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Hello, 9-18-19

You already have a signed permission slip from me. About a month ago I sent you a 30pg memoir entitled "Crime & Jurisprudence."
Did you get that?

Suicide by Cop
By Tom Kropp

Tom Kropp

I was 33 when I tried to commit suicide by cop. Police report enclosed. At the time I stood five foot seven but weighed 225 in muscle from a life long powerlifting hobby along with being a former Kenpo karate instructor that had been in many fights throughout my life in society and in prisons. I'd been to prison twice for a mixture of battery, witness intimidation, and endangering safety. It was situations where I was drunk and other people with records started trouble with me and then ran to the police and lied about what happened to make things sound worse than what actually happened.

At age 33 I was wanted on several felonies, including a felony battery to another guy with a record, drug possession charges, along with multiple bail jumpings and each charge carried up to ten years for me as a habitual criminal in Wisconsin facing class H felonies. I was working for cash doing construction and living on the South side of Milwaukee. I suffered from manic depression and there was a lot of nights that I thought my future was so bleak I should kill myself.

That night I walked out of my bar and was stopped in the parking lot by three cops. Two were quite tall and had beefy builds. The third was average sized. The biggest built one called me by name and told me I was under arrest as he slapped a cuff on my left wrist. In the next split second I decided that I'd rather die than meekly surrender to eternity in prison. I pivoted and punched the big cop cuffing me. The cuff snapped shut on his hand-wrist region, so we were cuffed together. My punch dropped that cop. The tallest cop tried a rear chokehold on me. I slipped his grip, nailing his neck with a backwards knifing elbow. I shoved aside the third cop while dragging the heaviest one as I bulldozed back for the bar. The trio hugged and hit me. When one grabbed at his gun, my hand grabbed over his and things got wilder because now we had bar patrons around us in the lot and through the bar as we brawled crossing concrete to wood floors. The cops couldn't start shooting with all the people around us like they were watching a wrestling

match. Back then cops didn't have tasers. They maced my face. Batons belted my body, lashed my limbs, and even [redacted] swatted my skull. Fists and feet flooded me with strikes and arms tried to wrap tight and get me down. Through it all the cop cuffed to me got up repeatedly, only to be knocked down again as I battled him and his buddies while blundering in our bar brawl. I blasted them back with swift kicks and flying fists along with nailing them with knees and elbows. I flipped one over my hip and stripped away one's club as he clobbered me with it. I actually started up the stairs still dragging the cop cuffed to me. I had a apt upstairs and planned to get in there or get shot trying. But a swarm of new cops showed up and monkey piled on me. Their combined strength and crushing weight smothered the breath and fight out of me. I was enraged that they hadn't just shot me dead like I wanted. Ironically it was the first time in my life I had actually started striking, kicking, hurting cops. The most I'd done in the past was resist [redacted] with some pushing and pulling resistance.

The battle had been a mutual bombardment of blows, holds, throws, and rolls, leaving all of us bloody and beaten up. All three cops had also accidentally maced each other and accidentally whacked each other with their fists, feet, and batons. Three of them all filed reports requesting the ADA charge me with felony battery to each of them.

Before going to jail they stopped at the hospital where the nurses were actually pretty evil to me. I couldn't talk, I could barely breathe through the mace burning my face and throat. I was seeing through irritated eyes gushing tears. I needed water and some eye flushing solution. But the nurses ignored me while they treated the cops, as did the doctor. I never looked at nurses or doctors the same way after that treatment.

I woke up the next day in jail with a cop handing me the criminal complaint against me. I was amazed to read all the ADA was charging me with was simple misdemeanor resisting arrest. I later learned all three cops had numerous complaints for using excessive force on both citizens and prisoners. The ADA was well aware of their history and that ADA saw photos of all our injuries. The club blows from their batons stood out quite vividly on my back, neck, and limbs, leaving lacerations and clear bruising patterns. The ADA believed that once again the three cops decided to beat

up a prisoner and finally they picked the wrong guy to try it with. The ADA was surprised how quickly I pled to the resisting charge before she could change her mind. Accepting the misdemeanor resisting charge insured they couldn't raise felony battery charges.

I was also surprised when I worked out a deal on my other charges that ended with me receiving two years in prison and three years extended supervision. I'd tried to commit suicide by cop because I was afraid I'd do at least 10-20 years. Instead I got five years.

It's bizarre that the one time I actually committed police battery I got away with it. But when I was younger I once pushed some prison guards and they lied claiming I'd punched them instead of pushed them. I ended up with 18 more months in prison for that. I guess karma came around for me on that bad break.

I'm 48 now and remain much the same physically and mentally. I try to stay on my psych meds because I still battle suicidal thoughts. Many days are so depressing I don't want to live. The smallest things can trigger my anger and make me ready to fight quite fast. I try to distract my mind reading and writing. I've been published in quite a few magazines. A play I wrote entitled "Jailhouse Confessions" was recently done at the Kennedy Center in Washington, DC on August 31st 2019, it received good reviews and there's now a book of it available on Amazon.

I've done some college courses in prison, completing computer basics and computer lit, along with keyboarding and occupational math. I try to distract my mind with what education I can apply myself to while stuck in prison. But every day is a new challenge where it's a small success if I go to sleep in my cage instead of being in the hole for another fight or aggressive stance with staff. I try to stay to myself and when I'm not doing my mental studies I'm lifting weights and working out. I live alone in a six by eight cage. Most guys here share cages that small, only my aggressive, highly hostile history entitle me to my own cage. I have a 13 inch TV, radio, fan, typewriter, and personal clothes and food I can buy with money my family sends me. I'm stuck in this cage 75% of the time. In max custody guys are kept cooped up except for stuff like rec, school, library, jobs, visits, showers and meals. But bad as population is, the hole is much worse. I have to remind myself of that every day that I stay here.

When I go to the hole I spend at least the first couple months without my electronics (TV et ect) or my books, clothes or food. Basically I have nothing except my legal work and writing supplies to pass the time in my little cage. I don't get to go anywhere. I just sit and stare at the walls constantly. The sheer boredom is horrifying. If I don't cause any problems then I gradually get my normal privileges back like electronics and other stuff until eventually I'm back in population. Many guys stay in seg for years because the isolation and lack of mental distractions, along with lack of human contact, drives them so nuts. Many of the guards that work in the hole get a thrill out of mistreating the guys and the prisoners end up throwing piss or shit on them like monkeys do at the Zoo to mean handlers.

I do my best to be the strong silent type. I greatly limit who I speak to. I quietly comply with rules and avoid having much interaction with cops. Most prisoners know to give me my space and we dwell in silence, knowing each other without words. On some occasions I still run into asshole prisoners, that's usually younger guys. But when I invite them to fight in a cell out of view of cops or cameras they usually walk away and don't speak to me again. Prison is full of bullies just like there used to be on schoolyards. Many of them choose to test the boundaries of the prisoners and staff surrounding them.

It's a slow torture existence where not a day goes by that I don't consider cutting my carotid artery or using my sheet for a neck tie. I feel stupid that I've lost so much of my life in prison and wish my mind was more normal. In all honesty if I'd known what the future held for me, I would have spared myself the misery.

In a couple more years I'll be free again. Rather than feeling excited about it I'm scared and depressed. I'd rather die than return to prison. But the wrong parole agent can destroy even the best efforts of parolees. I fear all my best efforts could be in vain and this existence have me again.

End