Kamella Bright – I was young, barely 21. I told the police this, I didn’t see who killed Anton. I told them that, they tried to force a confession, they had me look at people in a line-up, I couldn’t pick anyone out, I was young and I was scared. It was dark, 3 am, Xmas eve, didn’t want to be there, wanted to go home, Anton got out the car to pee, I heard gunshots, saw guy with assault rifle to his head. I was a victim too. It was dark, all I know it was a Black male. There were three people in the car, he jumped into back seat after they killed him. There’s a person missing —really scary to me

Police had phones tapped, watching my house, raided bars all over Detroit looking for me, came to my house several times. Anton had about 5,000 cash in pocket—I saw him pass something—was loose. I went to police station on Gratiot, turned his car in. Nobody went through his pockets. I saw somebody had a gun to his head. Reached in pocket

Had me in a room, had his bloody clothes with bullet holes and bloody cash on the table. Never said at trial. I was young—in wrong place at wrong time. Told him—a bad neighborhood, after hours—prostitues, etc. Walked around to back of car to pee—they pulled up to the back of the car. Turned around and looked saw guy with gun to face—shots fired first—thought it was bottles busted, saw guy with gun to face, car they were in—a long four-door sedan. Black or dark blue. They weren’t right next to the car—were kind of at the trunk. Anton handed them something, turned around and ran, saw Anton fall in snow—Anton, Anton are you OK—he looked at me, tried to talk, then started shaking, went into cardiac arrest. Never able to say anything to me—I watched him die. By time I jumped into driver’s seat to pull off and get help—I saw their taillights. They hit their brakes when they saw the car—I was in flight mode.

Did police try to feed info on who—no. For me it felt like forever-=they disturbed my entire life—told his family that I set him up. Chief of Police good friends to Anton’s father—personal to Chief. Don’t know if they got the right person—all I could ever tell them, it was a Black man. Found clothes, found weapon and clothes had GSR.

POLICE PUT LIFE IN DANGER RAIDING BARS – REALLY REALLY DIRTY-=I HAVE A SMALL CHILD NOW, TELL HIM, Don’t trust the police.

Why would you walk into store full of cameras use credit card if you had just killed somebody—Willie had done this before. When Stovall got out of prison second time, he got murdered, just before he was murdered, told mother and wife that Kenneth wasn’t there, wanted to go to police and make things right but somebody murdered him.