

Attn: Judge Marriott

12-036059

To Whom It May Concern

I am writing to ask for a "No Contact Order" be removed. Holly Hill P.D. put restrictions on Michael Morrison & myself, Lean Mays. I have been friends with Michael for a long time. Recently, I have found out that I am <sup>4 mos.</sup> pregnant. I feel that right now is a time that I need support, help, and most importantly, my friend back. Michael is a very big-hearted person. He would never intentionally do anything to hurt me, or anyone else. Michael has always been there for me. Things have been difficult for me lately, and getting back in touch with Michael could help me out with this pregnancy a whole bunch. I need him in my life right now.

Really, I'm not sure who put this order on us, but I do know that I would like very much

COPIES TO: Joan Anthony  
 DATE: 12-23-13  
 JUDGE FRANK MARRIOTT

FILED  
 12-23-13 3:26  
 CLERK OF SUPERIOR COURT  
 HOLLY HILL, SOUTH CAROLINA

for this issue to be resolved  
and the N.C.O. to be removed.

On the night that this whole  
case started, (Oct. 22 or 23, 2012) it  
was bike toberfest, or close to it,  
I had been drinking all evening.  
The officers arrived at my  
apartment. Clearly, I was intoxicated.  
I feel they knew I was drunk, and  
took advantage of the situation  
just to have what they call truer  
"Reason" to get to Michael, and  
they used me. The <sup>DAYTON</sup> officer took me  
from my SAFE apartment, to  
"Krystal's", switched me into another  
cruiser (Holly Hill's) and took me  
straight to Michael's house. Again, I was  
NOT sober so I was doing as the  
officers said. We knocked on front  
door. No answer. They had me jump  
the gate & the fence to let them  
through. They insisted I lived there,  
to do what I wanted, and told me  
what to do. We all proceeded

to the back porch, knocked  
on the back door. (I NEVER had  
a key because I had my own  
place, I just stayed the night  
a few times through the weeks.)  
they said "you live here, just go  
ahead, kick that window in." So  
I believe it was Kelley & Armstrong,  
(Not Positive.) Helped me up onto a table  
under the window, I turned my face,  
and kicked. Then we heard  
Michael, "The first motherfucker  
through that window is getting  
shot." The officers then pulled me  
down & pulled out their guns.  
None of us had yet seen him  
at all. They told me to kneel  
down behind the hot tub, until  
someone could walk me out to  
the car. I sat out in a cop  
car for hours. Then went to H.H.P.D.  
for more questions. My friend got  
shot for no reason, and I need  
and want him in mine and my  
unborn child's life. Thank You,  
Heath M. Mays