

Cruelty as

Usual Punishment

by

Danny Cherry

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The Crimson blood flowing from the gash in my head blinded me. Each blow produced light-flashes, as I lay on the floor of [REDACTED] Cellhouse saying, "nonviolence, nonviolence". There was the camera recording in real time; I imagined the investigators, Captains, and other high-ranking staff in Penitentiary were quite enjoying their live snuff film. They had bloodlusts akin to the Third Reich's. I was taken to the facility's infirmary, but denied medical treatment, after that second failed attempt on my life. Diabolically grinning as he entered medical, the corrupt investigator spoke.

"You really are Dr. King's heir." He mocked, then continued.

"You should've removed those essays like

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I commended; Look at you now!"

"I am not a nigger, or a horse, which means that I cannot be broken; I am a man!"

"You're just another prisoner!" He rebutted, while storming off.

It was impossible for me to understand why the officer had unsecured my cell, until the enormous-black offender entered, and began pummeling me. His powerful blows brought flashes of terrifying light. I cried out for help, then he started to strangle me; my eyes grew dark from asphyxia. In the faint glimmer of death, I saw the smiles of the innocent patients in St. Jude. Pinned on my back, I remembered that big cat on "Nat-Geo Wild". With all the strength that I could summon, after

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having raised my knees to my chest, I  
kicked my attacker with such force, he  
went backwards into the steel desk  
and cabinet; injured, He fled out of my  
cell. Half-conscious, I sought help.

It did not matter that I had identified  
the offender, who had both attacked me  
on June 19, 2020 and on July 8, 2020: He  
was never brought to justice. I, on the  
other hand, had been placed on "Hold  
Pending Investigation," then "Administrative  
Segregation" by the corrupt internal investigator  
at Pendleton. My greatly taxed lungs yearned  
for clean oxygen: Uncivilized offenders  
in [redacted] cellhouse - where I was being unmercifully  
held - set fires day and night in addition  
to assaulting staff and each other with  
bodily waste. I went to the fogged up  
mirror of my cell and beheld myself. "Look at me now!"