

C.C. ① of 2 C.C. = Carbon copy

To whom it might concern:
December 13th or 14th in the trash can in front of unit 4b, on the way to breakfast, at roughly 8 am. That is the date and time and location of where I found the e-cigarette cartridges the ones that have me under investigation.

I spoke, really actually didn't say anything, but I want you to understand what I mean to two investigators yesterday, 12/24/18 I told them that the only way I would speak to them is if they would guarantee me a property incentive. They did not, on or off the record. I'm saying now for a variety of reasons, which I will get to. I would take a polygraph too. They, the investigators, asked me if it got lit directly from a C.O. I told them I did not, and I did not. They asked me if I witnessed a C.O. use the actual e-cig. I told them that was a two-fold answer. Here's what happened. I saw a C.O. but I can't remember which one, drinking a Soda. I can't remember which C.O. because they all had Sodas. They being Co's Eaton, Deriso, and some female. I wanted the Soda can so I could use it to burn krazy oil to make tattoo ink. Write me so far that, fuck it, put it on the list. So I waited for them to throw the trash away, they would throw the upstairs bubble trash away in the trash can outside right outside the Sally port door. They did this every night. So the next day I made sure I was the first person out the door to chew. I went straight to the charkage can to steal the Soda can. (Put that on the list too) I took the Soda can to my cell. There was something rattling in it so I opened it up and wouldn't you know, there were 3 fucking e-cig nicotine cartridges. I went to my cellie and told him to watch for the C.O.'s. Then I went to someone else and asked for 1 single tea bag. I broke open 1 of the cartridges and squeezed a few drops of nicotine on the tea, to smoke it like a cigarette. Or the rather, in the clear cartridge there is a cotton wick thing, shaved

aside a spring that is attached to two metal prongs. I squeezed that cation out. So I made that. I wrapped the other two cartridges in saran wrap, and it was done. I was trying to use them as leverage in the future. With the thinking, if a C.A. is bringing in this, what use could be getting smacked in by a Co. A few days ago, I kept the cartridges in me, so a Co. couldn't hit my house and take them. I went to chapel just to get some fucking Christmas cards. I was like the wilding for all of two fucking minutes and left. I didn't get the cards cuz they were just some Christian bullshit cards. I left and some cop said what did you just do. I told him I just wanted cards from the chapel. He asked where the cards are. I told him fuck those Jesus bullshit cards. Apparently Jesus didn't like that, because the Co. asked to put me down. I tried to skate with the E-cigs in my little pocket, but he felt them. Apparently I told him that the shit is e-cig cartridges. The vest is already in your fucking vest. I would take a polygraph on all that. I won't answer ANY fucking question about any thing in a polygraph.

You probably won't believe that, but I'll give you people my reasons for telling you any way. There are two reasons, the broad reason is that all fucking people, the NDOC and all of its fucking employees have made me, over the past few years, the blindest fucking cynic to ever exist. Exist I loathe, detest, hate, am disgusted by, etc. etc. Every NDOC employee, case worker, stats, its nurse, free staff, maintenance, etc. etc. even the ones I have never met and don't know. I didn't start my sentence that way, but I can tell you, from the depths of what little heart I have left, that each and every encounter I have ever had with any NDOC employee has made me feel that way, was compounded that hatred. That explains my significant prolonged disciplinary history.

cc. U of —

I made driving years ago, because being drunk
is an escape from the anger I feel, from the
hell I am in. I fought 500 many inmates,
because they too make me sick. That's why
I don't care about "switching" with this. Fuck
them all. I went to PC, just because I thought
those inmates would be different and all they are
we different kinds of pieces of shit. I fought in
C, one time in the sally port. I was sent to
the hole. I prodded shit on a C.O. because he
was a shit talking ass hole and I was pissed
if I peed a shit ton of five sprinklers, really just
to piss everyone off, knowing nobody wants to
deal with that fucking headache. The more they
pissed me off the more bullshit, like popping sprinkler
lighting fires, etc. that I did, and they reacted
to you damn imagine, like ass holes. It was a
stupid and vicious cycle but I had so much
pentup resentment that I just didn't care
I would make my situation worse just to
get them. I was taken to ESP property
room and had my ass beat in cuffs, by
two cops that stole my five. I had so
much hole time, that nothing mattered to
me. I would say I was suicidal, even though
I was not, to get out of the loud ass hole
and to make the CO's work, which they HATE
to do. It got so bad that they, "the
mental health team" put me on "forced medication".
They put me on HALDOL Lactate injections
that I could not refuse, I tried a few times
and they cell extracted me, tied me to a
wicking bed and forced the injection. Haldol is
worse than any Hell. It is, metaphorically
speaking, the devil's blood. I don't know why
that shit exists. It's an "emergency sedative"
but in ESP they'll put you on it as a month
injection, even if you are calm. What it does
is render you vegetative/comatose. It basically
turns off 99% of your brain and 100% of
your body. You will have seizures on it.

