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FOUR DAYS IN THE TERRORIST CELL OF SHIRLEY MEDIUM

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Written By,

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## FOUR DAYS IN THE TERRORIST CELL OF SHIRLEY MEDIUM

### TERMS

Massachusetts Department of Correction,  
("DOC").....

Terrorist Cells.....

UMass Correctional Health, ("UMCH")....

Mental Health Management, ("MHM").....

Health Service Unit, ("HSU").....

Special Management Unit/Seg, ("SMU")...

### DEFINITIONS

Snake Head of the terrorist cells. An agency with no accountability for the actions of its' terrorist cells throughout Massachusetts, nor their individual terrorist operatives. Sanctioned by both the Federal & State governments, with both Federal and State Courts as their strong arm protectors.

Individual prisons throughout Massachusetts in which the DOC, UMass Correctional Health & Mental Health Management apply their terrorist acts.

A terrorist agency contracted by the DOC under the guise to provide medical care to inmates. In reality, its' main objective is to assist the DOC in terrorist activities. Sanctioned and afforded the same protections as the DOC.

A terrorist agency contracted by the DOC under the guise to provide mental health care to inmates. In reality, its' main objective is to assist the DOC in terrorist activities. Sanctioned and afforded the same protections as the DOC.

A designated cite within the terrorist cells where DOC, UMCH, & MHM hide inmates and apply their terrorist acts upon DOC inmates.

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## FOUR DAYS IN THE TERRORIST CELL OF SHIRLEY MEDIUM

### About The Author

Richard Nunes is a 46 year old inmate, i.e. captive, whom has approximately 25 years of experience existing within the DOC Terrorist Cells. He is infected with Human Immunodeficiency Virus, ("HIV"), and diagnosed with Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome, ("AIDS"). As a result of this terminal illness he has been repeatedly exposed to the physical and mental abusive Terrorist activities perpetrated by the DOC, UMCH, & MHM, within their HSUs, SMUs, and throughout DOC Terrorist Cells, in an effort to cause Nunes' demise. Nonetheless, Nunes refuses to die quietly, and is determined to expose the physical and mental abuses of the DOC Terrorist Network, and their Terrorist contract agencies for what they are...a plague on society in which hatred and anger fester and filter back into society as a result of the abuses of the captives' captors.

Prior to the events set forth below, Nunes was awaiting an early classification hearing in an attempt to be transferred to a less restrictive Terrorist Cell [Concord Minimum] where he would be allowed access to his life-sustaining HIV Medications as keep-on-person, ("KOP"). The Terrorist contract agency, UMCH, has falsified reports and information in which they state these life-sustaining HIV Medications will not be dispensed as KOP at any Terrorist Cell. However, Nunes learned through depositions in the Federal Law Suit; Nunes, et. al. Vs. UMCH, et. al., C.A. No. 1:10-cv-12013-RWZ, that UMCH is still allowing this life-sustaining HIV Medication as KOP at Terrorist Cell, Concord Minimum, due to it being beneficial to UMCH, with the inadvertant side-effect of its' benefit to the captives.

Whether Nunes will be successful in his attempt to be transferred to Terrorist Cell, Concord Minimum, and be able to receive his life-sustaining HIV Medications KOP, after the events set forth below, is yet to be determined. As well as the question of whether the Federal Judicail System will order the reinstatement of HIV Medications as KOP throughout the DOC Terrorist Cells, in light of the overwhelming facts that the courts are the strong arm protectors of the DOC. Therefore, hope is a passing flame.

### February 4, 2013

It was a raw, windy, and cold New England day. The sun was shining, although, the wind chill caused the temperature to dip into the single-digits. My plan for the afternoon was to go out to the yard and do my pull-ups. To go into the freezing cold for approximately 2 hours and repeatedly grab on to a freezing cold metal bar, one must be properly dressed in multiple layers of clothing.



#### FOUR DAYS IN THE TERRORIST CELL OF SHIRLEY MEDIUM

My ability and access to the yard, and pull-up exercise is vital to my survival. My pull-up regiment helps to keep my immune system strong and strengthens my upper body which I use to compensate for the weakness in my lower body as a result of multiple spinal injuries, and injuries to my left leg. In my routine I would do 12 sets of 20 pull-ups which would take me approximately an hour. I would walk for about 3 minutes between each set to let my heart rate slow down. After the pull-ups I would walk for about an hour. The fresh air and exercise would help to strengthen my immune system, help with the injuries, and keep me alive. However, today, [DOC Terrorist Operative, Correctional Officer Fournier], ("T/O Fournier") would stop my access to the yard and my ability to exercise and stay alive.

At most Terrorist Cells the captives have access to the afternoon yard daily. However, here at Terrorist Cell Shirley Medium the captives are only allowed afternoon yard access every-other-day. They have a 10-minute movement period in which the captives are expected to get from one destination to another. For example, to move from the Terrorist Cell Housing Unit to the yard. To fully understand this system one needs to have an idea of the area lay-out. The housing units consist of units A through F, and are all in a row. The yard and gym are at the end of housing unit F. The distance from housing unit A to the yard is approximately  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile. A-Unit is the furthest unit from the yard and gym. I was assigned housing within the Terrorist Housing Unit-A. Two points of note: 1. The Terrorist assign the frail, elderly, and those with serious medical ailments, some of which impede their ability to move at a normal pace, to Terrorist Housing Unit-A which is the furthest housing unit from the yard. And, 2. 10-minute movement is never 10 actual minutes at Terrorist Cell Shirley Medium. Rather, it is as long or short as the Terrorist Operative determine, at their whim. One can only deduce this is purposeful for the Terrorist mental and physical abuses upon its captives to deter the captives from fresh air, exercise, and cause psychological stress.

Nonetheless, on this day it was not a question of my inability to move quickly enough. Rather, it was a T/O Fournier's decision that he did not want to stand outside in the cold, and instead, chose to lock the yard gate early so that he could return to the warmth of the gym building and sit on his fat ass playing card games on the computer, bullshitting with other T/O via phone about a beer after a hard days Terrorist activities. T/O Fournier was assigned the difficult job of having to unlock and lock the yard gate during the 10-minute movement period. The taxpayers have paid a huge price in training T/O Fournier in his skill while he sucks on the taxpayer's tit for his pay-check. Yet, T/O Fournier failed in his difficult assignment. T/O Fournier has no fear or concern for his failure because he is fully aware that his master, the DOC has no accountability for the acts or actions of it's T/O, and that any harm to the captives will be suppressed by the government & judicial strong arm protectors.

#### FOUR DAYS IN THE TERRORIST CELL OF SHIRLEY MEDIUM

At approximately 1 P.M. the 10-minute movement was announced over the A-Unit P.A. System. I immediately headed out the door to go to the yard. As I was walking down the walk-way in front of F-Unit I could see T/O Fournier locking the yard gate prior to the end of the movement, and he was walking toward the gym building. There were at least 3 other captives heading toward the yard at this time. One of the individuals, Shawn Tanner, also saw T/O Fournier locking the yard gate early and heading toward the gym. Tanner whistled to get the attention of T/O Fournier and make him aware that there were still captives heading toward the yard. T/O Fournier heard Tanner's whistle, but ignored him. T/O Fournier went into the gym. I yelled over to several other captives that were heading into the gym and asked them to let T/O Fournier know that there were still captives trying to get into the yard, but the gate is locked. Again, T/O Fournier ignored our pleas to have the yard gate unlocked. We stood at the yard gate for several minutes while the movement was still taking place. This was apparent because we could see at least 40 other captives still walking down the walk-way and going into the gym, and other captives still walking down the walk-way and going into the school building. All the captives reached their destinations and the walk-way became empty except for the captives standing at the yard gate, still waiting for the gate to be unlocked, and several T/Os that were posted outside each housing unit.

The T/Os posted outside the F-Housing Unit yelled to us that the movement was over and we had to return to our housing unit. This early locking of the yard gate and leaving the captives to stand there until the movement is over, is just another way the T/O justify their harassment and psychological abuse, so they can say that the captives were in the wrong because they were on the walk-way after the movement. This is a common terrorist tactic used at Terrorist Cell Shirley Medium.

The captives standing at the locked yard gate proceeded to stay at the yard gate. The 2-T/O standing outside the F-Housing Unit proceeded to walk to the captives standing at the yard gate and tell us that we had to return to our housing units. A couple of the captives at the yard gate stated to the T/Os that we have been standing at the yard gate for several minutes while the movement was still taking place, however, T/O Fournier locked the yard gate early and because of that we couldn't get into the yard. One of the T/O was Carlson, and T/O Carlson proceeded to call T/O Fournier, via radio. T/O Fournier came out of the gym building walking aggressively toward the captives yelling that he's not a dog, and doesn't respond to being whistled at by inmates. Captive Tanner stated to T/O Fournier that he whistled at T/O Fournier in an attempt to get his attention and make him aware that there were still captives heading to the yard. Tanner told T/O Fournier that he meant no disrespect. T/O Carlson then stated that we could either leave and return to our housing unit or go to the SMU, rather than allow us our rightful access to yard exercise period.



#### FOUR DAYS IN THE TERRORIST CELL OF SHIRLEY MEDIUM

The captives have done nothing wrong, broken no rule, regulation, or law. Yet, they were still being wrongfully denied their exercise period. The captives requested to speak to a higher authority, but this request was denied. Again, the T/Os ordered the captives to return to their housing unit, and if they refused to cower and obey the terrorists' abuse, the terrorists would have the captors subjected to the torture and abuse of being placed in SMU. A wise person would question what lesson is being taught to the captives by their captors, when the captives bare witness to the T/Os total disrespect for the rules, and the authorities total disregard for right or wrong and abuse of power imposed on the captives. This total disregard reinforces the captors' hatred toward authority. This hatred turns to anger and is filtered back into society once the captive is released, if the captor manages to survive the abuses of the Terrorist Cells. Unchecked abuse of authority leads to the creation of the Timmothy McVay and Dominick Cennieli's of the world.

After the threat of SMU, one captive immediately scurried away. Briefly, the 2 others argued, but they too soon scurried away. I have no doubt that each captive chose to abandon unity for self preservation for their own reasons. Fear of the terrorist retribution. Maybe they were pending parole...maybe they didn't want to lose their property...maybe they didn't want to lose their single cell. Regardless of the reasons, it clearly shows the lack of unity amongst the captives. Without unity and solidarity the terrorist will continue their abuses. I know that Captive, Tanner, recently spent 16-days on a hunger strike in protest of the Terrorist abuses, and this protest almost killed him. What I am sure of is that if all the captives grew some balls and stood strong in unity and solidarity, the Terrorist would have broke and opened the yard gate because they wouldn't want the hassle of having to take us all to SMU, nor the attention that would have brought from the higher authorities.

Instead of unity and solidarity, I was left to stand alone. The prudent action would have been to cower and walk away, but that is not my way. My stance is about right standing up against wrong, pure principle. I would pay a high price for my stance against the Terrorists. I would suffer alone.

I was surrounded by several T/Os while T/O Carlson ordered me to turn around and place my hands behind my back. I complied and T/O Carlson crushed the handcuffs on my wrists causing me pain. I was then escorted being held by each arm by T/Os to the HSU for screening for SMU placement.

In reality, HSU clearance for SMU is just a ruse to create a record for the DOC to use as a defense in case the captive sues the T/Os or Snake Head DOC for the abusive treatment. This ruse is clearly shown by my treatment at the HSU by the HSU R.N., whom conducted the SMU screening. He attempted to take my blood pressure

#### FOUR DAYS IN THE TERRORIST CELL OF SHIRLEY MEDIUM

through the several layers of clothing I had on while my hands were still cuffed behind my back. It doesn't take a medical professional to know that you will not get a proper blood pressure reading with the cuff wrapped on top of a T-Shirt, Thermal Shirt, Sweat Shirt, State Shirt, & State Winter Coat. Although, the R.N. did attempt to push the coat down, but that doesn't work real well with hands cuffed behind ones' back! The R.N. had a blood pressure reading of 101/60. Nonetheless, these medical records are being created by UMCH, an agency contracted by the Snake Head DOC, and are unreliable because they are being created by a party with a vested interest in protecting itself, and the Snake Head DOC.

After the ruse of medical clearance, I was escorted by several T/Os with my arms being held on both sides of me, and taken to the HSU Holding Cell to await MHM clearance. On the way to the holding cell T/O Salafia reached into my side coat pocket and removed my bottle filled with coffee. I always take a bottle of coffee with me when I go out to the yard for fluids and energy. T/O Salafia looked at the bottle and stated this is full of coffee, too bad your not going to drink it. He then threw the bottle on the floor outside the holding cell I was being put into. This was done in a taunting manner with T/O Salafia stating your not getting this in the SMU. This statement was made because the Terrorists know that no coffee is allowed in the SMU, except for 1-cup of badly tasting state coffee at breakfast. This denial of coffee is just another part of their psychological abuse. Just like the taking away of the captives watch so he can't tell time and denial of a radio so he can not have outside world news and stimulus, and the sheet-metalizing of the cell windows. All designed as sensory deprivation with the intent of physical and psychological abuse. I stated to T/O Salafia that I wasn't in the SMU yet, and I could easily drink my coffee while waiting in the HSU Holding Cell. He just laughed at me. I then requested T/O Salafia to remove the handcuffs while I was in the holding cell because they were hurting my wrists, and that I was over-heating because of the several layers of clothing I had on to protect me from the single digit temperature. This request was made in front of several T/Os and it is common practice to uncuff the captive once secured in the HSU Holding Cell. Instead of T/O Salafia removing the handcuffs, he just laughed at me and my discomfort, and told me the handcuffs aren't coming off.

At this point I was already frustrated that I was being subjected to SMU placement when I have done nothing wrong. That, coupled with T/O Salafia and other T/Os laughing at my discomfort caused me to escalate. I started yelling at T/O Salafia and the other T/Os present that they think my discomfort is comical and its funny to torture a human-being dying of AIDS, and I wonder if they would think it was funny if I manage to live through this torture and get released and track them down and shoot them in the face. I stated the same to all T/Os that stopped at the holding cell to laugh at my discomfort. I told them I wanted them to write



#### FOUR DAYS IN THE TERRORIST CELL OF SHIRLEY MEDIUM

a disciplinary report about my statement and why I've made it, and if they don't do their job and write the report, I would file a grievance that they failed to do their job. Of course a man of reason would say that my statement is improper, however, one must take it in light of the physical and mental abuse I was being subjected to.

By this point MHM Clinician, Beth, an agent for the contract Terrorist Agency MHM, thereby making Beth a Terrorist Operative, ("T/O"), showed up outside the holding cell. I was already escalated and on a rant. T/O Beth attempted to calm me down and ask me to tell her what was going on. I explained to T/O Beth that I did nothing wrong. I went to the yard when the 10-minute movement was called, but T/O Fournier failed to do his job and keep the yard gate open. That the T/Os waited until the movement was over and came to us at the yard gate using the ruse that movement was over to deny us our access to exercise which is vital to my health. That the T/Os then ordered us to return to our housing unit, and instead of dealing with the problem and issue presented of T/O Fournier locking the yard gate prior to the end of the movement, the T/O were creating a situation to turn the blame against the captives. I proceeded to tell T/O Beth about T/O Salafia's taunting actions and laughing at me along with the other T/Os when I requested they remove the handcuffs because they were causing me pain, and I was over-heating because of so many layers of clothing I had on to keep warm in the outside single digit temperature. Instead of T/O Beth dealing with the cause of the mental health issue, [T/O Fournier failing to do his job and keep the yard gate unlocked throughout the entire 10-minute movement period, and T/O Salafia with other T/Os laughing at my discomfort instead of removing the handcuffs], she too attempted to paint me as the problem. This of course did nothing to help deescalate the situation. I stated to T/O Beth that the only thing these terrorist understand is the threat of violence, just like the last time when no-one would listen or take my problems seriously until I had a razor blade in my hand and told them that I would cut myself, not in a manner that would kill me, rather in a manner that would cover me with blood, and then when the terrorists come in on me with their riot gear and shield, I would dive over their shield and poke at least one of them in the eye and they could go home and tell their boyfriend that I gave them AIDS, and let them know what its like to deal with this illness, that I would fight them until the death because I've had enough of the mental and physical abuse that is slowly killing me. This incident took place in July 2012 while the terrorists had me in the SMU for their terrorist activities of abuse and psychological torture. I told T/O Beth that I should never be forced to this point of desperation and hopelessness, and that when MHM failes to address the root causes of the captives' stressor/problem, then they are part of the problem, and not the solution. T/O Beth was involved in the July 2012 incident, and witnessed first hand how DOC Snake Head resolved my problems once they saw that I had been pushed to the point of deadly violence.



#### FOUR DAYS IN THE TERRORIST CELL OF SHIRLEY MEDIUM

Because T/O Beth was basically siding with the wrongs of the T/Os I became highly aggravated. Not only did T/O Beth side with those whom were causing me physical and psychological pain & abuse, she did nothing to address T/Os Fornier & Salafia's wrongs, nor take any action to relieve my pain in attempting to get the handcuffs removed from me. I proceeded to attempt to remove them myself, by placing the space between the arm of the handcuff into the steel ridge of the metal used as a bed. This only managed to bend the arm of the handcuff, instead of break the pressed joint as I hoped.

Next, T/O Deputy of Security, Henderson, and T/O Captain, Kenneway were outside the holding cell. I was again requested to explain what the problem was, and once again I reiterated what has transpired. These two T/Os took the same tact as the rest of the terrorist operatives, which was to ignore their subordinate T/Os failure to do his job, and instead shift the blame onto me. When I questioned them about why I was being left in handcuffs behind my back that were causing me pain and to over-heat, I was told that I refused to allow them to take the handcuffs off me. That is another blatant lie, and not surprising coming from T/O Captain, Kenneway, whom is also the head man in charge of the terrorist union. His main objective is to protect his terrorist subordinates, in any means possible. This blatant lie caused me to again escalate. I started to kick the walls and flood out the cell by overflowing the toilet. I saw T/O Beth go by and called out to her because I wanted to ask her about the blatant lie that the T/O Captain just stated that I refused to take off the handcuffs. Instead of T/O Beth speaking with me, she stated she's not going to talk with me while I was flooding out the cell.

