

OH WELL

Prison is called hell; or, a hell-hole. It is neither. It could be its first cousin.

Have I been in Fights? You bet. Fights are to be expected. My biggest fight is against the penal system; a system that is definitely broken. Ten to twenty-thousand words can't declare all that is wrong. So, all I can do is present a few things, events of my experiences, for the reader to peep through the prison's bars.

This unit doesn't have bars as most people see on TV or the movies. There are two-man rooms and dorms. Each building, dorm or pod has its uniqueness. It is as if each pod has some invisible spirit controlling. The same fairly docile person in one pod becomes aggressive or suicidal in another.

Odd as this is, some S.O.'s (security officer) obeys the rules of TDCJ (Texas

Department of Criminal Justice), say in 4-building; yet, this same S.O. that comes to work the dorm, become hateful, judgmental, in another building.

Do I believe all judges, police, S.O.'s are bad and evil? No. However, when push comes to shove, the majority will stand on the side of their employer. Consequently, an inmate being wronged may never know if one of the 'good' S.O.'s will stand up for right; or, to save a job; they side with injustice. Hence, what is so-called "hardening of this man or woman has begun.

"Bill" died the other night. Then, when an official inquiry is required, that particular security camera malfunctioned. The recorder somehow recorded the next day's events over the night before. As a result there was nothing to review.

Where I was at, in a dorm, a small pod of only 61 men, I heard an unusual noise. Therefore, I got up. It was about 0230 AM or so. When I was four cubicles

down, someone called my name. "Help! Help me. Please. I hurt." This man, approximately in his late sixties or early seventies pleaded.

He had just returned from a two-hour trip from UTMB (University of Texas Medical Branch), from off a bus. This bus, at that time had virtually no suspension and no shocks. Plus, each inmate is hand-cuffed to another inmate. Just think of riding handcuffed, with another person, as you sit in the back of a dump truck, for two hours. In the summer, the bus had no A/C; the winter no heat.

I ran to press the security button.

"What the F—— do you want?" Screamed the S.O.

The speaker went dead.

I push the button again, "We have a medical ---" I am speaking to a shut down speaker. I push it once more.

"Mo-fo" (yet in the true way) "You...."

This time I caught her.

"Medical Emergency. A man is dying."

"Why the Fuck didn't you say so in the first place, A-hole." She snarled.

PARFAIT

Meanwhile, as I waited for the required Sergeant S.O., to arrive, I did my best to comfort and console this man. I can only guess five to just under ten minutes went by, before the Dorm-assigned sergeant arrived. (A person can stroll across the entire unit in under three (3) minutes.) He was who knows where.

Sergeant-X looked at this elderly man lying on the floor. He looked at me. "What is his problem?"

"He just returned from UTMB. He either fell or rolled out of bed onto the floor."

"Shit. If they sent him back he must be okay. Why did you call me?"

"He can't breathe."

"If you care so much for the son of a bitch, you and some of your buddies tote him to the infirmary."

"He gasping"

"You carry him."

This sergeant had the authority to call medical to bring a gurney. Whereas, he

walked away, dusting his feet. Notwithstanding, if I, and others, carried this man to medical, and he died along the way, we would have been charged with involuntary manslaughter. As a result of the sergeant's inaction, about two or three hours later, this man died.

Approximately a week later, on the same dorm, same pod, a man appeared to go into a seizure, in his cubicle, at 'count-time'. All he had on were his boxer shorts and a tee shirt. He was shaking.

"SAY, S.O." A man shouted at the two S.O.'s. "We have a medical emergency."

By rule, they are to stop counting to take care of the medical situation. They did not. This man was in cubicle 28. "We'll check it out when we get there," this Male S.O. shouted, as his partner, a female, counted each cubicle. When she and he arrived at bunk 28,

She shrieked, "Oh my God! He has _____.
I don't recall nor know the name of this
ailment. It was not a seizure.

"How do you know this?" I asked.

"I worked EMS for a year." She said.

She and he were new boots (newly
hired) and were clueless to a true protocol.

"He is bleeding ~~as~~ sweat out his legs.
That is the only way his body can cool
off." She explained.

I said, "Get on your horn (radio) and
call the Sergeant." (The brother of the
other sergeant you just read about. And,
the other was now a Lt.)

"Sergeant Y, we have an emergency
in 19-dorm. Call medical." She declared.

"Okay, I'll call the Lt. first." The Lt. was
his brother.

Not a peep was heard over the radio.

"Say, the Lt. said the infirmary said for
him to place a "sick-call" slip in."

As a result of that straight out lie, I was pissed. "Lady, that is bull shit. The infirmary heard you. They have a radio. Yet, they can't come unless the dorm sergeant okays it. It is Friday. They won't pick up a 'sick-call' slip until Monday around 8:00 AM. So, this man will not see any medical until Tuesday or Wednesday."

"What!" The female S.O. exclaimed.

"You work for a bunch of legalized f-ing murderers. A few weeks ago, that Lt. let an elderly man die. He was as close to him, as you are to this man. They, him or his brother, don't give a rat's ass if we live or die."

She handed the count sheet to this male S.O.

