

~~Work Experience~~

Our wing of the unit gets showers at 1400 (2 p.m.). But we had yard at 1430 (2:30 pm). We were called first for showers. Why would I want to shower and then go outside? I'd rather go outside, then shower. We had yard again at 1800 (6 pm). So, we should be able to shower after our second yard. Nope. After our 1430 yard, we were told that showers were completed on our wing. Our only option, at this point, is to bird bath. I stand in front of the sink, behind a sheet, because we are double-bunked, and wash up.

It has been seven weeks since I was released to a lower security level. I tried to talk to a Unit manager, and he wouldn't see me. I'm not sure if I'm being lied to about lack of bed space, or not.

What I find as stressful, is that I look for people I trust. I look for friends. When I think I've found one, I realize that I was just used. I gave him things, I trusted him with passwords. But, in the end, he wants nothing to do with me. I'd look at all of the things that he said he'd do for me but never did. So, I would be distant. I fell in love, and I just can't do that in this environment. It hurts emotionally.

I loaned out my beard trimmers and my electric razor and didn't get them back. So I'm watching this guy and he's always trimmed. Supposedly the trimmers and razor was confiscated by Staff. The emotional stress affects me physically. It made me tired, have an upset stomach and I dry heave. I can't order new ones because I have to have the old ones to turn in. Besides that, I don't have the funds to buy new ones. My family is struggling financially. I physically shake / shiver from fear. I'm not exactly sure what I'm so afraid of.

We had yard from 1430 til 1545. It was hot outside. The Control Booth Officer said that Yards are closed due to a heat advisory. That doesn't make sense. We were just out there during the hottest part of the day. We have yard and Dayroom from 1800 til 1920.

After we came in from our afternoon Yard, we took showers, hot showers. I just realized after someone pointed it out to me. We get cold showers during the cold months and hot showers during the hot months.

I take meds at night. Our cells get hot and stuffy during the day. So, I went out for meds and when I came back, as soon as I got at my door, it opened. Then immediately after I entered, the door closed behind me. My cellmate told me that immediately after I left, the door closed.

I am now in Level II, at a different facility. It took 11 weeks for me to ride out. I had to file a grievance to transfer. This facility is considered to be a "disciplinary" facility. It's not run like a normal Level II. We get small yard twice a day, for 2 hours in the morning, afternoon yard for 2 hours and night yard for an hour. We get 2-3 15mm rotations ~~be~~ a day, between yards. Today, and yesterday, they pushed afternoon yard back an hour.

Our cell has no power. Someone blew the power. The Officer

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won't turn it on. Plus it's Friday, I'm not sure if they will turn it back on before Monday. At my last facility, maintenance doesn't work on week ends.

We have our power back. Supposedly, when someone turns their fan on, it cuts the power. So, we have to unplug our fan, turn it on, then plug it back in.

FYI, a rotation is where cells [that] are released for 15 minutes, then they go back in. Then 18th whatever are released for 15 minutes. So on and so forth.

I don't have a lot of money. But I traded a stamped envelope, ^{54 cents,} for some coffee. I feel cheated because the amount of coffee I received is worth a Ramen noodle or ~~.34~~ cents. So, I know not to make deals with that guy anymore. I put my trust out there, and I feel like I was burned.

Sunday, June 22nd, we didn't get afternoon yard. We only got 30 minutes this morning on the big yard. All because of staff shortages. I didn't fight to come to Level II to be locked down all day. I came to Level II to be OUT all day.

Sunday, July 1st, we were locked in all day. We had breakfast brought to our cells, no morning yard. The heat index was 94°. The heat index Saturday was 104°. Dinner was brought to us in the unit, trays again. The water for showers is scalding hot. No sense in showering because you're just going to end up sweating again.

Tuesday, July 10th, I unplugged my cellmate's adapter and plugged in my extension cord. My fan and JRS adapter are the only things plugged into my extension cord and it blows the power. Last week, I turned my fan off and it blew the power. They need to shut this place down. Two weeks ago, I moved because my cell door would get stuck open. I didn't feel safe in that cell.

Wednesday, October 17th, I can't stand my cell mate anymore. ~~On~~

~~July 29th~~, He showed me his dick prancing. He asked me to suck his dick. I declined. Later, on July 29th, I sucked it. He stood on the foot locker, I don't have to bend over too much. I'm an emotional person and a lot of stuff angers me. Soon after that, a guy ~~came~~ stopped by and told my cell mate to show his dick to this guy, he did, and the guy touched my cell mate. Then the guy leaves and my cell mate sits on the toilet with the sheet up. He's masturbating on the toilet. They both apologize for the situation, but my cell mate doesn't do anything else with me.

He says I can't fuck him unless he fucks me first. Red flag goes up cuz he didn't do anything for me for the first time.

On August 24th, I was cuffed up and taken to my Case Manager's Office. I sent a note to my Psychiatrist telling her that I'm having trouble sleeping, an anxiety and suicidal thoughts. My Case Manager clears me and I go back to my Unit. I find my property packed up and my bed roll gone. My cellmate kept my cotton blankets. You have to have a special detail for them. He gave one to a neighbor and told me he'd split the money with me if I helped him sell the other. I wanted my blanket back, but I didn't say anything. He sold it and I haven't gotten anything.

He tells me, "closed mouths don't get fed", but tells me I'm his friend. \$ That's not a friend, to me.

I don't have a TV, he does. I guess I passed him off one Sunday. I loaned him a book and some pamphlets. I went to my call-out and

came back an hour later. The pamphlets were on my bed but the book was on a shelf at the foot of hrs bed. I grabbed the book and the pamphlets and put everything away. When he confronted me I told him he had it for an hour. Hrs response was that he was busy doing stuff. ~~When I~~ He always keeps hrs TV on, except yard and going to chow. After that, he turned hrs TV off when he wasn't watching it. So, now, I refuse to watch hrs TV, so he can't use it against me.

I put a transfer request to go to a Veteran's Unit. I don't want to look with this guy anymore.

I can change my PREA score, but I'm afraid the Staff will retaliate and move me into a room with a guns banger. I don't want to be raped again. I'm labeled a "Potential Aggressor" but I'm supposed to be a "Potential Victim".

When I was in Protective Custody, I had consensual sex with a black guy. But it was what I wanted, so when I tried to end it, he talked me into doing it one last time. I don't want to go through that again.

I want to go home.

I have put multiple kites/requests in the mailbox, requesting to go to this Veterans Unit. 6 kites in 38 days. I had one response that led to a dead end. Basically, to kite the person I was already trying to contact and got no responses.