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Considering this organization is "open to any testimony about the issues that matter to incarcerated people...". I would like to share my personal first-person experiences in jail and prison, which I hope is okay. I would also like to share some personal information about myself to give the reader a better understanding of who I am.

I am 21 years old and am currently serving a six year sentence at Whiteville Correctional Facility (WCFA) in Whiteville, TN. I was first incarcerated in an adult institution when I was 17, this was in December 2010. I immediately made bond and was given two years state probation for the alleged crime. In August 2011 I was arrested again in Clarksville, TN for Violation of Probation and ~~multiple~~ several other charges. I was taken to Montgomery County Jail. I was placed on F-Unit which was a medical pod. I was on a medical pod because I ran unsuccessfully from the police barefoot and had multiple cuts and gashes on my feet. I had been to juvenile detention centers and group homes before, but this was my first time in jail, so I was a little nervous at first, but quickly

adjusted to the routines. I went to wound care daily to have the medical staff clean and wrap my feet with gauze. I was NOT allowed rec. due to the fact that I had an open wound. It was hard to walk and hurt real bad, but I was glad for the adequate medical attention I was receiving. Two weeks later my feet were healed up, so I was moved to N-pod. Which is a 22-2 pod which means we're locked down for 22 hours a day and have 2 hours out the cell to use the phone, shower, socialize and/or play cards. Unlike most jails Montgomery county doesn't ~~its~~ have TV's to watch, nor do they have any tables or chairs for the inmates to use inside the cells or on the pod. We sit on concrete or stand. My first day having rec I called my mom and she was glad to hear I was doing well and I told her I hadn't called her because I couldn't have rec since I had an open wound. My mom was a R.N. and worked 12 hour shifts, but somehow always managed to find time to talk to me when I called. I would argue with her a lot because mentally I was still a kid and was still in the rebellious stage. I would cuss her out for not picking up the phone or because she forgot

to do something I asked her to. Anyways I had a black guy named Shala as my cell mate and he was cool, I use to box and he did some MMA so we worked out alot. He was a good dude, but I guess we just we're in a bad mood one day and had some harsh words. We ended up having a physical altercation and a deputy came by while we were fighting and took us to the hole. I wasn't resisting or struggling, but I was getting manhandled by the police and I told them to stop pushing me. In response to that I was pepper sprayed. That was the first time I had ever been sprayed (but definately not the last) and it burned like hell. I just fell on the ground and was carried to a cell in segregation, and threw on the ground by 5 or 6 officers. I couldn't see, but I felt around the cell and found the toilet. I took my shirt off and put it in the commode and flooded the cell until the police came back and made me lay down in the water while they came in and not too gently handcuffed me. I did 10 days in the hole and was moved to P-pod which is next to N-Pod (they are both 22-2) my mom and sister came to see me. My mom came

My mom came to see me on October 5th 2011 and we had a good visit. She informed me ~~that~~ her car had broken down and her boyfriend was taking her to work in the morning. At the end of the visit we said our goodbyes through the TV's and she smiled as the TV went black. (4)

every week faithfully and my sister came once or twice. ~~The next day on October 6, 2011~~ ~~the~~ ~~SGT~~ ~~and~~ ~~CORPL~~ ~~came~~ ~~to~~ ~~my~~ ~~cell~~ ~~and~~ ~~told~~ ~~me~~ ~~I~~ ~~needed~~ ~~to~~ ~~come~~ ~~with~~ ~~them~~. So I followed them down the hallway to the lawyer visit room and entered. The chaplain was sitting behind the visitation table and told me to have a seat. I thought it was wierd they ~~called~~ ^{brought} me out here to speak with the chaplain because he usually comes to your cell. Somehow I knew something was wrong at that moment. He said "There's no easy way to say this, but your mom was on her way to work this morning and was killed in a car accident." I stared blankly back at him. saying nothing. Then a deputy put his hand on my shoulder and said "It's okay man ~~it's~~ your mom" or something to that effect. I just started bawlin like an ~~child~~ ^{child}. I cried for a while. My dad went to prison when I was 10 and I didn't hear from him again until I was 17, so growin up it was just me, my mom, and my sister. I loved my mom, but I had a lot of built up anger I let out on her. My whole world changed after that day. When I settled down some I was brought back to my cell. I climbed on the top bunk and

cried some more. My celly kept asking me what was wrong, but I just ignored him because I didn't want to say my mom was dead out loud. This was on a Thursday and I cried all that day hoping somebody would make fun of me so I can let some anger out, but nobody said anything to me. On Saturday I had a visit from my Grandpa who came down from S. Dakota and my Grandma from California. I told them to contact my attorney to try and see if I could get a furlough, so I could attend the funeral service. My attorney said "I'm not even going to ask the judge because he'll deny it." I hated missing my mother's funeral. I had plenty of grief and anger built up inside. A few days later I was gambling and lost about 4 dollars playing spades. I quit and got in the shower. I was angry and when I got out the shower I yelled at the tower and told them to pop my cell I'm going in. They didn't open my cell, so I yelled two more times. They still didn't open my cell, so I threw my soap and deodorant and shampoo at the tower and kicked a trashcan full of water over. When the water came out

