

[Qawi]

My Name is [REDACTED] Prison Number is # [REDACTED].  
You don't know me but my friends call me Qawi, I'm from Memphis, TN  
but here I am in Texas in prison wherefore this is a short story  
about how I got here.... And what happen since I've been here.

A few years ago while at work, I got a phone call that change my  
life forever. My wife and daughter was killed in a car accident.  
A drunk driver ran the light and hit them head on. Their death left  
me a shell of the person I was. To say I was hurting would be  
an understatement. I was destroyed left a shell, empty.  
For weeks, I walked around looking for an escape. Seven times I found  
it but every time, I was nearly free some one seems to always be  
around to stop me. After seven attempts I got behind the wheel and  
put the city in the rearview. Didn't know where I was going just  
wanted to get away. At that time any place was better than home.  
Mentally I was dead death had created a chain of events that I  
wasn't capable of stopping which eventually led me here where I  
now sit for a crime I didn't do but here I sit where I vowed  
to never return. Guilty until proven innocent but even in here,  
I continue looking for an escape from the pain and memories. I was  
being force to carry but even in here I wasn't ~~freedom~~  
allowed freedom. eventually I was deem mentally insane and locked  
away inside a room inside a room. A prison inside a prison with  
nothing but me and the walls. It was there that I decided if I  
was gonna be force to live. It would be on my own terms. I pulled  
myself together enough to be release. From that day forward I worked  
stayed active day and night. in hopes of keeping my mind from wading  
back on all I've lost. Goal was to forget for it was too painful  
to remember. For months it seems as if all was well. Then one  
day while at work. officers on shift left and abandoned their  
duty post. leaving me on the prison wing where I wasn't suppose to  
have been left alone, but there I was alone. What happen?  
Well I was stab over nine times death had returned offering me  
the freedom that I had once so desperately craved. It was then  
that I realized that I didn't want to die. That moment a inmate  
came out of no where and stop the assault. Allowing me time to  
try and stop the bleeding. I wasn't able to but I didn't give up  
but then ~~neither~~ neither did my attackers they return to finish  
what they started but again they were stop.

Why was this inmate helping me. I never found out but if I had to guess. I'm say sympathetic. I was Allowed to live, after I had tried so damn hard Not to. Why? something else I didn't know Nor understood but I Vowed that day I'll do my best to try and restore what was left of my life. Thereafter the assault Nearly a hour later the officers Returned to their post to find me Covered in blood. upon seeing the Amount on me and the Floor. They quickly Call for Medical and backed up. Eventually I was Rushed to the hospital. There I found out my [HGB] Red blood cells ~~had~~ had drop from [13.2] to [4.1]. had the officers stayed gone any longer. I Would've bled out. When I Return to the prison I was locked up in solitary. until I could be transferred to another prison. Turns out the Guys that stab me was Gang members looking for a way off the unit because they had snitch on their so call brothers so they needed a way off before they were killed. Well they got moved And I got stitches wounds for life. After the fact I filed a complaint against the officers for abandoning their duty post. The Assault left me with Anemia even after over seventeen blood transfusions and countless of Iron infusions to the point I Refuse to take Any more. Call me Crazy. It's okay many do but I'm to the point where I Realize that it's gonna be what it's gonna be. Am I giving up? No but then neither was death. What do I mean? Well After the officers I Filed against found out. They started ~~Retaliating~~ Retaliating against me Resulting in a unnecessary and excessive use of Force. during which I was Gassed and beaten then left for dead inside the cell. Second Shift found me unconscious and yet again Rushed me back to the hospital. When I woke I was unable to move, told I had traumatic hematomas of the head from the beating which led to a breakthrough seizure that resulted in post-seizure paralysis leaving me wheel chair bound. A year and a half ago I was walking Now I'm a paraplegia All because I file a Complaint. This has been Seven years of ~~Real~~ hardship for me. How can somebody lose so much in Just seven years - I don't know. What happen to the officers Well they got Fire but Not for what they did to me. because they never Reported it. so they got Fire for beating another Inmate two weeks after me like me they left him inside his cell but Unlike me Nobody found him And he died. I'm told his family has filed a Suit As well As me but it's nothing the Courts could give me to cover All I've lost. There's no happy ending to this story in fact theres more but this is it for now until next time I'm accepting All prayers!