

LIES
of
BLUE

LYNNE FORDE

Saffyre Entertainment, Inc.

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Praise for *Lies of Blue*

“This is one of the realest shits I’ve ever read!”

—Ephraim Benton, Film Producer

“Lies of Blue tells this story from a refreshing perspective, a woman’s perspective.”

—Valerie Graves, Vigilante Marketing

“I could not put this book down; off the chain!”

—Big French, Mad Bull Productions

“This is an incredible story...fascinating! Lynne Forde has opened up a world not many of us know the truth about.”

— C. Nuckolls, BBC

“This is what really goes on in jail EVERY DAY!

It’s about time the world knows the truth!”

— Qua Diamonds, NJ C.O.

“Lynne put so many experiences on paper I could relate to, I finished the book in one day! OMG, incredible story!”

—Greer Holmes, WRVS-FM 89.9

“Lies of Blue should be on everybody’s book shelf. This is a manual on what to watch out for in life!”

—DJ Big Ray, Big Ray Productions

“Real talk, real story, my girl Lynne Forde put in work!

This needs to be a movie!”

—Wise Dred, DITR Incorporated

This book is dedicated to all of the people in the struggle, and to my loved ones who fought to see me shine one day.

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Prologue

First thing's first. In order to fully understand the world you are about to enter, you need to know the basics.

The Jailhouse Commission is a paramilitary organization with a hierarchical chain of command. The highest-ranking officer is the Chief. Above the Chief are the Commissioner and other chiefs, but let's work our way down from the Chief. After the Chief come the Warden, who immediately runs the jail, followed by Deputy Wardens, Assistant Deputy Wardens, Captains, and Officers. An Officer is the same as a Private in the army. I will refer to the Assistant Deputy Wardens as Deps. They're in the jail, supervising the Captains and Officers. Usually, the Dep is the highest-ranking officer in a jail on a tour.

Now, the tours work as follows: 7:00 A.M. to 3:00 P.M., 3:00 P.M. to 11:00 P.M., and 11:00 P.M. to 7:00 A.M. There are several tours, which split in between, such as: 6:00 A.M. to 2:00 P.M., 5:00 A.M. to 1:00 P.M., different shit like that. But for the most part, the latter tours are the most worked and the most staffed, with 7:00 A.M. to 3:00 P.M. being the highest-staffed tour because everyone is present—the Warden, full Dep, Assistant Dep (ADW), Captains and Officers. Captains and Officers are always on tour because they are the frontline.

It may sound like the jail functions like a chess game, and it does. For those who work in a jail or military-based organization, this is not new. However, for those who come from the world of white collar corporate America have no clue as to what jail is unless they've watched *Oz*, or have visited an incarcerated relative. Even then, the reality of jail isn't seen. Instead, television or a safe, secure part of the jail is set up for the outside world to see.

The architectural structure of a jail is intimidating. Most jails are built in the exact same format. An "A" Post Officer runs the entire unit from a somewhat safer position than the Officers on the floor with the inmates. The "A" Post Officer watches the unit and controls the flow of people in and out of that unit. So if an inmate is going to the gym, he informs the "A" Post Officer, and when he has an escort or if he needs a pass, he is provided one to go where he has to go. A unit can be a dorm, which are all cells and sometimes called a block or a quad.

The Officer who is actually on the floor with the inmates is the one closest to jeopardy regarding his or her safety. That Officer is either the "B" or the "C" Post Officer, depending on how the jail is designed. A unit can hold thirty inmates, in which case there is usually one "A" Post Officer and one "B" Post Officer. That all works if it is a newer facility, unless it is the MDF facility, which is something out of an old Jimmy Cagney movie. A maximum facility in upstate Metro Falls is the same structure. Imagine a building with plenty of bars and gates. Every few hundred feet there's a huge gate, lots of bars, high security. The smell inside jail is like a combination of an old hospital and a funeral parlor. An older facility, could house up to eighty inmates on either the

“B” or “C” side. Back in the day, there used to be one hundred and twenty inmates on each side. However, the state changed the minimum standards, and reduced the capacity to eighty. If there’s a problem with overcrowding or an emergency, an Officer could get three tiers of inmates. Each tier holds twenty inmates and each unit has three tiers or three floors. A tier is approximately one-and-a-half floors high. That’s a whole lot of inmates to just one or three Officers.

Officers are always outnumbered, and if there’s ever a riot, please believe his or her ass is out! Getting stabbed, punched, stomped, and raped—or all of the above—and probably thrown off the tier afterward, is a definite possibility. So, understand this is not the safest place to be, nor the smartest job to have on the planet—outnumbered, no weapon, behind a wall or gate with murderers, rapists, child molesters, thieves, drug dealers, transgender pre-ops, psychopaths, sociopaths...and some of them wear blue uniforms, just like an Officer.

Jail is a cold, callous environment. I can’t call it antiseptic because the germs and bacteria are like a science experiment in a Petri dish. Anyone who thinks it’s cool to go to jail is wrong. There are no freedoms in jail. Permission is needed to eat, shit, piss, shower, talk on the phone, go outside, and come inside. It’s like being a child all over again, except your life is on the line every day you wake up, and the day you don’t wake up is the day you’re truly free.

As for me, I’ve always been in love with the entertainment industry. When I was younger, about eighteen, I was an aspiring rapper. Things were looking promising for me. I worked in Europe for six months and I was shown a lot of love overseas

too. But, being from Daleville, Metro Falls, I figured I would come home and see if I could do it here. I did and the response was great, but college was a priority. Since I was raised to believe that I always needed something to fall back on, I finished college and turned down the opportunity to work for one of the largest rap label ever. That hurt me more than I care to speak on, but I believe if you follow your dreams anything is possible. Persistence overcomes resistance, even when the resistance is your own.

