

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECTED OF BEING DEHUMANIZED!

Someone once said when the state takes your name and gives you a number, it reminded him of the book "Roots" when master told his new slave Kunta Kinte, "Boy your name is Tobe now." (Whoopish!)

I suffered in silence for years trapped. In a mental cave, as my mental condition continued to worsen by the day, but like a vacano, I had been holding so much in. I had no control over my explosive disorder. My scars became deeper than the ~~eyes~~ eyes could see and my mental scars grew so deep I became lost to what was reality. Punishment and physically abuse became normal to me. Like banging my head on a concrete wall and not feeling the pain or eternal damages. I was lost to what was normal and darkness became my light!

THE BREAKER ROOM

They were trying to break me mentally, physically, and spiritually. I felt like the ~~devil~~ ^{JESUS} on the cross. "But why the ~~Devil~~ ^{JESUS}?" A voice in my head asked.

"Because you deserve this pain!" The voice said. (Whoopish!)

Cutting through my skin were the handcuffs imbedded around my swollen wrists. My hands were also twice there normal size. The handcuffs were attached to steel prongs on all four corners of the concrete slab that was considered a bed, sat in the middle of this filthy isolation cell called "The Breaker Room".

I couldnt feel my legs. The shackles were so tight that

they were cutting into my swollen ankles like hacksaw blades. My eyes were shut so tight I would groan in anguish. I saw sparkles of light in the darkness like fallen stars. Then explosions as the punches from the officers hands and feet rained down on me. The pain was unbearable I wanted to die! but somehow I stayed strong, and prayed, chained, shackled, and naked, like Kunte Kinte, a young blackman's roots.

My left foot had already been amputated in a hospital room instead of an old bard yard backhouse on the Master's plantation. Due to complications after being shot seven times by the police when I was first captured on the streets. However, my torture took place in solitary confinement for 17 years straight! A place where a man's mind, body, and soul are controlled through tactics akin to the infamous Willie Lynch Tactics on how to break a slave. (Whoopish!)

"I'm not a slave! Not a decendent of slaves! I'm not Kunte Kinte! But his warrior's blood spirit lives within me!"

KILL ME OR FEAR ME

Six days in, no food, no water, and no medical treatment. I'm starting to hallucinate, but my hatred towards the officers torturing me was no illusion. It was real as my thoughts of killing one each chance I got! (In the words of my brother Mateen who shared my pain, "Kill me or Fear me!"

With no fears of dying, it was time to fight back and make these racist officers kill me or fear me. (I had over 100 assaults on officers over the 17 years I had been held

captive and tortured in solitary confinement.)

PUNISHMENT OVER TREATMENT

Most jails, prisons, and penitentiaries house inmates who suffer from serious mental illness. Rather than sending them to a mental health facility equipped to provide proper and adequate mental health treatment needed, those jails, prisons, and penitentiaries place the mentally ill inmate in the hole locked away in solitary confinement. This is where the administration believes the mentally ill is best served. They dont want to treat them. They want to punish them!

REACHING OUT TO THE HAND OF GOD

One night in solitary confinement, angry and shackled to my concrete bed slab, I couldnt take the pain anymore. So I started banging the back of my head up against the concrete slab. Hoping that I would black out and never wake up. I wanted to die!

Bang! Bang! Bang! As I continued to violently slam the back of my head. I began to feel the hot blood slowly trickling down the back of my neck. Dizzy, I felt like I was floating on clouds. Then I heard a voice say, "Give me your hand."

"I can't! I'm chained down." I said.

"Who chained you down?" The voice asked.

I then replied "These racist ass cops!"

No response...I then shouted "These racist ass bitch ass

officers put me in these handcuffs and shackles."

"No, you put yourself in those handcuffs and shackles." The voice finally said.

I was really mad now so I continued to bang my head when the voice once again asked me, "Give me your hand."

I stopped banging my head on the concrete and said "If I could I would but these shackles wont let me."

Then the voice said, "No shackles or chains ^{can} hold you back from reaching out to me."

I reached out to faith that night. (The hand of God)
Through prayer I asked God for help. In time my darkness started to turn into light. It was then that I could see I needed help. for my mental illness. No longer did I want to live in the darkness of denial anymore.

Soon I started reaching out to other mentally ill inmates that were in solitary confinement with me who were also suffering. I informed them that there was a Law Firm with a Lawyers who said that they wanted to help us.

I had been filing administrative remedies for years to Washington DC. Reaching out asking for help. Only to be told the situation was being investigated. However nothing was ever done. So the torture continued! Many of my fellow inmates died! Either committing suicide or murdered by the officers and the administration because I believe that they created the conditions and had something to do with their deaths!

MY JOURNEY TOWARDS GETTING MENTAL HEALTH
TREATMENT WAS MORE THAN A STRUGGLE. ALSO
THAT STRUGGLE CONTINUES!

I've lived in the darkness of denial for many years. I was afraid to reach out for help so I continued to suffer. Mental illness is a very serious disease. I went from being on 4 to 5 different psychotropic medications to now only taking one.

I still have therapy sessions whenever this institution can find available Psychologists. However my biggest form of therapeutic treatment has been through writing and helping other inmates who suffer from mental illness. Its been amazing how my story and struggle has been like a key that unlocks the door of pain and suffering from others to tell their stories. That gives them the courage to reach out for help.

I can honestly say that I have saved lives in this very short period of time that I have been out of solitary confinement. (Its almost been two years now that I have been writing and fighting for myself and others, and the struggle continues!)

My name is [REDACTED] Cunningham. I am 46 years old and I have been locked up for 24 years. However I am innocent of the murder charges against me but the charges that I am guilty of I would have been home 10 years ago. I am a inmate who has a history of mental illness. I am currently being housed at Terre Haute Penitentiary. I am also the lead plaintiff in a civil class action lawsuit against the BOP for denying mentally ill

inmates mental health treatment.

THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES

I am the struggle, and through my writing I express that struggle. I wrote a Novel while inside solitary confinement called "I am what the Media Created, Scars deeper than the eyes can see."

I also wrote a book about the 2017 settlement in my civil class action law suit titled "Injustice".

INJUSTICE

The true inside story about the multimillion dollar payout awarded in attorney fees to Lawyers and Law Firms in a case filed on behalf of 17 mentally ill American prisoners held captive at America's ADX Control Unit who were mentally and physically abused and tortured for years, but will not receive one dime from their own case. Why? Injustice!

Both books will be available next month online. To read Synopsis and Chapter go to Cunningham Writes at Gmail.com, Facebook, and Inside Mental injustice. Also you can read about my current fight for post-conviction relief in my criminal case.

I will respond to all questions. I'm reaching out for your help so I can help others. Lets fight this fight together.

Thank You.