

(1)

I'd like to first state I choose to publish all works under my full, birth-name.

I've personally seen people ganged-up on by six or more officers in riot gear — one person, one inmate, by six officers in gear — and three administrators, spraying mace, using custom-built door-locks to be sure the single inmate couldn't escape (to where cameras could see him), then afterwards cutting him, stomping his face as their co-workers held him, others spraying him while he lay still, being stomped, held down, in hand-cuffs behind his back.

All he did was talk shit to them.

There's a special form of retaliation for those who bring outside attention to their depravity. To those who expose these disgustingly-petty, weak people who maliciously attack inmates — because they're taking-out frustration for other places in life they've been failures in....

or otherwise lack.

(2)

I'm aware of many more reasons for the people who are poisoned by becoming employees, including some really good people I've watched slowly so-- as their bosses continually torture them, and abuse them — while they spoon-feed accepted or applaudable behaviors...

I've seen officers get promoted to "ranking" positions, after they started fights with inmates — sickly wrong, or rightfully instigated — and it resulted in physical altercations or "the team" being "suited-up" to assault one single inmate.

They were promoted because they abused people.

Once, my whole wing was threatened with chemical weapons, and riot-gear wearing groups of employees, because one inmate, inside his cell, was crying aloud for help.

After we were locked into our cells, we heard him beg over and over to see "psych" — to get "help". The officer in-charge continued to call

him a "bitch", and other ⁽³⁾ wife tell him how he was essentially weak, shameful, and even heard the employee call the begging man "embarrassing", saying his begging was "disgusting".

Then we listened as he kicked the inmate, and heard gut-wrenching sounds coming from the inmate, obviously he was being kicked in the stomach...

I can go on and on about what I've witnessed, and how I personally have been targeted, but, this is intended as an introduction of sorts.

I'm unfortunately venting a bit here, and am therefore being inarticulate, sloppy, and less legible to you.

I've spent over three years trying to find out how I can make money, and be able to maintain a bank account.

I'm not a coward, and my awareness of real deprivation that may come to me for these words you may not feel — as they want try to put you in

(4)
a housing area where they paid inmates in a specific
gangs to send fifteen or more people at once, to
try and rape you into submission.

They want stop any person from trying to commu-
nicate with you, other than those affiliated with the
prison - staff directly, composing an intricate net of
mental, physical, and emotional isolation.

They want feed you a "food-loaf", telling you to kneel
down, or you won't eat at all.

They want come disconnect your electricity, or water.
No flushing your toilet, no drinking water. 24/7 inside your
bathroom.

They want lie to you loved ones, telling them you told
them "never to come see you again", or force letters
in similar handwriting to yours - telling those who's
letters they hold whatever lies they want.

They want come in your house, and take every
piece of cloth you own, and leave you naked for three

months.

(5)

I was threatened to be held-down, and forcefully injected medication I did not want to take. After taking them, I lost the ability to move, or control my breathing.

I laid naked, after losing the ability to hold my pee, and was sweating with the effort it took to try not to drown, as I breathed through my nose, and the laxity of my muscles caused my airway to slump nearly closed. Sometimes, snot in my nasal cavities kept any air at all from coming through.

At breakfast, the officer threw my food at my prone, naked body on the floor, after cursing me out, saying how "stupid", and "fat" I was for some time.

I laid there for over 48-hours.

When a specific medical staff returned, he forced the prison employees to pick me up, saying "what's wrong with you?" to them as they lifted me into a wheel chair. He had me bathed, dried, injected with medicine

The seed would help, and slid into my bed, and tucked-in where I wouldn't roll-out, and fell the 2 feet to the floor...

At one point, I remember praying to god my last will, and honestly believing I'd die.

There's other instances exactly like that, but, as I said, this is an introduction.

My name is Christopher-Ryan Philman, and I live in one of the most lied-about, covered-up, continuation of humanity's most ashamedly continuous treatment of each other, in the united states of america.

I'll be writing more later, if I can survive the back-lash of them discovering I've done this. I welcome the challenge, as I stand for something I'll willingly die for... or be tortured, to provide for others... this idea... Freedom.