At approximately 3:30 P.M. several T/Os along with T/O Sgt. McGarvey came to the holding cell door with two riot shield. I was told to sit on the metal bed, and once I did so they all came into the holding cell and placed leg irons on my ankles in an aggressive manner. They too where crushed onto my ankles. This is not a pleasant feeling, especially when my left ankle has metal screws in it from injury. The ankle cuff was closed so hard on my left ankle that it caused a blood blister to appear. I was then physically grabbed by a T/O on each arm and surrounded by other T/Os, two of which carried the riot shield directly behind me, and I was escorted to the back of the HSU "bubble" suicide cell.

This "bubble" suicide cell has plexi-glass for the entire front of the cell and a door with plexi-glass upper and lower windows, and a food slot cut into the door in order to pass food or other items, and to put on and off handcuffs while the door remains shut. The same as the HSU Holding Cell door. There is one camera outside this cell in the ceiling, and it faces directly into the cell. Within the cell is a metal bed frame directly in the center of the cell, which leaves barely enough room to be able to walk a tiny circle around the bed. At the rear of the cell is a window that is covered in security screen, and the entire back wall faces the

#### FOUR DAYS IN THE TERRORIST CELL OF SHIRLEY MEDIUM

outside, so the entire wall becomes extremely cold, and the cold transfers into the cell. Bare in mind, the captives held in this cell are given no clothing. The cell is purposefully kept cold as part of the terrorist's physical and psychological torture. The physical and psychological torture tactics are also applied by keeping the florescent light that is about 3½ feet long, and located at the top of the left hand cell wall, on 24 hours a day. There is a foam/rubber like mattress that is too narrow and very uncomfortable on top of the steel bed frame. This mattress causes the captives skin to sweat at all contact points with the mattress, and this increases the captives uncomfortability in the cold cell. At the right side of the cell is a stainless steel one piece sink and toilet.

Bare in mind that I was compliant in allowing the handcuffs to be crushed upon my wrist when this situation began. I was also compliant in allowing the T/Os to enter the HSU Holding Cell and crush leg irons on my ankles causing me pain and injury. At the point of the HSU Holding Cell, it wasn't like I was given much option or opportunity to resist when there were at least 8 T/Os, 2 of which had riot shield. I did not resist at any point while the 8 T/Os escorted me to the HSU Bubble/Suicide Cell, 2 of which had me held by each arm, and 2 others walking directly behind me with the riot shields.

Yet, once inside the bubble cell, I was physically forced face down on the bed by multiple T/Os while the 2 riot shields were crushed down on top of me with the weight of multiple T/Os. Not only was this manner of treatment uncalled for and painful, what is to follow is nothing less than forcible rape. While I was being forced and crushed down by multiple T/Os, another T/O proceeded to use scissors and cut off all of my clothing. Another example of the terrorist's physical and psychological abusive activities that will scar me for life. T/O Sgt. McGarvey found the abuse forced upon me extremely enjoyable and would attempt to stare me down with a "mean grill" look upon his face, acting like he's a tough guy. One can only question this twisted mentality to think he's tough and dominating in the rape of another man, with the assistance of multiple other T/Os.

Because I was dressed for the outdoors and single digit temperatures I had multiple layers of clothing on. Specifically: 1-Underware Briefs @\$1.83, 1-Thermal Bottom @\$4.49, 1-Gym Shorts @\$7.99, 1-State Issued Pants, 1-Sweat Pants @\$7.99, 1-T-Shirt @\$2.60, 1-Thermal Top @\$4.49, 1-Sweat Shirt @\$7.99, 1-State Issued Shirt, & 1-State Issued Coat. With a total financial loss to me of \$37.38. These items have been purchased with monies provided to me by the generosity of family and friends, and in order for me to replace these destroyed items, I will be a further burden to those who care about me and my well-being. Why should they bare this financial burden, and not the terrorist causing this needless and unjustified destruction of my clothing? Here in the Terrorist Cell



#### FOUR DAYS IN THE TERRORIST CELL OF SHIRLEY MEDIUM

Shirley Medium, I am not even allowed a job that would provide me 5 days of earned good time deducted from me sentence per month and a miniscule pay that I could use to contribute toward the cost of necessary clothing. This is because the terrorist will not provide me a job that takes into account my disabilities, such as was taken into account when provided a job at Old Colony Correctional Center, Terrorist Cell.

Once all the clothing was cut off me, I was ordered to get up and go to the rear of the cell, completely naked, and the handcuffs and leg irons were removed. Bare in mind, that I was left in the handcuffs behind my back for approximately 2½ hours which caused nerve damage in my hands that still affect me at this present time. I was given a covering called the "Green Turtle Suit", and then the T/Os left the cell. I have now been forced from a situation that I was over-heated from too many layers of clothing, to a situation of too little amount of clothing in a cell that was purposefully being kept cold as part of the terrorist abuse.

The Turtle Suit is made of a material that is very uncomfortable and causes skin rash & irritation. It's texture is the same as the texture of a chest protective vest that a baseball umpire wears. It is sleeveless and hangs just below one's genitals. It is held secure with velcro straps at the shoulders and down the body. This covering does nothing to keep the captive warm. At first I attempted to keep up my body heat by walking tiny circles shoeless around the bed, however, I could not keep this up because it caused me pain in my foot and leg due to prior injuries and metal screws and rod implanted in my left leg, knee, & ankle. I was provided no blanket, and there was no working water to flush the toilet or to take a drink from the sink. I was denied my requests for toilet paper, toothbrush, soap and access to the telephone to call my attorney. I was left in this inhumane condition for 2-days and nights.

As a result of the terrorist's abusive acts I protested by going on a hunger strike. Unfortunately for me, this hunger strike actually began on February 3rd, unintentionally, because I had not ate lunch or dinner on the 3rd, nor breakfast or lunch on the 4th. Nonetheless, the record will reflect my not eating as of dinner on the 4th.

