

# The Abuser

By: Seth M Ferranti

In the feds thuglife collides with hoop dreams creating a Bureau of Prisons phenomenon, the cross-it-over, slam-dunking, trash-talking basketball gangsta'. This gangsta has playground flava and gets his respect on the court where going hard is mandatory just like the sentences handed out and don't front because suckers get exposed. The hustler from the street, whose criminal tendencies and the war on drugs landed him in prison, gets his props ballin. The games are a territorial and geographical battleground where prisoners work out their aggressions, get rec, and deal with the reality of a lengthy prison sentence.

A lot of ballers got crazy skills in here, but in the go-hard, do or die, only good as your last shot prison league the best players must get their man every night because all the haters, whalers and wanna be's are betting against them, waiting for them to get clowned, and for somebody to snatch their title as top playa on the pound.

There's a kid here, an uptown cat, who has mad skillz and brings it every night. People are always gunning for him. Trying to take it right at him and upstage him. They call him Ron Jordan. They say he is unstoppable. They ask, what do you do when you need a basket? Dial 911, the abuser.

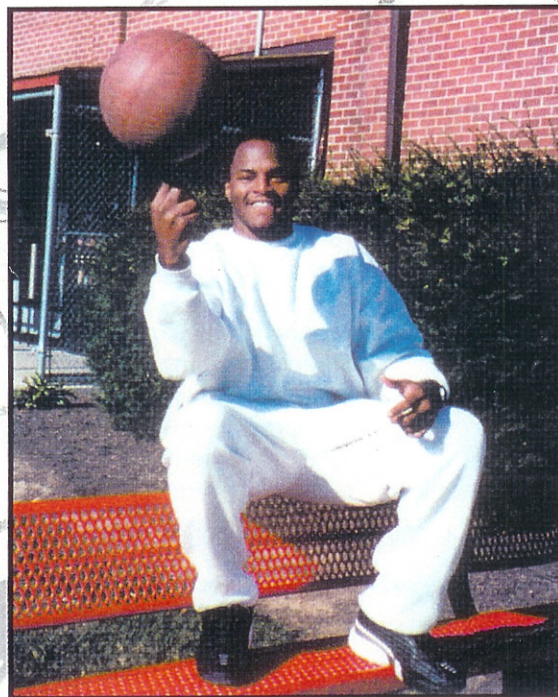
Rucker Park antics combined with flair for the spectacular, and a wicked desire to score while clowning his man makes Ron Jordan the most watched playa on the FCI Fort Dix compound. This kid has big-time talent maybe NBA talent, but instead of playing in the show he puts on a show in her for his fellow inmates and convicts.

Ron Jordan is a streetballer, hustler,

straight out of the mean streets of Harlem, where his misadventures in the game (thuglife) have landed him in and out of prison.

Young, black male. A synonym for criminal, thug or predator in our society. Ron Jordan aka the Abuser, was born Ronald Paul in Harlem Hospital 28 years ago. He is currently serving a 92 month sentence in the feds for a felon in possession of a weapons charge. Ron has been in prison before but he says this will be his last bid.

"When I am on the court, nothing



else matters," Ron says. And his words ring true as you watch him ball. He did this one move where he put the rock over and behind this kid's head, not once, but twice in a row. Then Ron wrapped the ball around the kid's waist and behind his back, faked right and as the kid stumbled, confused, Ron stepped back and hit the three. And the cat he perpetrated this move on wasn't

no scrub either. At the time the kid was widely considered the best playa on the pound. That is until Ron took his title.

Dudes look silly trying to check Ron. His game is straight Harlem. He dribbles drunk-like, almost falling down, as the ball seems like a yo yo in his hand as he deftly flicks the string back and forth crossing over opponents at will. Behind the back, through the legs, around the other players back, the man is a magical with the ball.

But his game doesn't stop there. In last winters championship game, at crunch time, with the whole compound watching, hating and bettin against him, the Abuser dropped 60. Hitting crazy threes and taking the ball to the hole with authority as he led his team to the championship. He was Jordanesque.

On the basketball court, as in life, dreams are precious. The abuser dreams of playing ball and making that one move that will leave the crowd breathless. But he also dreams of success in life when he gets out. To him that means no more hustling and no more ballin. Because that will only lead back to prison. So in order to obtain that dream he prepares. He takes advantage of the college courses offered. He studies, stays out of the drama, works out and keeps fit. At the same time he avoids the pitfalls of prison life where the haters hate, the whalers whale and the wanna be's talk about the Lexus they never had.

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