"What are you doing?" He asked.

"I just quit. I cannot be a part of this."

She walked away; he continued the count.

I shouted, "You just joined these murdering sons of whores." I growled at this male S.O.

About 7:00 AM, or so, this man died.

Is a pentant person one that is sorry for his actions, (his sins, per se)? He or she learns something; becomes educated; learns a trade, for work, once released.

I was in the Army - a 10th grade drop out. I joined to go to Việt Nam. They declared I was too young. My work in the Army was a topographer. I drew maps.

In TOCJ I've learned to type; program computers, repair computers, (all college level); I've learned to fix small engines, automatic transmissions, auto electronics. I've a business degree (magna cum laude); have done enough Bible courses. I can wallpaper maybe two rooms with the certificates and diplomas.

I now can read and write, as well as speak fluent Spanish. I can read some German, Italian, French and Hebrew. All self taught.

PARFAIT

I have ZERO DISCIPLINARY cases AGAINST me. None! My bachelor's degree and the several Associate's degrees with many college-level vocational degrees mean nothing. How do I know this?

For the past 13 years, I have had 4 set-offs for parole. A two, three, five, and two year set-offs. I'm up for parole April 2019.

Therefore, college-level or high school level vocations have been for naught. My business degrees, biblical degrees are useless; a waste of time.

I am liked by many; even the guards. My health prevents me from doing any manual labor. I have ~~seizures~~ seizures. In my time, here, I help others with legal problems. A few may be hungry. I toss them the prison food of Ramen soup.

All around me, people do drugs. Nothing! Oh, the S.O.'s bring in the dope pooch. This all for "eye wash," for the several cameras. Why do I say that?

PARFAIT

The moment the so-called search is over, it is back to "normal."

On a "lock-down" and "shut-down" we are served nothing but johnnies. These are two items. Most of the time it is some sort of meat sand which. One is peanut butter. This may sound good; it's not.

The bread is the bread not sold in stores. So, TOCJ buys this reject, for consumption, bread, to serve inmates. On one day, we were served BBQ beef and a peanut butter johnnie.

This may sound good, even great. Not so. When I pulled the BBQ sandwich out of the white sandwich bag, the bread crumbled, as dust. The BBQ beef — or rather — BBQ fat was almost the size of a Hershey's Kiss candy.

"Look at this S.O. R." I then pulled out the peanut butter sandwich. The bread was hard as toast. It looked like the peanut butter was placed on someone's finger tip and they wiped their finger clean on the bread.

"Look, man!"

"I don't work the kitchen. What am I to do?" this S.O. said, clearing himself from this injustice.

"F— you," I snarled.

"I'd write you up; but, I have other more important things to do."

Two days later, Mark W. Stiles got what was said a "~~Secret~~ **"Surprise"** inspection-visit by the Regional Director of TDCJ. It had to be a pure surprise. How can one explain the BBQ johnnie with bread so fresh that it seemed to have come direct from the bakery. The BBQ Beef was almost a finger-digit thick that covered and drained out of each side of the bread. And the peanut butter was one-eighth inch thick with grape jelly that covered all the fresh bread as well.

The following day, we had for breakfast a boiled egg and a 2-inch square of corn bread. For lunch, a 2-inch square of corn bread cut in two with a super dry, over-cooked soy meal burger and the super stale peanut butter sandwich.

Well, today, and, as I end "my crying", to this world, a fight broke out. It was a more serious fight than the norm.

PARFAIT

A very good slug-fest between a black man and white. Was it racial? No. Not at all. Both do K-2.

What is odd. Both men are quite docile when not high. I won't get into the details of the whys they fought. All I will say is, they did not have to.

A sergeant was in this pod. He heard the sounds coming from this one cubicle. Blood was everywhere.

"Stop! Stop! Stop!" He shouted.

Finally, he emptied a can of pepper spray on both. He handcuffed one, then the other. Out the two went.

Yet, the S.O.'s slammed the doors tight on us. There are two outside doors they could have opened to let us out. There were sufficient S.O.'s around to watch less than 40 inmates. We would be in the recreation yard. But NO!

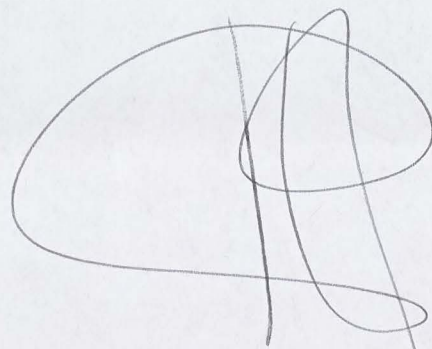
Several men began to puke. Others gagged. Others had trouble breathing.

A female captain, a male captain, a major entered. This female captain yelled out, "You all better get your cubicles in compliance or I will write your sorry asses up."

The major left. The pepper spray was too much. About five minutes later, all back to normal. Domino games, TV, chess.

"Pill window, five for commissary, ten-building medical, turn out."

Oh well. Fights, gas, cuts, shanks, black eyes, even death can be experienced all around you — even when you have zero to do with it.



I'm now sick, 63, tired and just don't care. More on this later.