ur muscles will "lock" up, I couldn't turn my
 ell light on or off, I couldn't brush my teeth,
 I couldn't wipe my own fucking ass. I damn
 near died by starving to death (eating and
 drinking water were damn near impossible,
 I think) Part of that 1 percent of your mind
 that's not shut down is your survival instinct.
 My cell was a fucking bio-hazard, because trying
 to use the toilet was akin to driving with
 a d.7 bar. I would shit on myself and
 lay in it for months. Every month a "nurse"
 would come to give me that poison. One
 nurse cried, fucking tears, because I was
 crying when she told me I had to take
 a shot. I didn't cry when I was arrested.
 I sentenced to 6-15 years in prison. It lasts
 over the months, you maintain just enough
 function in that 1% of your brain to under-
 stand the scope of how terrible it is. You're a
 prisoner in your own mind and body. That's
 not just me speaking, EVERY SINGLE PERSON I
 HAVE EVER MET WHO HAS TAKEN AN INJECTION
 OF HALDOL LACTATE WILL AGREE. I was taken
 off probably because they, the psych team" saw
 what it was going to literally kill me. I was
 write up free for a year because I was constant
 threatened with a shot for any write up. Every
 fucking day for a year. If I saw a nurse
 or any C.E.R.T. I would start shaking, getting
 cold sweats, and panic, just thinking that they
 were there to force inject me. Then I filed a
 lawsuit on wardens Ettore, Filson, Byrns and
 accounting for freezing my account for 23 months
 (wouldn't you know, right after I filed that suit
 a nurse came and told me I had to take a
 shot. I said I hadn't been on AM meds of any
 kind for a year. I said it was an error. He
 said there was a card after and the C.O. (Adon
 said "you know well extract you and just give it
 to you anyways, so just take it" I filed a
 emergency grievances on it in two days, saying
 it was negligence, an error, etc etc.

> C.C. (1) of 3

they responded saying it was ordered. I responded saying it was an "EMERGENCY" sedative. I said I have been write up free and incident free for a year they said that's irrelevant. It wasn't until by the grace of God, that two days after the nurse came that I got a hold of my mom and grandma and had them drop a lawyer vain damn threats of a lawsuit on fucking everybody that in a year, you shouldn't get that, came from Mrs. Day. I was "taken off" forced medication. My mother is a nurse (RN) and told me that they can't give me "Emergency meds" if there is no emergency. I know in my heart, soul, brain, and instinct that that came only because I filed a lawsuit against ESP/NICE. I also know that I would NOT HAVE gotten to a phone if the nurse came on a Monday. He came on a Friday, and by my calm "refusal" and asking for an emergency grievance, and by them not having ease of access to be able to call a doctor via cert, and tie me to a bed, that I did not get that injection. I was told that I was "off forced meds" I was also told I could be put right back on. It took 5 months for my parkinsons like hand tremors to go away, it took longer to "feel normal" again.

Fast forward to trying to get out of ESP which every inmate/C.C. knows is a destitute and foretaken shit hole, it was run around by the caseworker, always some circumventive excuse of delay, until I threatened to write a grievance. This is not a paranoid mind speaking either, I pissed EVERYBODY every staff off in ESP. The wardens by lighting a fire and destroying their precious lincolnum floor. The caseworkers by filing so many grievances. The staff. The caseworker, Castro, would "joke" "Oh you don't wanna leave ESP? why its so nice here." Getting any caseworker to do any fucking thing is akin to threading a needle in the dark, under water, handcuffed. That's the general inmate concea