After having my clothing cut off me, T/O Deputy Notice was outside my bubble cell door. I again reiterated what had transpired at the yard gate and at the HSU Holding Cell. I then pointed to the pile of my cut up clothing that was on the floor outside my bubble cell, and asked T/O Notice to explain to me why it was necessary for the T/Os to forcibly hold me down and cut off my clothing? I stated I did not resist, and the proper procedure would have been to place me in the Bubble Cell and secure the door and uncuff me, and then request me to strip. None of that took place, and instead I was forcibly held down and had my clothing cut off me which is nothing less than a rape. I asked T/O Notice why no one has called

## FOUR DAYS IN THE TERRORIST CELL OF SHIRLEY MEDIUM

on T/O Fournier to explain why he failed to do his job. I proceeded to tell T/O Deputy Notice that prior to this incident I was approved for an early classification hearing in order for me to attempt to be classified to Terrorist Cell Concord Minimum because it is the only prison in the state that still allows my HIV Medications KOP. That I didn't even want to go to a minimum because there is nothing there for me, except getting back on my life sustaining medications, and that was the only reason I was seeking to go, but now because T/O Fournier has failed to do his job, all my personal clothing has been cut off me and destroyed, and my ability to transfer to a minimum and get back on my life sustaining HIV Medications KOP is most likely not going to happen because of this T/O failure to do his job. I told T/O Notice that as long as no-one confronts the T/O when they fail to do their job, the problems within this Terrorist Cell will continue, and the captives will be subjected to needless physical and psychological abuse which will only filter into society.

T/O Notice stated that the clothing can be replaced. I stated that may be so for the state issued clothing, but what about my personal clothing. He stated that wouldn't be an issue. T/O Notice stated that the disciplinary matter could also be dealt with and doesn't automatically mean that it would cost me the possible transfer to the minimum. He ended his conversation telling me that he would be back to speak to me tomorrow. T/O Notice never returned. Of note and goes to T/O Notice's state of mind, the reader should consider that this T/O recently had to deal with the tragedy of his daughter's murder. One can only question his state of mind in dealing justly with convicted felons, some of which are captives for crimes he has recently been exposed to, and affected by first hand.

I spend several hours this first day in the bubble cell, walking barefoot circles around the bed in an attempt to keep warm in this underheated cell wearing insufficient clothing. However, I could not keep this up due to the injuries in my left leg and left big toe which healed from a break causing calcium deposits across the joint, and the toe does not properly bend. Only when wearing footwear does it reduce the pain. I decide to lay down and use the foam mattress the best I could as a blanket, in an attempt to keep my body heat contained. I first chose to lay at the back of the bed on the floor and angle the mattress in a triangle like fitting, however, I soon realized it would be warmer at the front of the cell, whereas I wouldn't feel the cold seeping through the wall at the rear of the cell. I proceeded to position myself on the floor with the mattress in the same triangle position. This would also help block out the light that was kept on 24 hours a day. This became a problem for the terrorists because they couldn't see me, so they proceeded to boot the plexi-glass window in an attempt to startle me into movement. At this point I ignored them and basically had no conversation for them.



#### FOUR DAYS IN THE TERRORIST CELL OF SHIRLEY MEDIUM

At first, when the T/O could detect no movement from me, he went and got a nurse to check if I were alive. Upon opening the cell door and moving the mattress, I moved to pull the mattress back on top of me and keep the warmth inside my triangle. After this first time, they would just kick the door and say he's alive and walk away. Reality is that they didn't give a rats ass if I was alive or dead. It's all just a show for the cameras.

The evening meal arrived and was offered to me, but I ignored the offer. I just kept motionless on the floor to retain my body heat and conserve energy. I could hear others around me, both T/Os and captives. I saw one captive come over to my clothing on the floor, and my initial thought was that he was looking for whatever he could steal. I heard the T/O saying to him, Frank, come back over here and sit down. It was said several times, and I could see this individual's movements were very slow. Like he was on high amounts of medication that would slow him down. This is a common practice used by the Terrorist Contract Agency, MHM, to control captives through sedatives or psyc. meds. The adage of "when in doubt - drug them out" is alive and well in MHM arsenal of terrorist weapons used against the captives. It is a well known fact that the terrorist use the back part of the HSU where limited captives have access and can see what takes place, as a hiding place to conduct their terrorist activities upon the already broken and weak captives. Frank is such a captive, which I would confirm as the days passed. I could hear Frank in the cell to my right if looking into my cell. However, I was soon to learn that Frank would often be kept outside his Bubble Cell, sitting on a chair. You see, I later learned that Frank suffers from both Terrets Syndrome and Alzheimer's Disease. For some reason, whenever he was locked into the cell, he would become highly aggitated, and go on a rant. However, once allowed out of the cell and told to sit in a chair placed outside his cell in the hall, he would calm. Once in a while he would go on a rant for no reason, and a nurse would calm him down. However, I witnessed several times when Frank would be calm, and the T/O would purposefully and sadistically cause Frank to go on a rant, just for the T/Os entertainment. That is the mentality of the T/O! To abuse the already broken and weak. This captive, Frank, is a while male, about 50 years old, and his entire existence consists of going into the Bubble Cell or sitting in a chair outside the cell with T/Os at their whim abusing him. Why is this man kept in this terrorist cell? What possible threat is he to society? What justifies the manner in which he is being treated? My baring witness to this abuse and atrocity only inforces my hatred of the Terrorist Agencies and it's Terrorist Operatives!

In the cell to my left, I could hear throughout my stay another captive, also named Frank. I never saw this captive, but I was told by other captives that he is an older spanish man whom is 100% blind. I never saw him be taken out of his cell the entire time I was kept in the HSU Bubble Cell. However, I would often hear him calling out repeatedly..."Help, help, help me",

## FOUR DAYS IN THE TERRORIST CELL OF SHIRLEY MEDIUM

but no help would come. I would often hear the T/Os yell at Frank to get back in his bed. I over-heard one conversation between a nurse and T/O, and the nurse was uptight that Frank has gotten out of his bed without assistance to use the toilet and he deficated half in and half out of the toilet. Hearing this man repeatedly calling out for help the entire time of my being held in the HSU Bubble Cell, and seeing no help come, just fueled my hatred of the Terrorist Agencies and Terrorist Operatives. Again, what is the justification in this abuse of a human-being. Why does this man have to be kept in a prison cell?

