

I WAKE UP BETWEEN 2 AND 3 A.M. I WASH MY FACE, BRUSH MY TEETH AND COMB MY HAIR. AS I WAIT FOR DRINKS (HOT CHICKORY AND WATERED DOWN JUICE) I USUALLY WRITE OR READ. ONCE THE DRINKS ARE PASSED, I MIX A SHOT OF INSTANT COFFEE WITH THE CHICKORY. THIS IS MY PRE-WORKOUT.

I AM AN INMATE AT HUTCHINSON CORRECTIONAL FACILITY, CENTRAL UNIT (MAX CUSTODY) WHICH IS LOCATED IN HUTCHINSON KANSAS. I AM CURRENTLY IN SEGREGATION IN A2 CELLHOUSE, CELL 215. MY NAME IS RANDALL S. WARD, K.D.O.C # 107435. I HAVE BEEN IN THIS FACILITY FOR OVER FIVE YEARS (DECEMBER 1, 2014).

I WANT TO SHARE MY EXPERIENCES HERE OVER THE LAST FIVE YEARS. I WILL BE HONEST AND TRY TO BE AS ACCURATE AS POSSIBLE IN THE TELLING OF THESE EXPERIENCES. SOME (ONE IN PARTICULAR) OF MY EXPERIENCES, I WILL HAVE TO LEAVE OUT BECAUSE THEY'RE SO UNBELIEVABLE, THAT YOU WILL MOST CERTAINLY WRITE ME OFF AS A LIAR. I AM NOT TELLING THIS STORY TO BE REWARDED (I WILL MOST LIKELY BE PUNISHED), OR TO GET ANYBODY IN TROUBLE. THEREFORE, I WILL LEAVE OUT NAMES, AND WILL NOT BE OFFERING PROOF OF ANY KIND. THIS IS AN ACCOUNT OF MY EXPERIENCES AND OPINIONS.

THE FIRST THING I WOULD LIKE TO POINT OUT IS THE CELL CONDITIONS. THEY ARE VERY SMALL, UNDER REGULATION SIZE, BUT HAVE BEEN 'GRANDFATHERED' IN AS THEY SAY. THERE IS ALSO NO WORKING VENTILATION SYSTEM IN THE CELLS. THIS FACILITY IS OVER 100 YEARS OLD. THERE ARE LAYERS AND LAYERS OF PAINT, SOME I ASSUME, ARE LEAD BASED. WE HAVE CONSTANT PROBLEMS WITH THE PLUMBING. HAVING NO RUNNING WATER ALL DAY IS A COMMON OCCURENCE.

WHILE I SIP MY PRE-WORKOUT COFFEE, I TIDY UP MY CELL AND ROLL MY MAT UP, SO I CAN STUFF IT UNDER THE BACK SHELF ON TOP OF THE BOX THAT HOLDS MY HYGIENE AND BOOKS. THIS LEAVES THE CONCRETE SLAB, THAT SERVES AS MY BED, OPEN TO WORKOUT ON. I THEN DO BURPEES AND CALISTHENICS UNTIL I HEAR THE MEALS ON WHEELS ROLL UP. NEXT, I TAKE A BIRD BATH AND PUT ON FRESH CLOTHES THAT ARE CONSIDERED CONTRABAND, PUT MY BED BACK TOGETHER AND

get ready to eat. I KNOW you're THINKING clothes? CONTRABAND? WHAT the . . .? Let me explain.

"Here AT HUTCH we enforce the petty," A direct quote FROM A UNIT TEAM COUNSELLOR. A UNIT TEAM COUNSELLOR IS s'posed TO be IN place TO help the INMATES ON their caseload. Now, there ARE A few THAT do just THAT, BUT I would say ABOUT 95% OF them ARE MORE WORRIED ABOUT hindering you AND punishing you. I had ONE UT tell me THAT he had INMATES ON his 'payroll' AS CONFIDENTIAL INFORMANTS. A story I will tell later.

AT THIS FACILITY the 'STAFF' ARE ALWAYS coming up WITH NEW AND INVENTIVE ways TO MAKE OUR lives MISERABLE, AND THEIR jobs POINTLESSLY harder. ONE OF the NEW ones IS the LAUNDRY IN segregation. When you go TO seg they CONFISCATE ALL OUR WHITES (boxers, socks), Oh AND towels. We ARE THEN ONLY allowed TO exchange boxers AND socks (one for one) AT shower TIME ON shower days which we get 3 TIMES A WEEK. We ARE ALSO provided A shirt. We ARE allowed TO use A towel TO dry OFF WITH, BUT NOT allowed TO TAKE back TO OUR rooms. How ARE you THEN s'posed TO dry your hands AND face AFTER washing? I do NOT follow such petty rules. IT IS A CONSTANT battle.