So finally I get out of ESP to L.C.C.
the fact it was a culture shock, but that's a different
story. I hoped the C.O.S there would be different.
They were not. I went to apply for the structured
living program (SLP) I wear prescription sunglasses
and went to the interview in them. The D.J. Ball
didn't like me having them. He made an issue.
I took them off. I explained to them, him and
the SLP case worker, Ms. Ward, after they asked about my
history, that I have been a fuck up, for 22 years. I
jacked up over and over in ESP. I said I was
going to do that program to actually try to change
to learn to deal with all my anger and frustration.
They told me I would be accepted. I really actually
wanted to go, to try to get better action with
the parole board. I told them the only thing
I care about is seeing my grandmother before
she dies, getting out to be with her. I told
them I would go through Hell and back to
complete their program if it gave me hope of
getting parole. Then I wore sunglasses.
Ball called my unit C.C. and informed me
that I was "no longer" going to
SLP. I talked to Ball who called me a liar
or "wearing my prescription glasses without
approval" I said I have my approval from
ESP warden & Reutart and my medical approval
from ESP. Apparently, according to him, I "won't"
approval to wear the sunglasses indoors in LCC.
I said medical appliances don't require per
facility warden approval. I called him a punk
and said he didn't possess integrity or honor,
and from him I could not learn to be a
man. I drove it a week or two and
wrote a kite) apologizing. I said I was
beyond furious for being kicked out of a program
I obviously needed for some thing so petty as
glasses. I said I was doubly pissed because
I thought I found 1 person in the entire
NDEC that ~~obviously~~ would give a single fuck
about me, but obviously did not. I said

C.C. U of S

if I would either end up dead or with a life sentence if I did not get help, and by him not caring, I was just broken. I said fuck it then. I never made it to that program.

I had a "yard TV" a tv I bought from an inmate who was doing home TVs to us inmates. We almost a life line. Its hard to describe, but not only are they body sitters, but they give a connection to the real world. You cant imagine sitting in a prison cell 20 hours a day without a tv. Its just background noise at times, but that noise gets you out of the dark thoughts that keep up on you in the silence. It blocks the noise of other inmates screaming, rapping, pounding etc. When your detached from the world, prison never overwhelms your soul and mind, it becomes an mt. Sure you can read a book, or draw or what ever, but your acutely aware of being in prison. You dont focus on rehabilitation, you focus on all your lost and your lost family and life, and the fucked up prison your in. Just seeing people on tv, a commercial even, being humans, not in blue or green, that takes the burden off watching some shit garbage like Modern Family, it keeps you out of thinking EVERYBODY is a piece of shit with ulterior motives of scandalous nature as all inmates are. I could go on and on and on, but my points made.

So I bought a yard tv, because I can not purchase one for my own account for various reasons one being financial. I had an acquaintance (I have zero friends) that had his property "killed up". The cops took it or whatever reason. He too had a "yard" tv. It wasnt on his property card either. We both had our names engraved into the tv, but I did my own, I uh - engraved the previous guys name, opened the security screws and pulled out the serial number stickers I replaced the stickers with very good counter fit I made, that did not convolute to anybody.

I had that ^{C.O. # 13} TV for a year, I didn't
however, have it listed on my property card.
So this disappointment, Joe, his TV was seized.
After a few weeks Joe came back with the TV
enraged with his name I was in shock. He
said Linberg also put it on his property file
so it was officially his TV. He said all he did
was be honest with Linberg. So I spent 2
months in an internal struggle of deciding
to ask to get "my" TV (put on my card)
one day I went to Property. I told Linberg the
my TV broke and that I opened it to solder
in a new fuse. I said I had to take the
security seal off, the tamper evident seal I
asked if he could do anything for me, imply
put a new seal. He said he could. I said to
him, honestly, it is not "officially" my TV
I told him I bought it for \$50 from a guy
who went home. I said I engraved my
name in it and put a counterfeit serial number
in it. He joked saying now he can seize it. I
said I'd bring it down if he wanted to
confiscate it, that its in my cell and he
can go get it. I said that because I figured
him to do the C.O. thing, and take it
even though I hoped he would be a compassionate
human being. He said bring it down and
don't worry, he would help me. So, against my
better judgment I took it to him. He said
I'll get it back. Two weeks later
and he never gave it back. That's what I
get for trusting and having faith in a C.O.
So I found the nicotine cartridges a few
days after and was hoping to use them as
leverage to get "my" TV back, that brings
is full circle. Explains my hatred of C.O.s. He
could have just been honest and said I was bur
and he took it, at least then it would not
be such a slap in my face, make me feel
stupid. So because of how these "people" these
C.O.s are such liars, I'm gonna be honest

