

Alley Cat Scraps

by

Danny Cherry

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The fear that seized me when I awoke to see the horrifying dreadlocked-prisoner- [REDACTED] towering over me nearly cost me my virtue. He pounced on my prostrated body as I lay helpless in my cell; [REDACTED] in [REDACTED]-cellhouse. The carnivorous [REDACTED] tore at my fleshy thighs - His penis protruded like "a dog with that little pink thing hanging out." I fought [REDACTED] with all my might, yet still could not overcome him. Even though [REDACTED] was of a smaller build than I, he had the physical strength of an Olympian.

I was completely exhausted - I struggled against the predacious sicko [REDACTED] for what seemed like an eternity. If [REDACTED] wanted my boy-pussy, he would have to fuck my dead body after having killed me, because [REDACTED] had no chance whilst I yet lived; I was no easy prey. Despite having tried and failed to wound [REDACTED] via his genitals, I did afterwards what every wild girl always did in a scrimmage; I started pulling

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his hair. As soon as I ripped out two of [redacted]'s dreadlocks, his frenzied attack was neutralized. I sprang to my feet at once, clawing at him for dear life. That piece de résistance cleared a path to my cell's opened door; my fleeing anatomy embraced its liberating boon.

Reality set in—along with the freezing cold—as I stormed into the pitch-black morning. If I told officers outside “monitoring and controlling offenders” returning from breakfast, they would place me in “protective custody.” It was in [redacted] cellhouse—the pigsty that I would never put my worst enemy in. The earth's cloak of darkness afforded me enough time to apply a mask of scornful condescension; that disguised my terrified countenance. Officer [redacted] and Officer [redacted] [redacted] received the full force of my verbal bitchiness.

Offender [redacted] summoned everyone whom he could—They rallied in an attempt to recover his locks. I mailed them to the Indiana Department of Correction's

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Central office requesting the hairs' deoxyribonucleic acid be compared to "CODUS"—The national Criminals' DNA database. The call I placed to my friend [REDACTED], led her to call my mother. My mother's importunate calls to Pendleton's lieutenant who supervised that shift resulted in a meeting with case worker [REDACTED] as soon as he arrived, we met in his office. Mr. [REDACTED] e-mailed his supervisor—the Unit Team Manager—who had me relocated by evening count. All Pendleton's staff knew was that dozens of the facility's [REDACTED] cellhouse offenders were united to hurt, or kill me. They did not have the slightest inkling of what truly happened; and I was too self-conscious, too ashamed, too embarrassed to tell anyone at Pendleton what offender [REDACTED] tried, and almost succeeded in doing to me.