My style has always been that of a somewhat wild child. I'd try anything once—if I liked it, twice. So I went from job to job, making more money than the last job, trying to climb up the proverbial ladder. Jobs came with ease for the most part. I was intelligent with a winning personality, as long as I wasn't depressed and being treated like a slave instead of an employee. My family was strict West Indian, and they would have none of that nonsense about the entertainment business, but you can't kill a dream. If I can perceive it, I know I can achieve it, as long as I believe it! Sometimes, though, dreams get deferred, if you let them.

My dad was king! Growing up, I never understood why Mom left Dad. To me, Dad was the coolest man ever to walk the face of the earth. In fact, he still is. There were those nights in London at the jazz clubs where he played. Some are okay, some are even good but Dad was the best pianist ever! Yes, I am biased. Everyone who heard him play knew he was far better than most of the so-called greats, and he played with them all: Miles, Art, Chick, Philly, Joe. If you don't know whom I mean

then you need to brush up on your jazz history. I was in complete awe of him. Did I say my dad was fine? He looked like Richard Roundtree. Yeah, that's right, John Shaft. So you know he had a mini-harem once he became a single man again.

Dad always told me how hard he struggled to get into Julliard. Therefore, it was only right that I was accepted to Harvard. He went, I didn't. I could not imagine Boston. I didn't learn to appreciate jazz until I was about sixteen. When I was a child, it was the Big Daddy bubble gum he'd buy my brother and me after a gig. How apropos for it to be called "Big Daddy" gum? He'd always split his Chinese food or Kentucky Fried Chicken with us at two in the morning when he came home from work. Our birthdays were a week apart, Christmas and New Years. Two Capricorns, we were inseparable. Dad could have shot the pope and I would have loved him all the same. Maybe more because he would be so reviled. That's me, always rooting for the underdog, which is what Dad instilled in me. Always give a guy a chance and never judge a person. You never know what someone's going through until you've walked a mile in their shoes. We only ever had one disagreement, and that was when he crashed my car. I couldn't stay mad at him for more than two days though. I loved the ground he walked on. His heart was so beautiful, our spirits almost identical. If I weren't his daughter; I'd have to be his twin sister. As in the novel, *The Corsican Brothers* by Alexandre Dumas, "You cut him—I bleed." Don't get me wrong, my family was my family, but Dad was a demi-god.

One thing I've learned about Dads that differ from every other man you meet in your life was that Dads *really* loved their

daughters. Fathers and daughters get close, like mothers and sons. Women simply want to be loved and taken care of and the first man to do that was my dad. So, of course, I thought that all men knew what unconditional love was. But they don't. In the real world, relationships are conditional. Love is unconditional. My dad and my brother were the only men who loved me unconditionally. My brother and mom were tight. I can't even imagine living my life without him. I could not fathom my dad dying, because I will not want to exist in this world without his laughter, his smile, his warmth, his spirit and especially his love. So have you figured out that I am a huge Daddy's Girl? It is to him I owe my thanks for so many things but especially my love of music and helping me learn to sing, play four instruments and write. Mom, Grams and the family will be mad I didn't mention all of them, but they know how close he and I are, so they will understand. Thank you for all the love, Dad. I love you one hundred times more.

He was the one who taught me about sex, about people. He always warned me I was too nice and people will always see that as a weakness and try to use me. I told him that I wasn't happy that I was fat. He said, "You're not fat. You're a fox and I have to keep my friends away from you 'cause they are dirty old men lusting after my baby girl I'll kill your ass over her!" he would sternly say at band rehearsals. We would all laugh, but now I realize they were serious and *so was Dad*.

He would get up Saturday mornings and watch cartoons with my brother and me, and make us his famous scrambled eggs, pancakes or French toast for breakfast. He was so slick; he got my brother and me to eat wheat germ with honey some days. He turned me on to strawberry preserves, Lorna Doone, and Pepperidge Farm Goldfish. I have continued my Saturday

morning cartoon ritual. I guess it's because I love to laugh and it reminds me of a simpler time in my life.

For any of you women who are fortunate enough to have your dad in your lives and he really is a father to you—a nurturing loving straight up father to you—all I can say is how do you ever find another man on the face of the earth to love you like that? I think never, at least not for me.

He always believed in my music dreams. He encouraged me. When I stepped on the stage at the Roxy, I felt that thing that made an entertainer perform. The energy has you craving the applause, the cheers, the love. I felt it. I was rapping since I was twelve. The first time I grabbed the mic at the President's Chateau in Daleville, I was in high school. My crew snuck me in, egging me on. It was love at first mic. My love of hip-hop started at its birth and it has never stopped. To see my dad in the audience cheering me on when I really got good was what made me proud. My brother was the DJ. Can you beat that? I spit to *Good Times* and Davy D. Wish I would have followed up with Russell Simmons more then. One of several stupid moves I made in my lifetime. Anyway, I loved the mic and the mic loved me. I loved the crowd and to have fans screaming my name and getting autographs, and winning rap battles was an incredible feeling. It was a thirst never quenched. To this day, I miss that rush of connecting with an entire crowd of strangers by what you spit on the mic. Yeah, I am old school compared to today's lyricist, but I am good. I guess that's what my dad felt... that when people applauded at his playing. They appreciated his talent. They got him, they understood what he was about and everybody wants to be understood. The music was like the blood

in our veins and to be able to touch people with our music was God's gift. I loved him like I loved my music. So, back to the original question, how do you ever find another man on the face of the earth to love you like that? Let my search begin.