

"ON BEING TRANSFERRED FROM ONE PRISON TO ANOTHER"

I had been living (incarcerated) at California Correctional Center for a year and nine months. In December 2016, I was brought before a classification committee where I was told I would be transferred to another facility in the coming weeks. This classification hearing and the transfer came as a great surprise to me. I was not scheduled for a hearing until February 2016.

I had grown accustomed to living at California Correctional Center (CCC). I had a handful of friends, a job as a toolman in the Electrical Department, and, in general, a particular way of living day-to-day. Needless to say, but I will anyway, I was a bit shocked at the unsettling news. My head began aching over the changes I was soon to face. My comfort zone was smashed!! Although, there was the one shining-light: leaving dreadful CCC.

As the days passed, I asked a few people what California Medical Facility (CMF) was like. Par, I was given a few different answers, none of which seemed very reliable. I was told that there would be the possibility that I could be housed in a single cell. That idea of living in a single man cell gave my imagination beautiful wings. I mentally salivated at the thought of living by myself, as I was living in a dormitory setting. Ugh!

As the days, then weeks passed, I said my goodbyes' to many a CCC acquaintance. All the while, trepidation of moving to a new facility grew and grew. Change. Facing change is more frightening than a visit to the dentist to the third power. I had to focus on the positive points of this mostly unwelcomed CHANGE.

Big asset: the weather would be much kinder. Susanville weather was either evilly hot or nastily cold. Vacaville would be even-handed most the year, save for very hot summers. So, in this respect, the transfer would be alright. The thought of a single cell was inspiring. The thought of leaving CCC was, also, a grand plus. Still, I remained a bundle of nerves.

Then, on December 15th, I was told to transpack (bring all my belongings to receiving and release). This was it. The following day I would be taking the prison bus to CMF. And, when you have to pack-up in prison, you have to leave your contraband behind. Crap! For me, contraband amounted to some unauthorized clothing, headphones, markers, and other assorted possessions. Nothing drastic. So, one gives these things away to worthy acquaintances.

At 3:30 AM, you are awakened to be ready to go to R & R by 4:30. You slip out of the dorm while the sleep. You leave your friends in the dark before dawn. I got to R & R, handed-in my prison clothes, and was issued a paper jumpsuit. That's right. A paper, red, jumpsuit. And it is cold outside. Yikes. Then, I sat for a few hours until the prison bus arrived and I boarded it

The prison bus is something you have to witness to understand the terrible nature of a seven-hour ride. The seats are hard plastic, two-person "cafe' like" bench seats. The word uncomfortable does not begin to define the seating experience. Also keep in mind, I (You) are placed in handcuffs with the black box attachment and shackled at the ankles. Imagine sitting upright under those conditions for seven hours, and you are not allowed to talk or make any vocal noises. Yep.

Before daylight, I was heading south to Vacaville. I must say that the scenery along the way down from the high elevations is nice. But even that does not detract from the discomfort of the whole arrangement. Bouncing on and on, and now and again trying to make your way to the bus toilet to pee. An experience in itself.

The bus stopped about half-way to Vacaville for a lunch break for the guards and a sack lunch for the prisoners. Try eating with your hands bound to your waist by a chain and black box. Careful, careful.

Finally, I arrived at CMF. Oh, yeah, about a half hour before arriving, some of the other prisoners were saying (at a previous stop, *you can talk at stops) how horrible CMF is because it is full of mental patients, dying prisoners, and transvestites. And for certain, I was the only one dropped off at CMF. I departed under a cloud of "too bad for you, pal".

So, I was taken to reception where I was given a new set of prison clothes, a meal, and had my photo taken for my new ID. Oh, yes, I was also photographed from the waist up (Bare-chested) for tattoos. Sweet! And after about three hours in the holding area, I was given a bed roll and escorted to my new living quarters.

Yes! A single cell. Praise the sun and the moon. Finally, some privacy. Finally, no longer having to rub-elbows with 15 to 25 other prisoners, day and night. I wanted to smile, but didn't so I wouldn't disclose my delight. Into the cell I went, the door locked behind me, and volla tout (that's all)! Peace and privacy. Ahhhh.

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