

This is my first time writing to the APWA, but I hope that it makes an impact.

My name is [REDACTED], I am incarcerated at Tyger River Correctional in Enoree SC for something that I DID do, but it was accidental. I accept responsibility for it. My hand hurt someone else, whether it was by choice or not. My bad.

To start, I will notate that nothing written here is slanderous, libelous or defamatory. It is all true, and it is not only sad, but scary to know what the prison system is getting away with. Also to know what family members are allowing them to get away with.

On February 19th, 2016, due to lack of proper training and the illicit removal of safety mechanisms, I was seriously injured on the job. There is a hardwood plant for Shaw Hardwoods here and they slave drive us for a mere two dollars an hour (after their "deductions").

I slipped and fell into a piece of machinery that crushed my arm up to the shoulder and slowly began tearing it off my body. It was broken in multiple places and has required 7 surgical procedures. I shouldn't have been told to do what I was doing, or how I was told to do it, but that is on Shaw, not SCDC.

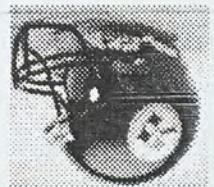
The part that concerns the state is what happened after the accident.

I spent 19 days in the hospital before I was sent to the infirmary at Kirkland Correctional in Columbia for my first 3 weeks of torture. Right out the gate they were breaking laws and Ethics codes left and right. I wasn't allowed my mail, (including my birthday card), visits, or phone calls, even to a lawyer! And they didn't contact my family. Why keep emergency contact info then?

My bandages that were doctor ordered to be changed every day would go 3-4 days before being taken care of. An iv site once stayed in my arm for 8 days, 5 days over the maximum and they even took me to my plastic surgeon for a check up with it in me. The surgeon asked me why it was still in. Turns out, you're not supposed to leave a medical facility with one in either. When he removed my elbow bandage, blood, pus and hematoma spilled everywhere because it had built up from the lack of bandage changes. They had to lay hospital gowns all over the floor to sop it up. It was putrid, but very relieving.

We were given no mattresses. Even the paralyzed man in the bed next to me, who would soil his diaper and wait hours upon hours to be changed had to sleep directly on the box springs, which were rubbing holes in our backs. My pain medication, which was prescribed by Dr. David Brown was to be oxycodone every 4 hours and oxycontin every 12. Upon arrival I was immediately denied these and given Tylenol every 6 hours. This is after 7 surgeries and 2 blood transfusions. I was in incredible pain at all times and being completely ignored.

"Doctors" were beyond rude and disrespectful, nurses were completely aloof to our situations. My roommate [REDACTED] had, literally, intestines hanging out hi stomach with a hole in it that would pump his food out onto his bed sheets, and they refused him surgery to repair it for weeks. Ever seen spaghetti come out someone's belly button? I have. Not cool...but also kinda' cool. Just a little bit.



After refusing to let the doctors abuse me anymore, I was sent to Perry correctional, where I was subsequently placed in a regular dorm with the regular murderers and rapists and I couldn't defend myself at all. After a night of listening to my muslim roommate blow weed smoke around and talk about allah and how I should believe in the fallacy of a god and a devil, I was moved in the Assisted Living Unit. This, believe it or not was where it got really bad.

Now, I can't hold SCDC accountable for my loneliness in a dorm full of nothing but geriatric and crippled people, but the things that happened to these poor, old, sick, dying individuals was beyond sickening. And what they allowed to happen to me was criminal.

First off, it took them 47 days, 47 DAYS to get my property, including toothbrush, eyeglasses, medications, from Tyger River to Perry. It's maybe a 45 minute drive and the bus goes to both yards 5 days a week, so, what the fuck?

The guy in the room next to mine, [REDACTED] [REDACTED], was about 7 foot, 350 lbs, and he was in a wheelchair, not because he was injured, but because he has a shitload of money and everyone on the real yard wants to kill him, so he bought his way into the old folks home. He immediately came to me offering me money and food to let him use my canteen account, because his was restricted. Well, I was recently almost killed and I needed money badly because my family wouldn't contact a lawyer for me and they're basically worthless. So, I had to do what I could to make ends meet.

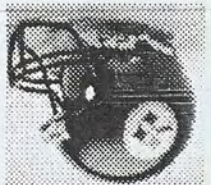
I made the mistake of trusting someone that, admittedly, I shouldn't have. That's on me. But, when a \$1.84 pack of fish got left off his list by the guys in the canteen, he blamed me, saying I tried to get over on him, and he made my life a living hell from that point on.

Remember, 7ft, 350 lbs, NOT REALLY INJURED, versus 168 lbs with only a left arm... He made romantic advances towards me and tried to tell me that "god" put me there in his path for a reason and all this nonsense and he was looking for a reason to flip. He found one. He started coming to my room with his bank statements, showing me his ridiculous amounts of money and saying he could have my mom killed if I didn't do what he said. By the end of it he had me smuggling, storing and doing his drugs on a regular basis. Did I like the pain pills? Yes, I was in PAIN. but the meth and the weed, I didn't want that shit. I don't want to paranoid and wide away for 3 days while I am in excruciating pain 24/7. Are you kidding me?

So I told the counselor, I told the chaplain, I told the officers Cue and Waddick. I wrote the warden, the associate warden, security, EHSO, medical, canteen, commissary even. I never got a response or any assistance. There wasn't a kiosk in that dorm and I wasn't allowed to go with the other inmates to dorm 1 to use theirs because I was writing up the abuses. So I had to handwrite, after my arm got ripped off and had over 120 stitches and staples, and noone ever wrote back.

When we would go on lockdown, he would stand on his toilet and blow the smoke into my room through the vent because he knew I had asthma. He robbed me, he extorted me, threatened me and drugged me and Perry correctional did not care. They were fully aware, and they did not a single thing to help me.

On the 20th of Jan, 2017, they came through drug testing the dorm. I jumped on the chance to show them what was in my system. **MAYBE NOW THEY WILL BELIEVE**



ME! But, no. They just charged me with failing a drug test, took my privileges for 90 days, my tv, phone, visits, canteen, and sent me back to Tyger River where I could be harassed by the staff and blamed, by the officers, for the accident that almost killed me.

I'm not including the abuse by officer Wytham, the woman who FINALLY got fired after abusing me and the old folks for about 9 months. I'll make another essay about that bitch, but until then, someone needs to do something about this place. I was 100% disciplinary free for all 6 years of my bid, and since they knowingly let me be poisoned for 6 months (sept 16-feb17), I now have a major charge on my record for something that I could not stop from happening. I even had 2 staff members speak on my behalf and say that they were aware this was happening to me, that I had been trying to get away from it, and they still punished me for it. I can get a copy of the audio tape if you don't believe me.

If anyone can help

you can find me here

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

Thanks for reading.

