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Violence in prison is created by the administration for a few reasons. One is so they can keep the system congested and not have to use the parole system. Administration also gets a big kick out of inmates hurting each other. I've witnessed first hand how much the system loves violence, and how far they are willing to go to keep it up. I will give you one of my experiences that happened to me, and you decide if the system is seeking more violence.

One morning after six am the heavy steel door that restricted me from leaving my cell began to slowly roll open. This was a very unnormal thing because I was never allowed to leave my segregated cell location without being in handcuffs. I had been in solitary confinement for over three weeks due to an investigation launched by administration for something that didn't make any sense. Shortly after my door was rolled I heard a mixture of screams, keys, and a non stop verbal war between a guard and an inmate. I already knew something had went on due to the prisons panic siren that went off prior to this point. I also knew that my little homies was planning an attack on our rival gang in the near future due to their attempt to take over what we had going on at that time. This war had been going on years before I had gotten there, but the violence had sky rocketed through the roof over the past year.

When the inmate was thrown into my cell I couldn't believe my eyes. It was the leader of my rival gang screaming out in pure agony because he had just been pepper sprayed. This was the same man that had been going fit for fat with me in a war that seemed like it would never end. Even administration knew of our beef and hatred towards one another; so why would they put us in the same cell? My answer appeared on the face of the guard as he winked at

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me right before the door slid closed. Right after that all of the empty cells were now being filled with the inmates that had engaged in the breakfast riot. As I looked at the man try to find his way to the sink leaving traces of blood everywhere, I quickly retrieved my shank (a home made prison knife) from under my pillow for my safety. I didn't know what the guy was going to try to do once he realized who he was in the cell with. The man in front of me was almost unidentifiable. His face was brutally beaten almost beyond recognition. Knits were still forming on his head right before my eyes. It was burned in my brain to go ahead and finish him before he makes an attempt on my life. "Looks like my little homies served you well," I stated out of arrogance.

"Who are you, and who are your little homies?" He managed to say in between splashing water on his face. I let him know exactly who I was, and he informed me that my little homies didn't get a chance to lay one finger on him. He said it was the guards who had beaten him and then pepper sprayed him for his non compliance in the breakfast riot. My mind ran a thousand miles a minute, and my willingness to hurt another human being quickly began to vanish from my mind. I grabbed my left over carton of milk and poured it on the guy's face because that works better than water.

As I was helping the guy clean himself up, a ranking officer doubled back and rolled the door to my cell. He stepped inside and forcefully put the guy in hard cuffs, and told him that he would be back to haul him off to medical for treatment. The ranking officer then informed me to handle my business and that I don't need to thank him for the special delivery. Although I was disgusted with the guard, I pretended to go

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along with his plan. As soon as the guard had left I let my ex-riotal know what the guard had whispered to me before he left. My new cellmate's response was epic. He said that he had been catching hell for the past two weeks after he filed a grievance against the unit's major. Right then and there we squashed the beef and vowed to force our home boys to do the same.

When the ranking officer returned he was outraged that no additional harm had been done to my cellmate. He let him out of the handcuffs, and then he promised to return with more guards to beat us both to death. Soon as he left, me and my cellmate began preparing for the battle between us and whoever was coming to make an attempt on our lives. Thankfully the guard ~~did~~ didn't make good on his promise. The only other time that our door was rolled that day was when an older guy wheeled my cellmate's property in on a cart. Majority of his belongings had been destroyed by the guards.

Two days after the riot, everyone that was involved in the breakfast riot were let out for obvious reasons. It didn't take long for my homies, and my cellmate's homies to clash again. All they were doing was feeding the appetite of our insane overseers. I sent a ~~letter~~^{letter} to my homeboys calling for them to cease fire, and my cellmate did the same thing. He was a leader like myself and when he talked people would listen to what he had to say. It would have been total suicide and insane to keep fighting and stabbing one another all because we grew up believing in different things. The prison didn't want peace, they only wanted blood to be shed amongst us. I did my research, and I found out that the prison system was purposely

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Creating hostile environments to create serious acts of violence. The system didn't have any post release classes that would help us better ourselves once we returned to society. The only thing the prison system in Texas was good at, was enhancing our anger issues. We are housed in warehouse like barns with absolutely no air conditioning, and sometimes the temperatures would reach over one hundred degrees.

Over the next few weeks me and my cellmate created a plan to derail the train of violence. I was tired of being destructive towards anyone. Destruction no longer fed my narcissism. It was time to show my homies a new path of expression, a meaningful way of achieving realistic goals without hurting anyone. A path that emphasized knowledge of self and of kind while not requiring the dehumanization of anyone else. With nothing to do in the prison system, we all were paralyzed by lack of motivation.

Finally after weeks of being in solitary confinement, me and my cellmate "Billy" (I used that name because he is still at that unit) were released back to general population. We walked out of that two man cell strapped with a master plan. The first thing we did was talk to both of our homies. The next thing me and Billy did was raise a bunch of ~~money~~ commissary money. We did that by bringing in all the wealthy inmates together. Then we started our own basketball league. In order to have a chance to compete in the basketball tournaments you couldn't have any major write ups within the last thirty days. The key here was the commissary item that you would win. We ~~at~~ even fixed it up to where even if you didn't win, but you showed good

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sportsman ship, and good leadership then you would still earn something. Most inmates families gives up on them and don't send them any money once they're incarcerated, and the Texas prison system don't pay inmates for their work. So we created a way for ~~them~~ those without to earn a lot if they followed the rules. Word got out what we were doing and we earned more sponsors. We even had a few guards chip in. Shortly we expanded our sports leagues to football, soccer, softball, dominoes. We didn't tolerate any BS either. If you even cursed 3 times in one game then you could no longer be a part of any team. ~~After~~

After sports worked out well for us, we started having meetings in the gym twice a week. We called this "skills night". On these nights we would shift our focus to post release. You'd be surprised at the working skills inmates have. Each of us would teach a skill as best as we could, and we would talk about how to stay focused, and stay on track when we got out. We started getting support from different families and they would send us books to help us learn new trades. Everything in the prison was running smoothly.

An entire year went by with no violent behavior or riots, and the minor cases were at an all time low. We loved it but when administration found out, they were heated. Once they found out who was the masterminds behind the calmness of the prison, they threw 5 of us in solitary confinement. Each of us were threatened to be beaten and given a major case ~~of~~ ^{for} contraband that could get us more time in prison if we didn't stop the "good inmate" stuff and return back to the violence. There was no way that I was going

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to return to that old ^{monster.} ~~monster~~. We worked ~~too~~ hard to bring all races of "dangerous" criminals, together to do something positive. However the other four inmates ended up siding with the administration, ~~and~~ out of fear and they were let out of seg. Me on the other hand was shipped to another prison. I still keep up with that prison, and the violence is at an all time high. That is because that's what the administration wants.

P.S. I have over 10 years in the system ranging from juvenile, to state, and federal. I have plenty of stories that I look forward to sharing. May GOD bless you.

