

Pork - Chopped

by

Danny Cherry

Pork-Chopped by Danny Cherry pg. 1

Shish-Kabob A la Lasco covered in red sauce had been Indiana State Prison's award winning dish in 2021; It seemed that swine could be served rare. Michigan City was on a whole nother level of savagery - Inhumanity's Summit. Merciless atrocities committed in their most brutal form were not as perplexing as the theological barbarians executing them. One minute they were devout followers of "Allah", "Yahweh", "Jesus"; The next, they were in duels to the death. Facility pigs were anatgous to real ones: Filthy, disgusting creatures. Wolves they breed for fighting, often turned on their handlers.

"Roman Coliseum" was my initial thought; but this was quickly disproven by Clandestinity. Knife wars were fought in cells, and in cellhouse-blindspots, rather than in the open. Logical inference: Custody staff were more expendable than offenders in dungeon. Minimal stop - nineteen dollars per hour - used to bait ruminant pachyderm into IDOC's slaughterhouses mingled with the farce of rank gave Custody - Sergeants, lieutenants, Captains - a false sense of invincibility. They were stupid, dull prey; Sport for prisoners. An outbreak of insanity had set in the mind of

Pork-Chopped by Danny Cherry pg. 2

The almost-murdered-Sergeant, who had foolishly returned to work in Michigan City. Neither his superior's slaying, nor his own brush with death had gained him insight, knowledge, or experience in human relations. Within just a few months, the Sergeant had become his old tyrannous self. He vehemently persecuted and cruelly oppressed ISP's prisoners in vindictive retribution for what one offender, no longer there, had done. Michigan City's bloodthirsty offenders let it be known how much they wished that he should have perished alongside the slain lieutenant. There existed a very real psychological block inside the minds of all facility staff, even mental health workers. They were trapped all day inside a maximum security prison full of murderers, rapists, and thieves; some with life-sentences, hundreds of years, or no less than half a century; most prisoners more armed than them, and banded into gangs could easily snuff out their lives, and yet prison staff butted onward; They were not mentally well in the least.