

Indiana State

Plantation

by

Danny Cherry

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I arrived at the Michigan City Plantation on April 14, 2021. After having experienced the customary degradation sine qua non for human mental enslavement, I was finally sent to the worst part of the camp: C-Cellhouse. In the months that followed, I was cycled through a series of pathogenic dungeons — [redacted] West, [redacted] East, [redacted] East — the last being devoid of a security chain. Michigan City's cages, unlike Penelton's which were opened and closed electronically, were manually unsecured and secured with keys. There were long bars above them

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to prevent their opening, however, once they were rolled away, prisoners had to use self-purchased combination locks to secure wall-chains around their doors.

The stench of ancient urine permeated from [redacted] East's toilet, and was only eclipsed by the stratum of pestilential filth covering its floor, walls, and bars. Although custody staff had had ample time to properly sanitize [redacted] East in compliance with policy, yet they had elected not to clean it, before moving me in the cell. Neither was I given any adequate supplies to effectively

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Neutralize the biohazardous threat
that was all-pervasive in [REDACTED] East.

My neighbor-in [REDACTED] West—expounded
the decade of horrors that he had
suffered in Indiana State Prison. I
suggested he write for the APWA, then
attempted to throw my collection description
to him, but it was confiscated by
the deputy warden, whom was walking
down the range. When she returned,
I spoke.

"Ma'am that isn't a kite: It's a collection
description of my published work; I'm a
writer and a linguist."

"So, I don't care." She said cruelly,
before leaving.