

They Spilled

My Tea

by

Danny Cherry



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I leaned over the side of Pendleton infirmary's hard, funky bed puking my guts out; Those incompetent dreeks did not have a clue what was wrong with me. My arms resembled those of hardcore IV drug users because of medical staff's many attempts to draw blood from me; Their miserable failure had my members covered in more tracks than Jesse Owen had ran throughout his Career. Nurse Susan had my medical chart visible to the multitude of other offenders traversing in and out of Urgent Care. It was quite obvious — prisoners were pointing, whispering, and giggling at me — that my secret was out. Rana, the Head nurse, confirmed all their suspicions by divulging my confidential medical status as soon as she arrived.

"That's the problem with you HIV people; You don't have an immune system; You get sick and nobody knows why." Rana knew that my HIV was inactive; I was a nonprogressor; my white blood cell count was always high, and my viral load was always low; I never got sick. Rana had violated my Health Information Protection Act rights, and there was nothing that I could do about it; I just rolled my eyes at that unethical hag, then vomited some more.



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St. Vincent Hospital's medical professionals had confirmed what was obviously quite evident; I was in excellent health. Their tests had only concluded that I was really dehydrated; A nurse was forced to draw blood from one of my arteries, because all my veins were shrivelled up. I was truly grateful that St. Vincent's nurses had a "two stick rule," and absolutely would not continue to try and draw my blood after two failed attempts. Pendleton's medical staff had zero professional integrity; They had made me their own personal pin cushion. My heart sank when St. Vincent's Clerk brought my release papers; I was on my way back to a cesspool full of dreeks.

Righteous indignation burned within me to the point of spontaneous combustion when I saw Case No. 1:15-cv-01766-SEB-TAB in The United States District Court Southern District of Indiana; Judge Sarah Evans Barker's 2016 decision had made my HIV positive status public record. The Federal court had violated my Federal right to confidentiality, and had given the entire world complete affirmation that I had HIV. I wrote the



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United States Supreme Court at once pleading for justice, but received no relief from those charged with the duty of providing it. The American Civil Liberties Union of Indiana did not help me after I sent them a petition via correspondence. None of the several letters that I sent directly to Judge Barker herself was replied back to me. Finally, out of absolute desperation I wrote President Donald Trump at the White House begging him to issue an executive order concealing my HIV status from the federal courts' public record; I most likely would have availed more, if I had sent it to Kris Kringle at the North Pole.