

An Excerpt From Journal
Dated Jan 20th 2020

First entry of the new year. Here in N Dorm. My bunk is still the same. A Mexican Surreno named "Diablo". I'm actually surprised by how well we get along. I think it may be due to a slight language barrier, however, I think I'm learning more Spanish than he is English.

We sit around watching the two Spanish channels on TV. It's hard not to with all the beautiful women that these particular channels are known for.

We just came off lockdown a few days ago. A female officer was attacked by a tattooed up, tall, skinny, older black guy, and as the trainee who was accompanying the senior white lady watched in horror, the only sense of safety & security, the barrier between her and them, was now fighting for her life. Instead of assisting the lady, the young trainee who was on her first day of the job, lacking experience and totally out of her element Froze.

She stood motionless as her supervisor struggled with the attacker. Even as the scene continued to unfold, there had to be a point in which both women realized the reality of the situation, and that they were on their own. Like a lamb lost amongst 100 wolves. Recreation was going on at the time and the dayroom was full of inmates.