C.C.W #3
just to spite them. I want to lie, so
sads to say Lintberg was the one who
gave me the cartridges, to say he gave
me drugs or a phone, etc, but my honesty,
the honesty of a 28 year old criminal fuck
is spite enough not just to him, but to
all NNCC employees because I can go to sleep
sorry in knowing that I may be a thief, I
may be a criminal, and I occasionally will lie
but I am not a tyrant, or a C.E. which
to me is worse than a child molester
or a murderer. I want to be a habitual liar
who thrives off this their infliction of
wisery of another human being. I look
at myself, and know, I break laws and rules,
I am not a criminal and have harmed
people, but I try and do what's humane and
human. Sometimes there's gray in what's right
and wrong, sometimes what's right or humane
isn't exactly allowed or legal. It's like if someone
is a child molester, a sick, depraved individual and
they get hurt, I don't believe that is wrong.
I want to be the one to do it, but you see
my thinking and how it's grey.

Anyways, you can put this in your
investigation #10 I would love to take a
polygraph on any of this or any thing.
A Co smuggled in nicotine/tobacco
products on to LCC yard. Nicotine is highly
poisonous in concentrated form. What else
are they doing, how big is that security
breach? All good questions.

Trent J. Henrickson
#1150845 NNCC 12/25/18
Sworn Statement
Under Penalty of Perjury: Pursuant to
NRS 208.165
9. of 15

C.C.O # 3

For the record - T did the "right thing" by telling the truth, even if I did have ulterior motives. So with me being the right thing - I was put in Administrative Segregation, the hole, as in reality it's known as "hole" my property "collected up" by a C.O. (Spinezza) whom I lost my beard trimmers and radio. There was a significant amount of property in my cell house that was NOT on my property sheet. I was not present for inventory. That's a very common NDAC practice, for a C.O. to "roll up" an inmates property and leave items in the cell or more common even, to make legitimate property as altered or hobbycraft and in violation of Policy, throw it away right there. I had \$100 in hobbycraft, thrown away as well as the \$5 tax it was in, once again in violation of Policy. I was clutching a uricam to send to my baby cousin for Christmas, and a few beanie's to send to my family. I have been locked down for almost two weeks, and transferred to a different prison. I have had extremely limited access to a telephone. I could not call my family on Christmas or my mother on her birth day. I was threatened with write ups, and told I blackmailed a C.O. into bringing me in contraband if that I bribed a C.O. into bringing me in contraband with my thousands of dollars in debt. There is a reason inmates do not do "the right thing"; Actually many reasons.

2. C. ① of #3

Again, I did not start my sentence with this cynicism and contempt. It was years of the systematic cruelty and spanny of NDOC and employees that corrodes my mind, heart, and soul. Years of oppression washing like (tsunamis) waves upon me that turned me into a subject fitting for my punishment. By my long suffering my nerves have been so frayed that now I tremble at the sight of another human.

I have had zero rehabilitation and minimal contact with people. I do not like crowds and I have a negative balance of respect for any person in a position of power over myself or anybody. I have within me this raw visceral hatred for my species species that weighs upon me every day. I am pretty sure I have PTSD, and I can not be around C.O.'s without getting panicked. I no longer desire even getting released, the torture that is being alone, being utterly alone, being hopeless and being in a cage, have been so abrasive that they deadened my nerves to the point where my numbness overpowers any seed of hope I once possess. My light at the end of the tunnel burnt out and my tunnel collapsed around me. I think that all hope for me was lost a long time ago and now I'm aimlessly playing out the string. I have 5 people in this entire world that I care about and 1 person that I can depend on. I have zero friends. Two people so far that I love have died and I didn't even get to say good

(11) of 150

C.C. ① of 3

I have two brothers and a step
sister that I don't know, and as
much as I want to know them, be-
cause I have an insidious feeling that it's
best to never meet them or be around.

I have turned, financially, my grandmother
over years, I have broken her heart time
and time again, just by being here.

I lost the only girl I ever have loved,
and I love the only girl I have lost.

I am selfish, I am unable to support
myself. I am dumb and know nothing
about anything "real life" I do not know
how to drive, I don't know anything about
mortgages or renting a house, I have never
owned, I can not possess a firearm. Getting
a job will be an uphill battle. I do not
have any trade skills, I do not have
any education past high school. I will leave
prison with \$200 and no place to go.

I will leave prison worse than I came
in, with a ten year old understanding of
life from the vantage of a 17 year old
delinquent. The only person I love, really, love,
the only person in my life who has always
been there for me might possibly die
before I get out. I haven't given her a
gift in 6 years I have missed 5 Christmases,
5 Birthdays, the birth of my brothers, my
ma's wedding, my grand father's dying
wishes in some shitty studio apartments.

I live in that, every day, every night.
Not a single person in this system cares
or has helped me help myself. That is
prison. The mentally ill, truly crazy.

People CC. ① of 3
locked in a cell 24/7
They get harassed by C.O.s, you can tell
when people are actually schizophrenic, and
I have seen a person eat his own shit
and punch himself in the face get
called a retard by staff and told he
should kill himself. If you ask to
speak to a ~~psychiatrist~~ psychologist, they
will just give you a sedative. They
hand out bullshit like buspar like candy.
If you misbehave, they label you a psych
patient inmate, they will chemically restrain
an inmate. They blur the line between
behavior problems and mental health matters.
I have witnessed C.O.s (PIV) throw
away mail, in coming and out going.
I have been called every name in the
book by C.O.s, faggot, bitch, child molester,
C, rat, etc. Filing a grievance is, honestly,
is ultimately pointless. Grievances are
always denied, no matter the validity.
Also the NDOC implemented a policy of one
grievance per week, which is ~~far~~ beyond
any understanding because there are so many
things that happen that should be addressed.
I had my visitation rights taken away
for 2 years for having a bottle of prune.
I have been found guilty of disciplinarys
that I was not invited to attend. C.O.s
will just note "refused," "refused to sign." The
NDOC systematically fucks over every body in
its system. There is a reason why there
are so many lawsuits and grievances
against the NDOC and its employees.

C.C. (1) of 2

Emergency grievances are routinely refused
by C.O.s until a person feels that they must do
something drastic to speak to a Sgt. or ~~Sgt.~~
supervisor. I would stake all my worldly
possessions, that statistically speaking, that is
a major percentage of why people start fires,
toed, etc. due to refusal by C.O.s of emergency
grievances which are also laughable.

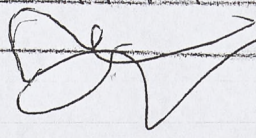
Also, I filed an emergency grievance
regarding the Nicotine cartridges I found in
C.C. Sgt or Lt. Clark told me "that I
shouldn't make allegations like that, because
we can't guarantee your safety, can't stop my
key from opening at 4:30 a.m." He said
"some of the C.O.s are friends and
if you say some thing about a guys
friend." The next day I was transferred
to NNCC. My inmate account has been
frozen for two years, unfrozen, and defroster
some times I think its not wired to a light
switch some where but its obvious to any
person that an inmates banking canteen
account is highly significant, so freezing
an account is very detrimental to an
inmate. Also, the Administrative Reconsti-
tutions, the Operational Procedures, they are
a fucking joke. I would bet my life the
1 out of 10 inmates, any inmates would
agree with that. Grievances up to case
workers, and wardens, An ADAC employee
is not going to oppose another ADAC
employee. Its reality and common sense
The A.R.s and C.P.s are all motivated to
obstruct grievances. Its all pointless.

Cell intercom ^{CC 1/3} speakers, also a joke
it's common practice for a C.O. to ignore
our intercom for hours and hours. Most of
the time you can look out of your cell and
see the C.O. just turn your speaker off. I
have seen C.O.s clear the whole board if
people mass press their buttons.

And, again, I am not ~~delusional~~ schizo-
phrenic, I do not hear voices or see things, I am
not psychotic, I am not bi-polar, I am
not depressed, I am not a psych patient, I
am not suicidal. I am angry, and
in the past, I have reacted to such anger
by acting out, as I have said. It was
childish to do such, but I am a human
being under stress and by nature have
been overwhelmed by my emotions. I write
this missive now to make an account of
the misery I have lived.

I would hope, as a human being
with just a little seed of empathy and
humanity, that I can spread this
account now in attempt to make life for
my fellow inmates, human beings, even
fractionally, less burdensome, in the MDC.
Because compassion and humanity, dignity
and empathy, are willed in the MDC's,
I am doing to spread this as far
and wide as I can, and hopefully
someone will be a siren.

Sworn Declaration under Penalty of
Perjury Pursuant to NRS 208.165
Trent Hennickson #1150845 12/25/18

 (15) of 15