The 3rd captive I met while in the HSU Bubble Cell, I knew from 20 years prior. His name is Fiji. However, when I last saw Fiji, he was a talented artist being held captive at Terrorist Cell Walpole, and he was fully functional. This man was sentenced to natural life. I do not debate his guilt or innocence. I must question as a human-being the current conditions of his confinement. This captive is alive in mind only. He suffers from M.S. which caused him to deteriorate to the point that his body is useless. This man is dependant upon the nursing staff to use a crane like tool to lift him from a motorized wheel-chair, to his bed, or to his toilet. This is another captive the T/Os are hiding away in the back of the HSU until his death. There is no doubt that this man will soon die. However, why must any human-being die hidden away and be tortured by T/Os until his final breath. What is the purpose of keeping such a man in a prison setting?

These 3 captives are only 3 of many the T/Os hide away. The main reason behind the T/Os hiding these captives out of sight of the thousands of other captives is psychological. They do not want the other captives to see the abusive manner of death, because the thought may enter their mind that they too may be the captive being hid away to die a horrible death, and may decide to rise up and fight against the terrorist's physical and psychological abuses. These horrors are not only hidden from the captives, but are also hidden from society. Heaven forbid that society discover that the Terrorist Agencies are responsible for furthering the cycle of hate, crime and violence society is exposed to on a regular basis, and is only getting worse, because the captives bring back into society the spark of hate that was given birth in the Terrorist Cells of the DOC Snake Head.

The first night of sleep was not peaceful. It was painful with the constant waking because of the cold and uncomfortable conditions. Yet, MHM, has the adacity to say that these inhumane conditions are to help a person whom is already depressed and suicidal.



## FOUR DAYS IN THE TERRORIST CELL OF SHIRLEY MEDIUM

February 5, 2013

Still in the HSU Bubble Cell with no running water and no cosmetics. It's not a good feeling to wake up with dry mouth and morning breath, and not be able to brush your teeth, or even wash your face. Can't even rinse out my mouth.

Good thing I had no need to defecate because I was still being denied toilet paper. I did urinate, and noticed it was darker than I've ever seen, and very little fluid.

I spent the majority of this day curled up the best I could under the foam mattress on the floor trying to conserve my heat and energy. Time seems to speed up when you have no watch and little reference. However, I could judge the time by the meals being served in the unit and the T/Os shift changes.

I was offered breakfast and medication, but declined both, it didn't make much sense to take medications on an empty stomach during a hunger strike protesting the terrorist abuses. I was definately hungry, especially considering that the last time I ate was Sunday morning, and that was only 2-oatmeal packets.

At some point, MHM Clinician and T/O Mark came to my cell door to talk with me about what was going on. I told T/O Mark that it doesn't make sense that he would show up instead of T/O Beth. That by his showing up I would only have to reiterate the incident, and each time that I would be forced to do so, so that another would understand the situation, only caused me to relive the event and associated pain. T/O Mark stated that each day a different clinician has crisis rounds assigned to them. I stated that it doesn't help ones mental health and should be changed so that the individual involved at the start is the individual to follow the person in crisis' case. T/O Mark had no meaningful response, however, you could feel his legitimate concern and care, coupled with his frustration at being unable to affect change.

I reiterated the prior events, as well as the discussion with T/O Deputy Notice. I pointed to the cut up clothing that was still laying on the floor outside my cell, and asked T/O Mark what the reason for cutting them off my body was, but he had no answer or justification. I complained to T/O Mark about the conditions I was being held in, and requested to be allowed cosmetics, soap, toothbrush, to shower, a pen and paper, to make an attorney call. He responded stating that he would have to run this by his Superior, MHM Clinician and T/O Jeff. I asked what was going to be done about T/O Fournier not doing his job, but again, T/O Mark had no meaningful answer.

I spend the remaining day awaiting T/O Deputy Notice with the hope that he could or would right the wrongs, but T/O Notice never showed up, and it would be another cold night in the HSU Bubble Cell denied all basic necessities, on a cold floor using the mattress the best I could as a blanket, waking in pain and

## FOUR DAYS IN THE TERRORIST CELL OF SHIRLEY MEDIUM

discomfort throughout the night. All requests denied.

February 6, 2013

By this time I noticed that my sense of smell greatly increased. I could smell food long before it made its way to the area I was kept in, especially so when the T/Os had their lunch and dinner. I could smell the scents of real foods like steak and cheese sub with peppers & onions, pizza, etc. etc.. These scents were especially strong and distinct because they smell nothing like the fake food the terrorists feed the captives.

After I refused breakfast, the nurse wanted to take my vitals, but I refused. It would defeat the purpose of my protest and hunger strike if I allowed the terrorists to monitor my vitals. She returned with 2-cups of water and placed them on my food slot because I refused to accept them.

Later in the day the head MHM Clinician, T/O Jeff was at my Bubble Cell door. He asked me if I wanted to come out and talk with him. I agreed, which in retrospect I should have immediately refused when I was being paraded across the HSU barefoot in a green turtle suit, handcuffed behind my back. I was taken to the HSU visiting room, and upon entering I saw 3-people. One was T/O Jeff, the 2nd was a trainee T/O, and the 3rd was also a trainee. Why all these others were present was beyond my understanding. T/O Jeff proceeded to question me in an aggressive and demeaning tone, and was trying to provoke me. I refused to feed into his abusive treatment, and proceeded to question him about why no one was doing anything about T/O Fournier's failure to do his job which is the root cause of all these problems which have led to my mental health breakdown. T/O Jeff kept flipping the issue to me and my actions as being the problem. I told him that he is part of the problem and not the solution, when he is failing to address the root cause of captives mental health breakdowns, and instead placing the blame on the captives. At that point it was useless to converse any further with this T/O and I attempted to leave and go back to the HSU Bubble Cell, but my path was blocked by a female T/O, Powers. She wouldn't allow me to leave until a 2nd T/O arrived to escort me back to the Bubble Cell.

