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It's That Simple.

This is currently transpiring on Augustus Correction Center, in Virginia.

The inmate populace has an order to give up their JP5 tablets, because they're now considered contraband. The Department of Corrections informed us, via a statement, in our pods. So we're forced to give them up, and in their place, we'll receive a JP6 tablet, that doesn't belong to us at all.

What is being stated is that they (JP6s) are loaners, that can be stripped at any time; the DOC desires control, and now they have it.

So we should be excited, right? Wrong. Why?

First off, think Black Friday — at the beginning. All those consumers wanting the best deal, no matter who they're to trample over.

OK, you have that image in your head, now consider one Kiosk for an inmate to download his tablet's content. You're given 20 minutes a session to send out an e-mail, upload your music (on average you get 100 songs at a time) and videogames. That doesn't seem bad... but the average pod houses 64 inmates.

Check this out: We were handed our tablets, while on an annual lockdown. So you're able to toy with your device, but not to the extent of uploading a song or two. 64 men.

Now we asked the major to allow one cell out at a time to use the Kiosk. He refused, offering us this: "You'll get your chance when the entire facility comes off; I gotta be fair."

Well, when we came off his 2 week long lockdown, all hell broke loose. It was a mad dash for the Kiosk; the line was longer than a new release for a Marvel movie.

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Everybody figured out the order, and waited; sometimes up to two hours. Still, we were gathering our content to escape the day to day of prison BS. But then something changed.

This is a level 3 facility. We get more freedom; both tiers have recreation together; from 6:30 AM to 11:00 PM, Monday to Thursday; Friday to Sunday, it's a few hours more... but that changed over night.

The higher-ups decided to limit our recreation. Now only one tier is allowed out, for an hour. So now more arguments sprout wings, and fly misery over our heads. Plus, since this occurred, an inmate in D-Building, nearly lost his life over a spot on the Kiosk.

This is the world of prison, but when you have people in place, making poor choices for us, violence will come. All of it could've been avoided if the prison allowed us to offer them feedback on what they wish to subject us to... in a sane world that could've occurred.

Prison is a place where I live, and what I'm noticing is that COVID-19, those in power and inmates that don't care, have made this a dangerous time for men and women like me.

We can't have a conversation with our building lieutenant, because he — a Black man — said, "I'm the slave master, and I'll crack the whip on you." This outburst came when a young inmate started arguing with him about his blackness.

So what can be done? Simple, we fight with our pens, and our voices. If we desire change, then it starts with self. Prison is a hellhole, of course, but men like Dr. King, Malcolm X, Wilbert Rideau and Chris Wilson showed that being quiet won't change a solitary thing.

A change will come, if we unite and form a plan of action to make things better. If not... that's not a question I wish to ponder.