

Correctional Officer<sup>2</sup> who was hungry for rank. It went like this, there was another prisoner that I always used to talk to. We used to exchange legal ideas and case law. This one particular day, while coming from the law library, I noticed his cell was being searched. I saw his sweat shirts, and lotion bottles flying out of the cell and landing on the floor of the range; so, I went down there to see what was happening. I was thinking that they had put him in the hole, and that the "Swamper" was in his room packing his belongings. As soon as I arrived just about in front of his cell I bumped eyes with the Correctional Officer. I realised at once that 1, it wasn't the "Swamper" in there; 2, that I would be ~~be~~ written a rule violation for what they call "Being in an unassigned area". When I saw the C.O. He stated, "Akbar, what are you doing down here?" I couldn't think of nothing to say, so I said, "This is my cousin's cell". The officer gave me ~~Writing direct~~ ~~order~~ order to leave the area, so I dispersed. I knew I would be re-

receiving a rule violation, but nothing could've prepared me for the shock that I was in for. This mentally unsanitized officer wrote bogus charges against me. He literally changed the entire situation up. He put in the violation that I entered the cell while he was in the cell (now, this is another prisoner's cell) and put my hands up in a combative manner and threatened to attack him. He went on to fabricate that he gave me several direct orders to leave the cell, and then I finally left ~~the~~ ~~left~~ the cell. I was eventually ~~given~~ ~~the~~ maximum possible sentence in the hole for this fabrication against me. Nothing close to this actually happened. And even though they had cameras on the range, the hearing officer (the people who act as judges) refused to review the camera! Why? Because they knew they would have to bust this dirty officer. I was eventually sent to this supermax prison as a result. This was 3 months later. Dec, 1999 - CC: