to me about being here before looking for my dad. This same officer who I think his name is Ted but I'm not sure since they use fake names when doing raids. Well anyways Ted was having an affair and his mistress so to speak lived at a house that I hung out at as my friend at the time lived there. Her mom told me he had been reprimanded at work for his affair but continued anyways. The thing about this is he was involved in an investigation against my household, my family, and so in a sense me, and because we both went to the same house he would see me there and this is not okay when conducting an investigation as a bias could form, it is a conflict of interest. He was well aware of this because he would attempt to be sneaky by doing things like climbing through bedroom windows and using the back gate. Okay now it gets just a little confusing, the lady hes cheating on his wife with a young daughter and from what Ted is telling his mistress about me she gets the idea to take her daughter to the fathers house. she tells her daughter that she is taking her here because there is a bad man at the house(me). Anyways, she is playing in the yard and a neighbor sees her and asks why she is here and not at her moms and somehow it was misconstrued that I the "bad man" was holding her mom hostage which resulted in the cops being called. Down on the other side of town I was hanging out at my friends house when suddenly there were about 3 cops in the backyard. She went out to see why while I paced around for a minute and then came outside. It turned to my surprise that they were looking for me because I was holding someone against their will?! There was no one else at the house but us, they searched it and me and got angry that my friend told them I was not there because they could have come in guns drawn, seen me and not sure whether a sixteen year old poses a threat, shoot me. This all happened because of Teds misconduct and slander and represents a clear bias because I was a teenager and not involved in any of the criminal element of my household while he went around telling people, people I know, that I was dangerous and a drug dealer. Basically we were criminalized no matter what in the eyes of the law.

I eventually moved out to live with friends, as I had lots of issues with the people at the house and did not want to be in that environment

