

No Fun Allowed

Last night the ladies in 6-A at Fluvanna Correctional Center for Women, attempted to celebrate a birthday and Halloween, yet were met with a tremendous amount of opposition from the authorities. When we come together to promote peace and positivity, why must we be scrutinized and penalized? Would they not rather us be at peace?

No, they would not.

Instead it seems clear that this administration is very much in favor of negativity, strife, and destruction. They prefer to have us in a hostile environment, not conducive at all to rehabilitation and reformation. Why is that?

In an already chaotic climate, one would surmise

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that the officials should like to see us getting along well and having fun together.

However, quite the opposite is true. Each time we decide to gather together peacefully, as our rights permit, we are shut down. We were penalized as well, having our microwave removed from the housing unit. All of this, for what? We just wanted to have a little fun.

Prison is, on a daily basis, a struggle in itself. Sleeping at night only to wake up and realize you are still in prison weighs a person down mentally. Everyday is an uphill battle. We are constantly fighting. Fighting each other over the pettiest of circumstances. Fighting to mentally survive another day. Some are even still fighting

for their freedom. All we know to do is to fight to survive it. So when we can take a breath from the war, it means a lot.

There are not too many occasions that we can come together, actually get along, and have fun. We are women with too many hormones, attitudes and emotions. That alone is troublesome and difficult. But we tried to come together.

So as the music blared through the television, one miserable Corrections Officer entered the wing and saw our chairs set up in rows so that we could sit and watch our peeps perform their song of choice by their favorite star. This particular man is always rude to us, unless of course

you show him your flirtatious side. Then he is a totally different man. I think it is sad that the attention that some male guards get from the women here is all they get. And so they break in that limelight.

On that night, this officer came in and first said that the Watch Commander said our music was loud and people were dressed inappropriately in the dayroom area. This information came from the same officer who does not receive the sexual advances he would like. So we all knew that the information had been fabricated. By now we all know exactly what to expect from him. So this began the uproar and his call for assistance.

At this time we were

fixed up, naturally. In walks a captain and a lieutenant, two of the neatest and most disrespectful ones, I might add. It just happened to be their shift that night unfortunately.

In their steely faces already upturned and minds made up that we were not going to have any fun this particular night. No. Not on their shift. Back and forth we argue, with them missing our point, of course. Determined before they even got down here that we would not have our party and would be penalized should we oppose, we gave them exactly what they wanted, as usual, so they unplugged our microwave and sent us all to our cells for a short while. Why is it that even when

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they are wrong, they are right? How unfair and unjust when they are some of the biggest liars and most scandalous individuals roaming these grounds!

Edgewood has always been known for corruption. This much is true.

In an already dreary place, sometimes we try to make it a little more lively so we can smile. Are we not entitled to feel human from time to time? Or are we always to act as the animals in which they treat us?

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