Speaking OF plumbing problems...

LAST NIGHT I WAS laying IN bed AND I STARTED TO smell something FUNKY, so I look AROUND AND see THAT my TOILET IS bubbling up WITH dirty WATER. I see IT'S gonna overflow, so I hurry up AND flush the TOILET AND snatch my boxes OFF the floor. IN my mad dash TO save my boxes OF property, A corner OF my BLANKET Falls OFF the bed AND IS hanging IN the WATER. IM ON my knees IN my bed AND my FIRST REACTION IS TO snatch the blanket OUT OF the WATER AND the wet corner SMACKS me right IN the FACE. Now IM mad. I proceed TO scrub my FACE WITH ANTI-BACTERIAL soap WHILE WATER CONTINUES TO pump OUT OF the TOILET, ACROSS my FLOOR AND ONTO the FUN creating A WATER Fall (I'm ON the second tier). I then yell FOR the CO TO

SHUT MY WATER OFF AND CALL THE PLUMBER. I WAIT PATIENTLY FOR THE PLUMBER TO FIX THE PROBLEM. I ASK THE CO FOR CLEANING SUPPLIES AND THEY SAY TO HOLD ON. I WAIT ROUGHLY ONE HOUR AFTER ASKING SEVERAL TIMES FOR CLEANING SUPPLIES. NOW I'M YELLING BECAUSE NOBODY WILL ANSWER ME. THE CO YELLS BACK "WE DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!" SO NOW I LOSE IT, AND I YELL, "IT'S COMMON SENSE, BRING ME SOME F***** CLEANING SUPPLIES. I NEED A SQUEEGEE, A MOP, AND SOME BLEACH, OR MOVE ME THE F*** OUTTA THIS CELL." I GUESS COMMON SENSE AIN'T SO COMMON AROUND HERE.

I'VE BEEN FIGHTING A "PROPERTY BATTLE" FOR THE LAST FEW YEARS. EVERYTIME MY PROPERTY IS HANDLED BY THE CO'S, THINGS COME UP MISSING. HYGIENE, FOOD, FANS, SWEATPANTS, SHORTS, SHOES, PERSONAL SHIRTS, TVS, RADIOS, STAMPS, WHATEVER THEY CAN GET THEIR HANDS ON. EVERY YEAR THEY TAKE AT LEAST ONE FAN FROM ME WHICH COSTS \$30.00. WE HAVE NO A/C, SO A FAN IS ESSENTIAL IN THE SUMMER. IT'S COMMON TO SEE THREE OR FOUR INMATE'S FANS GOING FULL BLAST IN THE CO'S OFFICE. YOU USED TO BE ABLE TO WIN PROPERTY CLAIMS. NOW THEY FIND ANY REASON TO DENY OUR CLAIMS, EVEN WHEN THEY'RE CLEARLY NEGLIGABLE. IT'S A REAL PROBLEM, YOU CAN'T TALK TO TWO INMATES WITHOUT AT LEAST ONE OF THEM (USUALLY BOTH) HAVING THE SAME PROBLEM.

IN JULY OF 2016 I WAS ASSAULTED BY A CO. HERE THEY LIKE TO GET YOU IN HANDCUFFS AND BEAT ON YOU. THE INCIDENT WAS COVERED UP. THE CAMERAS ONLY WORK WHEN AN INMATE IS AT FAULT. IN FEBRUARY OF 2018 I REFUSED A TRANSFER AND TWO BLACKSUITS AND A CAPTAIN (WITH A TASER) CUFFED ME UP. ONCE I WAS IN CUFFS I WAS DRAGGED OUTSIDE (KICKING AND SCREAMING). AT THIS POINT THEY PUT ME ON THE GROUND AND HELD ME DOWN WHILE THEY CAUGHT THEIR BREATH. THEN THEY GRABBED ME UNDER MY ARMS AND FROG MARCHED ME ALL THE WAY DOWN THE SIDEWALK, AROUND THE CORNER AND INTO A3'D. ONCE THEY GOT ME IN A3'D, THE CAPTAIN TASERED ME IN THE NUTS AND MORE BLACKSUITS JOINED THE FUN. THEY THEN TOOK ME TO A STRIPOUT CAGE AND SLAMMED ME ON MY FACE. AT THIS POINT TWO BLACKSUITS ARE STANDING ON MY LEGS,