

Invisible  
Accomplishment

by

Danny Cherry

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None of my fellow erudites—other than my peers in the Department of East Asian Languages and Cultures at Indiana University—were aware of my linguistic achievement; that I had taught myself to read and write Chinese in the hell that was Pendleton Correctional Facility. Had I not Chosen to File my copy with the Clerk of the Marion Circuit Court on March 12, 2020, then there would not be any evidence of my success. The Facility's mailroom Supervisor never sent out the original correspondence in the postage-affixed envelope that I afforded her. Eventually, administration was able to deduce my persistent queries regarding the status of my academic correspondence would never halt; the Warden's Supervising

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Administrative assistant finally replied, "... it  
does not exist." I mailed her response to  
the court at once.

Jubilation permeated through my whole  
body, as I beheld the Marion Circuit  
Court clerk's seal and initials on a copy of  
my Chinese letter from Indiana  
University. It was a great consolation: The  
Court where I sought post conviction  
relief knew the truth. Pendleton's Saboteurs  
had failed to erase proof of my educational  
advancement. Many high-ranking IDOC  
employees from central office traversed  
G-cellhouse in feigned solidarity that day.  
An officer had been there brutally  
stabbed the prior day. While pushbrooming  
the range, Pendleton's Warden reached the  
front of my cell.

"Here is that nonexistent letter; You look

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better sweeping scoundrel; Carry-on!"  
I grinned impishly at him, as he  
grimaced, then proceeded.

Some envious blockheads in Indiana  
State Prison's C-Cellhouse had torn down  
the copy of my university letter. It was  
absolutely impossible for me to determine  
whether staff, or offenders, had done  
this jealous act. My decision to post a  
Chinese correspondence from Indiana's  
greatest center of learning in an uneducated  
Society induced implacable hatred, just  
like I had hypothesized; my experiment  
was a success. That night, I wrote a  
Chinese letter to the Chair in the Department  
of East Asian Languages and Literature at  
Yale University; I could taste the Ph.D. in  
my distant future; Yummy!