

An Excerpt From Journal
Dated Jan 20th 2020

First entry of the new year. Here in N Dorm. My bunk is still the same. A Mexican Surreno named "Diablo". I'm actually surprised by how well we get along. I think it may be due to a slight language barrier, however, I think I'm learning more Spanish than he is English.

We sit around watching the two Spanish channels on TV. It's hard not to with all the beautiful women that these particular channels are known for.

We just came off lockdown a few days ago. A female officer was attacked by a tattooed up, tall, skinny, older black guy, and as the trainee who was accompanying the senior white lady watched in horror, the only sense of safety & security, the barrier between her and them, was now fighting for her life. Instead of assisting the lady, the young trainee who was on her first day of the job, lacking experience and totally out of her element Froze.

She stood motionless as her supervisor struggled with the attacker. Even as the scene continued to unfold, there had to be a point in which both women realized the reality of the situation, and that they were on their own. Like a lamb lost amongst 100 wolves. Recreation was going on at the time and the dayroom was full of inmates.

So a crowd surrounded these two women and now the two were being separated as the inmate attacking the senior officers fury of punches caused the lady to back peddle into the Sally port where the dude quickly got her to the ground and continued to batter her with the same fury as he had when he first attacked. He seemed to be in a mad rage and all his blows to her caused damage.

It was all she could do. She bailed up as best as she could and remained that way until she suddenly reached for her belt. Now the inmate is standing overtop her and struggling to subdue her frantic and desperate attempt to stop him from un-clipping her mace canister. However, he managed to yank it away from her, at which point, she tried to maneuver away from him.

Wildly flustered kicking, she scooted backwards, but she quickly ran out of space. The Sally port is very narrow and as the inmate sprayed the Orange OC down upon her, she finally succumbed to the debilitating effects of the OC spray.

The scene was horrific, yet it only lasted one or two minutes, but it seemed to go on forever. Everyone was shocked by the sudden attack, and I can only imagine what that young lady was thinking at that very moment.

It was her first day. Second Shift... And at that moment, she became very vulnerable whether she realized it or not. Her lack of assistance may have saved her life. Had she done otherwise, and had she attempted to help her struggling co-worker whose life was on the line, she would of caused 100 sets of eyes to fall upon her, and its hard telling how many perverts, sex offenders, rapists, and such was in amongst the crowd she was standing amongst, under the stairs and out of camera shot.

Anything could of happened to her. Hell they could of dragged her inside a cell and locked the door behind them where we wouldnt be able to rescue her. I mean it was scary. Of course it was right after christmas, the facility was short staffed, and it took forever for backup to arrive.

Not to mention, she was clearly power trippin, The Senior C.O I mean. With a wide-eyed rookie, half her age following in hot pursuit and hanging on to her every word. She didnt waste no time letting her presence be felt. As the trainee lightened her superior ego, defiance was now interpreted as a shot taken personally and the entitlement her new found position bestowed upon her quickly developed holes.

Now she was on the definst, and petty issues were now escalating because she was scorned.

With OJT (on job trained) by her side, it was quickly apparent that she was unqualified for the duties she was assigned that evening. Each confrontation she created was like her competency was being called into question. Maybe she had talked a good game, obviously she had a rookie to impress. Nothing was left unchallenged.

Within 1 hour into her shift, her presence here in N Dorm had turned a quiet humble evening into a hightened powder keg of toxic hostility which spread bad attitudes like a wild fire.

During this time of the year, emotions run high already. So she ended up confronting a particular individual in which years of experience should of allowed her to easily save face and de-escalate the situation, but she wanted to make an impression upon her rookie and I'm sure there was also an underlying sense of needing to protect the young lady and putting off tough, in-control, vibes and also attempting to provide a sense of comfort, like a motherly protector.

Anyways, Nobody came to her aid. She made so many guys upset during her initial range check that out of 100 guys, nobody bothered to throw her a life raft.

I on the otherhand was on the top range, and by the time I realized what was going on, it was too late to react. I have heard that she suffered a broken nose and most likely a bruised eye.

But the Custody Supervisor should of been fired for the role he played. Neither of those women should of worked this cellhouse and it was opparant that the senior C.O was out of her element right away by the way she was talking to us as if we were level one inmates about to go home.

This is one of the most violent Cellhouses and she didnt have a clue. Her behavior placed a young lady in danger and the situation could of spiraled out of control. As for the Rookie? Never seen her again...