Later in the day T/O Fournier was outside my Bubble Cell door. He stated to me that I was in the wrong place at the wrong time with the wrong person. That I wasn't the problem, it was the other person that was there. I stated that even so, he could have opened the gate and let us out to the yard. I explained my health and the importance of my being able to exercise, and how this incident is threatening my ability to transfer to Concord Minimum, the only prison in the state that would allow me to return to my HIV Medications KOP, and because of this lug and expected disciplinary report, when I have done nothing wrong, I may be denied this



## FOUR DAYS IN THE TERRORIST CELL OF SHIRLEY MEDIUM

transfer because the disciplinary report, if found guilty, may increase my "points" and place me out of "minimum range points". T/O Fournier said that he would speak to Disciplinary Officer, T/O Lt. Havens so that the disciplinary report wouldn't affect my points.

February 7, 2013

Still haven't had any food or water and kept basically naked in a freezing HSU Bubble Cell. I can feel myself getting physically weaker and loosing some mental clarity. It is at this point that I decided I needed to become aggressive in order to access a telephone and let my attorney know what was being done to me under the guise of mental health care, or at the very least, make so much noise that someone would take notice.

I started to pound on the plexi-glass door window with my hands. This action is very annoying to the terrorists, and anyone else within hearing distance. It also takes a painful toll on one's hands. After pounding for about an hour I was finally given a telephone.

The telephone is on a steel base that is about 1½' X 1½' X 4" high and on wheels. Then there is a steel square about 4" X 4" X 3' high pole that the phone is attached to. The phone is rolled over to the door food-slot and the receiver passed in the cell through the food-slot. The phone is then plugged into a jack outside the cell. The captive has to reach outside the food-slot opening in order to dial the phone and is crouched down in an uncomfortable position throughout the call. However, the phone that was provided to me did not work! I made the T/Os aware of this problem, but no-one did anything about it. It is of note that I later learned that they had purposefully given me a broken phone, and that they had a 2nd working phone which was not provided to me.

T/O Jeff showed up at my Bubble Cell door wanting to question me as to whether I was going to hurt myself. This was just pissing me off when the entire episode is due to my trying to exercise to stay alive, but T/O Fournier was refusing me my right to exercise. I told T/O Jeff that the T/Os have caused this entire situation and the fact that he is not advocating for me, and instead, creating a record to reflect that the terrorist can do no wrong to protect them makes him part of the problem, and not the solution. I questioned him as to whether or not he has documented any of the injuries inflicted upon me, like the needlessly cutting off of my clothing, the mental anguish of the rape-like manner my clothing was removed, the denial of my yard exercise, the handcuffing me and crushing of the handcuffs that it caused pain and nerve damage

#### FOUR DAYS IN THE TERRORIST CELL OF SHIRLEY MEDIUM

to my hands, and that my thumbs are still numb from the injury. I showed him the blood-blister on my left ankle from where the leg irons were crushed on my ankle that already is painful from a prior injury that left me with screws in that ankle. T/O Jeff's response to my concerns were to state, "Those are medical issues". I stated that those issues all effect my mental health and if your not going to document them or address them, why are you here? I stated that he doesn't give a rats ass about captives mental health, and is only concerned about his pay-check, and that is for creating a record that reflects the captive as always being the problem, and never the terrorist DOC Snake Head and it's Terrorist Operatives and/or Contracted Terrorist Agencies. I stated that it is people like you that are the problem and not the solution, and the abuses the captives are subjected to in these Terrorist Cells by the Terrorist Operatives filters back into society and keeps the cycle of residivism turning, at the expense of the ignorant citizens welfare. I asked him if he documented the conditions I have been held in, or the fact that I've been requesting to contact my attorney for days, and today I've been provided with a broken phone. He said there is nothing he can do about that. I told him that it is on his orders that I've been denied clothing and cosmetics, and asked if he was going to take me off suicide watch. He responded that he would discuss it at the meeting. This blaise and condensing answer just increased my frustration and anger. This T/O Jeff is the director of MHM at Shirley Terrorist Cell, and it is his decision, but he shifts the cause to other MHM Terrorist Operatives. At this point I told him to get the fuck away from my cell door.

I proceeded to use the phone receiver as a hammer to repeatedly bang on the plexi-glass window. Not only was this an effective tool, but relieved my hand from the painful action, which had caused blood-blisters to form. The phone receiver was much harder than my hand, therefore much more affective. Soon the T/Os were at my door asking me to stop. I stated I'm not stopping until I see a deputy or someone with authority to deal with my issues.

Next, I pulled on the phone receiver cord to cause the steel base of the phone to smash repeatedly off the HSU Bubble Cell door. I could see that T/O Deputy of Security, Henderson, was at the HSU nurses station discussing me, and told T/Os Lt. Gallegar and Chester to just grab the base of the telephone and pull the receiver from my hand. That was a no-brainer seeing as they had the leverage and weight on their side. T/O Chester grabbed the base and T/O Lt. Gallager also gripped the base and proceeded to pull. I used my body weight and angle to cause as much resistance as possible, full-well-knowing it was a losing battle, however, I held on creating tension and let go knowing that my quick release would cause the terrorists to possibly loose their balance. T/O Lt. Gallager fell back busting his ass against the wall with T/O Chester falling into T/O Lt. Gallager. A little win, but I'll take what I can get, and I really needed that laugh.



#### FOUR DAYS IN THE TERRORIST CELL OF SHIRLEY MEDIUM

Shortly thereafter T/O Deputy Henderson came to the Bubble Cell door to talk with me about what has been taking place. I reiterated all that has been going on up to this point. I again pointed out the cut off clothing on the floor questioning the reason for such abuse and who was going to pay for them. T/O Deputy Henderson stated that that is not a problem and they can easily be replaced by the DOC. I explained the yard gate problem, and how this incident will adversely affect my early classification board hearing requesting my placement at Concord Minimum because it is the only state prison allowing HIV Medications as KOP, and that this disciplinary report, if found guilty would cause my points to increase and place me out of range of points for minimum placement. I further explained how T/O Deputy Notice stated that the disciplinary issue could be dealt with, and that T/O Fournier came up to the HSU Bubble Cell earlier telling me that I wasn't the problem, rather it was the people there with me, and that T/O Fournier said he would speak to T/O D. Lt. Havens about the disciplinary report. T/O Deputy Henderson said that I need to first speak with mental health and get cleared off the suicide watch, and that he was going to speak to T/O Fournier.