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I slipped and fell. The top tier was locked down and they were all at their doors and busted out laughing. I went to the top tier and was hitting all their doors and spitting in their windows saying "You think this shits funny! I'll kill all you mother fuckers!" Then as I'm walking down the stairs my cell door is opened and I say "Oh, now you want to open my cell. So I lockdown as the police are coming in and I start packing my few belongings because I know I'm going to the hole. I was taken to the hole without further incident. I know what I did wasn't the way I should've handled the situation I just had so much anger built up with my mom dying, not being able to go to the funeral, and losing money gambling that I was looking for a way to let it out. I am not a violent person, I have no violent charges and I don't like resorting to violence, but if deemed necessary I will. That time in Jail I ended up getting a plea bargain of 11/29 to serve and 4 years probation added on to the 2 year I already had. I was sentenced in December 2011 and was moved to the workhouse to get

work credits and shorten my sentence. I didn't last long. On my fourth day there I got in a fight and was back in the hole at the jail. I wasn't allowed back to the workhouse, I'm not going to describe every incident that happened during my stay, because ~~there~~ there were several. I did 9 months on the 11/29 and was released. I had around 50 write ups during that time and was pepper sprayed at least 20 different times. During the last month or so I was there my cell was searched and the only thing taken was 4 rolls of toilet paper. I got so mad that my toilet paper was taken and the police were so petty. I kicked the door for nearly an hour straight and threatened every officer that came by. I filled a shampoo bottle with water and threw it on a deputy through the crack of my door as he walked by. I was going to pop a sprinkler in the cell but my celly ~~did~~ talked me out of it. After shift change two deputies came and cuffed me. When the cell was opened I ran towards the trashcan with water in it (it was under the A.C. unit to catch a leak) and kicked it over. The deputies got mad and pepper sprayed me, but missed my eyes and just got on my face and hair, so I could still

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see. I was handcuffed from behind so they easily grabbed me and pushed me out the pod towards ^{the} segregation pod (the hole). I was resisting so one of the deputies attempted to slam me but I had my feet planted and he couldn't so he just pushed me into the seg. pod. Once in the pod everybody's yelling my name because they all know me and the deputy who tried to slam me earlier caught me off guard and while I was still handcuffed with my hands behind my back, he picked me up and slammed me on my head in the middle of the pod. Then he got on top of me and put me in a choke hold. The Sgt. came in and was just watching. They put me in a cell and I talked to the Sgt. and asked him if I could take a shower. He let me. There was blood all over the pod because when he slammed me on my head I had a cut. After I took a shower I told them I was going to kill myself so I could be put on suicide watch. I liked being on suicide watch because they feed me better. The nurse came to see me and put two or three sutures on my head to help to get my head to stop bleeding. From what

herd the deputy who did that to me was fired or more likely forced to resign as I never saw him again. I got out of jail on May 22, 2012 and unfortunately came back 10 days later. I lived with my mom my whole life and I had nowhere to go so I resorted back to crime and came back. I got out in November 2012 and was sent to a rehab but was kicked out in January for gambling. On April 4th, 2013 I was arrested in Dresden, TN and taken to Weakley county jail. I was sentenced to 5 years in Weakley co. and 6 years in (Clarksville, TN) Montgomery co. In November 2013 I was sent to prison. I went to Bledsoe Correctional Complex in Pikeville, TN for classification. In January 2014 I was shipped to Whiteville Correctional Facility, where I currently reside. This prison sucks. It is ran by CCA which is a privately owned company made to turn a profit. They house State inmates and are funded by the state of TN. This prison is ran by 85% females which is not how it should go at a men's prison. And at least half of the men who do work here are gay. I am being accurate and honest. I have been here over

16 months now and I know a lot of what goes on around here. The bare minimum is done at Whiteville. Getting new clothes is an act of congress, because this is a profit organization and they do ~~not want to do what's required and is a rule in the Tennessee Department of Corrections (TDOC) Handbook.~~ just enough to get by. Prison isn't suppose to be fun or easy and I fully understand that, but there's certain things that shouldn't be allowed that happen anyway. It takes a lot of patience and paperwork to get anything done around here. The counselors are suppose to help us inmates with home plans for parole (as I have a parole hearing in July 2015), but they don't. I feel there should be programs to help us criminals rehabilitate our minds and better ourselves as people. They have GED classes, but ~~they~~ most classes don't teach anything. They have a Career Management class that I personally completed which has some helpful lessons but could definitely be improved. I graduated from High School so I haven't attended any GED classes, ~~but~~ I completed a program called Prosocial Life Skills and didn't learn anything. I wrote the jobs dept. to try and get in another program but they said no because I

haven't been recommended to take it. Which I don't agree with I think if an inmate wants to participate in a drug program he should be allowed to, but once again this is CCA a privately owned company. I try to stay positive and hopeful for the ~~the~~ the day I will be released and given another shot at life.

If you have any questions or would like me to do something more to this paper please feel free to let me know. I know there is some misspelled words within this writing and for that I apologize.