

Events that led to RVR 6873029 7/1/2019
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RAPED BY INMATE, RE-RAPED BY CDCR: PREA in prison by Dorothy Maraglino

When you first arrive in any California Prison, you must attend a Prison Rape Elimination Act (PREA) orientation class. The facilitator tells you how lucky prisoners are to have this protection that was non-existent 10 years ago. Attendees each receive a professional handout outlining their rights. There is contacts name and law citation to prove how safe it is to report any violations. The key points are that you have the right to be taken seriously, to be protected, to be given medical and mental health services. If you must be segregated for your protection, you will be given a special status to ensure you have as many of your General Population rights. This special status includes phone calls to your family and access to as much of your property that can be given without risking the safety and security of the unit. What the literature does not tell you is that you must be labeled a "VICTIM" without any disciplinary action in order to receive this protection. The other important thing the literature does not tell you is that you are not considered a "victim" until the investigation unit completes their report which takes months. These investigators will tell you to your face they expect your claim to be a hoax or a waste of their time.

On June 18, 2019, I was sexually assaulted in what is considered one of the safest units at the Central California Women's Facility (CCWF). A respected member of the Inmate Advisory Council (IAC) and someone who had been in prison for over 20 years came Out-of-Bounds into my room while I slept. She held me face down against the mat. She kissed my neck and back. She escalated to sucking and biting. When she became more intense, she began to try and grab my breast. I pressed more deeply into the mattress as I fought to wake up. She could only reach the edges of my breast, which she bruised with her persistence. She tried to reach past the waist band of my shorts and I again pressed into the mattress to prevent her access. She grabbed my crotch through the outside of my shorts. It was then my roommate made her presence known and the attack stopped.

Something must have happened to my fight or flight. All I could do was press myself into a mat and try to minimize the assault. I did not call out, scream, or anything. This would later be used to cast doubt on what had happened to me. If I had let her consummate the rape or fought harder to sustain more injuries, the authorities might have acted.

At first, my attacker said she would be back and began to leave the room. She stopped a few steps away and said, "If you tell anyone, I won't know what you are talking about." With that final state, she left me lying face down with her saliva heavy on my back. That feeling of her saliva took a long time to fade. If I sweat on my back, I start to panic. The skin cannot seem to tell the difference between saliva and sweat. I can go days without thinking about the incident when that feeling tips me right back under her.

I wiped the saliva off my back with a nearby post-it paper. Beyond that, I could not seem to react. My roommate had left to shop and I was alone. My attacker had said she would be back. I sat in fear until my roommate returned. When I asked what she saw, she only saw the lady in my area, but did not know if I was awake or nor. I let her know that I had been asleep and what the lady had done to me.

My friend down the hall arrived back from her class around 11:30 a.m. I asked her to come to my door. After telling her what happened, I showed her my back. She touched each bruise and bite mark to I'd know what had been done. I still had slept less than two hours. My work hours were from 10pm - 6 am. I was discussed, tired, angry, dumbfounded, and a thousand other emotions. My roommate and friend both said they would watch out if I'd go get some sleep. My roommate helped me booby-trap the door with a mop stick. It would fall if anyone entered the room. I slept but woke every few minutes. At 3pm, I gave up.