I requested to see a nurse for two reasons. First, was to document the blood blister on my left ankle and inform her that I still had pain and numbness in both hands at the thumb from the handcuffs being crushed on me on the 4th and ankle irons, and that T/O Jeff said that was your area to deal with. Second, was to seek antibiotic ointment and a Band-Aid to cover a cut on my hand from when the phone receiver was ripped out of my hand. I wanted this cut documented so it wouldn't be later used against me if someone was assaulted, and the T/O did a hands check of the captives. I was provided the requested ointment and Band-Aid.

Shortly thereafter, T/O Jeff was back at my door. I told him that T/O Deputy Henderson said he is going to have the clothing cut off me replaced and was speaking with T/O Fournier about the incident. I told T/O Jeff that I just wanted to be put back in the state I was in prior to this incident starting, and that is essentially what I informed T/O Deputy Henderson. T/O Jeff said that he was clearing me from suicide watch.

Shortly thereafter, T/O Fournier was at the HSU desk speaking with T/O Deputy Henderson, and soon thereafter T/O D. Lt. Havens was at my Bubble Cell door to issue me the Disciplinary Report, and allow me to agree to the disciplinary report being "filed without a finding for 60 days" so that it would not affect me points or upcoming reclassification board.

T/O Deputy Henderson returned to my Bubble Cell door and I requested that he have some clothing sent to me, cosmetics so that I could brush my teeth, shave, and get cleaned up. I also requested that I be returned to the same "administrative single cell status" that I was being kept as since leaving SMU in July 2012. He said

## FOUR DAYS IN THE TERRORIST CELL OF SHIRLEY MEDIUM

that I would be returned to the same "single cell status", and that they were going to try to get me out of the HSU Bubble Cell tonight, but medical wanted to see me eat 2 meals before I would be medically cleared to leave. I told T/O Deputy Henderson that I had no problem with eating, and in fact I was extremely hungry. I was provided lunch which tasted like a 5 star meal after so many missed meals.

Shortly thereafter I was provided clothing (state issued), my footwear, and cosmetics. My cell water was turned back on. I immediately cleaned up.

Dinner couldn't have come fast enough! Nor was there enough. I definately had an appitite! Shortly after dinner the T/O came to my cell and told me that T/O Deputy Henderson told him that I was to be moved out tonight and that I was to be housed with a "single cell status". At about 8 P.M. I was told I was being reassigned to A-2 Housing Unit.

I arrived at the A-2 Housing Unit and was told I was being assigned to cell 6 which is a 2-man cell, but I was ordered as single cell status. I spent the next two hours scrubbing this cell from top to bottom because the last occupant was a nasty discusting slob, and I have a weakened immune system, and need to keep my living area clean for my survival.

### Epilogue

I am not a writer, so please excuse my many errors. Nonetheless, it is my belief that I had to write these events to document and expose what is taking place inside America's Prisons. Just maybe I'll reach some of the blinder wearing citizens of the United States and open there eyes to the hatred, abuse, and inhumanity that is thriving within the jails and prisons throughout the country, and being allowed to continue because citizens and society are lied to, kept in the dark, and manipulated by politicians who use scare tactics to convince society to turn a blind eye, while they reap billons of dollars in the prison business, at the expense of your safety. Many a prisoner comes into this environment already broken, and the majority are drug addicts, like myself. Prior to our arrival we did not hate or have hatred in our hearts. We learned that here because it was physically and mentally beat into us by the people charged with our safety, the ones I refer to as "T/Os" (Terrorist Operatives) or Terrorist Agencies.

You can choose to ignore me and my warning, and if so, don't put on your mask and shed a tear when the next innocent person is inadvertantly killed, acting like you care. If you really care you would take action now, not wait until the violence spreads to your door-step. Please do not misinterpret my intent. I do not claim that prisons don't serve a need. I committed crimes for



#### FOUR DAYS IN THE TERRORIST CELL OF SHIRLEY MEDIUM

which I am in prison. I do not complain that I have been sent to prison. Rather, I complain about the abuse of authority and terrorist activities conducted by my keeper.

For those whom say, it's not that bad. Please consider the cases of South Eastern Correctional Center, Deputy of Security, later Old Colony Correctional Center Director of Security, and then Superintendent, Paul Murphy. Now, deceased murderer. He walked into a Westport Restaurant and shot his wife in the head and killed himself. DOC Officer Champa from Old Colony Correctional Center whom shot himself. The Officer from Shirley Max who stole the perimeter car and drove it home to commit suicide in front of his home. The Old Colony Officer convicted of selling prison firearms in the streets of New Bedford. The Old Colony Inner-Perimeter Security Officer, "Jake-the Snake" whom inside of Old Colony Correctional Center put a gun in Tommy Osis' mouth because Osis was saving carnal knowledge of his wife, in the prison, whom was the Disciplinary Lt. These are just a few of the incidents conducted by our so called keepers, from the realm of corrections. All one has to do is pay attention to the media to see the corruption at higher levels, Ya. Lt. Governor...we know it was the cars fault for doing 108 MPH, but you can do that because your a lying politician, and citizens are stupid...Right! Well, eventually, they will wake up and see the problem starts at the top...not the bottom in a prison cell.

As for me, it is now a month after the start of 4-days in the terrorist cell. My cut off clothing has still not been replaced. The contract terrorist agency UMCH has changed my classification status to make me ineligible for placement at Concord Minimum, which I am fighting. One of their T/Os, a former lawyer whom represents UMCH with respect to my suit about the taking away of KOP HIV Medication, is now UMCH Terrorist Operative, Grievance & Appeals Coordinator, and sent me a letter stating inmate transfers are at the sole discretion of the DOC. I guess he didn't know about UMCH changing my status. I still have a pulse, and I live to fight another day. Only God knows if I'll survive the abuses and survive until my release. Exposure doesn't increase my odds. Anyone wishing further information may reach me at Shirley Medium, P.O. Box: 1218, Shirley, Massachusetts, 01464-1218...or locate me on the DOC Inmate Locator web-site.