

Travis Kirkman

## Excerpts From My Journal

Dated

I already have a File!

3-16-18

Some bullshit went down again tonight. My nerves are so bad that I'm practically shaking right now. A little guy a few cells down was damn near beat half to death. When I discovered him, he was laying in a pool of his own blood. My first thought was that he was dead. Instinctly, I rushed to his aid.

This particular incident happened around eight o'clock this evening. At half-time, I decided to step out of the cell and as soon as I done so, my guy approached me and said that something happened to "Ears".

I inquired as to what happened and "JB" said that some Ft. Wayne niggas whooped him. "Did him bad," he said. "He's still layin' in there all fucked up."

So I looked over in the direction of Ears cell. The cell next to his had a lot of commotion out in front of it. Guys were peeking inside the dark cell and immediately cutting out. Something told me not to, but I walked over and glanced inside myself.

That's when I seen Ears laying beside the toilet. A huge pool of blood covered the floor around his head area. I knew right away that this guy needed help. I couldn't believe that so many others had just left him there to bleed to death.

I immediately ran and grabbed some towels and I ripped up an old jumpsuit in order to make a tourniquet. As I rushed around inside my cell, something struck me and made me



stop and think about what I was doing. I immediately began to worry that maybe people thought I ran inside my cell to alert the police or something. The thought of this made me exit my cell in order to avoid that scenario all together.

Without wasting another minute, I quickly made my way to the cell in which Ears was laying in, and I entered it.

All was dark except for an eerie glow from the tv. As music blared over the music channel, I assessed the sight before me. It was worse than what I first expected. Horror overcame me and as I stared wide eyed down upon this unconscious victim before me, all kind of thoughts began to run through my mind.

However, only one ran through my mind more obvious than most. The fact that this man needed medical attention and that the police needed to be alerted.

As I scanned all the blood and Ears' motionless body, I experienced stress on a level that I had never felt before. I was now caught up in this shit and I should of known better. I should have just done like everyone else... Kept walking...

I wanted to hit the button! Everything in my soul was telling me to do so...



But then I would be a snitch... Maybe I would even be charged or something... Obviously time was of the essence, and I needed to do something quick.

At that moment, Ears began to stir around. This caught my attention and I squatted down and helped him set up. As soon as he put his back to the toilet, I went into shock. His poor face was beat to the point that the poor kid was unrecognizable. His eyes were swollen shut and his ears looked like cauliflower. Especially his right ear. It was literally black and it appeared to be bleeding.

As I continued to examine him, I began to speak to Ears. Eventhough he was incoherent, I let him know it was me and that I was there to help. It was obvious that there wasn't much I could do, but now I was fully involved.

As I placed a towel on his head to help stop the bleeding, one of Ears' friends entered the cell, and I instructed him to begin cleaning up the blood. As he done so, I talked to Ears and tried to figure out who done this to him. While I examined all the swelling going on to the extremities of his head, he said "they got me good" and made an attempt at humor.



But this was no laughing matter. I was worried that he had internal bleeding going on. It also appeared that he ~~had an internal bleeding going on~~ may have had some swelling of the brain. His eyes were actually beginning to extrude outside of his head.

I couldn't do it any longer. I could no longer let this kid sit around and die. I had to get him some help. So I exited the cell and sought the individuals responsible!

I told them like this. You guys have one of two options to choose from. Let that guy lay in there and die, or alert the police and get him the medical attention he needs.

The response was that I could do whatever was needed as long as I got the dude up out of <sup>there</sup> ~~the~~ cell. Without wasting another second, I ran back to the cell and instructed the guy helping me that we needed to get Ears up out of here and take him to his cell.

Afterwards, I went and hit the intercom button. I let the pod officer know that we needed to see a floor officer right away. Finally the officer responded and I walked him to Ears cell. I could tell he was just as shocked



as I was upon seeing Ears.

The rest is history. The medical staff responded and Ears was Air lifted up out of here. As for those responsible, well, they all were tracked down and thrown in the hole.

Now were locked down and the police placed crime scene tape all around Ears cell. But Im worried because Im the one who helped Ears and Im also the guy who alerted the police. Im not sure how this is going to play out.

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